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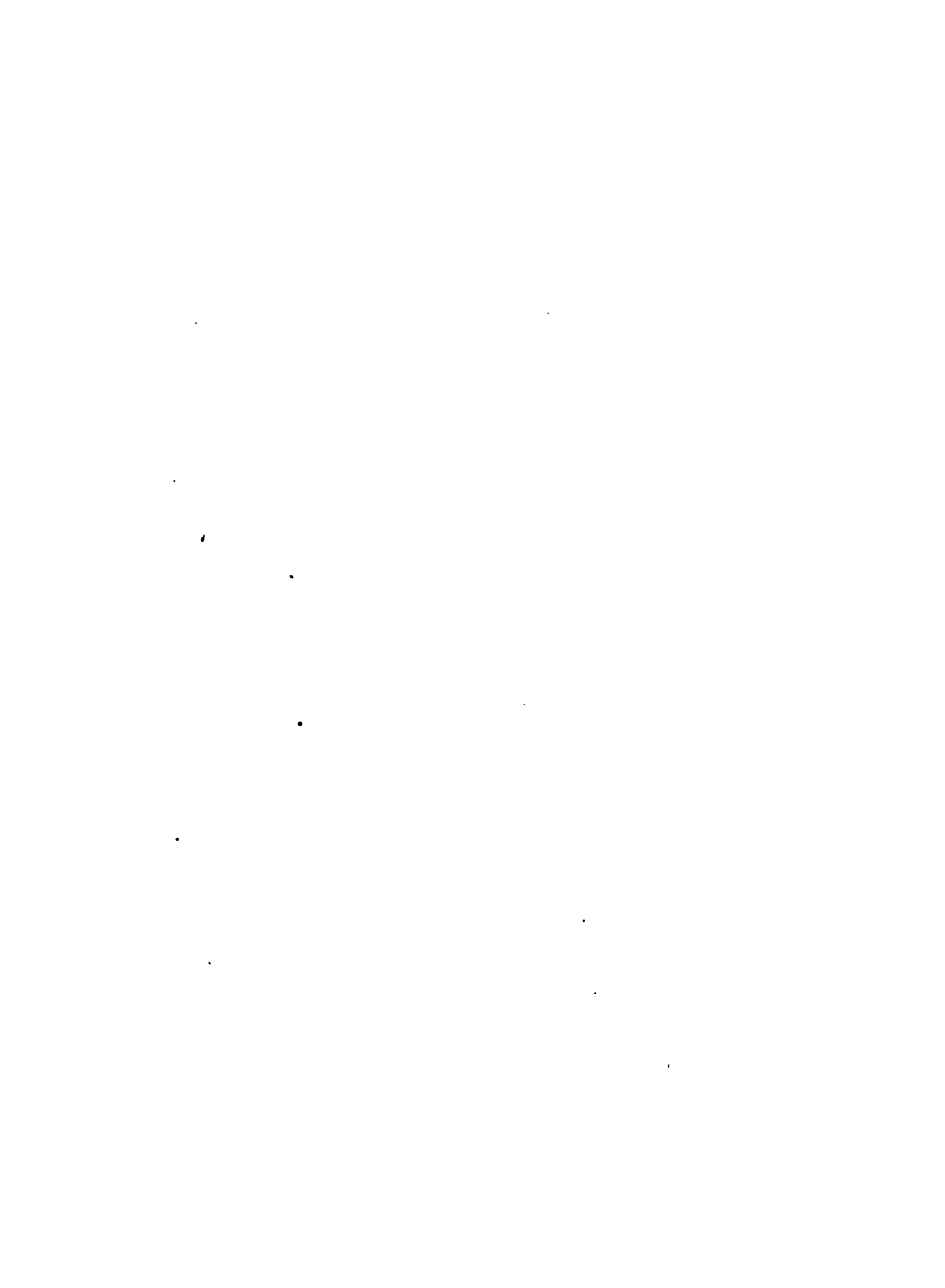
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THE

ECLECTIC REVIEW.

MDCCCL.

JULY—DECEMBER.

Φιλοσοφίαν δὲ οὐ τὴν Στωικὴν λέγω οὐδὲ τὴν Πλατωνικὴν, ἢ τὴν 'Επικουρεῖον τ' καὶ
'Αριστοτελικὴν' ἀλλ' ὅσα εἰρηται παρ' ἑκάστη τῶν αἰρέσεων .ο.ὺ.ων καλῶς, δικαιοσύνην μετ' ἡ
εὐτεροῦς ἐπιστήμης ἐκδιδάσκοντα, τοῦτο σύμψεν τὸ 'ΕΚΛΕ'ΚΤΙΚΟΝ φιλοσοφίαν φῆμι.—
CLEM. ALEX. *Strom.* L. I.

NEW SERIES.

VOL. XXVIII.

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tendency of our literature. Our object, in the present article, is to classify and condense, as far as possible, some of the information scattered through the work referred to;—information that has been gleaned from the most varied sources—from clergymen, librarians, *literati*, Members of Parliament, town clerks, ex-ministers of Continental governments, popular lecturers, self-educated working-men, and city missionaries. Yet, in spite of the great diversity existing in the character, position, and experience of these witnesses, there is found to be, on collating their evidence, a remarkable oneness of sentiment on the two more prominent topics of inquiry—namely, the disgraceful destitution of public depositories of books, freely accessible to the public; and the growing capacity of the humbler classes of society to appreciate and improve the privileges conferred by such institutions.

Not many years ago, the attention of Parliament and the public was directed to the formation of free galleries, museums of art, and schools of design, as a means of popular enlightenment and an incitement to intellectual pursuits. Many persons at the time displayed considerable opposition to this proposal, and libellously contended that, however successfully such institutions might be established among foreign nations, they would not be appreciated, and might be abused, by our own. The experiment, however, was made. The British Museum, the magnificent gallery at Hampton Court, the National Gallery, with various other metropolitan and provincial institutions, were thrown open gratuitously to the public. The boding vaticinations of the false prophets were utterly falsified. The decorum of the people speedily struck their jealous slanderers dumb. And it is now universally admitted that no abuse has attended the concession, whilst it is impossible to calculate the large measure of rational enjoyment and healthy mental stimulus that has resulted. Another, and a yet more beneficent improvement, still remains to be effected. The extensive establishment of public libraries throughout the entire country, and particularly in the large centres of population, is one of the greatest desiderata of the age. Such libraries have long existed on the Continent, and have enjoyed the fosterage of the governments of the various States. It can scarcely be doubted that the influences emanating from such stores of accumulated lore have been fraught with incalculable advantages to the literature and general character of the people among whom they have been amassed. And, by parity of reasoning, it may be inferred that the literature of England, and the mental stature and stamina of its sons, denied the benefits of such institutions, must have

proportionately suffered. The extent to which this national privation may have tended to impoverish our literary treasures, to propagate error and ignorance from age to age, to cripple British intellect and limit its achievements, it is impossible to ascertain. We find Gibbon complaining that, in his time, 'the greatest city in the world was destitute of that useful institution, a public library;' and that 'the writer who had undertaken to treat any large historical subject, was reduced to the necessity of purchasing for his private use a numerous and private collection of books which must form the basis of his work.' Even in a large town like Liverpool, there was no public depository of books from which Roscoe could procure the ordinary Italian works requisite for composing his 'Historical Biographies'; so that he, like Gibbon, was under the costly necessity of purchasing his own materials of literary workmanship. Only within the last quarter of a century, Graham, the learned historian of North America, left this land, and established himself at Göttingen, for the sole purpose of availing himself of the rich and freely-accessible collection of books in its university. George Dawson, in his evidence, complained that, in consequence of the absence of such auxiliaries to literary labour, authors and editors at the present day suffered great inconveniences and losses, especially in country towns. The literary man is obliged to make a list of the topics he wishes to elucidate, and, if poor, reserve them till he visits London; or should he happen to be in easy circumstances, he comes up on purpose to solve those questions. He (Mr. Dawson) knew a person who came up expressly on such an errand from Leicester; but, from not having made proper inquiry, when he arrived in London he found the British Museum closed. That necessarily created great delay. 'There are many books which it is very necessary to refer to, and which ought to be attainable in all large towns, but which are not to be obtained in the country at all—works, too, without which a man could not carry on a newspaper for six months. Supposing, for instance, he wanted to write an article on the Hungarian struggle, the chances are that he could not get any thoroughly good work on Hungarian history, or public documents connected with that country, in Birmingham. Therefore, public libraries are not only desirable for the working classes, but also, and almost equally, for the instructors of those classes—the men who contribute to the periodical literature and the newspapers of the country.' With these few specimen facts before us, it may be safely inferred that the standard of British literature, as compared with that of foreign nations where opportunities of ample research have been enjoyed, has suffered

deterioration from the want of suitable depôts of books, easy of access. Nor can it be denied, that the same privation must have acted detrimentally on the great body of the people.

With a view of establishing the fact of the immense superiority of foreign libraries over our own—in respect to their numbers, the vastness of the literary wealth they enshrine, their entire accessibility to applicants from among every class of the community, and the extent to which they are allowed to circulate beyond the walls of the institution—we will, in the most compendious form possible, present some comparative statements of the principal Continental and British libraries. From the evidence laid before the committee, which is said to embody the nearest approximation to truth that can be attained, it appears that France contains 186 public libraries, 109 of which comprehend 10,000 volumes or upwards each; Belgium, 14; the Prussian States, 53, or 44 possessing above 10,000 volumes; Austria, with Lombardy and Venice, 49; Saxony, 9; Bavaria, 18; Denmark, 5; Tuscany, 10; Hanover, 5; Naples and Sicily, 8; Papal States, 16; Portugal, 7; Spain, 27, or 17 comprising 10,000 volumes; Switzerland, 13; Russian Empire, 12; whilst Great Britain and Ireland possess only 34 such depositories of learning, *the large majority of which, moreover, are accessible only to privileged individuals or corporations*, and ought not properly to be included under such a category.

Upon further inspection of the tabular statements it is discoverable that out of a total of 458 libraries in the European States, there are 53 that are distinguished as LENDING libraries; but of this goodly number, thus standing out in bold and honorable relief, *not one is to be found in our so much belauded country*. In these 53 libraries alone, in the year 1848, there were more than seven millions of volumes, independent of manuscripts, which are thus rendered eminently serviceable to the inhabitants of the several towns, cities, and neighbourhoods in which they are deposited. In a statistical list, exhibiting 330 towns or cities throughout Europe, that are enriched by the possession of town, university, cathedral, communal, gymnasium, or public libraries, the keenest scrutiny can detect no more than eleven places lying within the boundaries of these favoured isles of ours, whilst the chief of the literary stores belonging even to these are placed under the most exclusive regulations.

If from countries we descend to particular towns and cities, we find the contrast between our own and foreign lands no less discouraging and humiliating. In the following table are represented the number of libraries in some of the principal capitals and other distinguished places in Europe—the aggregate

volumes in each town or city—the population of the same—and the proportion of volumes to every 100 of its inhabitants :—

Name of Town.	No. of Libs.	Agregate No. of Volumes.	Population of each City or Town.	No. of Vols. to every 100 persons.
Milan . . .	2	250,000	171,268	146
Padua . . .	3	177,000	45,000	393
Prague . . .	3	198,000	107,358	184
Venice . . .	4	137,000	97,156	141
Vienna . . .	3	453,000	360,000	126
Heidelberg . . .	1	200,000	18,430	1,500
Munich . . .	2	800,000	106,537	751
Nuremberg . . .	2	46,000	40,000	115
Brussels . . .	2	143,500	134,000	107
Copenhagen . . .	3	557,000	119,292	467
Montpellier . . .	3	100,000	33,864	295
Paris . . .	9	1,474,000	920,000	160
Hamburg . . .	6	200,367	128,000	156
Naples . . .	4	290,000	350,000	82
Bologna . . .	2	233,000	69,000	337
Rome . . .	6	465,000	152,000	306
Berlin . . .	2	460,000	290,797	158
Breslau . . .	4	370,000	88,869	416
Petersburgh . . .	3	505,900	469,720	107
Genoa . . .	4	120,000	97,620	122
Dresden . . .	4	340,500	69,500	490
Leipsic . . .	2	192,000	47,514	404
Madrid . . .	2	260,000	170,000	153
Stockholm . . .	2	82,000	83,885	97
Upsal . . .	1	150,000	4,500	3,333
Florence . . .	6	299,000	97,548	306
BRITISH, &c.				
Aberdeen . . .	2	46,000	64,778	71
Cambridge . . .	5	261,724	25,000	1,046
Dublin . . .	4	143,654	238,531	60
Edinburgh . . .	3	288,854	138,182	209
Glasgow . . .	3	80,096	300,000	26
London . . .	4*	490,500	2,200,000	22
Manchester . . .	1	19,900	360,000	5½
Oxford . . .	8	373,300	24,000	1,547

These figures but too faithfully represent the meagre supply of books for the free use of the people of this country compared with Continental States. Even Oxford and Cambridge, which at

* For an account of the character of these Metropolitan libraries, see p. 14 *et seq.*

first sight may strike us as being redeeming exceptions to the rule, yield up their solitary glory on the slightest examination. The valuable libraries for which they are distinguished are in no sense entitled to the designation of 'public'—so that the above representation is fallaciously favourable to those ancient towns; the books bear no sort of profitable relation to the inhabitants at all, except it be the relation which the ensepulchred dead bear to the living men who continually wander about the precincts of their tombs. The books are solely appropriated to the use of the *literati*, and students connected with the universities. They repose, from year to year, upon their stately shelves, in solemn and unruffled quietude, unquestioned by the eager lips and eyes of the outside multitude. Speaking of the Cambridge libraries, the Rev. J. J. Smith, librarian at Caius College, remarked that they were confined to the respective bodies in the University. There have recently been some enlargements and improvements introduced into the regulations, whereby the restrictions hitherto existing have been relaxed, involving a more extended admission of readers. 'The University for the most part consists of three degrees—masters of arts, bachelors of arts, and under-graduates. For a long time, the masters of arts only had access to the books. After a certain time, those non-resident in the University, and those resident too, had the privilege of taking out of the building ten volumes each. Some years afterwards, the bachelors of arts, the second degree, had the same privilege allowed to them within other limits—five books, for instance, was the number allowed to be taken out; and just within this month (May 1849), they have conceded to the under-graduates the privilege of having books out at the recommendation of the college tutors.' The same witness, referring to the Bodleian Library, Oxford, stated that their system is much more restricted. For example, no master of arts even, belonging to the University, either resident or non-resident, can take any book out. He must use them in the building, from which they are never suffered to be removed. *No under-graduate is even suffered to read the books in the Bodleian collection.* Thus, in these famous seats of learning, to whose stores of erudition every British author is compelled gratuitously to supply a copy of all the works he publishes, the members of the republic of letters are excluded from all participation in the advantages they have created and sustained.

The following list exhibits the principal libraries of the several European capitals, arranged in the order of their respective magnitudes. Those before which an asterisk appears, are *lending* libraries:—

	Vols.
Paris . . . *National Library	824,000
Munich . . . *Royal Library	600,000
Petersburgh . Imperial Library	446,000
London . . . British Museum Library	435,000
Copenhagen . *Royal Library	412,000
Berlin . . . *Royal Library	410,000
Vienna . . . *Imperial Library	313,000
Dresden . . . *Royal Library	300,000
Madrid . . . National Library	200,000
Wolfenbuttal Ducal Library	200,000
Stuttgart . . Royal Library	187,000
Paris . . . Arsenal Library	180,000
Milan . . . *Brera Library	170,000
Paris . . . *St. Geneviève Library	150,000
Darmstadt . . *Grand Ducal Library	150,000
Florence . . . Magliabecchian Library	150,000
Naples . . . *Royal Library	150,000
Brussels . . . Royal Library	133,500
Rome . . . Casanati Library	120,000
Hague . . . Royal Library	100,000
Paris . . . *Mazarine Library	100,000
Rome . . . Vatican Library	100,000
Parma . . . *Ducal Library	100,000

It may be interesting to our readers, whilst treating upon these magnificent institutions, to put them in possession of a few curious particulars relative to their privileges, their antiquity, the causes that have contributed to their progressive increase, and the munificent funds that have been appropriated to their sustentation and enlargement.

The majority of the libraries specified above are entitled, by law, to a copy of every book published within the States to which they respectively belong. This privilege is enjoyed by the national libraries of Paris and Madrid; the royal libraries of Munich, Berlin, Copenhagen, Vienna, Naples, Brussels, and the Hague; the Brera Library at Milan; the Magliabecchian at Florence; the Ducal Library at Parma; together with the library of the British Museum. Exclusive of England, the practice prevails nowhere to so great an extent as in Lombardy and Venice, and in Parma—two of the worst governed countries in Europe. In Belgium and France, three copies are exacted; in Austria, Denmark, Naples, and Geneva, two copies; in Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria, Holland, Tuscany, Sardinia, Portugal, Hungary, Bohemia, and the United States, only one copy. In several of the Swiss cantons, copies were formerly exacted, but when the censorship of the press was abolished, that exaction ceased.

In *France*, according to Monsieur Guizot, the bookseller is

required to transmit three copies of every work published to the office appointed, upon failure to do which he becomes obnoxious to prosecution. This exaction extends to every successive edition of a work, and also includes those of a costly description. But the government frequently subscribes towards productions of a high and expensive character, in order to facilitate their publication.

In some parts of *Germany*, it is compulsory that every author shall give to the library under the special patronage of the State, one copy of his work; in others, it is not compulsory, but it is always done, as a sort of traditional civility. It is not customary, however, to present a specimen of every reproduction, unless important alterations have been made. Mons. Libri, an Italian *litterateur*, who has had great experience in the management of public libraries, esteems the usage a hardship and injustice to authors. Sometimes, in the case of large, illuminated, or costly works, in order to evade the sacrifice, bad copies will be done for the government, so that the libraries for which they are destined are afterwards obliged to purchase perfect copies. From his familiar acquaintance with the working of this compulsory presentation system, he entertained strong convictions of its practical inefficiency. 'I believe,' he asserts, 'that at least the half of those books are lost; they come in, generally, in such a way—by sheets, &c.—that it is impossible to get them into proper order without very large expense, so as to realize the full benefit of the law. It has been stated that at least 25,000 volumes are missing in the *Depôt Legal* of France. The *Depôt Legal* is the establishment to which the editors are obliged to consign those copies. It would be more advisable to keep only a single copy of every work, for in that way it might be preserved. At present, in Paris, for instance, those books are not useful at all. If any body applies for a modern book, printed during the past year, he is almost sure *not* to find it in the National Library.' Thus it seems that authors and publishers resort to every available expedient to impede the free working of what they evidently regard as an unrighteous law.

In *Belgium*, likewise, the law compels the producer of a book to send three copies of every edition to the municipal council of the town in which it is published, and which thus becomes a guarantee for his copyright. The work is then sent from the provincial town to the government. In that country there are very few works towards which the government does not subscribe for a number of copies, thus affording a stimulus to literary enterprise, and placing itself in a position to distribute some copies to the libraries in the provinces, thereby encouraging the establishment and extension of such depositories. All the libraries

have become municipal since the time of the French republic ; those of Liege and Ghent were ceded to the Universities, but with this restriction, that they should always remain the property of the town ; in consequence of which the government have sometimes, within a period of twenty years, spent some £12,000 on the enrichment of those noble institutions. Although the Chamber ordinarily only votes a grant of 65,000 or 70,000 francs for the Royal Public Library of Brussels, yet whenever there occurs a large sale of books, a special grant is made for the purpose. It recently happened that one of the most choice and curious public libraries had been announced for sale ; a bulky catalogue, occupying six vols, had been printed ; the government immediately came forward, bought the entire collection for about £18,000, and added it to the royal library at the capital. They did the same thing also at Ghent. The library bought at Ghent consisted of about 20,000 vols., and that in Brussels of about 60,000 vols.

In many of the Continental States, where the governments watch all the publications emanating from the press with great jealousy, the books are required chiefly in order to ascertain whether they correspond with the manuscript after it had passed the ordeal of censorship.

The same regulation for the compulsory delivery of books by authors or publishers is imposed in *England*. And although the Legislature, a few years ago, reduced the number of copies so exacted from eleven to five, it is still felt to be an oppressive tax, especially as some considerable portion of the books *go to the extension of libraries that are not public*. The origin of this exaction was first of all a private agreement between Sir Thomas Bodley and the Stationers' Company in 1610, which was afterwards recognised by the Legislature. In 1637, there was a decree of the Star Chamber enforcing the delivery, which had been much neglected. By subsequent Copyright Acts, the three copies originally levied were augmented to eleven. Still earlier than 1610, there had been a demand of one copy from every printer, which was purely for the purposes of censorship. Under the Copyright Act, the following are the libraries that were entitled to receive copies of works gratuitously :—The British Museum ; Sion College, in London ; the Bodleian Library, at Oxford ; the University Library at Cambridge ; the libraries of Trinity College, in Dublin ; King's Inn, in Dublin ; the Faculty of Advocates, in Edinburgh ; together with those of the Universities of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and St. Andrews ; making eleven in all. The Copyright Amendment Act, passed in 1836, abolished the privilege in respect to six of the number,

and substituted a money grant from the Treasury, varying in amount—the highest being that granted to Glasgow of £707; to St. Andrew's, £630; to Edinburgh, £575; to the King's Inn Library, Dublin, £433; to Sion College, London, £363; and to the University of Aberdeen, £320; so that much inequality now exists. The total amount received by those libraries is £3,028. The Act was not extended to Oxford and Cambridge University libraries, in consequence of their refusal to accept compensation, and the strong indisposition they evinced to submit to any change in the ancient arrangements. In reference to the ineffective and vexatious working of the present law of copyright in England, Mr. Edwards's remarks are worthy of attention. 'Even with regard to its express intention,' he says, 'I think it is framed in a very bungling manner; for example, the booksellers of Dublin, instead of delivering a book to Trinity College, may send it up to London, and force Trinity College to get it back at its own expense. I have known that to be done. Booksellers are often very much annoyed by the exaction, and obey the act with great unwillingness. . . . It would be very desirable to retain the power of exacting copies, but I would grant the power of payment for them at the trade price; at least in all instances where payment shall be requested. By this method we should secure the desideratum of having certain great repositories in the country, containing all the books that are published, without inflicting injustice on authors.'

An idea may be formed of the large number of works thus annually exacted, from the fact that during the last ten years there have been published in the United Kingdom, 31,395 books; the estimated value of one copy of each of which, taken at publication price, is £13,420. This calculation embraces new works, and new editions and reprints of old books, but it excludes pamphlets and periodical publications. In Germany the total number of separate works, inclusive of pamphlets, published in 1846, was 11,600; in 1847, about 11,400; and in 1848, about 10,500. In France there appeared, in 1842, 6,445 separate works, pamphlets included; and in 1847, 5,530.

An investigation into the date of the foundation of some of the European libraries, and into the causes of their comparative progressive augmentation, is suggestive of many important considerations that may be turned to practical account by those who are labouring to build up the intellectual greatness of our country. The most ancient of the great libraries of printed books is thought to be that at Vienna, which dates from 1440, and is said to have been opened to the public as early as 1575. The Town Library at Ratisbon, dates from 1430; St. Mark's Library, at

Venice, from 1468 ; the Town Library of Frankfort, from 1484 ; that of Hamburgh, from 1529 ; of Strasburg, from 1531 ; of Augsburg, from 1537 ; those of Berne and Geneva, from 1550 ; that of Basel, from 1564. The Royal Library of Copenhagen was founded about 1550. In 1671, it possessed 10,000 vols. ; in 1748, about 65,000 ; in 1778, 100,000 ; in 1820, 300,000 ; and it is now supposed to contain 412,000 vols. The National Library, in Paris, was founded in 1595, but was not made public until 1737. In 1640, it contained about 17,000 vols. ; in 1684, 50,000 ; in 1775, 150,000 ; in 1790, 200,000 ; and it now possesses at least 824,000 vols. The Library of the British Museum was established in 1753, and opened to the public in 1757, with about 40,000 vols. In 1800, it contained about 65,000 vols. ; in 1823, 125,000 ; in 1836, nearly 240,000 ; and it now comprehends 435,000 vols. But it is not to be inferred that the whole of the difference between 1836 and 1848 arises from the actual increase of the collection ; but is to be accounted for by the circumstance that many thousands of tracts, formerly in volumes or cases, have been separately bound, and are now enumerated as distinct volumes.

The steady growth of the Copenhagen Library has been mainly owing to judicious purchases at favourable opportunities. The rapid increase of the noble National Library at Paris, since 1790, is in a great measure to be ascribed to the Revolution : the suppression of the monasteries and convents, and the confiscation of the property of rebels and emigrants, having placed many fine libraries at the disposal of the ruling powers of the day. And although, in some cases, large numbers of books and manuscripts appear to have been summarily disposed of ' for the service of the arsenal,' more usually special instructions were given, that the officers at the head of the National Library should have an unlimited power of selection, and of this they made extensive use. The increase of the British Museum, on the other hand, is mainly indebted to donations. Of its 435,000 books, at least 200,000 have been presented or bequeathed.

Many of the chief libraries of Continental cities are sustained by their respective governments in a spirit of great liberality. The average annual sum allotted to the support of the National Library, at Paris, is £16,575 ; to that of the Royal Library, at Brussels, £2,700 ; to that of Munich, about £2,000 ; to that of Vienna, £1,900 ; to that of Berlin, £3,745 ; to that of Copenhagen, £1,250 ; to that of Dresden, £500 ; and to that of the Grand Ducal Library of Darmstadt, £2,000.

The average annual sum expended in the purchase of printed books for the library of the *British Museum*, previous to 1836,

was only £1,135. From 1837 to 1845 inclusive, the sum devoted to this purpose averaged £3,443 a year. In 1846 and 1847, in consequence of urgent representations having been made to the Treasury of the great deficiencies existing in the collection of printed books, a special increase of the Parliamentary grant was made, amounting to £10,000. In 1848, however, this sum was reduced to £8,500; whilst, in 1849, it was still further frittered down to £5,000. The entire amount of this latter year allotted to the sustentation of the library, in all its departments, is £23,261. The aggregate of the sums expended in the purchase of printed books, including maps and musical works, from its foundation, in 1753, to Christmas, 1847, is £102,447; and that expended in the purchase of manuscripts, £42,940: together, £145,387. The sums expended during the same period, in prints and drawings, amount to £29,318; in antiquities, coins, and medals, to £125,257; and in specimens of natural history, to £43,599.

A comparison between the funds appropriated by the French and British legislatures, for the general formation and maintenance of public depositories of books, places the latter in a still more unfavourable light. Confining our attention to those libraries alone which constitute independent establishments, and where the exact amount of funds can therefore be ascertained, it appears that, since 1823, the French government has voted the sum of £426,571 for four public libraries in Paris, exclusive of another sum of £107,426 for buildings and their maintenance. The accounts of the expenditure of the French Institute show that £16,848 have been appropriated to its library, during the same period, from the public treasury; to that of the University of Paris, £13,011: making a total of £456,430 devoted to the public libraries of Paris; exclusive of those of the Museum of Natural History, the School of the Fine Arts, the Observatory, and the fine public library of the Conservatory of Music (which is said to contain 17,000 vols.). If the proportion of the public grants to these institutions expended on their books be calculated approximately at £65,000, the aggregate total so expended by votes of the French Legislature will be £521,430; or, on the average, to £20,055 a year.

During these same twenty-six years, the sum devoted by the British House of Commons to public libraries in London, is, at the utmost, £282,486; or, on an average, £10,864 a year.

The bird's-eye view we have thus endeavoured to present of the great libraries of Europe would be incomplete without a hasty glance at those connected with the Universities. Those

specially entitled to notice may be ranked in the following order:—

		Vols.
Göttingen	*University Library.	360,000
Breslau	University Library	250,000
Oxford	Bodleian Library	220,000
Tübingen	University Library	200,000
Munich	University Library	200,000
Heidelberg	University Library	200,000
Cambridge	Public Library	166,724
Bologna	University Library	150,000
Prague	*University Library.	130,000
Vienna	University Library	115,000
Leipsic	University Library	112,000
Copenhagen	University Library	110,000
Turin	*University Library	110,000
Louvain	University	105,000
Dublin	Trinity College Library	104,239
Upsal	*University Library	100,000
Erlangen	University Library	100,000
Edinburgh	University Library	90,854
Glasgow	University Library	58,096

The foundation of the University Library of Turin dates from 1436; that of Cambridge, from 1484; that of Leipsic, from 1544; that of Edinburgh, from 1582; and the Bodleian, from 1597. The small library of the University of Salamanca is said to have been founded in 1215.

The Göttingen, Prague, Turin, and Upsal, are *lending* libraries. Those of Göttingen, Prague, Turin, Oxford, Cambridge, and Dublin, are legally entitled to copies of all works published within the States to which they respectively belong. The number of volumes accruing to the Bodleian from the operation of the Copyright Act, since 1825, computing them from the number supplied to the British Museum, would be about 38,000.

The annual expenditure of the Tübingen Library is about £760; of the Göttingen Library, £730; of the Breslau, about £400. That of the Bodleian, at Oxford, is now about £4,000—of which sum £1,375 is defrayed by proceeds of various benefactions, about £650 by matriculation fees, and about £1,500 by 'library dues.'

In reference to the degree of accessibility to all the foreign libraries that have passed in review, it may be generally affirmed that admission is granted unrestrictedly—to the poor as well as to the rich—to the foreigner as well as to the native. 'The libraries of France,' says M. Guizot, 'are accessible in every way; for the purpose of reading, and also for borrowing books. Any workman, whatever his social condition, who can obtain a

certificate from his employer as to his respectability and honest may have books lent to him.' We have also the assurance of his Excellency, M. Van de Weyer, that the fourteen libraries of Belgium 'are all accessible to the public; any person, without any letter of authorization, may go into them and be supplied with a book, if he asks for it.' The same privilege is shown to exist in the libraries even of jealous and priest-ridden Italy. M. Libri states that, *in almost every town of Italy*, there are public libraries freely accessible to the public—a concession limited only by the necessity of applying for permission to read forbidden books, over which the Church and the government keep a strict watch. For instance, the Florentine 'History of Macchiavelli' is prohibited, and there are many others to which the same restriction extends. Generally speaking, the books are not lent out to individuals to read at home; but the libraries attached to all the universities of Italy lend books to professors; whilst the privilege of reading, instead of being monopolized by the students, is shared by the public at large. The access in Italy is more unrestricted than that enjoyed at the British Museum. Respecting the libraries of Germany, C. Meyer, Esq., German secretary to his Royal Highness Prince Albert, says:— 'They are, with few exceptions, freely accessible; they are, moreover, *lending* libraries, which is one most important difference between the English and the German libraries. Every citizen has free access to the town library, and every member of the University has free admission to the University library; and each of these two classes of readers can mutually introduce the other to the respective libraries they are privileged to attend. Thus the system in the German towns is somewhat analogous to that adopted at the British Museum, with this important distinction, however—that the latter is not a lending library, whereas the introduction to a German library confers the right of taking away books.'

Now it appears that we have only one library in Great Britain that affords the same measure of advantages and facilities with the glorious array of foreign collections at which we have glanced; and that is the library founded by Humphrey Chetham, in Manchester. There are ten or eleven libraries to which admission may be secured by the production of some sort of recommendation; and there are about twenty in addition that are accessible as a matter of grace and favour.

In our *metropolis* there are a few old and scanty libraries, but which, however resuscitated and improved, would never be commensurate with the mighty wants of our extending population. The more ancient part of London is the spot best supplied. The vast population which is being almost daily added to our modern

Babylon, is withdrawing further and further from the feeble beams which these conservatories of light diffuse. The City, and the precincts of the British Museum, are the localities best furnished with books. But so far as libraries may be regarded as auxiliaries of sound learning, and as an index to popular intelligence and intellectual progress, a kind of literary darkness and stagnation seems to prevail over the congregated masses inhabiting the newly-formed districts of the metropolis. For instance, there is no public library to be found in Pimlico, none in Marylebone, none in Finsbury, none in Islington or Hackney, none in Southwark, and only the shadow of a departed one in Westminster. Almost every collection of books in London or the provinces that can aspire to the character of a public library, owes its origin to a somewhat remote date; showing that our ancestors, with all their imputed inferiority, paid more attention to the formation of such institutions than ourselves. We will give a few particulars respecting some of them.

Dr. Williams's Library, situated in Red Cross-street, in the City, was opened in 1729. It originally constituted the private collection of Dr. Williams, an eminent Presbyterian divine, to which he subsequently added the library of Dr. Bates. It is vested in trustees, who, early in the trust, placed it under the administration of the Court of Chancery, for the purpose of transferring all responsibility from themselves. Many valuable donations and bequests have been, in past years, made to the foundation; and the number of volumes now contained in the library is about 20,000. The specific object of the founder in establishing it is not defined in the will. *The trustees have recently extended its advantages to every person of respectability*, free of all expense and trouble. The works are principally on theology, ecclesiastical history, and biography, with a few in all the more important departments of learning. There is accommodation for fifty or sixty readers; *but the number who frequent the room during the year does not average more than fifty or sixty, and these are chiefly divines*. Being, in common with all our libraries, only open during the day, when the multitudes are necessarily busily engaged in the pursuits of trade, its influence and utility are very slight. The librarian thinks it is situated in a bad locality, and suggests its removal to the neighbourhood of University College, where, by an increase of accommodation, and by being thrown open in the evening, it might become a real blessing to our fellow citizens.

Not far from Dr. Williams's Library, in London Wall, is situated the library of *Sion College*, founded by Dr. White, rector of St. Dunstan's in the West, in the year 1636. The conditions of admission are somewhat similar to those of the British Museum.

A note from any Fellow of the College—that is to say, any incumbent in London—will introduce a reader for twelve months; while a discretionary power is given to the librarian to allow persons to consult the library whom he may consider qualified. The primary object of the library was to afford literary facilities to the Established clergy of the City of London. The number of volumes ranges between 35,000 and 40,000; they are on general subjects, with, however, a larger proportion than usual of theological works; many of the books are exceedingly rare, or altogether unique. The collection is rich on general history, particularly concerning the times of Charles I., and of the same period on the Continent. The number of persons who frequent the library is not more than 300 or 400 a year; and the number of volumes in circulation during the same period do not exceed 6,000, *all of which are taken out by the clergy*. A few physicians and men of antiquarian research frequent the room; *but no persons of the working, and very few of the middle, classes of society*. The Rev. Mr. Christmas, the librarian, suggests that by an arrangement enabling more persons to take out books on certain terms of subscription, this library might be opened to the public, and 200 readers accommodated, where at present there are not more than six or seven. It is, however, unlikely that this, or any other library in a large town, will be extensively used, unless it be open in the evening.

In the city of Westminster, there still slumbers the library founded by Archbishop Tenison, in the year 1685. In the 'orders and constitutions' of the founder, it is declared that 'the books of the said library' are to be 'for public use, but especially for the use of the vicar and lecturer of the said parish,' and other clergymen within the precincts. The 'public' intended to be benefited by this collection, consists of the inhabitants residing within the boundaries of the ancient parish of St. Martin. The trustees are appointed for life by a Master in Chancery. The books are mainly upon theological subjects, of great variety, curiosity, and value; but do not exceed 4000 in number. They are stated by the librarian to be in as dilapidated a condition as books can well be; they are kept under the careful custody of lock and key, and are never taken down to be cleaned, whilst the bindings are rapidly going to decay from neglect. During eighteen months, one studious person only applied for permission regularly to consult the books: he did so for three or four days, and then gave up in despair. This library has been degraded into a club-room, where persons repair to read newspapers and play at chess. Were it restored, it is thought that it would be much frequented, and that accessions would be made by way of donations. It appears that accommodation could with

ease be provided for thirty readers. The restoration of the library is now under the consideration of the trustees ; and it certainly might form the nucleus of a good local library for Westminster.

These, with the British Museum and the Lambeth Palace library, constitute the entire public provision for the intellectual nurture and delectation of more than two millions of souls ! How far they are adapted for that purpose, we leave our readers to determine.

Connected with the deaneries and chapters of our cathedrals, there is an ancient set of libraries commonly called cathedral libraries. Of these there are thirty-four in England and six in Ireland. Their basis is theological ; to some of them additions are annually made ; and attention is being given to their restoration and improvement. In several, a moderate freedom of access is conceded to the public. The number of volumes in each ranges from 4,000 to 11,000. These, if the sanction of those who preside over them could be obtained, would form excellent *nuclei* of provincial libraries for the ancient cities of our land.

Parochial libraries once prevailed to a considerable extent throughout this country. Evidence has been collected of the existence of 163 such libraries in England and Wales, and 16 in Scotland. They were generally designed for the use of the clergy. Their foundation was, in the first instance, due to individual benevolence ; but subsequently, and principally, to the efforts of Dr. Bray and his 'associates,' at the beginning and in the middle of the last century. They have, in most cases, been suffered to go to dilapidation. In Beccles, Suffolk, however, the books have been rescued from neglect and danger, deposited in a room, and made the germ of a town library. This laudable example is commended to the imitation of others who possess the perishing wreck of a public parish library.

We have done. A multitude of reflections and practical suggestions come thronging upon us ; but, however important they may seem, we impose a rigorous restraint on ourselves, and conclude this, we trust not valueless, article without further comment. The facts we have massed may be safely left to produce their proper practical effect upon the minds of our intelligent readers, and act as a powerful stimulus to benevolent activity on behalf of the myriads of our untaught. The exertions of the British people may do much towards supplying the deficiency we have pointed out ; and what they have already accomplished clearly proves, that they need only to be apprised of their duty honestly and earnestly to set about its performance.

ART. II.—*Two Years' Residence in a Levantine Family.* By Bayle St. John, Author of 'Adventures in the Libyan Desert,' &c. &c. London: Chapman and Hall. 1850.

THERE are various types of life on the shores of the Mediterranean, which, after the lapse of many thousand years, continues to lave some of the most interesting portions of our globe. Commerce, industry, empire, art, literature, and beauty, have consecrated those lands. Revolutions without number they have known—barbarism and civilization have visited them by turns—but nothing can ever deprive them of their hold on the imagination.

Among the populations which, by their singular character and customs, most strike the traveller in Western Asia, should undoubtedly be enumerated the Levantines. Christians in creed, but Muslims in manners, they unite many of the peculiarities of the East and the West. In the superstitions which accompany both religions, they firmly believe; while, yielding to the seductions of the climate, they may likewise, without the slightest exaggeration, be said to combine in themselves the vices of Europe and Asia.

Until now, however, we scarcely knew to what author to refer for an honest account of these people. Those travellers who lean towards the Muslims are apt, unconsciously perhaps, to depreciate the Levantines, while the fanatical antagonists of El Islam ridiculously exalt them as a pretext for vilifying their persecutors. Among neither of these classes could we hope to find either truth or justice. Prejudice is always a suspicious witness; and, in general, it may with truth be said, that they who have hitherto written on Egypt and Syria have suffered themselves to be swayed by their sympathies or antipathies.

Mr. Bayle St. John, in his '*Two Years' Residence in a Levantine Family*,' has kept wide of the stumbling-block over which a majority of his predecessors have fallen. Possessing an amount of education which rarely falls to the lot of travellers, and having evidently been disciplined in philosophy, he was enabled to contemplate society from a loftier point of view, as well as to record his opinions and impressions in a style at once polished and picturesque. He had, moreover, no interests to serve but those of truth. He was neither a merchant nor a missionary; neither a polemic nor an antiquarian; neither a geologist nor an engineer. He was merely a gentleman, with a strong dash of politics. It must be obvious, therefore,

that between him and the Levantines there could be no particular ground of quarrel. He was not there to thwart them in any of their speculations—did not stand in their way, or they in his—and had, in fact, no object but to observe their manners and customs himself.

Eschewing the quarter of Alexandria appropriated to the Franks, he pitched his tent among the native Christians—not precisely because he preferred them to the Muslims, but because among the latter it would be difficult to find a family which would receive a Frank into its bosom. Many of the Levantines themselves would have shrunk from him as a heretic; but Sitt Madoula, the widow of an Italian physician, had, at all events, profited so far by her connexion with one European, as to be able to tolerate the company of another. Her son Iskender had made still further advances in the track of civilization; and was rather proud than otherwise—as well he might be—of associating with a Frank from the far West, who had come to Egypt expressly for the purpose of studying the character of its inhabitants, and reporting on the subject to Europe.

Still it was only by slow degrees, and as he gained more and more familiarity with the language, that Mr. St. John really found himself at home among the Levantines; and no doubt there still continue many traits in their character, manners, and customs, down to which even his assiduous and protracted scrutiny did not enable him to descend. However, his volume is one of the most charming and instructive we have ever read on any portion of the Levant. To the careless observer his sprightliness and vivacity may, at first sight, conceal his philosophy; but a greater familiarity with the volume will, unquestionably, show that, beneath the surface of an easy and gossiping narrative, there lies a mine of good sense and profound observation. What we are most pleased with is, the absence of bigotry. Whatever religion or sect the writer has to speak of, he does so without bitterness or injustice; thinking it no part of his duty, as a traveller, unfairly to disparage or exalt any sect or party.

When a writer's philosophy is not contained in formal dissertation, but lies scattered through his pages like a vein of gold running through a mountain—now appearing and glittering on the surface, and now descending and hiding itself in its depths—it would be a weary task to give the reader a correct idea of it. We shall, therefore, not make the attempt. The book is small and cheap, and in all respects calculated to become popular; so that the instruction it contains may be said to be within the reach of every one. We shall undertake the more agreeable task of skimming along its surface, and selecting some

few of its lively passages, which cannot fail to fascinate all who peruse it. These extracts will suffice to show that, if the traveller who moves over a vast extent of country can sometimes astonish by the grandeur of his pictures—by grouping and presenting in one view an immense assemblage of objects—by delineating mighty deserts, or pursuing the course of vast and fertilizing rivers—the man who stations himself on one spot, notices minute peculiarities, sketches personal characters, and develops the unambitious features of domestic life, likewise possesses advantages entirely his own. The one awakens those powerful emotions which await on greatness and sublimity; the other touches those softer and more delicate feelings which belong to the domain of the heart and the affections. The former passes over the earth like a mere intelligence, sympathizing with nothing, but observing and delineating all things; the latter enters into his subject like a man from whom nothing human is alien. We like both; but, as a general rule, what belongs to manners and character is more permanently interesting than that which derives its fascination from external nature and the elements, or from men contemplated in vast masses.

The reader will remember what Sterne says of a certain class of men who will travel from Dan to Beersheba and find all barren. The aridity is in their own minds. What they are in search of is something with which to inflate their own consequence, or amuse or flatter the consequential classes of readers; and as nature does not abound with this sort of material, they really must be at a loss to find anything worthy of their notice. Not ranging at all in this category, Mr. Bayle St. John no sooner found himself on the northern skirt of Africa, than he began to rove with the Arabs and observe their peculiarities. One of the first things which strikes everybody could not, of course, escape him: we mean that propensity to vituperation, abuse, and rage, which the lower orders of Arabs so pertinaciously indulge in. The French, Italians, and other continental nations possess so rich a vocabulary of abuse that Englishmen generally find themselves stricken with amazement at the fertility of their genius; but it is nothing after all to the *copia verborum* of the Arabs. Had Sterne, when about to write his chapter of curses, consulted any old woman of Alexandria, she would unquestionably have enabled him to enlarge it greatly. We here in Europe, when inclined to indulge in the luxury of malediction, are generally content with the present generation; but an Oriental, when he undertakes this agreeable duty, will go back to the flood, and curse you up all your progenitors to the very moment of the commination. It was with no little surprise that Mr. St. John first witnessed the exhibition of this Oriental

faculty, which must, in fact, continue ever to astonish all strangers from the West.

‘The lower orders,’ he says, ‘are often extremely noisy, and nothing can equal the volubility of the women. The fair sex of Egypt appear generally well made, except about the bust, but their features—I mean those of the humbler classes—are harsh and coarse. I do not think this arises either from exposure to the sun or hard work. The same observation is not made in India; all I know is, that the persons of the Egyptian women are strongly developed, and that in their language and manners they bear a great resemblance to the lower orders of Irish. The fierceness of their quarrels is something surprising; I have seen an old dame for a whole quarter of an hour perseveringly attempt to get a young man who had offended her in order to scratch his face. Her tongue never ceased to utter all the while the most awful curses, and she actually foamed at the mouth, and throwing herself on the ground rolled about in transports of impotent rage. According to the custom of the country, however, she did not turn upon those who held her. Let me hasten to add, that never have I seen tenderer mothers than in Egypt. It is my impression, indeed, though I should not like to be too positive on such a subject, that maternal affection is the only pure passion of which the Egyptian woman as a rule is capable. I have often heard it said by them, “A husband is a husband; if one is lost another is to be got; but who can give me back my child?”—P. 14.

In walking through the streets of Alexandria, you constantly see crowds hurrying hither and thither, you know not why or wherefore; shouting, singing, screaming, bawling, as if every man, woman, and child present had just dropped into the inheritance of a large fortune. There is, perhaps, no people on the earth so merry as the Arabs. It is, indeed, true that no people on earth stand so much in need of a light heart and a short memory, since none has been called upon to suffer so much or so long. But they make the best of this world, and seize on every pretext and occasion for laughter and merriment. Each man's business in Egypt is every man's business. If you buy a field, all your neighbours wish to see you strike the first plough in it; if you marry a wife they are equally complaisant; and if you are to be circumcised or buried the same crowd will follow you to the end of the chapter. Of course, this must not always be set down to sympathy or good nature. No quality is more prominent in the Arab's character than the love of excitement, which marks him out among all Orientals as the best fitted for civilization. He has feelings to be worked upon, talents to cultivate, and a mind to be developed; therefore, all that regards him must always possess an interest for the rest of mankind.

Mr. St. John's pictures of Alexandrian life fully bear out our views on this subject. He observes, that

'Among the most characteristic sights to be seen in Alexandria, is what is called a fantasia, or procession for a marriage or circumcision, often united in one. The poor children about to be admitted within the pale of Islamism are handsomely drest, generally as girls, and are carried on horseback; each is bound to hold a white handkerchief over its mouth; women with cakes strung on sticks walk beside them, and give them when they ask. In very hot weather an umbrella is held over their heads. The horses are borrowed, of course, and are often richly caparisoned. Two huge drums and a few fifes precede, and at the head of all there is generally sham-fighting with staves; some of the combatants indulge in a sort of symbolical dance, now kneeling, now stooping, and making all sorts of gestures and grimaces. Any one who chooses takes the stick in turn. A man carrying a flag, or else a long reed, is generally near the head of the procession, and sometimes a buffoon with a long thin beard rides about on a donkey.

'I went in the afternoon to see a splendid affair of the kind. An immense crowd accompanied the buffoons and the stickmen, who, on this occasion, were followed by a band of singers. After them came four or five camels with brilliant housings, and bearing the children devoted to circumcision; then some led horses; and then an awning of handsome striped muslin supported on four poles, and carried by whoever chose to offer his services. Under this, the poor little bride, completely enveloped, head, face, and all, in a piece of yellow crape, slowly shuffled along; whenever those who were amusing themselves ahead thought proper to make a move, she could not see her way, and two or three portly dames, who half enveloped her in their black silk mantles, acted as guides. A wild kind of merriment formed the chief characteristic of the scene. The women uttered the *zugharit*, or shrill cry of joy; boys were fighting who should carry the awning; others were cuffing each other, biting, kicking, and pinching; a few men employed to keep order enhanced the confusion by rushing here and there, and striking at random. Some attendants, with handsome cups and *zorfs*, or platters, offered coffee to all who chose to partake; others scattered perfume; others burned incense in little censers. The lookers-on seemed highly amused, and it was difficult to pass in the streets. Such a procession often lasts the whole day.'—P. 19.

As might be expected, the Arabs, like all other Orientals, are fond of the night, which, in the East, is inexpressibly beautiful. When they have to traverse the desert they select the night, the caravans, extending in long files, stretch themselves out, and appear interminable in the moonlight. The night also is a favourite time for little family feasts for parties of dancing girls, for visits to tombs, for a stroll in the palm groves, or for witnessing the humours of a fair. Mr. Bayle St. John falling naturally into the ways of the people, soon contracted their taste

for the night, and often describes, with singular felicity, the beauties of Oriental scenery at that still season.

Among the institutions of the East, there is one, unfortunately, too well known all the world over—we mean that of slavery, which even Christianity itself, hostile as it is to it, has not yet been able totally to eradicate. Public opinion, more powerful in the East than religion, prolongs the date of the detestable system, in spite of the letter and spirit of the gospel. Many travellers have apologized, more or less formally, for domestic slavery among the Muslims. They say it is mild, and so in some respects it is compared with the slavery of other countries; but still it is a 'bitter draught.' Nothing can ever reconcile the mind to the reducing of one human being to be the property of another, which, in fact, is sinning against the first principle of humanity—equality. We are all equal before God; and whoever aims at establishing the contrary, is, in spirit and feeling, a tyrant. No doubt it is possible to mitigate the horrors even of slavery, but it is disgraceful to the possessors of intellect to palliate its infamies, or to seek, by sophistry and cunning, to ward off the detestation of mankind. Mr. Bayle St. John points out, with great acuteness, the mischievous nature of the institution, even under its most favourable aspect, in the following very touching passage:—

'During the early time of my residence with Sitt Madoula, before I was considered part of the family, I went to see her one morning, and found her in conversation with a tall, handsome black girl, wrapped in a white melagah, or mantle. The Sitt reclined in the corner of her divan, smoking a shosheh, whilst the girl stood at a little distance, with her hands meekly crossed. After the usual compliments, I was told that this was a slave belonging to a Turkish lady just arrived with her suite from Algiers, to meet her husband, who, however, had gone on to Stamboul, leaving word that she was to follow. As, however, he had forgotten likewise to leave money enough to defray the expenses of the journey, it seemed quite natural to the lady to dispose of one of her handmaidens, and accordingly this one had been selected. Zarifeh herself was telling the story as I entered, and although it did not seem to occur to her that she was the victim of a most unjust system, she could not help expressing her regret at being thus suddenly thrown out of the bosom of one family to seek for a place in another, or rather to take the place which chance might assign her. I elicited the fact that although her mistress sometimes beat her even for talking in her sleep, and for being frightened on board the vessel in which they had coasted the whole north of Africa, yet, considering all things, she had been happy with her. Here, then, was one instance in which the much-vaunted kindness with which the Orientals treat their slaves was turned into a weapon of torture to them. The stronger they are bound by ties of affection to their owners, the more cruelly are their feelings

wounded when the vicissitudes of their servile life throw them into the market. Struck by this circumstance, I afterwards made inquiries, and found that instances in which slaves remain attached to one family throughout their existence, are comparatively rare. If misfortune overtakes a man, of course the slaves are sold; they go as part of the property—in the case of failure for example; and how many Egyptian merchants have not failed once, twice, thrice. On the first pressure of pecuniary difficulties, one, at least, of the slaves of the house is got rid of. “I have so much in my shop,” you may often hear it said: “I have built so and so, and I have the donkey and Zara.”

‘Zarifeh tried hard, poor thing! to persuade my friend to buy her. She walked about to show that she was active, arranged the cushions of the divan, and trimmed the shosheh, to exhibit her familiarity with the usages of a genteel house; and laughed with forced gaiety to prove that she was of a good temper. There was a ground of objection, however, which the Sitt suspected, and the truth of which she endeavoured to ascertain, by a series of sudden questions and artful cross-examinations; but Zarifeh denied, with well-feigned indignation, the double life of which she was not permitted to be proud.

‘The chief difficulty, however, still remained. Would two days of trial be allowed? “Unless they are,” said Madoula to the girl, “I shall not buy you. How do I know what bad habits you may have: you have acknowledged you talk in your sleep; I don’t care for that, as you will be shut up all night; but you may be a liar, you may be a thief, you may——.” And here followed a list of vices incident to female slaves, during the utterance of which I scarcely knew whether to look at the ceiling or the floor, but to which poor Zarifeh listened most patiently, firmly denying that she possessed such habits and imperfections. One of her observations was sensible enough; for she said that a trial of two days would be of no avail, since any person, in her position, could put on a fair outside for so short a time. Altogether, it was observable that she had been brought up in a good family, and knew something of the world; and it was easy to see that Sitt Madoula rather feared that she was rather too clever and knowing. I had no doubt of her being something of a politician, for she endeavoured throughout to appear in the character of a simple girl, whereas she was, in the Eastern style, a refined and well-educated woman. However, such was her fascination, that the Sitt would certainly have bought her, but that her mistress sent an old duenna with a message from the Wallalah, where she was living, to the effect that an offer had been made, and that, unless the money was immediately forthcoming, Zarifeh must return. The girl accordingly departed, not without expressions and looks of sorrow; but she had scarcely been gone half an hour, when Madoula, who had sat reflecting during that time, clapped her hands, and calling her servant, ordered him to go instantly, and say that she would pay the price. It was too late, Zarifeh had already passed into the harem of an old Turk, who had made up his mind at once on seeing her.’

“God is merciful,” said the Sitt, consoling herself. “Perhaps that girl had some grievous fault, and I may be well delivered.” Her

evanescent affection for Zarifeh was here wafted away on a long sigh ; and she added, smilingly, "I shall send to-morrow morning for half a dozen girls from Jellaba. You must be here to give your opinion."—P. 139.

It would be easy to multiply similar extracts almost *ad infinitum* ; but the specimens we have selected will suffice to show how full of amusement and variety the volume is. Mr. St. John has carefully noticed every phenomenon of Levantine society, which he has ably contrasted with that of the Muslims. He has likewise contrived to introduce into his work an account of Mohammed Ali and the government of Egypt, of which he has formed a correct appreciation. The Jesuitical manners of the old Pasha could not impose upon him, and still less the inferior arts of such persons as Abbas Pasha and Artim Bey. These individuals, considering themselves to be distinguished disciples of Macchiavelli, imagine they can easily overreach European travellers, whom they look upon, often very justly, as weak and superficial incarnations of vanity and self-conceit. Occasionally they make a mistake, and encounter among the horde of visitors some one qualified to turn the tables on them, and penetrate through their wiles and devices, without being in the slightest degree intelligible to them. Mr. Bayle St. John seems to have performed this agreeable duty pre-eminently well, and is entitled to the respect of the reader accordingly.

But there are other things in Egypt besides Turks and Pashas, and the odious intrigues of petty courts. There is the charm of grand solitudes, and the aspect of a physical nature more beautiful in its kind than anything offered to the eye by European regions. It is a vulgar error to regard the Nilotic Valley as unpicturesque. Peculiar, no doubt, it is ; but that it abounds with the materials of poetry—in other words, that it is capable of influencing the imagination, and of generating elevated and romantic ideas in the mind, will be evident from the following passage. It occurs in a delightful story which Mr. St. John relates of a dreamy German, who, for the recovery of his health, took up his abode in Rossetta, the Er Rashid of the Orientals.

'From the terraced roof of his house, when the scorching heats of the day had passed—when the sun was only to be seen in patches of red or gold low down among the palm-trees on the borders of the desert—when the panting land of Egypt was inhaling, in long voluptuous draughts, the cool evening breezes from the sea—when the groves and the fields were bathing their dusty vegetation in the balmy dews of twilight—when the last songs of the boatmen were trembling along the listless surface of the Nile—when the birds were coming home from the rice-grounds, and the bandit hawk was unwillingly

quitting his look-out upon the minaret, and the owl showed his great capacious head on some old fragment of wall—when the gaudy moths were hieing gaily to consume themselves in the first flickering taper that gleamed, like dashing young lovers in the flame of an early passion—when hungry dogs yelled angrily at the heels of some solitary passer-by—when the notes of distant musical instruments were sprinkled into “the drowsy ear of night,” or the sound of boisterous merriment swept up from the river-side—when measured voices from tottering minarets impressed the necessity of prayer upon congregations that had vanished from the earth—when the rising moon formed a silver background to the dusky lace-work of palm-groves that adorned the outline of the Delta—when the stars stooped into sight, like fair damsels from their mysterious balconies in the sky—above all, when, at the hour of midnight, Nature seemed to faint into silence, to swoon with amazement at her own beauty and solitude—then it was that Herman, from the terraced roof of his house, would take flight on the wings of his imagination, and search round the depths of the heavens for his ideal!—P. 279.

We have omitted to allude to very many topics touched upon in Mr. St. John's volume, but must not forget to observe that there are several stories introduced, which, for fidelity of description, and simplicity and force of narrative, resemble, and in many respects equal, the tales of the ‘Arabian Nights.’ This is more particularly the case with ‘Mohammed the ill-favoured, and Fatmeh the well-favoured,’ which discloses much of the interior economy of a Muslim family. No ground is described but that which the writer himself has travelled over—the Delta, the banks of the Nile, and the environs of Cairo. Fouah, where the story commences, is a place of irregular appearance, the aspect of which has not been greatly modified by the establishment of factories within its walls. Nowhere, perhaps, in Lower Egypt, can you enjoy from the roof of your house more delicious prospects at morning or evening. On one side you behold the boundless desert, stretching away towards the setting sun; while close at your feet flows the mighty Nile, with blue or ruddy waters, according to the season of the year. On the other side you have long ranges of palm-forests, interspersed with lakes and ponds, and bright green rice-fields, and villages, and minarets, and light and graceful Sheikhs' tombs, bathed in the soft glow of evening. On the mimosas, or sycamores, near at hand, you behold flocks of the white ibis resting on branches like huge flower petals, or incrustations of snow; while the roofs of the town (flat and parapeted) swarm with evening parties, smoking or sipping sherbet in the open air. Here and there, perhaps, a sweet female voice rises through the twilight, accompanied by the sounds of musical instruments, interrupted at times by the wild howl of the jackal; such is Fouah, where few Europeans have ever

resided, though there is scarcely a town in Egypt where one could pass a few months more pleasantly. Mr. Bayle St. John has visited it, and profited by his familiarity with so beautiful a spot. At the end of the volume, we are pleased to see announced a series of views illustrating his visit to the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon.

ART. III.—*History of the Philosophy of Mind.* By Robert Blakey, Esq.
8vo. Four Vols. London: Saunders.

Few subjects have been expressed under a greater variety of names, than that of which the history is proposed to be given in the volumes before us. Intellectual philosophy, metaphysics, psychology, the physiology of the mind, are examples of these terms, among many others. On the continent, this study has been known by the designation of speculative philosophy; and sometimes it has been simply called—philosophy. In Scotland, we may find it laxly included, together with ethics, under the name of moral philosophy. In England, it has long been called the philosophy of mind, the term chosen by our author. The only objection that we know of to this otherwise strictly appropriate designation is, that, according to the letter, it expresses more than it is intended to convey—which is the philosophy of the *human* mind.

The philosophy of *mind*, in general, cannot with propriety be restricted to the human mind. In strictness, it concludes a vast field limited only by the line of demarcation which separates the gross materialism everywhere surrounding us, and certain forces and agencies (such as heat, light, and the various electricities), from those phenomena which, in the form of will, intelligence, and feeling, present to our observation something which we know not how to class in any category of mechanical or chemical causation. Thus we speak of mind in brutes. Nor can we help doing so. The sagacity of some animals, apart from their wonderful and unvarying instincts, at once leads us to a sort of comparative philosophy of mind, which obliges us to confess our ignorance respecting some of our theoretic distinctions between man and the creatures immediately below him, however familiarly these distinctions may have been supposed by us to be ascertained. We need not say, with some, that man is only the evolution of a *molluscum*, in order to render consistent our

postulate, that among the animals below him we find, within certain limits, the analogue of the human intellect, of human emotion, and the like. Nor, indeed, are we so startled at such an assertion as some might think reasonable. If all that is meant by the 'evolution' spoken of, be that there is a gradation in the anatomical and physiological structure of the whole animal creation, from the lowest tribes up to man; that Nature (to use a convenient abbreviation for the Author of Nature) does not produce living beings, in their various genera, as it were *per saltum*; but that there is a law of continuity observable from the most simple to the most complicated structures;—then we are very content to call this an evolution. No doubt, however, there is wanting such a law of continuity with regard to mind, since man's reason, will, and moral feeling, place him at an inaccessible distance from the most sagacious of the lower animals. Nevertheless, it is not easy to say where intelligence ends; Dr. Grant's theory of distinct motive and sensitive columns in the nervous axis of the invertebrated classes, as had been previously known in the vertebrata, tends still further to induce the philosopher of mind to pause in attempting to draw the line. It is said (not without evidence) even of the polygastric or infusorial animalcules, that a careful observation of them, 'by presenting the simplest analysis of the most complex mental phenomena, throws a new light on the most obscure parts of the philosophy of mind, and the laws of its influence on the animal frame.'

In strictness, then, the subject of the work before us is the philosophy of the *human* mind. And let none of our readers suppose that it is frivolous or useless to lay stress on the distinction of terms. Of the immense importance of terminology, no one who knows anything of the history of science can be unaware. The progress of chemistry, of botany, of mineralogy, of almost any science whatever, testifies this fact. Crystallography, a branch of the last-named science, after being improved among the Germans by the introduction of a consideration of the crystallographic axes, now promises to be brought to a still more definite form by a more luminous notation on the same axial system. In the study of the functions and phenomena of the mind of man, it is obviously desirable that methods should be adopted, so far as the subject allows, similar to those which have so frequently proved successful in the natural sciences. We are glad, therefore, to see indications of a revived attention, in this country, to a branch of inquiry which has been illustrated by the names of Locke and Reid, who may be said to stand at the head of our British psychology, or philosophy of the human mind. We hope the issue will be a still further elaboration of mental philosophy; and one sign of this will be, a close attention

to the employment and signification of terms. We are quite aware that there are well-meaning persons to be found, who are inclined to suppose that material phenomena alone admit properly of being theorized and systematized on philosophical principles. This notion has been fostered by the ontological turn which speculations concerning man's mind have taken in some of the foreign schools. The result has been, in some quarters, not the old pantheistic materialism, but a spiritualistic pantheism, which has identified being with thought. We are fully persuaded that our sober English intellects, trained and disciplined by the exact sciences, are in little danger of being led away, to any great extent, by the meteoric lights of genius which have dazzled so many on the continent, with their varying hues, from the time of Fichte downwards. It is evident, that there is a philosophy of man, as a sensuous, appetent, instinctive, intellectual, moral, voluntary being, quite apart from all speculations as to the nature or essence of his mind. There is a science of phenomena and functions, independently of their proximate causes, so far as objective; and it is to this that our English and Scottish philosophers have chiefly addressed themselves. We do not mean to say that little importance attaches to inquiries tending to throw light on the question whether mind, even in man, is only a function of brain producing, as a sort of galvanic battery, all the phenomena of consciousness (as some even in our own day would have us believe)—or whether these same varied phenomena do not point to a unity which demands the admission of some principle lying behind all these so-called galvanic phenomena, or electro-magnetic. The question is highly interesting, more especially on religious grounds, and on those which relate to our interpretation of certain passages of Revelation; but we mean to say that, apart from this question, there is a philosophy of the human mind; just as there is a physical or mechanical philosophy, apart from the question regarding the material world, as agitated between the monadic theory of Leibnitz, the idealism of Berkeley, and the realism of mankind in general.

The study of the history of mental philosophy, as related to man, is an indispensable prerequisite for improving the theory; for it requires little reflection, and little knowledge of the subject, to produce the conviction that a true philosophy of this kind must be eclectic—it must be drawn from all the sources which present great principles, however these principles may be found to have been carried too far in any of the past or of existing schools. M. Cousin, in France, has endeavoured to construct a philosophy on this system; and the idea is a good one—perhaps the only one that can promise any chance of a well-developed, just, and comprehensive theory; though we cannot

but think that, in the hands of this eminent writer, a syncretism, sometimes heterogeneous, of opposing systems, has been produced, rather than an eclecticism throughout consistent with itself. This was to be expected from an attempt to force into union schools so different as those of Reid and Hegel. We are far from thinking that there are no good points in the philosophy of Cousin, or that this acute and eloquent writer has not done good service to the science of the subject by his contributions to its history. Not, indeed, that we regard him as always a safe guide, even in the detail of other men's opinions. This, we think, it would be easy to exemplify; for instance, by reference to his criticisms on Locke and Kant. But what is equally—if not more worthy—here to be noted, is, that Cousin appears, in our judgment, to fail in a just appreciation of the difficulty of the ontological department of metaphysical philosophy. He seems to regard the 'passage from psychology to ontology' almost as smooth and easy as walking out of one room into another; and on any principle or theory which it seems reasonable to adopt, we do not see how that phraseology can be justified in which we are told,—'Dieu est si peu incompréhensible que ce qui constitue sa nature, ce sont précisément les idées, les idées dont la nature est d'être intelligibles.' It has been the fashion in the Eclectic school to lay all the subsequent materialism of France at the door of Bacon and Locke:—nay, the horrors of the great French Revolution, at the close of the last century, have been eloquently traced to the doctrines of these philosophers! *Cette misérable philosophie*, is the style and title by which Cousin designates the philosophy of this school. But whatever faults may attach to the thinking of the above two illustrious men, if the perversion of their views by the materialists who surrounded them is to be regarded as a blot on their escutcheon—what shall we say of the easy inference which might be drawn, to the prejudice of natural theology, from the above quotation, which occurs in the introduction to Cousin's 'History of Philosophy?' We cordially admit the service which Cousin has done to morality, to religion, and to his country, in superseding the insensate materialism of Cabanis, Destutt de Tracy, and Volney, by a philosophical reform, in France, so much more in harmony with spiritual and religious ideas; but we are strongly inclined to differ from him in his judgment of the English school: and we are much mistaken if Cousin's philosophy, as a whole, shall be found to take any deep root among us, though we learn that it is taught in some quarters with considerable devotedness to the name of the great Eclectic leader. We mistake the intellectual character of our countrymen, if it be not ultimately found that the philosophy

which is destined to prevail in the midst of us shall have much more alliance, in its spirit, at least, with the philosophy of Locke, than with that of Cousin.

None of our readers can be unaware that, at the present time, the relation of Christian theology to philosophy is assuming an aspect of importance which has hardly belonged to it, in our own country, since the period which followed the Restoration. The searching spirit of the age has led to a revision of all opinions, on all subjects; and the doctrines that are held by the various sections of the Christian Church are not escaping from the general scrutiny. Many entertain great apprehensions of the consequences of this altered state of things. Implicit belief in the doctrines which have been hereditarily transmitted, or have been received from our religious party, is, in many more instances than before, substituted by an eager and anxious inquiry after some theory by which to solve difficulties which previously excited but little attention. Possibly an increased tendency to something approaching to a kind of sceptical uncertainty, attended with a hope of further light, may have invaded not a few of the most upright minds. Different individuals, according to their knowledge, their intellectual tendencies, and their moral cast of character and feeling, will look at this subject from different points of view. Enough, however, has already taken place, in the way of speculation and controversy, to remind us of the struggle in which philosophy and theology were engaged in the scholastic ages. This conflict was long and arduous. From an early period of the Greek philosophy, to the death of Proclus, the last head of the Neo-Platonic School at Athens, philosophy had maintained an independent existence, which was thus prolonged far into the times of Christianity—nearly five centuries. But, during the first period of scholasticism, we see philosophy brought entirely under the dominion of theology. It was maintained by Joannes Erigena and his school, that philosophy and religion are not two studies, but only one. The consequence of thus endeavouring to force two distinct and parallel lines of truth into coincidence, tended to distort both. Christianity was philosophized—Neo-Platonized; and philosophy, in her turn, became the echo of the existing and predominant human form of theology. Independent inquiry ceased. From the earlier part of the ninth century, the writings of Aristotle began to be studied by the Arabians, and afterwards in various parts of Europe. Another era now arose. Philosophy, previously merged in theology, or identified with it, acquired a sort of co-ordinate, but separate, existence and authority. The doctrines of the Stagyrte were at length placed nearly on a par with the Jewish and Christian Scriptures. In one part of

Germany, his ethics might be heard publicly recited in church. It seems, then, to have grown almost into an axiom, that there could hardly be any real variance between theology and Aristotle; and when there was an appearance of discrepancy, the most subtle refinements, and the most captious quibbles, were resorted to, in order to effect the show of reconciliation. In the thirteenth century, a tendency to greater freedom of inquiry manifested itself. Raymond Lully published his 'Ars Lullia,' which, though he was incited to compose it by command of a fiery seraph, in a vision (as he had persuaded himself), was not of a character to support existing opinions, but was an attempt to reform the reigning dialectics, which had been so much employed in aid of the supremacy of the Church. The commencement of a spirit of inquiry might now be seen, in various ways, towards the separation of philosophy from the yoke of ecclesiastical authority, and towards the independent study of truth for its own sake. This boldness, however, was not without hazard. There was heresy, not merely in theological opinion, but also in innovation itself. Roger Bacon was known to be sometimes busily engaged in the work of the laboratory, and was seen to meditate profoundly on the stars; he had, indeed, entered on the true and real path of science, the path of experiment and observation, into which his illustrious namesake afterwards formally conducted the scientific inquirer; and he was taken for a magician who had dealings with the powers of darkness, was restrained from reading lectures, and was imprisoned for ten years, at Paris, as a dangerous innovator on established opinions. It is a singular fact that, during the period of the decline of scholasticism in the fifteenth century, there was a revival of the ancient sects of philosophy: Plato was studied anew, and the rising tendency to free inquiry, which issued in the Reformation, was kept up by the disputes of Platonists, Aristotelians, Epicureans, Mystics, and even some of the sceptical school of Carneades.

One of the arguments against the Reformation most insisted on by Roman and Anglo-Catholics, is, that it produced a complete unsettlement of all religious opinion, and opened the flood-gates, not only to all sorts of heresies, but to Deism, and even to Atheism itself. They point, by way of illustration, to the Deistical writers of England, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, to the Atheists of France in the latter of these periods, and to the subsequent Rationalists and Pantheists of Germany, the ultimate successors of the English school. Now, we are not prepared to deny, that had it been possible to hold the human mind, on the grand scale of nations, in ignorance, and to continue suppressing freedom of opinion, if not of thought, in the bud—as was so long

attempted—there might have been now as much of the appearance of uniform belief, as there was in Christendom during the darkest of the dark ages. But what is any mere creed worth, as a test of moral and religious character, which is merely hereditary, and remains undisturbed, not in consequence of conviction subsequent to examination, but simply from ignorant and indolent, or perhaps compulsory acquiescence? That Christianity should have survived all controversies, is an incomparably greater test of its essential truth, than the dead calm of a whole millenium, such as causes of the kind just mentioned might produce. We confess that we are not among the number of those who anticipate any ultimate evil consequences from an increased attention to speculative philosophy among us, or from new attempts to apply its conclusions to the revision of our views of Christian belief. To attempt to repress such inquiries, we hold to be as idle as to forbid the wind to blow, or the tide to ebb and flow; but we do not apprehend the same results to our holy religion, which have, by a variety of conjunctures, attended free inquiry in matters of faith on the continent of Europe, more especially in Germany. We consider the English mind to be far less in danger, generally, of being carried away by talented speculation, than either the French or the German. The French intellect is characterised by great rapidity of conception. It begins to theorize almost before the facts of the case are laid before it. It has a singular power of analysis. Hence the temptation is to philosophize unduly by deduction. True to their great countryman, Descartes, whom they think more of a philosopher than our Bacon, they better like the business of drawing effects from causes, than ascertaining causes from effects. Even in their mathematics, we may see the illustration of their characteristic tendency to development. They will, for instance, give endless deductions by way of applying an equation, while they neglect any other proof. In their speculative reasonings, they are especially apt to be misled by the predominant analytical tendency of their minds, because it causes them, often, to pursue one idea to excess, without sufficiently considering its bearing on and harmony with other ideas of equal importance. Hence they will sometimes pursue their favourite theory by a sort of steeple-chase road, not much concerning themselves at the impediments that may lie in their path. M. Cousin is a splendid type of this sort of mind; and he has achieved a brilliant reputation among his countrymen on this account. But, great as are his merits as an analyst of ideas, the very facility and smoothness with which he glides through all difficulties, is enough to make an Englishman pause; for one striking idea is not enough to satisfy his calm and cautious love of truth. He is always stopping you in your easy

course, and asking with a modest scepticism—how you reconcile this and that? The Germans, again, are enormous theorists. This is amply testified by their successive philosophical systems, of which one has always been in the ascendant, to the prejudice of the rest. Less analytical and accurate in detail than the French, the spirit of their speculations is equally deductive; and they have a vast passion for drawing out trains of abstract reasoning, undaunted by what, even to French Eclectics, as well as English Lockians or Reideans, would seem to involve most startling and extravagant, or even absurd results. With a love of science and philosophy (apart from any advantages that are to be got by them) probably greater than is found among any other people, the Germans do not appear much concerned about maintaining the dignity of consistency with themselves. It would not be very difficult to decide who would feel the most repugnance at coming down to his class every twelvemonth with a new theory, subversive of his old ones, an English or a German Professor. Nor is this to be put down merely to a readiness to follow truth, lead where it may. It is very much due to a sort of adventurous love of theory, and a want of that jealous caution which an Englishman is wont to feel at publicly committing himself to an opinion. To say nothing of our orthodoxy, we are too sober-minded, as a nation, to forsake our Theism, founded on the doctrine of causation and design, for either a material or an ideal Pantheism. We do not expect ever to see in this country a school of those who shall rejoice in the name of Fichte, Schelling, or Hegel. A few boys in their teens, who have been partly educated in Germany, may come back with their heads full of idealism—perhaps with some Pantheistic notions, or some modifications of the ‘right,’ ‘left,’ or ‘centre;’ but it would surprise us much to find honest Englishmen of character and education, in any numbers, seriously avowing themselves Pantheists from conviction. Even Mr. Owen, with all the advantage of flattering his followers by the most alluring prospects of physical prosperity as the infallible result of his Socialism, has wholly failed in his attempt to found a species of Pantheism,—if his very contradictory and unintelligible homilies on the theological idea, deserve to be called any *ism* at all: though if any theory is expressed by them, it is that which denies a personal God. What half-dozen Englishmen, in their sober senses, would be found gravely maintaining, with Fichte, in any feasible meaning of his words, that the *ego* is the creator of the ideal *non-ego*—that is, of the supposed universe of things; or, with Schelling, that the Deity did not attain to personality till he became developed into the existing universe, and that this all-one was, in its primitive form, not properly to be called God; or, with

Hegel, that God is simply identical with the process of thought and reason in human consciousness, and has no other existence than in its perpetual development !

While we freely admit that speculation has run wild among our neighbours, we are far from joining the hue-and-cry against Germany and everything German, in which some have of late indulged, from sheer unacquaintance with the object of their alarm. They seem to have reasoned thus :—Some things from Germany are bad ; therefore all are bad. To forswear, as many well-meaning persons are inclined to do, everything German, without discrimination, is about as reasonable as to ‘ forswear all history.’ We doubt not that the increased study of German literature in this country, and of English literature in Germany, will be mutually beneficial to the philosophy and the denominational theology of both countries ; for it will bring to the test of a foreign tribunal, national or sectional systems and modes of thinking, which, at home, are like objects that are too near to the eye to be most advantageously examined.

Mr. Blakey is evidently a hearty believer in the truths of our holy religion ; and his concern for the interests of morality and Christianity always deserves our respect. In a prime matter of philosophy, however, we cannot speak of him as holding doctrine quite to our mind. His heterodoxy here is, truly, on a most vital point—no other than the entire nature and character of Logic. From the time of Aristotle, at least, logic has been presupposed in *all* the branches of science (*vide* Met. iv. 3) ; it has been considered as lying tacitly at their basis, if not formally and openly. The first great master of reasoning laid down, more than two thousand years ago, the principle that we either learn the general from the individual and particular, or the individual and particular from the general. The first mode of procedure is inductive reasoning ; the latter deductive, as found in the ordinary syllogism. It is true, no doubt, that Aristotle’s was not a mere formal logic, like that of Kant, and many since his time. It did not content itself with merely analyzing the forms and functions of thought ; it extended itself to the real, and sought the exemplification of the forms of thought in the investigation of the varied modes of being to which these forms correspond. But in so doing, Aristotle departed from the true scope of logic, and diverged into another branch of philosophy, namely, metaphysics. The more modern views of logic have tended, with propriety, to limit it to the formal science ; but both Aristotle and his remotest followers have agreed in regarding it as embracing within its range all the subjects on which we can reason, or, in other words, as applicable to them all ; it has always been the science of proof in general. Not so our author. He asserts that logic is ‘ con-

fined, by its very nature, to the following subjects:—Mental Philosophy; Moral Philosophy; the Science of Politics, in its widest sense, including jurisprudence and the art of government; finally, Religion, both natural and revealed.' We consider this view of the subject to be decidedly erroneous, and, as far as we know, quite novel. It would, we think, be easy to convince any intelligent and candid person, that when a man concludes that if he wishes to reach Birmingham from London in four hours he must go by rail—he performs an act of reasoning or of logic, similar to those acts by which, knowing the previous propositions of Euclid, he might be assured that the angle at the centre of a circle is double the angle at the circumference, both angles standing on the same arc. On the contrary, our author would entirely exclude mathematical evidence from the province of logic, which he evidently understands to be a peculiar mode of reasoning, limited, as he expresses it, to 'subjects connected with human nature, or related to human nature.' But we must refer our readers who wish to hear Mr. Blakey speak for himself on this point (regarding which his theory is, as appears to us, so strange) to his 'Essay on Logic.'

Our author states that the history of philosophy, in all ages and nations, shows the uniform prevalence of the theory that mind and matter are two distinct and separate things: 'Here there is a solemn unity of universal assent, which no hardihood of assertion can deny, no captious sophistry gainsay.' We should be sorry to subject ourselves, with justice, to the charge of either hardihood or sophistry, in venturing to comment on this sweeping statement; but the paragraph in which it occurs, in the Introduction, will surely strike the student of the history of philosophy as obviously too unqualified. The earliest speculations of which we have any account among the Greeks respecting the nature of soul or mind, appear to have been materialistic. Thus, among the Ionic physical or psychological philosophers, Thales held that water or moisture was the first principle of all things. So Aristotle informs us (*ὕδωρ εἶναι τὴν ἀρχήν*. Met. i. 3). It is doubtful, in the opinion of Hegel and others, whether Thales did not maintain even the generation of the gods from the same element. The conception of deity as intelligence, appears hardly as yet developed. According to Diogenes Laertius, Thales said that the 'deity is the oldest thing,' and 'time the wisest.' He also said that 'mind is the swiftest thing;' and Aristotle, the highest authority for the doctrines of his predecessors, says that Thales 'seems to have considered the soul as something moving; since he said that the magnet has a soul, for it attracts iron.' (*τὸν λίθον ψυχὴν ἔχειν, ὅτι τὸν σιδηρὸν κωεῖ*. De Anima, i. 2). Anaximenes maintained that the stars were

divine, immortal, and unchangeable beings, made from air; and that the human soul was also air; (ἡ ψυχὴ ἡ ἡμετέρα ἀπὸ αἵος. Stobæus, i.) This psychological theory, if it was an advance from Thales, was still materialistic—it was not spiritual or immaterial. Diogenes of Apollonia, again, went no farther beyond Anaximenes than to endow the air-soul with intelligence—in the tenet that the soul was air he agreed, as Aristotle testifies, with the preceding school. The Epicureans, again, regarded the soul as subtile air, composed of atoms or primitive corpuscles; while among the Stoics it was held to be flame or light.

And here it is worth while to remark that, although we would be far from intimating that no importance is to be attached to the question—whether mind or soul be a separate being from the body, and capable of a separate existence—that is (as we suppose the question to be commonly understood) is the soul immaterial?—we do not hesitate to repeat that a system of psychology, both metaphysical and experiential, may be constructed independently of this question. Indeed, if psychology is to be a human science at all, we would go further, and maintain that it may be conducted in a manner more strictly scientific, by waiving the decision of this question altogether. At all events, the ontological speculations to which this inquiry would lead, may well be regarded but as forming a remote chapter in the philosophy of mind; and as comprising one topic only, among many others, which, though quite admissible, are not necessary to a sound science or philosophy of the mind. For we hold the idea of this science—that is, of psychology—to have been fairly fulfilled, when we have constructed a science of phenomena. In so saying, it is evident that we are only calling for a procedure similar to that which prevails in the natural sciences, which discuss phenomena, and not essences.

The account of the opinions of the ancients would have been the better, if the authorities had been uniformly quoted. Not that this important ingredient in the rehearsal of these opinions has been neglected. The authorities, however, are generally thrown more or less together in the mass; and sometimes those of the most importance are wanting. At other times, testimonies are not brought forward which might, at least, have properly admitted of introduction. Thus, under Anaximander, we have no reference to Diogenes Laertius, to Stobæus, or to Schleiermacher's dissertation on Anaximander's philosophy, before the Royal Academy of Sciences at Berlin. Under Anaximenes, neither Cicero ('De Naturâ Deorum,' and 'Quæst. Acad.') nor Stobæus is named, nor Dan. Groth, author of a dissertation, 'De Vita et Physiologia Anaximenis,' published at Jena in 1689. Diogenes

of Apollonia made the important step of endowing the $\psi\chi\chi\iota$, or primary substance, the soul, with intelligence: he is dismissed, however, with a dozen lines; and with no reference either to Aristotle, Cicero, Eusebius, or any writer. Schleiermacher has also a paper on the philosophy of Diogenes. Similar is the deficiency in respect to Leucippus, the founder of atomism. Aristotle's account of his main principles should have been referred to; but no references to any testimony are given, unless we might so consider the observation that 'Huet and Bayle have both remarked that his theory is very similar to that of Descartes.' But we must not dwell longer on these philosophers of the earlier schools. On the whole, we have, sometimes, been a good deal disappointed with the part of the work which relates to the ancient schools of Greece—for instance, the account of Plato. We have, on this philosopher, not quite a dozen pages, followed by a heap of references. This, in a work of more than 2,000 pages, is a small comparative allowance, especially considering what has been done by the Germans. Very meagre, also, is the account of Aristotle. There are barely six pages on his metaphysic, if even all those pages can be said to be on it. About twenty more are given to logic and the syllogism, in which the syllogism is strangely discussed first. Another chapter follows, on analysis, synthesis, and analogy, as in use among the ancients. In common with ourselves, we presume that the reader would expect to find here some allusion to the synthesis and analysis of those illustrious men, the Greek geometers; but there is no reference to them whatever. Let it not be said that this has nothing to do with a philosophy of the mind; for these two mental processes surely deserve to be exhibited in their various applications. Analysis and synthesis, as understood by the Newtonians, differ much from the original geometrical meanings. The terms are found in chemistry, physics, and the philosophy of the mind; but with an essentially different sense from that of the Greek geometers. We might surely have looked for something like a little history of these important terms, in an express dissertation on them.

We have a final chapter in that part of the work which treats of the Greek and Roman philosophy, on the opinions of the ancient philosophers, up to this period of history, on a Deity, and the human soul. The author here remarks, justly, that there are two extreme classes of opinion with regard to natural theology. Some good men have been very jealous of allowing any natural knowledge at all of the Supreme Being. They have contended that Revelation must have the sole honour of making known to man the existence and attributes of a Deity; and that without it no knowledge of God would now have been found

among men. This extravagant position is deservedly rejected. On the other hand, we have had writers on theology who would say that all that is contained in the Scriptures respecting God, might be found in Plato and Aristotle. This opinion is equally erroneous. While the heathens are condemned, as heathens, for not improving the knowledge of God which Nature afforded—certain it is that the God of the ancient philosopher is not exactly the image of the God of the Jews or of the Christians. Judaism and Christianity offer, and they offer authoritatively, information respecting God, which is much more detailed and practical than can be found elsewhere. They bring God down into the human heart—they do not make him a mere mechanician, or a cold abstraction, or a fond idol of the imagination.

We think that our author has not exactly appreciated Locke's statement, which he quotes from the second book of the 'Essay,' where that distinguished philosopher complains that the mental 'faculties have been spoken of as so many distinct agents;' Locke never meant to confound all distinction between the mental operations and faculties. He only says that 'powers are relations, not agents.' Nor does the quotation which our author adduces from the 'Essay' help him to the conclusion at which he seems to wish to arrive. 'It being asked what it was that digested the meat in our stomachs, it was a ready and very satisfactory answer to say that it was the *digestive faculty*. What was it that made something come out of the body? The *expulsive faculty*. What moved? The *motive faculty* ; which ways of speaking will, I think, amount to thus much :—that digestion is performed by something that is able to digest ; motion by something that is able to move ; and (so) understanding by something that is able to understand.' We must leave our readers to judge how far Locke can fairly be adduced as supporting the theory of abolishing all distinction between the mental faculties.

We regret that we have not space for any of the interesting quotations from the writings of Alfred, so deservedly named 'the Great.' These occur in a chapter entitled 'Saxon Metaphysics.' They are in the dialogue form, and are on the subjects of 'Chance,' 'Freedom of the Will,' 'Why Men have Freedom,' 'The Divine Fore-appointment,' 'Human Nature and its best Interests,' and on the 'Divine Nature.' It would be doing injustice to the meditations of this truly illustrious prince—of our monarchs the most illustrious—to quote a mere fragment.

We must pass over a good deal of interesting historical matter respecting the scholastic metaphysicians, and others, who preceded Descartes—as well as a dissertation on the influence of language on speculative philosophy, in which there

are many good remarks, together with others which appear to us not to have any very definite or consistent aim. Thirty pages follow on Descartes; but the account of him is rather that of an historian, than of the acute, independent examiner and philosophical critic. We are glad, however, not to find our author tripping, as many have done, at the aphorism, *cogito ergo sum*; as though Descartes meant this for an argument. Mr. Blakey, however, might here have quoted Descartes himself, in his 'Reply to the Second Objection,' where he says, in so many words: 'I think, therefore I exist, is not concluded by force of a syllogism, but as a thing in itself evident.' In the critical remarks on Descartes, the author relies much, and justly, on the able and judicious statements of Dugald Stewart. In the remarks on Malebranche (which are too brief for a work of this magnitude, extending to little more than seven pages) no notice is taken of his position with respect to idealism—an interesting point to those who wish to trace the subsequent course of philosophical speculation in Germany, as influenced by previous writers. In the famous assertion, *nous voyons tout en Dieu*, there was no doubt an element tending towards the Pantheistic idealism, which, among the later Germans, has been so remarkable a feature of speculation. If the reader will look into the 'Recherche de la Verité,' the 'Réponse à M. Regis,' and the 'Conversations Chretiennes,' he will find that Malebranche goes so far as to maintain that all spirits, including all souls of men, and all bodies, subsist as *modifications of the extension of the Infinite and Supersensible*—language almost identical with that of Spinoza himself. Indeed, Malebranche's theoretic idealism bore a near resemblance to some of the Pantheistic opinions of the Hindus, who, according to Sir William Jones, believed the whole creation to be rather an energy than a work—a sort of picture exhibited by the Infinite Mind to his creatures.

We have spoken of Malebranche's *theoretic* idealism; for such it is—since he maintains that the reality of outward objects is not revealed to us by sense, but by inspiration. Malebranche's views on ideas would lead as straight to idealism as Berkeley's; but Berkeley boldly avowed that there was no matter in the universe. Malebranche admitted its existence, as what he thought involved in the Mosaic account of the creation; though when he had thus got matter, he did not know what to do with it. His admission of it is an isolated element in his opinions, and has nothing to do with his philosophy. Our author again, in his account of Malebranche, shows more of the generality of the historian, than of the analysis and discrimination of the metaphysician; and this, we are bound to say, we hold to be a somewhat characteristic feature of these volumes.

The author has wisely enabled his readers to judge for themselves of the opinions of Spinoza, by pointing out a considerable number of passages, in reference, on various topics of Spinoza's philosophy, as well as by actual quotation of his words. These volumes would have been rendered much more valuable, had this method been more generally pursued. No man has, perhaps, been regarded in more opposite lights, by different individuals, than Spinoza. Some have held him up as a monster, on account of his Pantheism; others have lavished on him exuberant and inconsistent praise. That he was an amiable and worthy man, and a most profound thinker, cannot be denied; but, notwithstanding the passages in his writings which have a theistic, and even devout complexion, there can be no doubt that the tendency of his speculations was atheistic. Some of the later Germans, however, appear almost to have idolized him. Göthe was particularly struck with Spinoza's 'boundless disinterestedness, and his all-equalizing serenity, and mathematical precision.' Even Schleiermacher exclaims: 'Offer up with me a lock of hair to the holy but despised Spinoza!'—which makes one think of Socrates ordering a cock to be sacrificed to Æsculapius! Spinoza's opinions have, no doubt, had great influence on the course of speculation in Germany, and have contributed not a little to the anti-Christian Pantheism which has there prevailed. Leibnitz appears to have had a great horror of Spinozism. That Spinoza should ever become a popular author in England, there is little fear. The complaints against his obscurity are loud and oft-repeated. Jouffroy, the most candid of philosophers, and the most laborious of critics, if not the greatest ornament of the modern Eclectic school, declares that all his efforts to understand what Spinoza really meant, in some parts of his writings, were in vain. 'You are very confused, Benedict Spinoza,' says Voltaire; 'but are you as dangerous as they say? I maintain not: and my reason is, that you are very perplexed; you have written in bad Latin; and there are not ten persons in all Europe who will read you from end to end. When is an author dangerous? When he is read by the idle of the Court, and by women.'

The notice of Leibnitz is too brief and meagre. His doctrine of *force*, which is the key to his monadology, is passed over in silence. We object, too, to the discussion of the doctrine of *Pre-established Harmony*, previously to that of *Monadology*; for the latter is the key to Leibnitz's entire metaphysical system. Mr. Blakey has omitted to say that Leibnitz's monads had no influence on each other; all their appetencies and agencies were internal. Why then this apparent harmony and adjustment of one thing to another, in the universe? Because it is all pre-

established, says Leibnitz. True—the mind seems to affect the body, and the body the mind: but the connexion is only apparent: there is no more reciprocal agency between them, than there is between two clocks, each of whose mechanism is quite independent of the other, and the one of which should be made to strike the hour, while the other pointed to it. This, we remember, is Leibnitz's own illustration. An author of Leibnitz's celebrity should have had a much larger space allotted to him.

The next commanding name is that of Locke. We have always thought that the controversy between this great man and many of his critics on the subject of 'innate ideas,' owed a great deal to mere words. Locke ought, no doubt, to have taken more notice than he does of the Cartesian notion of the *elicitation* of ideas, *facultatem eliciendi*; and not to have argued as though the disciples of Descartes contended for ideas and propositions existing in the mind at birth. We were glad to find our author agreeing with us in his view of this question, and attributing much of the controversy to 'the different terms in which both parties express themselves.' He also justly regards Locke as underrating the importance of the *a priori* ideas and truths which are the 'rudiments of all thought and reasoning.' It must be conceded to Mr. Blakey, that 'Locke's language on this topic is very unguarded.' Some valuable observations occur here, respecting the criticisms on Locke by the Bishop of Worcester, Cousin, and Dr. Whewell. Our author is of opinion that Locke's doctrines have been misapprehended very much, not only on the continent, but also in England and in Scotland: but he defers the detail of these misapprehensions to subsequent parts of his work. On the whole, we think his observations on Locke and his opponents highly deserving of attention. We have never doubted that all attempts to improve and extend psychological science in England, must be based on Locke as the point of departure. Locke is a true type of the sound common-sense of Englishmen, among whom it is impossible that such vagaries as have turned men's heads in Germany, and turned them in different directions, too, can ever become popular. We may borrow many a valuable hint from the Germans; but who that knows our literature and our science could dream of Hegelianism ever taking deep root among us!

In the third volume are some thirty pages on Kant—few enough for a writer requiring so much detail even for stating what he actually says, independently of the next question, what he means. It appears to us that our author has not very accurately estimated what Kant says in the account which he gives of the manner in which he was first led to his own Criticism of Pure Reason, by the speculations of Hume. We

cannot afford room for the passage entire, which occurs in the *Prolegomena*.^{*} Kant says, that Hume's remarks on causation—in which he reduced cause and effect to a mere imaginary connexion, formed in the mind by association—did not by any means satisfy him, though he admitted that reason cannot discover—why, because something is, something else must necessarily be: in this he agreed that Hume triumphed over some of his opponents. Here, then, was one instance in which the mind is compelled, some how or other, to think necessary and universal, what cannot be proved so: *e. g.*—the position, that every change must have a cause. Now Kant complained of Hume that, acutely as he had introduced to the notice of philosophers this problem, which so obviously presents itself in the phenomena of nature—he had failed to state it in all its generality; as there were other conceptions besides that of causation, and other relations besides that of cause and effect, which stood precisely in the same predicament with regard to the human reason. Kant himself undertakes to inquire into these other conceptions and relations—nay, he professes, in the 'categories,' to give a perfect enumeration of them, in general, as Hume had not done; and instead of resolving them, as he thought Hume's principles erroneously tended to do, into association or habit, he refers them to the subjective constitution of the human mind itself. This whole inquiry he designates by the question—'*how is knowledge from pure reason possible.*' † We do not apprehend that in setting forth this view, he had any particular or immediate reference to the question of 'liberty and necessity,' as our author supposes. It is very true that in an advanced part of the '*Kritik der reinen Vernunft*,' and also in the '*Prolegomena*,' he discourses on liberty and necessity, under the 'antinomies of reason;' in which he endeavours to show that speculative reason can solve the question, without falling into contradictions in attempting so to do—and that 'practical reason' (moral conviction) is also adequate to set at rest scepticism on the head of human freedom. The particular and immediate object of Kant in his statement respecting Hume was to show, we repeat, that Hume had only taken a very partial view of the problem, and had also given to it a wrong solution. The whole question respecting these truths, which present themselves to reason as necessary and universal, he regarded as solved by the principle that our *subject* is capable of 'synthetic judgments *a priori*.'

Again, we believe that Kant has nowhere said that 'space and time are involved in all sensations, however minutely

* '*Seit Locke's und Leibnitz's Versuchen,*' u. s. w. *Einleitung.*

† '*Wie ist Erkenntnis aus reiner Vernunft möglich.*' *Ibid.*

analyzed.' Kant distinguishes between *anschauung*, or the cognizance we take of phenomena, objectively, and *empfindung*, or our subjective sensation. To the former, he attributes *extensive*; to the latter, *intensive* magnitude. The tooth-ache, from a slight hint to the torture which it would be well if metaphysics or any other study could banish, is what he would call an *intensive* magnitude—but these sensations, however minute or however great, and all others of a like kind, do not, in themselves considered, involve space, though they involve time. We regret, too, that we cannot say that the doctrine of the categories, or that of analytical and synthetical judgments, as given in this work, is made intelligible to the student who, for the first time, looks into the Kantian philosophy, it may be with a deep and almost awful sense of mystery on his mind. It is of little use to give a mere dry table, or an abstract statement of a few lines, without any illustrations and explanations, even on these fundamental elements of the critical philosophy—we may add, too, elements that are certainly among the most intelligible in the whole system; nor need the examples have taken up much room.

Our limits will not allow of our pursuing the author through the list of names which includes almost all that is really original in the metaphysical speculations of the Germans. These names are Kant, Jacobi, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, and Herbart. In a work of such extent, one volume might well have been devoted to the most original writers on German philosophy, which is so marvellous a phenomenon in the history of the human mind. All, however, that is devoted to the above celebrated names, does not amount, when summed up, to more than some seventy-five pages; of which about forty are distributed among the last five names, the rest being given to Kant. The consequence is, that the account of these writers, not excluding even Kant, will be found scanty, confused, and unsatisfactory to the student. This part of the work will not bear comparison with Morell's recent work on 'Speculative Philosophy,' the German portion of which is done with considerable spirit and fidelity; though it also much suffers by the want of space; for it is almost hopeless to make German philosophy intelligible, so far as it can be intelligible to English thinkers, without entering into considerable detail and well-constructed illustrations.

We have not space for Mr. Blakey's criticism of Cousin's philosophical system; but we should not greatly differ from his estimate. It appears to us, in one word, to be an unsuccessful attempt to combine into one system heterogeneous elements—the ontological hypothesis of Hegel, with the cautious inductions and the psychological observations of the Reidian school. It

is no wonder that such an attempt should be repudiated as it has been by Germans; and that, on the other hand, it should be far enough from coalescing, naturally, with the spirit of the Scottish philosophy.

Cousin, however, will always be the historical head of the new Eclectic school. Never, perhaps, before, was a professor of philosophy so popular as Cousin was, at one time, in Paris. He rivalled, at least, the most popular of preachers, in the audiences he drew to hear him lecture on a theme proverbially dry and abstract; but which he adorned with the greatest felicity of language. Some two thousand students hung on his lips; and so intense was the curiosity, throughout France, to know what he said, that the political journals found it more profitable, for a season, to leave politics to swell and ferment, like the sea itself, without any attempt to control them; and rather to publish, at full length, the certainly very eloquent periods of the fortunate student, whom philosophy made a Peer of France; and who, for once, reversed the words of Petrarch:

*'Povera e nuda vai filosofia;
Pochi compagni avrai per la tua via.'*

No instance of such popular devotion to such a subject could have taken place, probably, in any country but France; nor even there, but under the peculiar moral and educational struggles which have characterised academical education in that country. We quote for our readers a very short specimen of the kind of eloquence which brought together such large Parisian audiences. An improvement in the public taste would, at least, appear to have been effected since the Atheistic times of the great Revolution; though the language has a Pantheistic sense, which, however, it is but fair to say, M. Cousin himself repudiates. But what would any English audience have thought of the following passage?—

*'The God of consciousness is not an abstract being, a solitary king, reigning beyond the bounds of creation, upon a desert throne of eternal silence, and passing an absolute existence amidst surrounding nothingness. He is a God at once true and real, at once substance and cause; always substance and always cause, and cause only as a substance; that is to say, being absolute cause, one and many, time and eternity, space and number, essence and life, individuality and totality; in fine, at once God, Nature, and Humanity. Indeed, if the Deity be not all, he is nothing; if he be absolutely indivisible in himself, he must be inaccessible, and consequently incomprehensible.'**

* Fragments, I. 76.

The work is dedicated, by permission, to Prince Albert. It appears to have cost the author little less than twenty years of intermitted labour; and is, with becoming modesty, sent forth to the public. It contains an immense mass of information; and there is nothing comparable to it, for extent, to be found in our literature. We cannot pronounce the work to be characterised by that high analytical power which marks many of our modern authors on psychology, both originally and as historians: witness Dr. Thomas Brown, and Cousin, for instance. Indeed, Mr. Blakey, unfortunately, as we think, for a metaphysician, appears repeatedly rather to depreciate the talent for acute analysis, than to cultivate it or to admire it. But, on the whole, the work is a valuable contribution to our literature; and perhaps it is more calculated to excite a taste for the subject among certain classes of readers, than one of profounder analysis and of a more rigidly scientific character. One strong recommendation of it we must not omit: it is evidently the work of one who is a cordial believer in Christianity, and who is always prominently on the side of piety, humanity, and the real advancement of mankind in every thing that is great and good.

ART. IV.—*An Easter Offering*. By Fredrika Bremer. Translated from the Swedish, by Mary Howitt. London: Colburn.

IN this little volume Miss Bremer has combined one of her cheerful and humanizing stories, and a sketch of life in Denmark, where, shortly before her voyage to America, she made a considerable sojourn. It is principally for the sake of the latter article that we bring the volume under the notice of our readers. The story, which occupies only about one-third of the volume, is of the simplest kind. It is intended to show the effect of an isolated place of abode on the human mind; and this effect is tested by the insensible, but melancholy change which has stolen over an attached and virtuous couple whose lot has been cast in such a spot.

Axel Örn, a young man appointed to a government post on the wild western coast of Sweden, has brought his young bride thither. She is from the city—young, gay, accustomed to society; yet amiable, affectionate, and imaginative. She is at first delighted with her wild and picturesque home, and the

brilliant splendours of the lonely light-house on the cliffs near it, whence the story derives its name.

‘It was among the cliffs beside the sea. It was on the western coast of Sweden, among the sea-rocks of Bohuslän. I do not say exactly where it stood, because that is unnecessary. But it was a long way from the home of Ellina’s childhood, and very unlike its beautiful dales. *There* were orchards and nightingales; *here*, merely an archipelago of naked, grey cliffs, and around them that restless sea, that roaring Cattegat. Such, for the greater part, is the rocky shore of Bohuslän. Many people think scenery of this kind unpleasing, horrible, repulsive. I love it; and it is to me more attractive, more agreeable, than scenery of real softness and verdure—than that of a cultivated and fertile character, which may be found everywhere.’—P. 13.

And so it at first delighted the young bride; and truly the place had its wild charms:—

‘The wild sea-rocks of Bohuslän have their mysteries. They resemble those human characters which are outwardly hard and rough, but within them lie hidden valleys, lovely and fruitful. Make a closer acquaintance with the granite islands, and thou wilt scarcely find one amongst them which does not possess its grassy spots—its beautiful, flowery fields. These grey cliffs draw in the beams of the sun, and long retain their warmth within their granite breasts. They communicate them to the earth which lies at their feet, and within their embrace, and the organic life blooms luxuriantly thereupon. In wild abundance springs up the honeysuckle from every cleft of the rocks, and flings, with the shoots of the blackberry, its delicate blossoming arms around the mossy blocks of stone, converting them into beautiful monuments on the graves of the Vikings. Beds of irises and wild roses bloom beautifully in the bosom of the granite rocks; and up aloft, on the cool height of the hills, where only the wild goat and the sea-bird set their feet, small white and yellow flowers nod in the wind, above the breakers of the Cattegat, which foam at their feet. Upon the smallest of these cliffs the sheep find wholesome herbage, and thrive upon it; and upon the largest, in the midst of the granite fastnesses, may be seen an Eden, planted with roses and lilies, where a son of Adam, with his Eve, live, separated from the world, silently and—happily. We will believe so. But things go on queerly in these quiet, secluded Edens. It did not go on very well in the oldest, that we know; and in those of later days, but very little better—as far, at least, as the human beings are concerned. Generally speaking, life upon a solitary island is not very beneficial. The uniformity in the surrounding circumstances; the monotony of the days, in which ever recur the same impressions, the same occupations; the want of employment, of active thought, and of living diversions; cause the soul, as it were, to grow inward, and the feelings and the thoughts to collect themselves around certain circumscribed points, and to grow firmly to them. We see this in Iceland,

and its formerly powerful race: how the slightest misunderstanding gave birth to quarrels, how quarrels grew into hatred, and hatred to burning and bloodshed—and all this from the monotonous pressure of time, and the recurrence of the same bitter billow-stroke against the heart. We see it in the Faroe Isles—in those quiet, insane figures which wander about among the rocks and the mist. For if misfortune and adversity come, and the human being has no place to flee to where he can disperse their impressions—no place to go to from these mists and these dark cliffs—his understanding must at length become clouded.’—P. 15.

Our Adam and Eve, on this lonely coast, do not escape the effect of these influences. They are presented to us in after-life, when the want of objects to divert, and to give a living stimulus to their spirits, had made them discontented, and even doubtful of each other’s affections. From this wretched condition they are, however, awakened to a kind of new spring of life; and the manner in which this is brought about is in Miss Bremer’s happiest vein, leaving the reader once more in love with the place and the people.

But, as we have said, we regard the second portion of the volume, entitled, ‘Life in the North,’ but, literally, life in Denmark, as of higher interest, especially at the present time. The part which Denmark has lately been called on to play, in defence of its territory of Schleswig-Holstein against Germany, and the spirit and bravery with which it has done this, give just now a peculiar interest to any account of the condition of that small but vigorous kingdom—social, moral, and political—which comes from a safe source. We are, therefore, glad to have it in our power to present such a statement from a pen so well known and so impartial as that of Fredrika Bremer. She sets out by remarking on the great spirit of change which is manifest throughout the civilized world; and assures us that, though less rapid in its operations, this spirit is not the less alive in Denmark. Her general impression of the country and people is highly flattering.

The social changes are first introduced. We have here a beautiful picture:—

‘On Christmas Eve, 1848, a chill and cloudy winter’s evening, I found myself in Copenhagen, in a large hall, where more than a hundred children, boys and girls, sang, danced, and made a joyous clamour, around a lofty Christmas-tree, glittering with lights, flowers, fruits, cakes, and sweetmeats, up to the very ceiling.

‘But brighter than the lights in the tree shone the gladness in the eyes of the children, and the bloom on their fresh countenances. A handsome, portly, middle-aged lady in black went round amongst the children, with a motherly grace, examining their work in sewing and

handicraft arts, encouraging and rewarding them in an affectionate manner. The children pressed round her, and looked up to her—all seeming to love, none to fear her.

‘It was a charity-school in which I found myself; it was Denmark’s motherly, but childless Queen, Carolina Amalia, whom I here saw surrounded by poor children, whom she had made her own. It was a beautiful scene, and what I saw was also the image of a life—a movement which, at this time, extends through the whole social life of the North. It is the womanly, the motherly movement in society, expanding itself to the comprehension of a wider circle, to the care of the whole race of children, beyond the limits of home, to the enfranchisement, the elevation, of all neglected infancy. It is the maternal advance from the individual life into the general, to the erection of a new home. The asylum is its expanded embrace, and the Christian love makes restitution for the injustice of fortune; here the child seems to escape from the faults and the calamities of its parents, to be preserved for society at large, and to be educated for its benefit. Silently proceeds the maternal power to give a new birth to the human race in its earliest years. And we rely on this power more than upon any other on earth, for the accomplishment of this work, if such a new birth is really to take place. And that the women of the North more clearly seem to accept this mission—and that the Queens of the North, Carolina Amalia, of Denmark, and Josephina, of Sweden, march at the head of this maternal movement—it is only a duty to acknowledge. Nor do these ladies confine themselves to the care of childhood; they extend their beneficent activity through a variety of channels to the children of misfortune; to the solitary, the sick, the old and neglected in society, who are sought out and assisted, or consoled by the more fortunate. One of the most actively useful societies in Copenhagen, is the “Female Association of Nurses,” under the patronage of the Queen, and the management of the chief house-stewardess, the universally respected Mrs. Rosenörn. Blessed is maternal help in the huts of the needy, but still more blessed is the intellectual result which is effected by the personal, affectionate sympathy of the rich, whether in intellectual or worldly wealth, for the poor in want.’—Pp. 101—106.

We are glad to see that this benevolence of the ladies is not without its parallel amongst the gentlemen. Copenhagen does not want its Lord Ashleys in the persons of the venerable Minister of State, Collin—in Mr. Drewsen, Mr. Von Osten, Mr. Brink Seidelin, and others:—

‘About thirty years ago, there swarmed in the streets of Copenhagen, a multitude of lads from ten to fifteen years of age, like that still greater number in Stockholm, who are called *Hammbusar*, or Harbour-raggamuffins—a repulsive race, in filthy garments, and with wild, thievish eyes; the children of crime and misery, and growing up in all wickedness, for ever on the watch for robbery and mischief. A government officer, who about that time received a post in the police, Mr. A. Drewsen, was struck by the prevalence of this class, laid it to

heart, and, with other similarly disposed and philanthropic men, found a plan to extirpate this growing evil by a thorough and searching remedy. When he had matured his scheme, he called on his fellow-citizens for assistance. He did not call in vain. Liberal subscriptions flowed in from all sides; and by their means the young criminals were speedily removed from the capital to the remote provinces, where they were placed in good and orderly families, chiefly those of farmers. Transplanted into a rich soil, the young shoots of vice almost wholly changed their nature, and became good and serviceable members of society; while ever since this period the amount of crime in the capital has signally decreased. Very rarely, now, is the eye or the mind shocked in the streets of Copenhagen by the sight of mendicant children.'—P. 106.

Turning from the social improvements, Miss Bremer presents us with a picture of the bustle in the streets of Copenhagen, especially in the street called the Oestergade, to which, curiously enough, not even the throng of the Strand, or of Cheapside, seemed to her to be compared. But a still more agreeable contemplation than the external activity of the Danish capital, is that of its religious and intellectual life. Our authoress represents the new life of the North as pervading every department of mind and society. She had heard that she would find the theatres full and the churches empty, and that but little edification was to be found in the places of worship. She assures us that it was quite otherwise. The churches were filled with people, and she heard in them discourses excellent as well on account of their living doctrine as of their admirable delivery. But formerly, and not long since either, the case was different. The religious life of Denmark seemed an extinguished flame, and its theology lay bound in narrow forms; the teachers lacking spirit and the hearers devotion. Much of this auspicious change she attributes to the zeal and talent of Bishop Mynster, and to the pastor Grundtvig. In the commencement of the present century, these popular preachers infused a new spirit into their hearers. They proclaimed, with fervour of conviction and the freshness of genius, the old, eternally new doctrines of the religion of love. Mynster was scientific, harmonious, explicit; Grundtvig, a volcanic nature, with all the spirit and power of the old prophets. Mynster's spiritual discourses soon spread from Denmark to Sweden and Norway. Grundtvig wrote hymns, like those of Ingeman and Boje, giving new life to the church-music of Denmark. To these succeeded many remarkable Christian thinkers and pastors; yet far before them all stood these two—Mynster with the fire of youth beneath his snow-white hair, and Grundtvig casting fiery glances over the depths of immortal life. Bishops Mynster, Martensen, and Pauli, Miss Bremer regards as

Christian teachers, whom no one can hear without admiration and delight, and in Vartou, the church in which Sev. Grundtvig preaches with power, every Sunday may be heard singing, often to the old popular melodies, which proves that the people are in heart 'a congregation.'

The same breath of a new life which has thus regenerated the social and the religious system, has been breathed over the world of intellect and of taste with equally creative energy. In every department of art, science, and literature, Denmark has beheld in the present century, a race of such men spring up as she never possessed before. This part of Miss Bremer's volume will be perused with peculiar interest, for it introduces us to a number of celebrated persons of whom little is known to us in England, and who yet ought to be known to all well-informed minds. We can avail ourselves only of Miss Bremer's graphic review of these things and characters, so far as to name a few of the most prominent artists, literati, and philosophers.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century appeared Evald, the religious poet—Wessel and Baggesen, the humorous ones. But it was not till the nineteenth century that the self-consciousness of the people, as well as art itself, had their full development. Then came Henry Steffens, full of genius and eloquence; and then Adam Oehlenschläger, their great tragic poet, who died only during the present year, having not long ago published his heroic poem, 'Regner Lodbrok.' Still more popular even than Oehlenschläger, is Ingeman, the author of 'Holger the Dane;' for his historical romances have been seized on with avidity by the people, and have inspired a charmed patriotism into the very peasantry. Herz, known in this country by his 'King René's Daughter;' Hauch, a natural philosopher and poet; Paludan Möller, author of the epic poem, 'Adam Homo;' Christian Winter, who sings the idyllian country-life of Denmark; Heiberg, the critic and novelist; and Hans Christian Andersen, so well known in England; are all held in great esteem in their native land.

In sculpture, besides Thorwaldsen, the Danes reckon amongst their greatest artists Jericho and Bissen, both men of strong and original powers. The former is celebrated for his 'Christ,' his 'Angel of the Resurrection,' and his group of 'Adam and Eve;' the latter, for his gods and heroes of the Northern mythology.

In painting, Denmark has a young and promising school of artists, who seek to express the truth of nature, and especially as it presents itself in their native land. We can only name the chief of them, without distinguishing their peculiar walks. They are Marstrand, Simonsen, Sonne, Schleisner, Monnier, Melby, Sörensen, Skovgaard, Kierskow, Rump, Jensen, Ottensen,

Gaertner, Schütz, and a daughter of Poland, now Mrs. Jericho, who has produced her best works in Denmark.

In music, Hartman, Rong, and Gade, stand pre-eminent.

Amongst the scientific men of Denmark stand prominently the two brothers Oersted. A. S. Oersted, the lawyer, has done much to remodel the legislative system of the country; but H. C. Oersted is the inventor of the electric telegraph, which has conferred a new and wonderful power on the world. His most celebrated work has a name which it is difficult to translate into English. It is, 'Kundskapseverens Vasens-enhet i det hele Verldens-allt;' which the Germans have translated into 'Ueber die Wisseneinheit des Erkenntniss-Vermögens im ganzen Weltall.' Perhaps the nearest we can approach to its meaning is, by 'The Universal Identity of the Perceptive Faculty.' The object is to demonstrate that there is nothing discovered in the whole world which is entirely foreign to human reason, and to the laws which are required for the government of the universe; and that the human being is a central thought in the universe. It is a work which ought not to be unknown either to philosopher or poet. His disciple, Forchammer, has thrown much light on geology; and Worsæ, a young man, on the antiquities of the country. Professor Schouw is distinguished in botany, and for his 'Language of Botany.' Bang, Trier, and Stein take high rank as physicians; and, in intellectual philosophy, Ch. F. Sibbern, in his 'Letters of Gabriel,' Martensen, and Søren Kierkegaard, are the most distinguished—and first among them is Sibbern, with his 'Psychological Pathology.' His philosophy, and the same may be said of that of nearly all the great men of Denmark, is totally opposed to the German schools of Hegel and Fichte. It is imbued with a profound and living Christianity.

In political development, the Scandinavian North does not stand behind the rest of the world. We have heard of no revolutions there, precisely because they are not wanted; because they are superseded by a progressive change. In fact, the Scandinavians rather take the precedence of the lively people of the South. They have learned to distrust physical violence, and to rely on the force of reason. *The freedom of the people*, is an old idea up in the North. Its sovereignty was first acknowledged in Sweden, later in Norway, latest in Denmark, but there it is most supreme. The political evolution, without revolution, which has lately arrived in Denmark, and which has changed the government from an absolute to a constitutional monarchy, based on democratical principles, has roots which strike back into remote times. We revert with hope to the oldest history of the North, and that prophecy which is contained in the first appearance of the first settlers there under the powerful guidance

of the Asarna, and to the people's voluntary homage to their superior wisdom. The sentiment is wonderfully strengthened by that of *domestic life* and of *home*. This feeling which has always been strong there, has of late extended itself, by the exchange of literature, throughout all Scandinavia. The different peoples find and feel themselves of one race; having the same common ancestry, the same sacred traditions, the same tastes and feelings. The kindred peoples of the North seem to be called upon by character and history, as well as by the development of the nations, to set an example to other people, by a noble, powerful, and independent life. This feeling has been immensely strengthened by the recent attack on Denmark by the German revolutionary Parliament. The effect of this has been to arouse the spirit of Denmark in a wonderful degree, and to quicken the sense of Scandinavian unity. As this war has excited a strong feeling in England, the account given by Miss Bremer of the effect there on the public mind, as it went on, will be read with interest. We give it exactly as it stands; and with that close our notice of these papers, which offer us more knowledge of the actual state and progress of Denmark than anything we have had for a long time:—

'June 1st—Spring is now in full bloom, and advances towards mid-summer. The islands of Denmark have put on their glorious attire. The beech woods murmur by the blue rocks. The groves are become vocal. The stork is arrived; the meadows are in bloom; the laburnam streams in the wind. But there arises no joyful song of human voices from the friendly islands. Tears, bitter tears, mothers' tears, brides', sisters' tears, fall upon the beautiful, flower-clad earth. Ah! war has broke out anew, and many sons of the country have fallen, and still fall, in the hopeless combat against a conquering, superior force. A little band of men stands fighting against a host composed of their own number many times multiplied; one million against thirty millions. How can there be any hope? And yet—wonderful, but true!—there is, no doubt, no despondency, in that little band. Such firm faith have they in their own righteous cause, and in the righteous arbitration of the people's fate.

'Nothing can more truly characterise the temper and disposition of the Danish people, than the effect which has been produced by that unfortunate affair at Eckernförde. The tidings of this reached Copenhagen on Easter Eve. What a murmur of sorrowful disquiet there was that evening in the city, especially in the neighbourhood of the post-house. Sorrow and amazement were upon every countenance. People talked to each other without the ceremony of introduction; high and low communicated to each other what they thought, and wept together. It was as if every family had lost a child. On Easter Sunday people streamed into the churches. The preachers spoke publicly from the pulpits of the great misfortune which had occurred, lamenting, comforting, and encouraging. The immortal theme of death and the resurrection had a new and an irresistible significance. The people

listened and wept. It was like a day of humiliation in Israel. The misfortune of the fatherland was the misfortune of every individual. The blow which had struck the maritime power of Denmark, struck the silent pride and hope of every heart. I saw young girls shed tears, not for the dead, but for "our banner—for Dannebrog!"

'That was Easter Sunday. On Easter Monday it was silent in the gay Copenhagen. The theatres were closed; the dejected attendants spoke in whispers; nothing was to be heard but sighs, and talking about broken hearts of wives and brides! That was the second day. On the third, life again raised itself with strength. Volunteer sailors came by hundreds; came, singing, to offer themselves in the place of those who at Eckernförde had fallen, either by death or into the hands of the enemy. Contributions of money flowed in from all sides, for a new preparation for war; for the families of the killed and wounded. The rich gave abundantly of their wealth; the poor widow gave her mite; and the mothers—beautiful to say—encouraged their sons to go and fight for the fatherland.

'A few days later, and the public mind was again calm and collected, and the theatres were again full of people. But all hearts, all noble feelings, seemed to have opened their fountains for a more abundant flow. The Danish people were now only one great family, who, in the day of sorrow, drew nearer together, to comfort and to support each other. We will here permit ourselves to introduce a little trait which will show the feeling of these days.

'Amongst the many who were named in the newspapers as having fallen at Eckernförde, was a young man who had really not fallen, but had saved himself, in an almost miraculous manner, and now returned to Copenhagen, and to his home there. His mother and sisters sate in their mourning, which they had just prepared, when all at once the lost son and brother stood amongst them! The mother must have died for joy at this moment, had not a strong, secret persuasion possessed her mind that her son lived, and thus she was prepared for this surprise.

'The news of this circumstance went like wild-fire through Copenhagen. People rushed from house to house, into the coffee-houses, and to the news-rooms, to announce it. All were glad; all rejoiced, as if they had recovered a beloved brother. Tears of joy and sympathy fell from all eyes. People began to hope that other fallen ones might likewise arise and return. Strangers to the happy family hastened to them to express their joy and their sympathy, and to embrace him who had returned. The whole city was one family of love.

'Days, weeks, months, have passed since this, and the war continues. Countenances grow dark, and the foe goes on conquering.

'But quiet and firm stands the little nation, determined to dare the utmost, and to fight to the last drop of blood. There is now no song of rejoicing upon the beautiful islands, neither is there any lamentation. They make themselves ready for new efforts, for new sacrifices. There is a strong will, a good courage, and a great patience, in the Danish people at this time. No one can see it without emotion, or

without admiration. And therefore—friendly islands, enchanting islands!—whether tears shall still longer fall upon your soil, whether the enemy shall suck your marrow, and the trial become severer—friendly islands, beloved are you still! There is an honour, a victory, an immortality, which every people, as well as every man, can acquire for himself, even when apparently it is subject to an outward, superior power. And therefore, tears of Denmark's daughters! fall—fall still, if it must be so! The soil which you water is the soil of the hero, and that noble sorrow the mother of a noble joy. You shall live to see that which was sown in bitterness bearing the sheaves of a noble harvest, and your beloved Dannebrog waving in joy over the waters of Denmark, over the blue billows. When the life of a people is what it is here at this time, then it awakes its genius, then it is near with saving power. The genius of Denmark has said:—

'When life blooms forth in the heart of the Dane,
When its song the People raises,
Then, bright as the sun do I live again,
And the poets sing my praises.
My name is known to the toiling hind;
I embrace him with exultation;
With joy my life thus renewed I find,—
I live in the soul of the nation.
Thou knowest, peasant! I am not dead:
I come back to thee in my glory!
I am thy faithful helper in need,
As in Denmark's ancient story.

Ingeman's Holger the Dane.'

—Pp. 209, 210.

Scarcely had Miss Bremer written this when the news of the victory of Fredericia arrived, and inspired universal confidence. Still, the troubles of Denmark are not completely over in Holstein. She has much of the sympathies of Europe, and we think no one reads the extracts we have given, without feeling that she deserves it; and at the same time that Denmark (the smallest kingdom in Europe) has stood boldly for her rights against the assumptions of Germany, and will stand firm and undaunted to the last. It is the interest of Europe that she should do so, and that every possible strength should be preserved to Scandinavia as a bulwark against the encroaching spirit of Russia.

ART. V.—*Poetical Works of William Wordsworth.* London: Edward Moxon.

IN a late article on Southey, we alluded to the solitary position of Wordsworth in that lake country where he once shone the brightest star in a large galaxy. Since then, the star of Jove, so beautiful and large, has gone out in darkness—the greatest laureate of England has expired—the intensest, most unique, and most pure-minded of our poets, with the single exceptions of Milton and Cowper, is departed. And it were lese-majesty against his mighty shade not to pay it our tribute, while yet his memory, and the grass of his grave, are green.

It is singular that only a few months have elapsed since the great antagonist of his literary fame—Lord Jeffrey (who, we understand, persisted to the last in his ungenerous and unjust estimate), left the bench of human, to appear at the bar of Divine justice. Seldom has the death of a celebrated man produced a more powerful impression in his own city and circle, and a less powerful impression on the wide horizon of the world. In truth, he had outlived himself. It had been very different had he passed away thirty years ago, when the 'Edinburgh Review' was in the plenitude of its influence. As it was, he disappeared like a star at midnight, whose descent is almost unnoticed while the whole heavens are white with glory, not like a sun going down, that night may come over the earth. One of the acutest, most accomplished, most warm-hearted and generous of men, Jeffrey wanted that stamp of universality, that highest order of genius, that depth of insight and that simple directness of purpose, not to speak of that moral and religious consecration, which 'give the world assurance of a man.' He was the idol of Edinburgh, and the pride of Scotland, because he condensed in himself those qualities which the modern Athens has long been accustomed to covet and admire—taste and talent rather than genius—subtlety of appreciation rather than power of origination—the logical understanding rather than the inventive insight—and because his name *had* sounded out to the ends of the earth. But nature and man, not Edinburgh Castle, or the Grampian Hills merely, might be summoned to mourn in Wordsworth's departure the loss of one of their truest high-priests, who had gazed into some of the deepest secrets of the one, and echoed some of the loftiest aspirations of the other.

To soften such grief, however, there comes in the reflection, that the task of this great poet had been nobly discharged. He

had given the world assurance, full, and heaped, and running over, of what he meant, and of what was meant by him. While the premature departure of a Schiller, a Byron, or a Keats, gives us emotions similar to those wherewith we would behold the crescent moon, snatched away as by some 'insatiate archer,' up into the Infinite, ere it grew into its full glory—Wordsworth, like Scott, Goethe, and Southey, was permitted to fill his full and broad sphere.

What Wordsworth's mission was, may be, perhaps, understood through some previous remarks upon his great mistress—Nature, as a poetical personage.

There are three methods of contemplating nature. These are, the material, the shadowy, and the mediatorial. The materialist looks upon it as the great and only reality. It is a vast solid fact, for ever burning and rolling around, below and above him. The idealist, on the contrary, regards it as a shadow—a mode of mind—the infinite projection of his own thought. The man who stands *between* the two extremes, looks on nature as a great, but not ultimate or everlasting scheme of mediation, or compromise, between pure and absolute spirit and humanity—adumbrating God to man, and bringing man near to God. To the materialist, there is an altar, star-lighted heaven-high, but no God. To the idealist, there is a God, but no altar. He who holds the theory of mediation, has the Great Spirit as his God, and the universe as the altar on which he presents the gift of his poetical (we do not speak at present so much of his theological) adoration.

It must be obvious, at once, which of those three views of nature is the most poetical. It is surely that which keeps the two principles of spirit and matter distinct and unconfounded—preserves in their proper relations—the soul and the body of things—God within, and without the garment by which, in Goethe's grand thought, 'we see him by.' While one party deify, and another destroy matter, the third impregnate, without identifying, it with the Divine presence.

The notions suggested by this view, which is that of scripture, are exceedingly comprehensive and magnificent. Nature becomes to the poet's eye '*a great sheet let down from God out of heaven,*' and in which there is no object 'common or unclean.' The purpose and the Being above cast such a grandeur over the pettiest or barest objects as did the fiery pillar upon the sand or the shrubs of the howling desert of its march. Everything becomes valuable when looked upon as a communication from God, imperfect only from the nature of the material used. What otherwise might have been concluded discords, now appear only stammerings or whisperings in the Divine voice; thorns and

thistles spring above the primeval curse, the 'meanest flower that blows' gives

'Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.'

The creation is neither unduly exalted nor contemptuously trampled under-foot, but maintains its dignified position, as an ambassador from the Divine King. The glory of something far beyond association—that of a divine and perpetual presence—is shed over the landscape, and its golden-drops are spilled upon the stars. Objects the most diverse—the cradle of the child, the wet hole of the centipede, the bed of the corpse, and the lair of the earthquake, the nest of the lark, and the crag on which sits, half asleep, the dark vulture, digesting blood—are all clothed in a light the same in kind, though varying in degree—

'A light which never was on sea or shore.'

In the poetry of the Hebrews, accordingly, the locusts are God's 'great army';—the winds are his messengers, the thunder his voice, the lightning a 'fiery stream going before him,' the moon his witness in the heavens, the sun a strong man rejoicing to run his race—all creation is roused and startled into life through him—its every beautiful, or dire, or strange shape in the earth or the sky, is God's moveable tent; the place where, for a season, his honour, his beauty, his strength, and his justice dwell—the tenant not degraded, and inconceivable dignity being added to the abode.

His mere 'tent,' however—for while the great and the infinite are thus connected with the little and the finite, the subordination of the latter to the former is always maintained. The most magnificent objects in nature are but the mirrors to God's face—the scaffolding to his future purposes; and, like mirrors, are to wax dim; and, like scaffolding, to be removed. The great sheet is to be *received up* again into heaven. The heavens and the earth are to pass away, and to be succeeded, if not by a purely mental economy, yet by one of a more spiritual materialism, compared to which the former shall no more be remembered, neither come into mind. Those frightful and fantastic forms of animated life, through which God's glory seems to shine with a struggle, and but faintly, shall disappear—nay, the worlds which bore, and sheltered them in their rugged dens and caves, shall flee from the face of the regenerator. 'A milder day' is to dawn on the universe—the refinement of matter is to keep pace with the elevation of mind. Evil and sin are to be eternally banished to some Siberia of space. The word of the poet is to be fulfilled—

'And one eternal spring encircles all!'

The mediatorial purpose of creation, fully subverted, is to be abandoned, that we may see 'eye to eye,' and that God may be 'all in all.'

That such views of matter—its present ministry—the source of its beauty and glory—and its future destiny, transferred from the pages of both Testaments to those of our great moral and religious poets, have deepened some of their profoundest, and swelled some of their highest, strains, is unquestionable. Such prospects as were in Milton's eye, when he sung—

'Thy Saviour and thy Lord
Last in the clouds from heaven to be revealed,
In glory of the Father to dissolve
Satan with his perverted world ; then raise
From the conflagrant mass, purged and refined,
New heavens, new earth, ages of endless date,'—

may be found in Thomson, in his closing Hymn to the Seasons,—in Coleridge's 'Religious Musings' (in Shelley's 'Prometheus' even, but perverted and disguised), in Bailey's 'Festus' (cumbered and entangled with his religious theory); and more rootedly, although less theologically, than in all the rest, in the poetry of Wordsworth.

The secret of Wordsworth's profound and peculiar love for Nature, even in her meaner and minuter forms, may lie, perhaps, here. De Quincey seeks for it in a peculiar conformation of the eye, as if he actually did see more in the object than other men—in the rose a richer red, in the sky a deeper azure, in the broom a yellower gold, in the sun a more dazzling ray, in the sea a finer foam, and in the star a more sparkling splendour than even Nature's own 'sweet and cunning' hand put on ; but the critic has not sought to explain the rationale of this peculiarity. Mere acuteness of vision it cannot have been, else the eagle might have *felt*, though not written, 'The Excursion'—else the fact is not accountable why many of weak sight, such as Burke, have been rapturous admirers of Nature ; and so, till we learn that Mr. De Quincey has looked through Wordsworth's eyes, we must call this a mere fancy. Hazlitt again, and others since, have accounted for the phenomenon by association—but this fails, we suspect, fully to explain the deep, native, and brooding passion in question—a passion which, instead of being swelled by the associations of after life, rose to full stature in youth, as 'Tintern Abbey' testifies. One word of his own, perhaps, better solves the mystery—it is the one word 'consecration'—

'The consecration and the poet's dream.'

His eye had been anointed with eye-salve, and he saw, as his

poet-predecessors had done, the temple in which he was standing, heard in every breeze and ocean billow the sound of a temple-service, and felt that the grandeur of the ritual, and of its recipient, threw the shadow of their greatness upon every stone in the corners of the edifice, and upon every eft crawling along its floors. Reversing the miracle, he saw 'trees as men walking'—heard the speechless sing, and, in the beautiful thought of 'the Roman,' caught on his ear the fragments of a 'divine soliloquy,' filling up the pauses in a universal anthem. Hence the tumultuous, yet awful joy of his youthful feelings to Nature. Hence his estimation of its lowliest features; for does not every bush and tree appear to him a 'pillar in the temple of his God?' The leaping fish pleases him, because its 'cheer' in the lonely tarn is of praise. The dropping of the earth on the coffin lid is a slow and solemn psalm, mingling in austere sympathy with the raven's croak, and in his 'Power of sound' he proceeds elaborately to condense all those varied voices, high or low, soft or harsh, united or discordant, into one crushing chorus, like the choruses of Haydn, or of heaven. Nature undergoes no outward change to his *eye*, but undergoes a far deeper transfiguration to his spirit—as she stands up in the white robes, and with the sounding psalmodies of her mediatorial office, between him and the Infinite I AM.

Never must this feeling be confounded with Pantheism. All does not seem to him to be God, nor even (strictly speaking) divine; but all seems to be immediately *from* God—rushing out from him in being, to rush instantly back to him in service and praise. Again the natal dew of the first morning is seen lying on bud and blade, and the low voice of the first evening's song becomes audible again. Although Coleridge in his youth was a Spinozist, Wordsworth seems at once, and for ever, to have recoiled from even his friend's eloquent version of that creedless creed, that baseless foundation, that system, through the *phenomenon* of which look not the bright eyes of Supreme Intelligence, but the blind face of irresponsible and infinite necessity. Shelley himself—with all the power his critics attribute to him of painting night, animating Atheism, and giving strange loveliness to annihilation—has failed in redeeming Spinoza's theory from the reproach of being as hateful as it is false; and there is no axiom we hold more strongly than this—that the theory which cannot be rendered poetical, cannot be true. 'Beauty is truth, and truth is beauty,' said poor Keats, to whom time, however, was not granted to come down from the first glowing generalization of his heart, to the particular creeds which his ripened intellect would have, according to it, rejected or received.

Nor, although Wordsworth is a devoted lover of Nature, down to what many consider the very blots—or, at least, dashes and commas in her page, is he blind to the fact of her transient character. The power he worships has his 'dwelling in the light of setting suns,' but that dwelling is not his everlasting abode. For earth, and the universe, a '*milder day*' (words certifying their truth by their simple beauty) is in store when 'the monuments' of human weakness, folly, and evil, shall 'all be overgrown.' He sees a far off the great spectacle of Nature retiring before God; the ambassador giving place to the King; the bright toys of this nursery—sun, moon, earth, and stars—put away, like childish things; the symbols of the Infinite lost in the Infinite itself; and though he could, on the Saturday evening, bow before the midnight mountains, and midnight heavens, he could also, on the Sabbath morn, in Rydal church, bow as profoundly before the apostolic word, 'All these things shall be dissolved.'

With Wordsworth, as with all great poets, his poetical creed passes into his religious. It is the same tune with variations. But we confess that, in his case, we do not think the variations equal. The mediation of Nature he understands, and has beautifully represented in his poetry; but that higher mediation of the Divine Man between man and the Father, does not lie fully or conspicuously on his page. A believer in the mystery of godliness he unquestionably was; but he seldom preached it. Christopher North, many years ago, in 'Blackwood,' doubted if there were so much as a Bible in poor Margaret's cottage (Excursion). We doubt so too, and have not found much of the 'true cross' among all his trees. The theologians divide prayer into four parts—adoration, thanksgiving, confession, and petition. Wordsworth stops at the second. Nowhere do we find more solemn, sustained, habitual, and worthy adoration, than in his writings. The tone, too, of all his poems, is a calm thanksgiving, like that of a long blue, cloudless sky, colouring, at evening, into the hues of more fiery praise. But he does not weep like a penitent, nor supplicate like a child. Such feelings seem suppressed and folded up as far-off storms, and the traces of past tempests are succinctly enclosed in the algebra of the silent evening air. And hence, like Milton's, his poetry has rather tended to foster the glow of devotion in the loftier spirits of the race—previously taught to adore—than like that of Cowper and Montgomery, to send prodigals back to their forsaken homes; Davids, to cry, 'Against thee only have I sinned;' and Peters, to shriek in agony, 'Lord, save us, we perish.'

To pass from the essential poetic element in a writer of genius, to his artistic skill, is a felt, yet necessary descent—like

the painter compelled, after sketching the man's countenance, to draw his dress. And yet, as of some men and women, the very dress, by its simplicity, elegance, and unity, seems fitted rather to garb the soul than the body—seems the soul made visible—so is it with the style and manner of many great poets. Their speech and music without are as inevitable as their genius, or as the song for ever sounding within their souls. And why? The whole ever tends to beget a whole—the large substance to cast its deep, yet delicate, shadow—the divine to be like itself in the human, on which its seal is set. So it is with Wordsworth. That profound simplicity—that clear obscurity—that night-like noon—that noon-like night—that one atmosphere of overhanging Deity, seen weighing upon ocean and pool, mountain and molehill, forest and flower—that pellucid depth—that entireness of purpose and fulness of power, connected with fragmentary, wilful, or even weak execution—that humble, yet proud, precipitation of himself, Antæus-like, upon the bosom of simple scenes and simple sentiments, to regain primeval vigour—that obscure, yet lofty isolation, like a tarn, little in size, but elevated in site, with few visitors, but with many stars—that Tory-Radicalism, Popish-Protestantism, philosophical Christianity, which have rendered him a glorious riddle, and made Shelley, in despair of finding it out, exclaim—

‘No Deist, and no Christian he;
No Whig, no Tory.
He got so subtle, that to be
Nothing was all his glory,’—

all such apparent contradictions, but real unities, in his poetical and moral creed and character, are fully expressed in his lowly but aspiring language, and the simple, elaborate architecture of his verse—every stone of which is lifted up by the strain of strong logic, and yet laid to music; and, above all, in the choice of his subjects, which range, with a free and easy motion, up from a garden spade and a village drum, to the ‘celestial visages’ which darkened at the tidings of man’s fall, and to the ‘organ of eternity,’ which sung pæans over his recovery.

We sum up what we have further to say of Wordsworth, under the items of his works, his life and character, his death; and shall close by inquiring, Who is worthy to be his successor?

His works, covering a large space, and abounding in every variety of excellence and style, assume, after all, a fragmentary aspect. They are true, simple, scattered, and strong, as blocks torn from the crags of Helvellyn, and lying there ‘low, but mighty still.’ Few even of his ballads are wholes. They leave too much untold. They are far too suggestive to satisfy. From

each poem, however rounded, there streams off a long train of thought ; like the tail of a comet, which, while testifying its power, mars its aspect of oneness. The 'Excursion,' avowedly a fragment, seems the splinter of a larger splinter ; like a piece of Pallas, itself a piece of some split planet. Of all his poems, perhaps, his sonnets, his 'Laodamia,' his 'Intimations of Immortality,' and his verses on the 'Eclipse in Italy,' are the most complete in execution, as certainly they are the most classical in design. Dramatic power he has none, nor does he regret the want. 'I hate,' he was wont to say to Hazlitt, 'those interlocutions between Caius and Lucius.' He sees, as 'from a tower, the end of all.' The waving lights and shadows, the varied loopholes of view, the shiftings and fluctuations of feeling, the growing, broadening interest of the drama, have no charm for him. His mind, from its gigantic size, contracts a gigantic stiffness. It 'moveth altogether, if it move at all.' Hence, some of his smaller poems remind you of the dancing of an elephant, or of the 'hills leaping like lambs.' Many of the little poems which he wrote upon a system are exceedingly tame and feeble. Yet often, even in his narrow bleak vales, we find one 'meek streamlet—only one'—beautifying the desolation ; and feel how painful it is for him to become poor, and that, when he sinks, it is with 'compulsion and laborious flight.' But, having subtracted such faults, how much remains—of truth—of tenderness—of sober, eve-like grandeur—of purged beauties, white and clean as the lilies of Eden—of calm, deep reflection, contained in lines and sentences which have become proverbs—of mild enthusiasm—of minute knowledge of nature—of strong, yet unostentatious, sympathy with man—and of devout and breathless communion with the Great Author of all ! Apart altogether from their intellectual pretensions, Wordsworth's poems possess a moral clearness, beauty, transparency, and harmony, which connect them immediately with those of Milton ; and beside the more popular poetry of the past age—such as Byron's, and Moore's—they remind us of that unplanted garden, where the shadow of God united all trees of fruitfulness, and all flowers of beauty, into one ; where the 'large river,' which watered the whole, 'ran south,' toward the sun of heaven—when, compared with the gardens of the Hesperides, where a dragon was the presiding deity, or with those of Vauxhall or White Conduit-house, where Comus and his rabble rout celebrate their undisguised orgies of miscalled and miserable pleasure.

To write a great poem demands years—to write a great undying example, demands a life-time. Such a life, too, becomes a poem—higher far than pen can inscribe, or metre make musical.

Such a life it was granted to Wordsworth to live in severe harmony with his verse—as it lowly, and as it aspiring, to live too amid opposition, obloquy, and abuse—to live too amid the glare of that watchful observation, which has become to public men far more keen and far more capacious in its powers and opportunities, than in Milton's days. It was not, unquestionably, a perfect life, even as a man's, far less as a poet's. He did feel and resent, more than beseemed a great man, the pursuit and persecution of the hounds, whether 'grey' and swift-footed, or whether curs of low degree, who dogged his steps. His voice from his woods sounded at times rather like the moan of wounded weakness, than the bellow of masculine wrath. He should, simply, in reply to his opponents, have written on at his poems, and let his prefaces alone. 'If they receive your first book ill,' wrote Thomas Carlyle to a new author, 'write the second better—so much better as to shame them.' When will authors learn that to answer an unjust attack, is, merely to give it a keener edge, and that all injustice carries the seed of oblivion and exposure in itself? To use the language of the masculine spirit just quoted, 'it is really a truth, one never knows whether praise be really good for one—or whether it be not, in very fact, the worst poison that could be administered. Blame, or even vituperation, I have always found a safer article. In the long run, a man *has*, and *is*, just what he *is* and *has*—the world's notion of him *has* not altered him at all, except, indeed, if it have poisoned him with self-conceit, and made a *caput mortuum* of him.'

The sensitiveness of authors—were it not such a *sore subject*—might admit of some curious reflections. One would sometimes fancy that Apollo, in an angry hour, had done to his sons, what fable records him to have done to Marsyas—*flayed* them alive. Nothing has brought more contempt upon authors than this—implying, as it does, a lack of common courage and manhood. The true son of genius ought to rush before the public as the warrior into battle, resolved to hack and hew his way to eminence and power, not to whimper like a schoolboy at every scratch—to acknowledge only home thrusts—large, life-letting-out blows—determined either to conquer or to die—and, feeling that battles should be lost in the same spirit in which they are won. If Wordsworth did not fully answer this ideal, others have sunk far more disgracefully and habitually below it.

In private, we understand, was pure, mild, simple, and majestic—perhaps somewhat austere in his judgments of the erring, and, perhaps, somewhat narrow in his own economics. In accordance, we suppose, with that part of his poetic system, which magnified mole-heaps to mountains, *pennines* assumed the importance of *pounds*. It is ludicrous, yet characteristic, to think

of the great author of the 'Recluse,' squabbling with a porter about the price of a parcel, or bidding down an old book at a stall. He was one of the few poets who were ever guilty of the crime of worldly prudence—that ever could have fulfilled the old paradox, 'A poet has built a house.' In his young days, according to Hazlitt, he said little in society—sat generally lost in thought—threw out a bold or an indifferent remark occasionally—and relapsed into reverie again. In latter years, he became more talkative and oracular. His health and habits were always regular, his temperament happy, and his heart sound and pure.

We have said that his life, *as a poet*, was far from perfect. Our meaning is, that he did not sufficiently, owing to temperament, or position, or habits, sympathize with the on-goings of society, the fulness of modern life, and the varied passions, unbeliefs, sins, and miseries of modern human nature. His soul dwelt apart. He came, like the Baptist, 'neither eating nor drinking,' and men said, 'he hath a demon.' He saw at morning, from London bridge, 'all its mighty heart' lying still; but he did not at noon plunge artistically into the thick of its throbbing life; far less sound the depths of its wild midnight heavings of revel and wretchedness, of hopes and fears, of stifled fury and eloquent despair. Nor, although he sung the 'mighty stream of tendency' of this wondrous age, did he ever launch his poetic craft upon it, nor seem to see the *whitherwards* of its swift and awful stress. He has, on the whole, stood aside from his time—not on a peak of the past—not on an anticipated Alp of the future, but on his own Cumberland highlands—hearing the tumult and remaining still, lifting up his life as a far-seen beacon-fire, studying the manners of the humble dwellers in the vales below—'piping a simple song to thinking hearts,' and striving to waft to brother spirits, the fine infection of his own enthusiasm, faith, hope, and devotion. Perhaps, had he been less strict and consistent in creed and in character, he might have attained greater breadth, blood-warmth, and wide-spread power, have presented on his page a fuller reflection of our present state, and drawn from his poetry a yet stronger moral, and become the Shakespere, instead of the Milton, of the age. For himself, he did undoubtedly choose the 'better part;' nor do we mean to insinuate that any man ought to contaminate himself for the sake of his art, but that the poet of a period will necessarily come so near to its peculiar sins, sufferings, follies, and mistakes, as to understand them, and even to feel the force of their temptations, and though he should never yield to, yet must have a 'fellow-feeling' of its prevailing infirmities.

The death of this eminent man took few by surprise. Many

anxious eyes have for a while been turned towards Rydal Mount, where this hermit stream was nearly sinking into the ocean of the Infinite. And now, to use his own grand word, used at the death of Scott, a 'trouble' hangs upon Helvellyn's brow, and over the waters of Windermere. The last of the Lakers has departed. That glorious country has become a tomb for its more glorious children. No more is Southey's tall form seen at his library window, confronting Skiddaw—with a port as stately as its own. No more does Coleridge's dim eye look down into the dim tarn, heavy laden, too, under the advancing thunder-storm. And no more is Wordsworth's pale and lofty form shaded into divine twilight, as he plunges at noon-day amidst the quiet woods. A stiller, sterner power than poetry has folded into its strict, yet tender and yearning embrace, those

'Serene creators of immortal things.'

Alas! for the pride and the glory even of the purest product of this strange world! Sin and science, pleasure and poetry, the lowest vices and the highest aspirations, are equally unable to rescue their votaries from the swift ruin which is in chase of us all.

'Golden lads and girls all must
Like chimney-sweepers come to dust.'

But Wordsworth has left for himself an epitaph almost superfluously rich—in the memory of his private virtues—of the impulse he gave to our declining poetry—of the sympathies he discovered in all his strains with the poor, the neglected, and the despised—of the version he furnished of Nature, true and beautiful as if it were Nature *describing herself*—of his lofty and enacted ideal of his art and the artist—of the 'thoughts, too deep for tears,' he has given to meditative and lonely hearts—and above all, of the support he has lent to the cause of the 'prim duties' and eldest instincts of man—to his hope of immortality and his fear of God. And now we bid him farewell, in his own words—

'Blessings be with him, and eternal praise,
The poet, who on earth has made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays.'

Although, as already remarked, not the poet of the age—has, in our view, been, on the whole, fortunate for poetry or society that for seven years William Wordsworth has been poet-laureate. We live in a transition state in respect to both. The march and the music are both changing—nor are they yet fully attuned to each other—and, meanwhile, it was desirable that a poet should preside, whose strains formed a fine 'music confusion,' like that of old in the 'wood of Crete'—of the old art

the new—of the Conservative and the Democratic—of the golden age, supposed by many to have existed in the past, and of the millennium, expected by more in the future—a compromise of the two poetical styles besides—the one, which clung to the hoary tradition of the elders, and the other, which accepted innovation because it was new, and boldness because it was daring, and mysticism because it was dark—not truth, *though* new; beauty, *though* bold; and insight, *though* shadowy and shy. Nay, we heartily wish, had it been for nothing else than this, that his reign had lasted for many years longer, till, perchance, the discordant elements in our creeds and literature had been somewhat harmonized. As it is, there must now be great difficulty in choosing his successor to the laureateship; nor is there, we think, a single name in our poetry whose elevation to the office would give universal, or even general, satisfaction.

Milman is a fine poet, but not a great one. Croly is, or ought to have been, a great poet; but is not sufficiently known, nor *en rapport* with the spirit of the time. Bowles is dead—Moore dying. Lockhart and Macaulay have written clever ballads; but no shapely, continuous, and masterly poem. John Wilson, *alias* Christopher North, has more poetry in his eye, brow, head, hair, figure, voice, talk, and the prose of his 'Noctes,' than any man living; but his verse, on the whole, is mawkish—and his being a Scotchman will be a stumbling-block to many, though not to us; for, had Campbell been alive, we should have said at once, let him be laureate—if manly grace, classic power, and genuine popularity, form qualifications for the office. Tennyson, considering all he has done, has received his full meed already. Let him and Leigh Hunt repose under the shadow of their pensions. Our gifted friends, Bailey, of 'Festus,' and Yendys, of the 'Roman,' are yet in blossom—though it is a glorious blossom. Henry Taylor is rather in the sere and yellow leaf—nor was his leaf ever, in our judgment, very fresh or ample: a masterly builder he is, certainly, but the materials he brings are not highly poetical. When Dickens is promoted to Scott's wizard throne, let Browning succeed Wordsworth on the forked Helvellyn! Landor is a vast monumental name; but, while he has overawed the higher intellects of the time, he has never touched the general heart, nor *told* the world much, except his great opinion of himself, the low opinion he has of almost everybody else, and the very learned reasons and sufficient grounds he has for supporting those twin opinions. Never was such power so wasted and thrown away. The proposition of a lady laureate is simply absurd, without being witty. Why not as soon have proposed the Infant Sappho? In short, if we ask again, 'Where is the poet worthy to wear the

crown which has dropped from the solemn brow of "old Pan," "sole king of rocky Cumberland?"—Echo, from Glaramara, or the Langdale Pikes, might well answer, 'Where?'

We have, however, a notion of our own, which we mean, as a close to the article, to indicate. The laureateship was too long a sop for parasites, whose politics and poetry were equally tame. It seems now to have become the late reward of veteran merit—the Poppedom of poetry. Why not, rather, hang it up as a crown, to be won by our rising bards—either as the reward of some special poem on an appointed subject, or of general merit? Why not delay for a season the bestowal of the laurel, and give thus a national importance to its decision? Only we should insist on some other committee for settling the point than her Majesty's Ministers, who, since Macaulay resigned, possess not one man who can distinguish between bathos and beauty—we had almost said, between poetry and prose—who, but for the fact of his being a Tory, might by this time have interwoven the laurel with the wig of Patrick Robertson—and who, perhaps ere this paper has seen the light, have insulted the literature of the country by bestowing it upon Monckton Milnes, or on some similar 'sublime of mediocrity,' who happens to have Longman or Moxon for his accoucheur, and the 'Edinburgh Review' for his godfather.

ART. VI.—*Lectures on Christian Theology*. By the late Rev. George Payne, LL.D., Professor of Divinity in the Western College. *With a Memoir*, by Rev. John Pyer; and *Reminiscences*, by Rev. Ralph Wardlaw, D.D. Edited by Evan Davies. Two Vols. 8vo. London: John Snow.

MR. DAVIES says, in his short and modest Preface to these goodly volumes, that 'the work of editing them could not but prove a labour of love to a former attached pupil. How many grateful recollections it has called to mind! How greatly it has deepened the sense of obligations previously felt! And in the performance of such a duty, love could not fail of assuming the form of reverence! The occupation related to the dead! On the spot stood his monument, erected by his own hands,—it could have been reared by no other; and the editor esteemed it no small honour to be employed in removing some of the scaffolding which no one was permitted to touch till the revered

builder had retired to REST ! The employment has been solemn, but instructive ! Here words should be few ; and, therefore, he will only suggest to the reader, that when he comes hither—to the literary monument of his venerated tutor—thought and reflection are needful and appropriate !'

We accept the suggestion, simply premising that the terms ' literary monument ' do not sufficiently characterise the work to which they refer. Yet we thank Mr. Davies for the expression, inasmuch as we have long felt that the craving for literary fame, which seeks to realize the object of its ambition by a systematic avoidance of reference to the Christian doctrine, pursues exactly that course which ensures its speedy mortality. Rounded periods, elegant conceptions, beautiful ideas, flights of ' winged fancy,' are all very well in their own province—and it is not our habit to chain the children of genius—but it has often been noted, and prolonged experience confirms the observation, that those authors have the surest prospect of an *abiding* name who subordinate their talents and acquirements to the truth of God, and the immortal interests of man. Milton and Cowper will live when Byron and Shelley are forgotten. Those will be household words, when these, with all their acknowledged genius, will be discovered only by the literary antiquary in the national museum. And much of that which now passes for brilliance will be eclipsed by the steady light reflected from the ' everlasting ray.' In fact, literature, like philosophy, is in her loftiest mood and noblest position when she is doing service at the footstool of Christianity. The highest form of truth takes to its bosom and immortalizes with itself those who, like the departed author of these volumes, devote to its service the mental powers with which they have been entrusted. This we take to be the solution of the problem and the philosophy of the fact under notice.

We have said, departed author. These volumes are posthumous—as such they are suggestive. Another standard-bearer has fallen ; another voice, which uttered from an earnest heart the living truths of Christianity, is still ; another well-instructed scribe rests from his labours ; but the thoughts of a mind consecrated to the highest kind of service in which any of the sons of men are permitted to engage, are generally diffused far beyond the ' local habitation ' of the labourer during his lifetime, and long survive the period when ' devout men carry him to his burial.' Many ministers, now labouring in their respective spheres, gathered from the lips of Dr. Payne seeds of truth far more valuable than the sands of the Sacramento—seeds of truth, which they in their turn have scattered only to be reproduced in a still more glorious form in regions of purity and light. And the

volumes which we now introduce to our readers are a treasury of thought, theological, metaphysical, and polemic, which many a diligent student will open in years to come, and find himself refreshed, enlightened, and invigorated.

We shall return to the preliminary matter, purposing, meantime, to put those of our readers who may not yet possess these volumes into direct contact with the opinions of Dr. Payne on some of the subjects which are at present agitating the public mind. We do not recollect any reply to Hume's famous argument against miracles more convincing, and at the same time *popular*, than the following:—

‘ But though we should discard the atheistical opinion that miracles are beyond the power of God, or that the laws of nature are too sacred to be suspended even by their Author, so that every miraculous report ought at once to be rejected, it is still objected that no accumulation of *testimony* will justify us in admitting such a report. This is the celebrated objection of Hume. “Experience,” says he, “is our only guide in judging of matters of fact; a miracle is a violation of the laws of nature; a firm and invariable experience has established these laws; and therefore, experience has furnished us with proof against a miracle, stronger than any which can be brought to support it by testimony.” I agree with the writer quoted a short time ago [Dr. Channing], that “infidelity has seldom forged a weaker weapon than this argument of Hume;” and that it would not deserve notice, were it not from the name of its author. Yet, as it is well known, and may do mischief to those who cannot unravel the sophistries of this writer, I will make a few remarks upon it.

‘ 1. We might except against the statement, that we can only judge of the truth of a matter of fact by experience. On this, however, I cannot enlarge.

‘ 2. We might ask him, what he means by experience? If by this term he intends to designate our own *personal* or *individual* experience, then must we, in addition to miracles, reject ten thousand facts which no one in his senses can deny. We must maintain that the sun is never vertical between the tropics; and that there are three hundred and sixty-five days and nights in the year at the poles—though it is demonstrable that there can be but one of each.

‘ If by experience he intended to denote *general* or *universal* experience—the experience of all men, in all ages and countries; then we answer, that experience in this sense is *not* against a miracle—that the laws of nature are *not* established by a firm and invariable experience; for, in the experience of many thousands (and Mr. Hume cannot deny this, without the most flagrant assumption of the very point in dispute), the laws of nature have been actually suspended; so that the fact of occasional deviations from the laws of nature is as really established by experience, as the fact of the general observation of those laws.

‘ Further, we would ask Mr. Hume how he has gained the knowledge of experience in this extended sense of the term? How he has

ascertained what is, in point of fact, the experience of all men in all ages and countries? He can only reply, By testimony. So that testimony must be believed, before he can obtain the verdict of experience; and yet such is the gross contradiction in which he involves himself—experience is to guide us whether to believe the testimony or not; *i.e.*, the cause must first produce the effect, then the effect is to decide whether the cause shall exist! It is some consolation to recollect that this is the reasoning, not of a Christian, but of an infidel.

‘Further; to say nothing more at present of the *hocus pocus* manner in which Mr. Hume gains his knowledge of experience, we might ask him whether he can possibly persuade himself that he is acquainted with the experience of all men in the world, in all ages and countries, in reference to any one of the laws of nature. It was contrary to his experience, we admit, that a dead man should come to life again—contrary to the experience of all the men with whom he had conversed—contrary to the experience of most of the men of whom he had ever heard. But had Mr. Hume conversed with all the men in the world? Had he received information of all the men in the world? Was there not a single being with whose experience Mr. Hume was not acquainted? Now if there were one, that individual—for aught that Mr. Hume could know or say to the contrary—might have had experience of a miracle; the experience of that individual might establish the possibility of a miracle. The fact is, that the attribute of omniscience is requisite to the knowledge of experience in that sense of the term which can alone support Mr. Hume's argument; for if it be any thing short of what it professes to be—firm and unalterable, *i.e.* the experience of all men, in all ages and countries; it cannot justify any one, even on Mr. Hume's principles, in rejecting testimony in support of a fact, which may be in harmony with the experience of multitudes, though we, in our ignorance, know it not.’—Vol. ii. pp. 371—373.

We commend to the modern school of anti-supernaturalists an attentive examination of the argument in the lecture from which we have quoted. The disciples of that school will find in these pages abundant evidence that they have much to learn before the world gives them credit for a monopoly of reason; and that their frequent indictment, both by assertion and implication, of Christianity as a system which throws a cloud around the human understanding, and demands the surrender of philosophical inquiry, as the condition of faith, is wholly unsupported. On the contrary, the evidence is all the other way. George Payne was not a man to assume a premiss without investigation. He takes nothing for granted. With a power of analysis rarely surpassed, he subjected every proposition, metaphysical or theological, to the severest inspection. By a process of anatomy, for which he was greatly distinguished, combined with a perseverance which no difficulty could overcome, he reduced every theory that lay in his path to its constituent parts, and rested not until he was satisfied either of its truth or falsehood.

It has, indeed, been alleged, that he carried this mental tendency to such an extent as to make the style of his prelections somewhat cold and uninviting. This mental trait, however, warrants the notion that, if either the miracles or prophecies of the Bible were false, Dr. Payne was eminently fitted to detect the imposture. Surely it is a question worthy of consideration by those who are labouring to destroy all the peculiarities of Christianity, how it comes to pass that some of the clearest intellects and most profound thinkers that England has produced, have devoted their best years to 'Christian theology,' and yet, with one voice, have declared the Bible to be, 'in deed and in truth,' a revelation from God? Nor is the unanimity of their verdict affected by variety of opinion on questions of ecclesiastical polity. Churchmen and Dissenters, with their respective subdivisions, have been represented in this court of inquiry by 'representative men,' whose names are venerated in every region where a Christian literature has found its way.

But, in view of this class of objectors, we go a step further, and submit that Christianity, so far from darkening or enfeebling the intellectual powers, is the 'true light' which illumines and invigorates them. Its value in this respect may be briefly tested. Whatever tends to divorce man from the dominion of his mere instincts, to make him recognise the superior claims of his intellectual nature, and to induce self-respect, is valuable in proportion to the power which it possesses to effect all this. The means are valuable, on account of, and because in harmony with, the desired end. Now, if Christianity clearly avows it as its purpose thus to elevate man, to control his wayward and degrading passions, and to forward the true interests of individuals without detriment to those of others, why should any class, professing anxiety for the elevation of their species, turn away with gestures of impatience when the aid of Christianity is offered to realize the end which they desire? If it can be shown that Christianity contains principles which are inimical to the moral and intellectual nature of man, then, of course, it clashes with the progress of the race; but if, on the contrary, it is acknowledged, by all who have examined the matter, that it contains the purest morals, and presents the most sublime motives for the improvement of the heart, that it encourages the student to acquire elevating knowledge, and in no instance prohibits investigation into any subject fitted to make men wise, then it is entitled to the suffrage of all who would either rise themselves, or aid others to rise in the scale of morality and wisdom. It is entitled to be ranked first among educational agencies. It is the most powerful and successful teacher which the world possesses. It has penetrated those recesses of dark-

ness which no other educational agency could reach, and has conveyed information to which no other system even pretends.

Another great question of the day relates to the union of the Church with the State; and every man who gives the least attention to the phenomena of society at this moment, must admit that this is no longer a question of sect or party, but one of absorbing *national* importance. It will soon be translated from the platform of the Anti-state-church Association to the ministerial benches, and will find an echo in both Houses of Parliament.

'In 1834,' says Mr. Pyer, 'Dr. Payne published a pamphlet of forty-seven octavo pages, entitled, "The Separation of Church and State calmly considered, in reference to its Probable Influence upon the Cause and Progress of Evangelical truth in this Country." Two editions of this work appeared; the first under the signature of a "Devonshire Dissenter," and the other with his own name attached. In his opening remarks, he adverts to the misrepresentations which have been made of the opinions and efforts of Dissenters on the great question at issue, and states, very fairly, what it is they intend, when they plead for the Separation of the Church from the State. Thus he places the matter:—

"It is seldom the case that the sentiments of an individual or a sect are exhibited with perfect correctness by one who endeavours to overthrow them. Even in the absence of any disposition to indulge in misrepresentation, the medium of prejudice through which he views them, affecting his own conception of their nature and consequences, will certainly, and perhaps unconsciously, lead him to present them in a false light to others. The Dissenters of this country do not wish to think that their opinions have been intentionally misrepresented; yet the apparent reluctance with which our explanations have been received, renders it impossible for us to give—at least, to the more prominent advocates of the endowed Church—credit for the possession of all that candour and single-mindedness with which a controversy so important as that which has commenced between the Church and Dissenters, should be carried on.

"From the press, and from the senate of our country, the charge against us has issued, and is now resounding through the whole length and breadth of the land, that the great object of the present movement is to destroy the Established Church. Our reply, in effect at least, has been, that we merely wish to destroy the civil Establishment of that Church; two things which could not have been identified, had there been a little more candour, or a little more discernment, on the part of our opponents. The least reflection upon the two preceding forms of expression cannot fail to bring the conviction to every honest mind, that, in the first case, the thing which is desired to be destroyed, is the Church; *i.e.*, the Episcopalian section of the Church; while in the latter case, it is not the Church, but its alliance with the State. The dissolution of the conjugal union between two individuals, who ought not to have formed it, is not, surely, the destruction of the female, but the destruction of a relation merely in which she had stood, or had been supposed to stand,

to the other party. *The Church*, as it is called by courtesy, *i.e.*, the Episcopalian denomination, is now the spouse of the State (we think she ought to be the spouse of Christ only); our anxiety is simply to obtain a writ of divorce. If our opponents will continue to represent this as a desire to put the wife to death, the public must judge whether the defect is in our statements, or in their perceptions."—*Memoir*, pp. 69, 70.

Mr. Pyer characterises this pamphlet as terse, vigorous, and convincing, and yet without a particle of bigotry, or a sentence that can justly give offence. He adds, 'The Anti-state-church Association could not do a better service to the cause it advocates, than to reprint and circulate it by thousands.'

The great value of these volumes, however, is that which is indicated by their title—'Lectures on Christian Theology.' Our readers need no information respecting the doctrinal views of the author of 'Lectures on Divine Sovereignty, Election, the Atonement, Justification, and Regeneration.' The first series, extending to thirteen lectures, is devoted to the 'Divine Existence and Perfections.' The second, embracing six lectures, treats of the 'Divine Unity, and the Revealed Doctrine of the Trinity.' The third, discussed in seven lectures, is entitled, 'The Works of God.' The fourth, on 'The Redeemer of Man,' extends to fourteen lectures. And the fifth, on 'Miscellaneous' subjects, is comprehended in eight lectures.

We are neither prepared, nor called on, to endorse every opinion advanced in this work, nor is it necessary to express in stronger language than we have used our estimate of its worth. We are glad to discover signs of an increased attention to the claims of systematic theology. Topical discourses, however valuable in themselves, necessarily present the truth only in fragments;—the coherence, the unity of the Divine manifestation, cannot be thus exhibited to the hearer. He is like a man ignorant of astronomy, gazing with wonder upon the sidereal heavens; but who knows not that each is a part of the stupendous whole, that the laws of harmony and subordination obtain among all these apparently insulated orbs, and unite them in one great fellowship—the commonwealth of the skies, and a portion of the measureless universe of God. But, whatever may be said respecting the multitude of hearers, a well-furnished instructor of others in the truths of Christianity must study system, if he would avoid the error of magnifying one or more doctrines of scripture at the expense of others. As all scripture is given by inspiration of God, so all scripture should be searched, that the bearing and influence of one portion on another may be apprehended, and when apprehended, exhibited to the audience for the purpose of instruction in righteousness:—

'Generally speaking,' says Dr. Payne, in the Introductory Lecture, 'the facility we possess in communicating what we know to others, will be in proportion to our own knowledge. What we thoroughly understand, we shall be able to exhibit clearly and fully to others, and to convey to them a thorough understanding of it; and, on the other hand, an imperfect conception of any subject can only originate a lame, and obscure, and feeble exhibition of it. Give but to the teacher of theology a perfect comprehension of what he is about, and I will answer for his making his way to the understanding, if not the consciences, of his hearers. Now, to study theology systematically, must, on these principles, aid in the communication of truth. A careful comparison of apparently conflicting passages, or conflicting doctrines, cannot fail to give us a more definite, and clear, and accurate conception of their meaning. It is astonishing how very loose and vague are the notions entertained by many men—and many preachers, too—with reference to some very important points of Divine truth; and not more astonishing, I may add, than disgraceful. Ignorance of the important principles of his profession, is always considered disgraceful to the lawyer or physician. How much more dishonourable to the theologian! And this prevalence of those loose and vague notions, to which I have just referred, I am disposed to trace, in a considerable degree at least, to a want of attention to theology as a system. "A good divine," says one, "is far superior to a mere composer of sermons. He will have a greater fulness of thought, and a more commanding view of his subjects." I am convinced, also, that the systematic study of theology will tend to give a vigour and firmness to your statements of truth, as much removed from offensive dogmatism on the one hand, as from weakness and hesitation on the other. Without comprehensive acquaintance with the subject on which we speak, in all its bearings and connexions, we are apt to get into a most offensive and ignorant dogmatism—floundering on from one contradiction to another, pulling down this half hour that which we built up the preceding one; or we should be, perhaps, afraid, on the other hand, of opening our mouth, lest the second breath should gainsay the first, and convince our hearers that their teacher knows little or nothing about the matter. It is very desirable that a minister should be fully sensible of what he is about, that he should feel his ground, that he should be aware of the dangers on either hand of him. This will give him, though a prudent, a firm step. He will not be obliged to be impudent to prove that he is not empty; nor hesitating, to show that he is not heedless and rash."

We conclude by a word or two about the preliminary matter of these volumes. The editor has discharged his duty, as he tells us, 'as a labour of love.' The arrangement indicates care and judgment. The 'Memoir' by the Rev. John Pyer, is one of the most prudent pieces of biography we have seen for some time. It is a calm and truthful description of the history, life, and writings of a deceased friend. You see the man before you, just as he was,—the good servant of Jesus Christ, the acute

metaphysician, the able divine, the diligent tutor, the faithful friend, the loving husband and father, the humble Christian, and the modest man ; you see, in the concluding words of the memoir, ' *The good Dr. PAYNE!*'

The address at the interment, by Dr. Burder, opens with a sentence which is itself a memoir of the noblest kind : ' Never did I follow a friend to the grave with a deeper persuasion that his spirit was with Christ, than I feel at this solemn moment regarding my beloved and lamented brother !'

The paper entitled 'Reminiscences,' by Dr. Wardlaw, is brief, but, coming from such a quarter, it is needless to add, valuable. It contains some interesting correspondence, on one or two of the most difficult points in theology, which passed between the two friends many years ago, and which suggests to us that the discipline of the mind in early life, by habits of severe and continued thought, is one of the surest indications of future eminence, whether in the field of general literature, or in that most glorious of all fields—'Christian Theology.'

ART. VII.—*Sinai and Golgotha ; a Journey in the East.* By Frederic Adolph Strauss. Translated from the German. With an Introduction, by Henry Stebbing, D.D., &c. 16mo, pp. 390. London : James Blackwood. 1849.

WE hail with sincere pleasure the appearance of this volume, from the pen of the amiable and pious licentiate of theology at the University of Berlin. This Dr. Strauss is the very antipode of David Strauss, the author of 'Leben Jesu,' with whom he has nothing in common except his name. The author, Strauss, was fitted for his task by unassuming and heartfelt devotion, deep theological and scriptural knowledge, childlike simplicity, and, above all, by that faith in Christ which is the result of deep conviction.

'Sinai and Golgotha,' as one might almost infer from the title, appeals rather to the heart than to the intellect. It is written for our instruction and improvement, and describes the localities where the most stupendous events have taken place which could possibly engage man's reverential attention, and are recorded in the Scriptures by eye-witnesses.

The motives of his journey, and the nature and tendency of his description, are thus unfolded by Dr. Strauss in his Preface:—

'My journey in the East has served as an additional corroboration to my mind of the truth of the Divine Word. Could I visit the spots which, from the theatre of the sacred history, corresponded in the minutest particulars to the statements of Scripture—could I observe the manners of the people, which have there undergone but little alteration during the course of centuries—could I witness in the condition of those countries, and in the history of those nations, the wonderful fulfilment of prophetic declaration—I should, I believed, apprehend more forcibly than ever the truth of the Word of God.

'Thoughts such as these connected with the East, suggest the inquiry, What is the present state of *religion* there; what are the operations of our brethren in the faith; and what is now proclaimed of that Word of God once revealed in that land, but now fading in obscurity? The information on both these points, acquired by this journey, will be presented in the following pages. May the Lord bless them to the strengthening of faith, and the promotion of active love. . . .

'The emotions I experienced in these most consecrated spots are connected in the depths of my heart, and are the most precious results of the journey. Such feelings cannot be communicated, but every one will enter into them—for Sinai and Golgotha are the mountains from whence our help hath come.'

Divided into six parts, of which the following are the names : Greece—Egypt—Sinai—Jerusalem—The Promised Land—The Return Home—the whole embraces forty-three subjects, each of which forms a separate chapter.

The first thing which arrests attention in the perusal of this work, is the ease and manly freedom with which each statement is made, and the objects and circumstances are treated of. Every sentence bears proof to the author's thorough acquaintance with the *savoir faire*. We don't find a single idea too many, nor a word with which we could dispense. The whole is a well-conceived and highly-finished picture of Eastern life, given in lively but truthful colours. What enhances the beauty of the book, are the frequent bursts of enthusiasm in which the author breaks forth; and which is in itself so natural, that the reader cannot but sympathize with him. We honestly confess, that, having ourselves seen, both in the East and in the West, some of the beauties and glories of God's creation, we can easily understand the ecstasy and delight with which our author dwells on the sacred spots he has visited in the course of his very interesting journey.

To give a connected account of what Dr. Strauss saw and experienced in the East, is beyond the narrow limits of this article. Our space will only allow us to present some detached and unconnected extracts, in illustration of what we have said.

Among the ecclesiastical institutions little known in this

country, is the Greek Church, which, until very lately, has scarcely so much as excited the attention of our best and most studious men. The Hon. Mr. Curson has recently brought it before the learned world; but even he has treated the matter in a rather one-sided, we might almost say superficial, manner. Yet what is the account the learned Doctor gives of this branch of the Church?—

‘Let us now turn,’ he says, ‘from the impressions produced upon our minds by the city of Athens, to the consideration of the Greek Church: and, first, we must glance backward to the first centuries of the Christian Church. The Greek language was that most in use in the time of the apostles. For this reason, the Gospels and Epistles were written in it. But when the boundaries of the promised land were passed, and the apostolic churches became more extended, each congregation worshipped in its mother tongue, and thus introduced the use of many languages into the one Christian Church. In the West, the Latin tongue was used; and the distinction between the Eastern and Western Churches consisted, at first, only in this difference of language, but it soon extended to other points—so that both Churches began to modify their doctrines and worship according to their respective peculiarities.

‘These diversities continued till the time of Constantine; when, by his conversion to Christianity, the boundaries of the Church were considerably enlarged, and a form of government was given it by the Emperor, who instructed the Eastern and Western Churches to hold a common assembly. Here the more sober and sensible character of the West often appeared in opposition to the lively, impassible spirit of the East; and, in the discussion respecting Christian doctrines, the Roman Catholic Western Church (by means of great determination) often obtained the victory over the wavering Greeks, and preserved a greater uniformity than the latter, among whom many sects arose, following this or that strange doctrine—as the Coptic, Armenian, or Nestorian.

‘The difference between the Churches became at length so great, that at the end of the eighth century the union almost ceased to exist; and, in the twelfth century, the Pope of Rome and the Patriarch of Constantinople excommunicated each other at the same time. Since that period, the Churches have maintained a bitter hatred towards one another, each asserting itself to hold the orthodox Catholic faith. It appears that the Greek Church numbers about seventy millions, and the Roman, a hundred and forty millions, of adherents. The Pope has, nevertheless, succeeded in subjecting to his authority several Greek churches; these are now called Greek-Catholic, while the others style themselves Greek-Orthodox.

‘With respect to the teaching of this Church, its compendium of doctrine was written towards the close of the eighth century, by John Damascenus, a monk of the Convent of St. Saba, near Jerusalem, and is entitled, “Explanation of the Orthodox Faith.” To this the Greek Church has adhered; and, while in the West, under the blessing of God’s

Spirit, great light has been obtained on the meaning of the Holy Scriptures (although many deviations from the right way have also been permitted to creep in), the Greek Church retains its original constitution. Its principles approximate nearer to the Protestant faith than do those of the Roman Catholics; and it has been less decided in its opposition to the doctrine of justification by faith. If it accepts the seven sacraments, it rejects the theory of purgatory. The Holy Sacrament is administered in both kinds; and a spoon of wine is presented to the communicant, containing a piece of broken bread. One singular custom prevalent among them is, that little children are admitted after baptism to the Sacrament of the Supper, manifestly in opposition to the rule of the apostle, who enjoins self-examination previous to the Communion. The marriage of the lower grade of priests is permitted; the higher ranks of ecclesiastics alone being prohibited from entering into the conjugal state. But, much as the Greek Church resembles the Protestant in some particulars, the Word of the Lord does not possess that authority which belongs to it, and an individual acquaintance with the Scriptures is almost unknown.

‘The impediments to the progress of the Church were owing partly to the general decline of the Eastern power; but principally to the severe and widely extended sway of the Mahomedans, by whom the Greek Christians were continually confined within narrower bounds. A want of spiritual cultivation, almost beyond conception, was the result; preaching fell more and more into disuse, until it was at length completely abandoned; and the beautiful liturgy, which the early Church had left to succeeding generations as an inimitable inheritance, became incomprehensible to the people, whose language had undergone considerable alteration.

‘The poor people sank into gross superstition; and adopted a worship of the saints and their images, more degrading than is often to be found in the Romish Church itself.

‘Such is the position of the Greek Church. Nothing but the deliverance of the land from the Turkish yoke, accompanied by a great political agitation, has been sufficient to arouse it from its sleep of centuries. This has been facilitated by its withdrawal from the authority of the Patriarch of Constantinople, and its placing itself, after the model of the Russian-Greek Church, in the hands of a holy synod; which assembles at stated periods for the arrangement of affairs, and is represented by a settled committee. Reformatory regulations will doubtless follow this independency.

‘A theological faculty has lately been instituted by the Royal University, and three professors have been nominated—Pharmakides, Misaili, and Kotogonis. We found in these men, a right cheering acquaintance with the progress of modern theological literature, and a lively interest in science, united with a determined adherence to the old doctrines of the Church. . . .

‘If we look back upon the ecclesiastical condition of Greece, we must be rejoiced to see that the Lord's kingdom is advancing in it; and we cannot but observe, that other Greek Churches which have obstructed the advancement of the sister Church, afford little hope of improvement amongst themselves.’—Pp. 14—22.

The voyage up the Nile, which we subjoin, is, perhaps, one of the most graphic and interesting chapters in which the admirable book before us abounds. It acquaints us with some of the habits of the modern Egyptians and Arabs, and forcibly reminds us of the most striking incidents recorded in the Pentateuch. It is in no small degree calculated to confirm our belief in the truth of the statements made in these portions of holy writ.

After having given a detailed account of the Coptic Church as it exists in Egypt, the learned traveller says :—

‘ We became more fully acquainted with the Coptic Church on our voyage up the Nile, which we soon commenced, as, owing to the height of the water and the extent of the inundations, we were advised to delay our visit to the great Pyramids. For the first time we now began to feel ourselves removed from European civilization. . . .

‘ On the afternoon of the 12th of December, we entered our boat. Besides a covered saloon, it contained two cabins; one appropriated to our baggage, while in the other, two broad divans served as beds by night, and as sofas by day. Two high sails were fastened to the long mast, and from one of them waved our own black and white Prussian flag. The wind was still, and some of the men began to pull the boat; we often proceeded through the sand; or, being carried over by the force of the current to the opposite side, were sometimes driven back in a few minutes to a distance which it was not easy to recover. At the helm we often heard the lively song of the sailors, who were of various shades of colour, from the clearest brown to the darkest black. The others answered the song in a merry choir. The subject of it was generally a religious one, for prayer and expressions of devotion make up a great part of the life of an Arab. A breeze soon sprung up, and our large sails carried the boat swiftly through the rapid stream.

‘ We had provided ourselves with books, to prepare us for the upper part of the Nile, but the multitude of new sights and new impressions prevented us from reading. Boats, announced by the loud call of the sailors, were flying by us every moment; a glance was cast at the flag, to see whether people of the country or acquaintances approached. The Rais, and the dragoman, greeted their comrades, and each communicated, in a few words, the length and object of the voyage, and in a short time all sounds became incomprehensible: or they succeeded, by means of fast sailing, to overtake a boat, with which a race was commenced, lasting for some hours, or even the whole day.

‘ Looking towards the shore, a caravan is seen slowly advancing; a dromedary hastens by; it is the post of the pasha, which regularly travels to Upper Egypt. Large droves of cattle are being driven towards Cairo, though scarcely the half arrive there. Palm groves in the distance indicate a village or a town, built under their shade. The women fill their large stone pitchers with the water of the Nile, and, lightly placing them on their heads, bear them gracefully to their homes, carefully concealing their faces from the passer-by. Again, the eye is attracted by an Egyptian, who, by means of water-wheels,

in the sweat of his brow, "waters the land with his foot,"* or goads on the oxen and asses who draw the wheels. If the zeal of the steersmen or sailors flag, they must be urged forward by a small present of tobacco, or the promise of a fee, or backshish. Suddenly the boat stops, for the constant variations of the water, and the quantity of floating sand, often cause the best navigator to be at fault. The men spring into the water, and soon succeed in making the vessel free again. When Sunday came, we held a service, singing the same choruses, and joining our prayers to those of the churches in the fatherland. The evening, with its glorious sunset, brought us some delightful hours. Short would be such a life in communion with a friend of the heart; and this quiet intercourse had an additional charm for me, after the scenes of unusual activity in which I had been engaged during the past year.

'On the evening of the eighth day, the merry songs of the festival-eve announced the great Bairam. Our sailors would not rest the next morning, until, according to the custom of the country, we had bought a lamb, which was made ready for the evening. At noon we arrived at Manfalut, and the loud sound of drum and fife proclaimed from far the festival-day. Going on shore, we found the people hurrying through the streets to the bazaar, where every one was buying something in honour of the feast. Into whatever house we looked, the inhabitants seemed busy in the preparation of the lamb. A woman came out from one habitation with a basin containing the blood of the slain lamb, which she first sprinkled with her hand on the door-posts, and then poured the remainder on the door; forcibly reminding us of the sprinkling of the blood of the Passover lamb on Israel's departure from Egypt. But no farther connexion could we trace between them.'—P. 60.

Those of our readers who may be anxious to know something respecting the present state of the two mountains 'from whence our help hath come'—Sinai and Golgotha, and the Holy Sepulchre—will find their wishes gratified in the few extracts we here give, and which are worded in a very felicitous and scientific manner, by one of the ablest minds we have the good fortune to be acquainted with. In allusion to Sinai, Dr. Strauss says:—

'The mountain ruggedly descends two thousand feet; presenting, first, a series of low hills, and then a broad plain, which is of an amphitheatrical form, and served as a place of encampment for the children of Israel. They gazed upon the mountain towering above them, like a gigantic altar. Yes—it stands there like an altar in the holiest of all; the rocky summits encompassing it like the choir of a majestic cathedral, and the blue heaven forming its vaulted roof. A sanctuary of God! All traces of a human hand are far removed. No bird sails through the air—no blade of grass is on the rocks! The sky, the rocks, and the sea, stand the only witnesses to the creating power of that Almighty God who made heaven and earth. . . .

* With such feelings, we read upon the summit of Sinai the Ten Com-

* Deut. ii. 10.

mandments in the original tongue—the surrounding neighbourhood wonderfully corresponding to their strength and simple sublimity. The words penetrated our hearts; and we seemed to hear the thunder of the Almighty, and to catch the tone of the trumpet exceeding loud. It was Saturday evening—Sabbath-day. Perfect rest reigned over the face of nature, and no trace of animation was visible. We felt irresistibly raised to a state of holy Sabbath repose. We stood upon the spot which the three great religions of the earth, which confess one true God, amounting to nearly half the human race, have looked with veneration. Jews, Mahomedans, and Christians, here worship the Omnipotent, their God.’—Pp. 121—124.

It is impossible to read these remarks without being deeply impressed with the truth they embody, with the vastness of the subject they embrace, and the fervent spirit of a God-inspired faith which pervades the whole. Truly blessed are they who can think, and feel, and speak as does the pious licentiate of theology! Theirs is that happiness and peace which passeth all understanding, and is the portion only of the children of God.

Among the learned, but chiefly among those who have visited the Holy Land, many doubts have been raised as to the identity of those localities of which mention is made in the New Testament, and which are so intimately connected with tradition. As there are but few authorities to assist the inquirer in unravelling this entangled subject, doubt has, of course, arisen, and the opinions hazarded have been various. Respecting the Sepulchre of our Lord, Dr. Strauss remarks:—

‘Many disputes have lately arisen as to whether the Holy Sepulchre is really the grave of Christ, and whether the spot shown as the place of the crucifixion is really Golgotha. Some have denied as strenuously as others have affirmed it. But if the precise historical authentication of the spot has not been proved, much less has convincing evidence against their genuineness been produced; and as a probability of their authenticity remains after the closest scientific investigation, we readily follow the almost uninterruptedly transmitted tradition since the death of Christ, and recognise in these holy spots Golgotha and the Saviour's grave. The fact of their now lying within the town does not present the shadow of an objection, since Herod Agrippa, ten years after Christ's death, first enclosed Golgotha within the city, it having been previously situated without the first and second walls; and that both the spots have been included in one church since the time of the Crusades, is not surprising, since, according to the Scriptures,* the garden of Joseph of Arimathea was “in the place where he was crucified;” besides which, the towns of the ancients were not so widely extended as our modern ideas lead us to imagine: and, indeed, decided cause must be shown to the Christian Church, ere places can be taken

* John xix. 41, 42.

of the love of Him who died 'the just for the unjust,' it prepared these children of the sea to resist the fascinations and to expose the falsehood of Popery, when it was introduced among them, accompanied by the tender mercies of the notorious Du Petit Thouars, and of the commander of the *Artemise*—Commodore La Place!

In the eyes of the agents of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and of their friends, this was a crime of the deepest dye. Foiled and disappointed by the rejection of Mariolatry, and the worship of wafers and of images, and of dead men, by the Bible-reading Tahitians, they vent their spleen by pouring into the public ear the foulest accusations against the 'bigoted and ignorant' Britons, who taught the Tahitians and the natives of other islands to read 'in their own tongue the wonderful works of God.'

If, however, Mr. Melville acknowledges the missionaries to have done this, and, in addition, to have established churches and schools, he takes care to balance the admission by declaring that they have injudiciously intermeddled in the commercial affairs of the natives; and he quotes Kotzebue to prove that they have given them 'a religion that forbids every innocent pleasure, *cramps and annihilates every mental power*, and is a *libel on the Divine Founder of Christianity*—a religion that has given birth to ignorance, hypocrisy, and hatred, to all other modes of faith.' Mr. Melville, by quoting this precious *morceau*, endorses it; and it must be remembered that this is said of the religion of the Bible, the religion contained in the doctrinal articles of the Church of England, and substantially taught in the Reformed Churches of Europe! That Kotzebue, a Russian, and a disciple of that miserable conglomeration of absurdities—the Greek Church, should speak thus, we can easily understand. We should as soon expect him, or any other instrument of despotism, to eulogize constitutional liberty, the right of public speaking, or the freedom of the press, as that he should understand, or value, liberty of conscience, resistance to Jesuitism and priestcraft, or the simplicity and *purity* of scriptural Christianity. What we are surprised at is, the unblushing and unflinching audacity manifested in quoting this passage as an honest description of the result of missionary labours in Tahiti. And its adoption by Mr. Melville not only unmasks his true character, but prepares us for his affirmation, that the conversion of the members of the native churches must be ascribed, 'not to appeals to the reason,' but to '*authority, of some kind or other, exerted through the chiefs, and prompted by the hope of some worldly benefit.*'

But this is not all. What Mr. Melville does, he does tho-

roughly. He gives not an outline, but a carefully drawn picture. Not content with general statements such as we have already quoted, he descends to particulars, and repeats the assertions of the organs of Catholicism respecting the share which the English missionaries took in the expulsion of the Jesuits, Laval and Caret, from Tahiti. He says,—

‘Now, that the resident English missionaries *authorized* the banishment of these priests, is a fact undenied by themselves. I was also informed that, by their inflammatory harangues, they instigated the riots which preceded the sailing of the schooner.’—P. 91.

‘Melancholy as such an example of intolerance must appear on the part of Protestant missionaries, it is not the only one, and by no means the most flagrant one, which might be presented.’—P. 92.

Melancholy indeed, say we, if it were true; happily, as the sequel will show, we are wholly indebted for these examples of ‘Protestant intolerance’ to the fertile brain of the author of ‘Omoo.’ But he coolly affirms that the missionaries ‘never denied the charge’ which he alleges against them. Did they not? We wonder where Mr. Melville got his information. Did he ever read the documents laid before the public by the Directors of the London Missionary Society in 1843? Did he know anything of the ‘Memorial’ addressed to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs by a public meeting of the ‘supporters and friends of Protestant missions’ assembled in Exeter Hall, on Wednesday, the 12th of April of the same year? Was he aware of the statements made in the House of Commons on this subject, on the evening of the 28th of March, 1843, when the late Sir Robert Peel declared that ‘the missionaries in Tahiti had so conducted themselves as to merit the respect and care of the British Government?’ Did Mr. Melville acquaint himself with the ‘contradictions’—contradictions fortified by an appeal to facts, to the existing laws of the island, and to eye-witnesses—sent forth to the world by the men whom he asperses; and which were published at the time in the *Protestant* journals of France, Switzerland, Germany, and Great Britain? If he, *without* inquiry, has again tried to fasten this charge upon the missionaries by saying they ‘never contradicted it,’ where is his honesty? But if *acquainted* with the published replies of the missionaries and of the Directors of the London Missionary Society, what must we say of his unscrupulous dishonesty?

For the advantage of this gentleman, who, in his preface, advertises his careful observance of truth, we beg to inform him that his friends were not banished by the authority of the missionaries, neither did they excite the people against them by ‘inflammatory speeches.’ The simple facts are these. On the

on her—which, by the hot tears of innumerable believers, and the experiences of mercies there enjoyed by many sorrowing hearts, are associated with all that is most holy and consecrated on earth.

‘The Church of the Holy Sepulchre stands upon a rocky eminence, inclining steeply to the north and east. It properly consists of three different chapels, united in one church. Near the entrance to the south that of the Crucifixion; to the west, that of the Holy Sepulchre; and to the east, united with the long nave of the Greek Church, is the chapel of the Discovery of the Cross. . . .

‘We will not reason about the traditions respecting other places beside Golgotha and the Holy Sepulchre, devoted to the edification of the devout; if the events did not occur on the very spots, they must have taken place a few paces distant; and the pious heart will willingly be reminded by visible objects of the transactions these holy places commemorate. They were formerly divided between eight different nations, but since the last conflagration, belong almost exclusively to the Greeks, who have left the Latin, Armenian, Coptic, and Syrian Christians, only a few spots for the celebration of their worship. The Latins call their chapel that of the Appearance, because here the Lord appeared to Mary his mother, after the resurrection. The Armenians possess the chapel of Helena; the Copts have only a small chapel to the west of the grave; and the Syrian Christians another under the ark of the western side of the rotunda. Several of the monks and clergy of the four nations constantly linger about the church for the regular performance of the service; and many of the pilgrims spend some days and nights there, a custom that does not contribute much to the external cleanliness and dignity of the church. It is generally shut, and the provisions are received through a hole; but on Sundays and holidays it is open at the hours of service. It cannot, unfortunately, be a matter of regret that a Turkish guard is there to keep order; for otherwise the contentions of the Christians would be still fiercer than at present.’—Pp. 187—191.

Another brief extract, and we have done.

In reading the account given of the Bedouins, their manner of life, &c., which, as far as correctness is concerned, is borne out by the statements of other recent travellers, the learned Tischendorf among the rest, we were particularly struck with some remarks on the present religious state of that singular people, which well deserve the attention of our missionary societies:—

‘Their religion,’ says Dr. Strauss, ‘is very simple; they, indeed, call themselves Mohammedans, but very few keep the fasts, or make pilgrimages to Mecca. The Koran is almost unknown; and mosques they have none. Their religion has remained the same as it was at the time of Abraham; it is faith in God, who made heaven and earth—who is enthroned in heaven, and from whom every good gift comes. They seek to obtain his favour by strict rectitude, until he calls them from the ranks of the living. As their tenets are less opposed to the Christian faith than those of many other nations, it would be easier for mis-

sionaries to work among them ; and if the efforts of true Christian love were successful in arousing them from their religious indifference, which, unhappily, has hitherto been entirely unattempted, they would become living, earnest members of the Church.'—P. 135.

From the extracts we have given, the reader will perceive that 'Sinai and Golgotha' is a work of no common order. To convince himself of this, we strongly recommend its perusal ; the more so, as the English version is both faithful and elegant, and furnishes a very favourable specimen of the skill and knowledge of the translator.

ART. VIII.—*Catalogue of Works of Ancient and Medieval Art, exhibited at the house of the Society of Arts. London. 1850.*

THE temporary collection recently open under the above title, at the Society of Arts, has been of a character previously unknown to England ; and in its comprehensiveness and exceeding preciousness, unrivalled, perhaps, in Europe. The value of such collections has been practically recognised in almost every leading Continental city. By the English Government alone—above all by its delegates, whose office it is to be styled 'Trustees' of our national museums and galleries—has this value, in common with so much else, been ignored. One exception must be made, in favour of the Museum of Economic Geology—an institution, into the management of which more vitality and common sense have been infused, than into that of any of its fraternity. Ornamental art as connected with manufacture, and thus with science, is here partially illustrated. Especially we would notice a series of English pottery, recently purchased, which will be accessible when the museum is reopened in its new location in Piccadilly. Until that step was taken, the country which has so greatly distinguished itself in this branch of art-manufacture, supplied no means of forming an acquaintance with the history and progress of such manufacture. The Museum at Sèvres was the nearest point at which such information could be gained.

Towards a comprehensive practical History of Art, and of Civilization as represented by Art, in those remains which afford the most direct and suggestive of all ethnographical evidence, nothing has been systematically attempted. The British Museum, it is well known, has been formed without plan, and managed without intelligence—too common a case, in such matters, unfor-

tunately, with us English. The valuable accumulations it contains have been mainly the result of accident—whether chance purchases, or miscellaneous contributions from private liberality. In the department of art this is pre-eminently illustrated. Such material in this direction as it contains is at once special and incomplete: a very splendid series of Etruscan and Greek pottery, and of Greek sculpture; an assemblage of Egyptian antiquities; a recent accession from Nineveh; while the remaining links in the great series of universal history are left altogether unrepresented, with some few fragmentary exceptions.

The value of such a collection as that of the Society of Arts, though in their case necessarily restricted by its temporary character, and by the exclusion of the unpaying public, is of a very high order, and twofold: in supplying facilities, first, for impressing true principles on the designer; secondly, for enlarging the knowledge of the public. High credit must be accorded to that more intelligent party in the society, who, opposed, we regret to state, by a self-interested and mechanical section of the members, have, among other good works, carried out the above scheme; with the co-operation of a numerous body of antiquarians and collectors. When we consider the impromptu nature of the collection, the success of their efforts was remarkable; and also, very significant evidence of the vast amount of artistic treasure dispersed through private cabinets in England.

On one point, we have a serious complaint to make: the utter absence of Method, the slovenly neglect of rational sequence in the *arrangement*. As a result, one chief benefit of the collection—its historic teaching—was, for the general public, lost. The '*Catalogue*' is systematic; based upon the principle of classification according to material. And the succinct summaries prefixed to each classified group deserve great praise, for their intelligence and appropriateness; contributing to render the Catalogue what, as a whole, it undeniably is—a valuable permanent record. But the arrangement of the collection itself was anything but a worthy companion; casting great discredit on whomsoever were concerned in it. The guiding motive seemed to have been simply the production of a *Show*; of mere prettiness of effect, worthy the ambition of the Housemaid of the establishment. But for the value of the articles displayed, we should have believed that functionary, or, perhaps, an assistant from a neighbouring shop in the Strand, *had* been the presiding genius. In all future attempts, we counsel the Society to call in, not the taste of the housemaid and the showman, but the aid of common sense and of a cultivated insight. And then, instead of a Rare-show, we shall have an instructive, embodied Text-book. In the first case, we have goldsmith's work of all ages promiscuously

huddled together or dispersed; examples of three or four separate epochs of pottery mingled indiscriminately; and to one kind (Henry II. of France ware), a place apportioned among ivories and wood-carvings; of these latter, again, other specimens scattered elsewhere. In the second, we should have one consistent, ordered series, grouped strictly according to material, and, above all, chronologically, and in distinct sections: so that, even at the first glance, a meaning should be obvious to the most cursory observer; and by others, more attentive, a comprehensive historic summary be read. Even to the connoisseur, such a series would be highly interesting; though *he* could dispense with it—possessing within his own mind the key to such a disjointed nightmare of an arrangement as the Society's. But by half the visitors of the late collection, we doubt whether any but the vaguest notions were brought away: of general splendour of effect, and preciousness of art, realized in the productions of many ages. The patient comparison of catalogue and collection, and the mental effort requisite for unravelling the net, few were likely to give. This result was the more lamentable, as the sacrifice of method was needless. In any case, splendour of effect had been inevitable.

We have one other suggestion to make to the Society, or its managers: that a more liberal courtesy be shown in forwarding the views of such, as like ourselves, may be desirous of frequenting their exhibitions for a literary purpose.

The immediate purpose of the exhibition was to aid, indirectly, our manufacturing efforts for the Great Exhibition of 1851; to supply an influence for good upon English design. The collection was certainly relevant in that aspect; but the ensuing interval is too brief, and our present system, or no-system, of decorative design, too firmly established, to allow much room for hope in this direction. Invigorated copyism we shall undoubtedly have, of some of the myriad forms of beauty thus assembled. How far this is in itself desirable, is more than questionable. The real benefit which could not but accrue, is of a far more certain and unmixed character: the popularizing works of highest beauty, and the witnesses of healthful systems of artistic working; the indirect enforcement of true principles, and the direct increase of the general knowledge of times too little understood at the present day by the majority. Through such means as these, quite a new light may reveal itself to the eyes of many. New aspects of the past, and new relations of the old to the new, will, one by one, present themselves to those not wholly incapable of thought. But the exhibition was too temporary an one to accomplish very much, even in this way; to complete the work it began. The phrase most current among the visitors was still,

how curious! rather than, *how true!* or, than better still, perhaps, no phrase at all, but silent digestion of the lessons with which those works of art were pregnant. Irreverent wonder, or vague admiration, rather than intelligent appreciation, were the prevailing feelings. The most are still unprepared for the *study* of such things; for apprehending them from the right point of view.

'Ancient and Mediæval,' the exhibition was styled. But the latter and larger section was mediæval in a very loose sense; as much or more Cinquecento and Renaissance. A greater proportion of work purely mediæval, as also of mediæval *English* work, was much to have been desired. The perfection attained in all strictly *decorative* design of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, similar to that realized in the architecture, of which it was the attendant, would then have been more obviously and adequately enforced. This preponderance of sixteenth and seventeenth century-work was an inevitable consequence, perhaps, of the prevailing direction in which the attention of our ordinary collectors is aroused; and of the far greater paucity of remains from the more remote periods.

Classic antiquity was represented by a series of Etruscan pottery, and Roman bronzes, and cameos. From the East, were a few choice scattered examples: embossed and enamelled weapons; specimens of Damascene work; and, above all, an exquisitely graceful, faery vase, lovely in contour, and purely oriental in ornamentation—outline subordinated to the most delicate effects of colour, produced by lapislazuli and precious stones: a vase this, eloquent of the magic and fancy of the 'Thousand-and-One Nights.'

Thus, the three leading divisions of ornamental production, in which true principles have been exemplified, after three so distinct types—classic antiquity, the mediæval time, and the Oriental nations—all, in one way or another, put in their appearance. An exhibition, permanent or temporary, of sufficient extent to admit the *adequate* illustration, not only of mediæval, but also of classic and Oriental art, would, indeed, be necessarily large; but also, inconceivably rife with significance and suggestion. It would place before us, by proxy, all hitherto-realized, true developments. By the Orientals, especial attention would be claimed, for a due representation of the general case;—of the relations borne by the ornamental art of the East, to the other members in the great family group of universal art.

There was, however, no lack of significance in the array of works mostly mediæval or akin, to which the exhibition in question was confined. The universal application of *art*—and of art in directions with which we of the present day are little accus-

tomed to connect it, even in thought—was, perhaps, of all the mute utterances conveyed, in the general effect, the most prominent and irresistible. Throughout every material, throughout every stage in the continuance of the mediæval spirit, so long as it existed *at all*, however transmuted, we found the same unmistakeable impress of *art*; of devotion of studious human thought and patient human labour, to this one end—the imparting a harmonizing, æsthetic significance to every work of man's hand; of an outward speech to the dumb utility. The objects exhibited were, for the most part, costly examples of this system; the more elaborate illustrations of principles, in substance, equally demonstrable through simpler work. The ability for the æsthetic transmutation of utilitarian objects, is equally manifest *throughout* those times which we may call the Artistic; and even though the article were a novel one, as a time-piece, the very introduction of which did not take place till late in the period under review. Whether it be golden chalice or iron-lock, embroidered cope or earthenware dish, the prized reliquary preserved with religious care in the sanctuary, or the armour to be shivered on the morrow by the hostile spear, nay, the very sword-blade itself; all speak conclusively, to the same spirit:—to the lavish clothing with art of every production of man's ingenuity; the earnest endeavour towards harmonizing his works, even as God's works are harmonized; the emulation of nature; the union of use and beauty; of the eloquent spiritual speech with the material result of mechanical power. The mediæval artist, too, had often more difficult problems to solve than the Grecian; and just in those cases where the utmost cost was lavished. The Greek had never to convert to the purposes of art, an object intrinsically so little adapted to that end, as a reliquary: a severed hand or foot in metal, or a heart, representing the supposed sacred treasure within. Yet this we see effected in the mediæval workman's hands; and not alone by the expenditure of mere wealth of material, of which there was truly sufficient outlay, but of art also, through the agency of ornamentation, of studied, and often exquisite character.

One of the most remarkable facts witnessed by the exhibition, was the comparatively recent period down to which refined artistic feeling and execution survived in European ornamental art. In goldsmith's work, the old traditions seem especially to have lingered, until a very late epoch. Of Charles II.'s time, the English works in gold, though of questionable merit in form, are *executed* with truest artistic skill, and on right principles; with freedom from incongruousness and excessive pretence. One of the fairest glories of the collection, for artistic conception, and for the beauty of its workmanship, was a work in ivory and gold, of the Norwegian

artist—Magnus Berger, of the end of the seventeenth century. The same state of art is illustrated in other materials. There was an embroidered coverlid of the beginning of the eighteenth century, as harmonious in colour, good in effect, and true in principle, as though it had belonged to the golden time. The early European porcelain again, of the same date, manifests a feeling for form and colour, it would be vain to look for in the perfected manufacture of the concluding part of the same century. And testimony, we well know, might have been supplied to a similar effect, by classes of production of that time, wholly unrepresented on the late occasion: wrought-iron work, wood-carving, hand-worked plaster, &c. The fact is, far more of the old life then survived in ornamental art, than in the higher art. More of the old culture in workmanship was still traditionally carried down in the work-shop. And the less the pseudo-classic, architectural forms of the day were introduced in the system of decoration, in other words, the more it was purely *ornamental*, the greater the success. The period, moreover, of which we speak—the close of the seventeenth, and beginning of the eighteenth centuries—was immediately precedent to one of Transition; of transition to a new system: from education of the art-workman in the workshop, to education in the school, or—as in England—to none at all; and from handwork to machine-work: that system, not as some would have, necessarily too strong for art; too strong, only because our art has hitherto been too weak.

Still more notable than the comparatively late date of good ornamental art, is the *earliness* of it; in its strictly individual character, as distinguished from capability for correct design of the human form. In the exhibition, there were not many examples of Byzantine workmanship, such as would most conclusively have manifested this. But among the costly remnants of the luxury and pomp of the mediæval Church, were Romanesque (or ante-Gothic) and early Gothic examples: enamelled croziers, crosses, reliquaries, &c.; wherein, though the representation of the human form is a mere distortion, yet true principles, of duly conventionalized natural type, harmonized blending of colour, strict subordination and congruity of ornament, legitimate flatness of ornament, and others, are all, to the full obeyed; far more consistently, in fact, than in the later Gothic time—still more than in the cinquecento. And, as purely ornamental art is considered, a justness and beauty of effect are realized, not to be surpassed.

To take the exhibition in detail, the majority of the examples may be divided into two classes. First, are those, just as characteristic of the mediæval period, as of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries:—namely, goldsmith's work; works in

enamel, in niello; iron-work; sculpture in wood, ivory, &c.; armour, and embroidery. Secondly, come those classes of production of which the beginning is due to the earlier, but which attained their full development in the later, period: ornamental domestic glass, decorated pottery, clock-work, bronzes. These arts take a wholly different aspect, accordingly, as viewed or not, in these their legitimate relations. The last-named classes are, in substance, characteristic of the era of '*Revival*,' and more especially of Italy. The former are equally, and, in some cases still more, characteristic of the mediæval time; and indigenous to Europe generally.

The distinguishing *artistic* feature separating the period of '*Revival*' from earlier time, and Italy from the rest of Europe, is the extreme refinement developed at that time and in that country, in executive skill, and in all wherein superiority of higher design had play. We see this, in the modelling of the figure in goldsmith's work, in the delicacy of workmanship in the jewellery of that palmy era; as much as in the exquisite cameo, and the general perfection, technic and æsthetic, of the bronzes.

Equally characteristic is the choice of *subject*. During the *fourteenth* and *fifteenth* centuries, subjects taken from Scripture, or from ecclesiastic tradition,—Christ, the Trinity, or other dominant symbol,—adorned the warrior's armour as the priest's vestment; the early decorated earthenware dish as the sacred chalice. The sculptures in ivory, in wood, in stone, all—with an occasional exception in favour of popular Romance, the literary lever of the time—are occupied with sacred, or traditionally sacred, story; with '*Virgin, Saint, and Babe*.' In the *sixteenth* century, on the other hand, shield or breastplate, each precious vessel not for the immediate service of the Church, each costly luxury—the ivory, the bronze, the rich enamel—all bear witness to the same great change in feeling, in the reigning artistic religion. Classic myth and classic history rule supreme. For Guardian Saint, we have '*Scenes from the Life of Julius Cæsar*;' for Virgin and Magdalen, Diana and nymphs; for Christian symbol, bacchanal and satyr.

In *form*, we see in mediæval decorative art an artistic tendency, wholly distinct from the classic; as distinct as was that of its architecture and its sculpture, and in like manner characteristic. The leading lines in the form of a Gothic cup or other vessel, are as individual as those of a Gothic building. Perfection of purely æsthetic refinement is exchanged for the predominance of character and suggestiveness. It was the most fatal loss in the mixed styles of the fifteenth (trans-Alpine) and sixteenth centuries, that, in forsaking the settled Gothic

forms, and the margin of their ordered freedom, they fell into mere uncertainty and confusion. Missing the purity of the classic models on the one hand, and unguided by Gothic feeling on the other, they could realize but a jumble of their own, untrue to any system of æsthetic lines; though, as we have said, the ornamentists of that time made up for such shortcomings, by previously unrivalled finish and executive power, and also by the fullest luxuriance of '*motive*'—of thought, within their range of pseudo-classic subject. And the memorable men, *Cellini, Albert Durer, Holbein, &c.*, who have lent such lustre to that period, and earned for themselves so high and individual a renown—widely different in their fate from their unrecognised predecessors—were men who would have occupied the foremost place at any era.

In the precious metals, many of the exhibited examples of late Italian work, such as the glorious series representing the Triumphs of the Dorias, were of surpassing beauty; for the art and skill lavished upon them, the truth and delicacy of the modelling, the nicety of the execution. We trace, however, in these very aspects an aberration from the true principles of *decoration*—of art subservient, that is, as distinct from art dominant. The system which has run such great lengths in our own day, of confounding these two, of converting ornament into the overlaying of independent, incoherent design, is due in its origin, to that time; with this difference: *then*, the utmost artistic skill was employed, and the artist and workman followed one style, and that one their own; *now*, there is the dearth of such skill, and the glut of '*styles*.' Decoration began to be not ministrant, but the main feature. This is incidentally manifested, in the turning enamels into *pictures*: the change from encrusted and translucent, to painted enamel. Not only, as we have just seen, in their characteristic *forms*, but in obedience to the natural conditions of decorative design,—from which the earlier artists had not learned to wander, traditionally and half instinctively adhering to them, do the works of preceding time, in gold and silver, enamel, &c., occupy the highest place. As an example of the utmost splendour, combined with due subservience of decoration, we would refer to the elaborate and consummately beautiful King John (of France) cup, of the fourteenth century—the palmy time with Gothic art.

In wrought iron-work, a few specimens, of perforated panels, of locks, keys, coffers, &c., were exhibited; very valuable as illustrative of the art and character developed in this material, in the mediæval period, for the most utilitarian purposes. Some means, also, of comparing earlier simple work, with the florid detail of later Gothic and cinquecento, were afforded. A much

fuller series could alone properly illustrate the resources and progressive changes of mediæval iron-work.

Among sixteenth-century works, the exhibition was eminently rich in those, wherein the advanced design of the time enabled the artist to realize before-unapproached excellence, of its kind. The assemblage of ivories, wood-carvings, bronzes, and Damascene work, it was, in which that time was represented, with peculiar emphasis, and irresistible effect. The ivories of Fiamingo, the shield of Cellini, the elaborate rosary of Holbein—these are productions commanding unqualified homage. Never was art carried further in such matters.

The series of sixteenth and seventeenth century Italian and German pottery was of high interest; though in value marred, by mal-arrangement. In the earlier examples of the German wares, we had adherence to sacred illustrations. In the Italian, by some brilliantly enamelled majolica ware, with its elaborate classic designs, ample testimony was borne to the reigning classic dynasty of the time. One or two early specimens there were, however, wherein sacred types, or ‘arabesque’ design—of a class, to our mind the most appropriate, most purely ornamental,—witnessed the lingering influence of religion on the one hand, and of the original moresque models on the other. The variance of excellence from the high-class drawing and colour of the sixteenth, to the far lower art of the seventeenth century, was also illustrated; to those taking the trouble to single the one from the other, amid the general medley of the Society’s arrangement. In Colour, the peculiar richness for which this ware is famed, had a most striking and beautiful effect; not only in each of the separate examples, but in the general mass, as they were grouped together; the whole forming at a distance, a true painter’s ‘*bit*.’ The few specimens of the Palissy and Henry II. (of France) wares, exhibited that questionable mixture and grotesqueness of form, combined with genuine originality, the æsthetic characteristics of those styles.

The series of Venetian and German glass offered much interesting suggestion. The high species of art employed in the engraving of the Venetian ornamental glass, was well illustrated by many small articles; and, above all, by some mirrors, bearing engraved central figures, as well as engraved decorations around the rim. Of the enamel-painting of the German glass there were specimens, interesting both for their technical success, and for their prevailing character of subject—allegorical or homely; manifesting a nationality very distinct from that of the Venetian manufacture. The same thing is obvious in the German types of *form*; these being individual and characteristic. The prevailing spirit of the Venetian forms is, in like manner, widely

opposed to that alternation of miscellaneous copyism with spasmodic attempts at '*novelty*,' of our own day. These forms bear the impress of an active and real school of art; are either happy and original adaptations of the antique, or fresh experiments, sometimes refined, sometimes grotesque, but always genuine and characteristic.

As manufactures, upon which the last stage of a living system of European art had exerted its influence, these two classes, of pottery and glass, together with that of clock-work, have an interest of their own, and meaning, for us of the present day. There were many miscellaneous features in the exhibition we cannot here stay to notice. The especial value of the exhibition consisted, and its especial teaching for the modern designer—and still more, perhaps, for the modern student of Art—and of the Past, lay in its testifying, generally, to the purely decorative design of the Middle Ages, in all its reality and fulness of life, and refinement of skill.

ART. IX.—*Elementary Sketches of Moral Philosophy, delivered at the Royal Institution, in the Years 1804, 1805, and 1806.* By the late Rev. Sydney Smith, M.A. London: Longman and Co. 1850.

How much discussion would be spared, if psychology and ethics had a terminology as accurate as mathematics, or as expressive as chemical science. Words are the veriest tyrants, and they have a power which tyranny can seldom gain—the power of exciting intense attachment on the part of those who submit to their authority. Every day men are framing the absurdest propositions, and are prepared to kill and die in their defence. Thousands have been burnt or hanged before now for maintaining (for example) or denying that 'common terms' represented actually existing things. The affirmative proposition has really no meaning; and yet some of the severest struggles of the Middle Ages originated in discussions connected with it, and whole nations were excommunicated for denying it. Happily that question is settled; but others remain. Definition and grammar are still, therefore, among the great instruments of human happiness. They overturn the tyranny of speech, and free us from the chains of that horrible *logocracy* by which the minds of men are so often enslaved.

We insist the more on the importance of definitions, in noticing the work named at the head of this article, because, while it may do much to strike off those chains, it does something, in its very title, to rivet them. It contains sketches on *moral* philosophy without a word on morals. This apparent confusion is, no doubt, apologized for and defended by some illustrious examples; but it will certainly injure the book; and it contributes to the perpetuation of a vicious nomenclature, entirely needless. Every one knows what is meant by *natural* phenomena, and that these phenomena form the basis of *physical* science; what by *mental* phenomena, and that they form the basis of *psychological* science; and what by *moral* phenomena, and that they form the basis of what ought to be called *ethical* science. This appropriation of epithets of *Latin* origin to the phenomena, and of epithets of Greek origin to the sciences, is so obvious and convenient that all writers ought to adhere to it. At all events, the distinction between natural, mental, and moral, ought to be preserved: the first two including the science of facts, natural and mental; and the last, the science of duties, in their origin and relations.

This nomenclature, it will be noticed, makes no use of the word *metaphysics*—a word of ‘dire sound and horrible import,’ which may be reserved with advantage for another purpose. It has really no relation to its meaning, however that meaning may be defined; and as a word is wanted to designate a large department of human inquiry, mental, natural, and moral, we venture to suggest that this term be applied to it. Aristotle classed under this term all those sciences which men may be supposed to study *after-physics*—such as rhetoric, political science, and logic. And this is its meaning with him—*after-physics*. More modern writers have confined it to the psychological department of ethics. Dr. Chalmers wishes it applied to a new science, whose business it shall be to treat of the relations and connexions of all the sciences. But the most appropriate use that can be made of it is, as we submit, to apply it to the science of abstractions. In physics, the ideas of space, time, motion, and substance, are properly abstract ideas; as is the question of what constitutes the essence of virtue, whether emotion or action, in ethics. In psychology the nature of the soul belongs to the same class. In all departments of inquiry we find such questions, half-external, half-mental; and if the whole were regarded as belonging to metaphysics, our nomenclature would be so far complete. Metaphysics is, therefore, on this principle, the science of abstract terms, whether these be formed from physics, psychology, or ethics; an arrangement not without the authority of great names, though, unhappily, not so generally recognised as we think it deserves.

Applying these definitions to the work before us, it may be said to treat *not* of ethics, but exclusively of psychology, the science of the mind, in its two-fold province—the intellectual and the active; and these provinces it examines in relation both to the abstract and the practical.

So regarded, these lectures are peculiarly interesting, and the author's friend and adviser, Lord Jeffrey, has done well in recommending Mrs. Smith to publish the volume, that the public at large may have the pleasure and benefit of perusing it. Of several of the lectures, but fragments have been preserved; and though we do not regard them as sibylline leaves, we concur in the judgment, that the book is 'full of good sense, acuteness, and right feeling; is very clearly and pleasingly written; and with such an admirable mixture of logical intrepidity, with the absence of all dogmatism, as is rarely met with in such discussions.' Happily, the work is not ethical. For such a department, the keen, hard, sarcastic qualities of the author—never malevolent, however—unfitted him; as they did also for the higher department of theology. But as it is psychological, his strong sense and shrewd discernment appear to great advantage. It may, perhaps, be objected that themes so grave are treated with less than becoming dignity. The fault, however, should be forgiven for its rarity, and those who have learnt to connect the idea of dull propriety with metaphysical discussions, may readily find an opportunity elsewhere of pursuing their studies without shocking their prejudices or vitiating their taste.

The qualities of these lectures may be best tested by a perusal of x. and xi. on wit; of xvii. and xviii. on the faculties of animals and of men; and of ix. and xix. on the conduct of the understanding. The first two display very considerable analytical power—the last admirable sense; and the second exhibits all the characteristic humour of Peter Plymley's Letters 'to my brother Abraham.' After quoting the well-known description of Barrow—that wit 'sometimes lieth in a pat allusion to a known story, sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, &c.,' and objecting to it as an exemplification, rather than an explanation, of what he had to define, the lecturer proceeds to criticise various definitions. Dryden defined it 'as propriety of thoughts and words, or thoughts and words elegantly adapted to the subject.' 'And yet,' says Mr. Smith, 'I never heard "Blair's Sermons" praised for their wit; and Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope" is something much better than a witty poem.' Pope defined it as,

' Nature to advantage drest,
Oft thought before, but ne'er so well exprest.'

'Then,' says Mr. Smith, 'the "Philippics" of Demosthenes,

and the "Funeral Orations" of Bossuet, are witty.' Sir R. Blackmore calls it, 'a series of high and exalted ferments.' Mr. Locke's notion is, that it 'consists in putting those ideas together with quickness and variety wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, in order to excite pleasure in the mind'—a definition that includes both eloquence and poetry. 'Resemblance,' moreover, makes the definition too wide, and *quickness* of comparison too narrow. 'Wit,' says Johnson, 'is a combination of dissimilar images, or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike.' To which our author objects, that if it be true, the discovery of the resemblance between diamond and charcoal is a pure piece of wit, and 'full of the most ingenious and exalted pleasantries.'

On the whole, Campbell's definition is least exceptionable. 'Wit,' says that clear and strong thinker, 'is that which excites agreeable surprise in the mind by the strange assemblage of related images presented to it:' a definition which is faulty, because including the sublime and the beautiful, as well as the witty: though Mr. Smith thinks, in spite of its defects, the best extant in the English language. He himself defines it as 'the discovery of those relations in ideas which are calculated to excite surprise,' and illustrates his definition by various examples. He insists, especially, upon the fact, that surprise must be the prevalent feeling, in order to justify the epithet of witty, and that a strong impression of the *utility* of a relation is injurious to, and of its beauty or sublimity is destructive of, its wit. The general effect of witty sayings may, indeed, be heightened by strong sense and useful truth; for in such a case the mind readily perceives what part of the pleasure arises from the mere relations of ideas, and what from their utility. But in the case of what is sublime or beautiful, the feeling of wittiness is (in Mr. Smith's view) entirely dormant. Rochefoucault's apophthegm, for example, that hypocrisy is a homage which vice pays to virtue, is felt to be both witty and useful. The Hindoo epigram, 'that the good man rewards injury with kindness, as the sandal-wood, while it is felling, imparts to the edge of the axe its aromatic flavour,' is, on the other hand, too beautiful for wit; and the lines of Campbell, in the address to Lochiel, are too mysteriously sublime:—

' 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystic lore,
And the coming events cast their shadows before.'

Of *pure* wit, several happy examples are quoted, illustrative of the distinction which Mr. Smith has drawn. His practical remarks on the value and abuse of this faculty are admirable:—

'I wish,' says he, 'after all I have said about wit and humour, that

I could satisfy myself of their good effects upon the character and disposition ; but I am convinced the probable tendency of both is to corrupt the understanding and the heart. I am not speaking of wit where it is kept down by more serious qualities of mind ; but where it stands out boldly and emphatically, and is evidently the master quality of any particular mind. . . . It must always be *probable* that a *mere* wit is a person of light and frivolous understanding. His business is not to discover relations, of ideas that are *useful*, but to discover the more trifling relations, which are only amusing. So far, the world, in judging of wit, where it has swallowed up all other qualities, judge aright ; but I doubt if they are sufficiently indulgent to this faculty where it exists in a lesser degree, and as one of many other ingredients of the understanding. There is an association in men's minds between dulness and wisdom, amusement and folly, which has a very powerful influence in decisions upon character, and is not overcome without considerable difficulty. . . . When wit is combined with sense and information ; when it is softened by benevolence, and restrained by strong principle ; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it ; who can be witty, and something much *better* than witty—who loves honour, justice, decency, good nature, morality, and religion, ten thousand times better than wit—wit is *then* a beautiful and delightful part of our nature, and its effects are seen in “expanding caution, relaxing dignity, unfreezing coldness, extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief.”—P. 150.

Here there is much truth and good sense ; the strains that follow are of a still higher mood :—

‘I know of no principle which it is of more importance to fix in the minds of young people, than that of the most determined resistance to the encroachments of ridicule—give up to the world, and to the ridicule with which the world enforces its dominion, every trifling question of manner and appearance. . . . But learn from the earliest days to inure your *principles* against the perils of ridicule. If you think it right to differ from the times, and to make a stand for any valuable point of morals, do it, however rustic, however antiquated, however pedantic it may appear—do it not for insolence, but *seriously* and *grandly*—as a man who wore a soul of his own in his bosom, and did not wait till it was breathed into him by the breath of fashion. Let men call you mean, if you know you are just ; hypocritical, if you are honestly religious ; pusillanimous, if you feel that you are firm ; resistance soon converts unprincipled wit into sincere respect ; and no after-time can tear from you those feelings which every man carries within him, who has made a noble and successful exertion in a virtuous cause.’—P. 134.

If we had picked up the following scraps in Cheapside, we should have sent them, as a matter of course, to the late Dean of St. Paul's. They are equal, for strong sense at least, to anything he ever wrote :—

‘Another piece of foppery which is to be cautiously guarded against,
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is the foppery of universality; of knowing all sciences and excelling in all arts—chemistry, mathematics, algebra, dancing, history, reasoning, riding, fencing, Low Dutch, High Dutch, natural philosophy, and enough Spanish to talk about Lope de Vega. In short, the modern precept of education very often is, “Take the admirable Crichton for your model; I would have you ignorant of nothing.” Now my advice, on the contrary, is, to have the *courage* to be ignorant of a great number of things, in order to avoid the calamity of being ignorant of everything. I would exact of a young man a pledge that he would never read Lope de Vega; he would pawn to me his honour to abstain from Bettinelli and his thirty-five original sonneteers; and I would require from him the most rigid securities that I was never to hear anything about that race of “penny poets” who lived in the reigns of Cosmo and Lorenzo di Medici.’—P. 100.

‘The first thing to be done in conducting the understanding, is precisely the same as in conducting the body—to give it regular and copious supplies of wholesome food, to prevent that atrophy of mind which comes on from giving it no new ideas. It is a mistake equally fatal to every faculty to think too early that we can live upon our stock of understanding—that it is time to leave off business, and make use of the acquisitions we have already made, without troubling ourselves any further to increase them. Every day destroys a fact, a relation, or an inference, and the only method of preserving the bulk and value of the pile is by constantly adding to it. . . . A man who will not pay this price (of hard labour) for distinction, had better at once dedicate himself to the pursuit of the fox—or sport with the tangles of Nœra’s hair—or talk of bullocks, and glory in the goad! There are many ways of being frivolous, and not a few of being useful: there is but one mode of being intellectually great.’—Pp. 96, 97.

Young and old are alike chastised in these pages:—

‘Nothing, in my humble opinion, would bring an understanding so forward, as the habit of ascertaining and weighing the opinions of others—a point in which almost all men of abilities are deficient; whose first impulse, if they are young, is too often to contradict; or, if the manners of the world have cured them of that, to listen with attentive ears only, but with the most obdurate and unconquerable entrails. I may be very wrong, and probably am so, but, in the whole course of my life, I do not know that I ever saw a man of considerable understanding respect the understandings of others as much as he might have done for his own improvement, and as it was just he should do. . . . I touched a little, in my last lecture, upon that habit of contradicting into which young men—and young men of ability, in particular—are apt to fall; and which is a habit extremely injurious to the powers of the understanding. I would recommend to such young men an intellectual regimen, of which I myself, in an earlier period of life, have felt the advantage—and that is, to assent to the two first propositions that they hear every day; and not only to assent to them, but, if they can, to improve and embellish them. . . . When they have a little got over the bitterness of assenting, they may

then gradually increase the number of assents, as their constitutions will bear it; and I have little doubt that, in time, this will effect a complete and perfect cure.'—P. 284.

To such as are pleased with these specimens, we heartily recommend this acceptable volume.

ART. X.—1. *Second Triennial Report of the British Anti-state-church Association.*

2. *The Nonconformist, April 10, 17, and 24, and May 3, 1850.*

3. *The British Banner, April 3, 10, 17, and 24, 1850.*

ALTHOUGH works on prophecy are already numerous, we would fain have one addition—to wit, a collection of the unfulfilled prophecies of uninspired seers. We would have enumerated the prognostications with which ignorance and prejudice have met some of the most signal achievements of scientific and inventive genius; the forebodings of the unthinking and the timid at the progress of ameliorative innovations, and especially the vaticinations, conscientious or malignant, never more freely indulged in than when it has been sought to apply great moral and political truths to the business of legislation and the ordinary affairs of life. Such a record could hardly fail to be instructive, and would certainly be entertaining. Nor would the evidence furnished by it of the fallibility of human judgment, however ripened by culture and exercised with deliberation, be the most surprising feature. Passion and feeling would be seen dominant over irrefragable reasoning and the stern reality of fact; astute intelligence, hoodwinked, and self-deceived by the shallowest delusions; truth mistrusted and unloved, even while receiving ostentatious theoretic homage; virtue, wisdom, and patriotism, occasionally in temporary but ill-omened alliance with their ancient foes. Most humiliating of all would be the apparent disregard, by successive generations, of the lessons suggested by the errors and short-sightedness of their predecessors; and their proneness, even while boasting of their own advanced position, to cast obstructions athwart the path of others desirous of reaching a point beyond.

Without wishing to apply them to the occasion, except in a very modified degree, we yet acknowledge that these reflections have been suggested by the holding of the Second Triennial Anti-state-church Conference; for, say the committee, in

the Report presented on that occasion, 'had the predictions ventured upon by many at the commencement of this enterprise been realized, not the second alone, but even the first Triennial Conference of the Anti-state-church Association would never have assembled.' It will, doubtless, be remembered, that not only was the movement regarded as born out of due 'time,' but its originators were not 'the men' for the occasion, and their experiment was to issue in a series of follies and disasters. Their measures ill-judged, their spirit unlovely, and their language intemperate, they were to do serious damage to a cause worthy of discreeter championship. Churches were to be divided by the introduction of a new element of discord, and authority weakened by the unyielding pertinacity of the new propaganda. All who refused to co-operate with them were to be the subjects of bitter vituperation, and to be constantly pilloried as hollow and half-hearted. Their fierce invectives against the Church would alienate Churchmen accustomed to reciprocate civilities with Dissenters, and their Quixotic pursuit of an abstraction would expose Nonconformity to ridicule; while, by alarming Whig statesmen, it would retard the redress of practical grievances.

The only comfort remaining to these prophets of evil was the apparent inadequacy of the resources which the crusaders had at their command. But few of the Dissenting rulers had believed, the official cliques were decidedly hostile, and the metropolis especially was but slightly affected by the contagion. Denied the means and appliances deemed indispensable for the success of Dissenting movements, it could at the best be but a spasmodic effort. The hot-headed zealots would expend their energies in the preliminary outburst, and even the deeper-seated determination of others would be worn out by friction with the gigantic difficulties to be encountered. Pecuniary embarrassments would consummate their failure, and after two or three years of fruitless labour the millstone of debt would sink the organization beneath the waters of oblivion!

We shall make no comments, ill-natured or otherwise, upon these predictions; since we are content to point out their substantial, and in many respects egregious, failure. The Anti-state-churchmen have had sufficient good sense to avoid running their heads against every wall in their way. They are even allowed to have displayed some of that judgment and tact which become men placed in circumstances of difficulty and responsibility. Even unscrupulous recreancy has been compelled to acknowledge that the experiment has been made 'with the utmost care and well-devised effort;' and has been marked by 'energy, skill, and perseverance, such as are seldom brought

to any enterprise.* So far from their platform exertitions being largely leavened with acrimonious reflections on unfriendly Dissent, they have been more wisely directed to the enlightenment of perplexed and inquiring Churchmen. Narrowly and jealously watched as have been all their movements, surprisingly little has been alleged to their discredit. Such, indeed, has been the estimate formed of the general tenor and spirit of their proceedings, that even those not identified with them have not withheld the expression of their generous admiration; and, as we happen to know, recent events have led many to avow their anxiety that the same temperate and dignified course might be yet pursued. Neither have 'the sinews of war' been wanting, the funds, however inadequate for such a work, having been obtained with regularity, and year by year been increased; and the Association being still, as it has always been, 'free from the entanglement of debt.' Most surprising of all, there are even now no symptoms of flagging, but the reverse. 'After six years of labour,' say the Executive Committee, in their Report to the Delegates, 'some of them unmarked by indications of success—not attracted by the charm of novelty—impelled by no artificial stimulant—with the certainty that the wished-for goal is not yet at hand, and is deemed by some to be beyond attainment, you are assembled, from all parts of the kingdom, to declare, on the part of yourselves and of the thousands whom you represent, your unshaken faith in the principles of Christian voluntarism, and your inflexible purpose to win for them, sooner or later, the practical homage of the people of these realms.'

All this has not been, as in the nature of things it could not be, without its effect on those who, from timidity or distrust, hesitated at the outset to connect themselves with the Association. We have among us high-minded and ingenuous individuals, too wise to assert their infallibility, and too magnanimous to refuse an acknowledgment of mistake—and hence men, like the late Dr. Hamilton, and Mr. Ely, and Mr. Hinton, Mr. Samuel Morley, and Mr. Davies, with many others in a less public sphere, have gracefully acknowledged their shortcomings, and identified themselves heartily with the organization. Another, and a somewhat numerous class, who still decline taking such a step, adopt language greatly differing from that employed a few years since. They speak of the Association and its operations in terms of respect, and take particular pains to satisfy its friends that with its object they fully sympathize. We are, of course, aware that there are others who still openly, and, as we allow, conscientiously, avow and manifest hostility to all agitation for giving practical effect to Anti-state-church principles. We

* 'British Banner,' April 17, 1850.

refer to the fact regretfully, and not without a feeling of concern for the parties themselves. It is by no means gratifying to see men who have been in the van of Dissenting movements gradually consigning themselves to public oblivion. We have some knowledge of the extent to which this process of alienation is going on, and we predict that, on the next occasion which calls into array the hosts of Nonconformity, a conscious loss of influence on their part will afford painful evidence of the result. We refrain from saying all that occurs to us touching another, and less honourable, class of opponents—the men who, in their coteries, seek to damage the Association by oracular whisperings and cowardly inuendos, aimed at its more conspicuous friends. We are thankful that the spirit of misrepresentation has been driven into comparative privacy; and still more, that these and similar indications of what exists in certain quarters of Dissent are attracting the thoughtful attention of an increasing class, who are solicitous for conformity to a severer standard of virtue than has always been observed in the conduct of our public affairs.

The Second Triennial Conference of the Anti-state-church Association was an event which would in any case have been anticipated with interest, as an occasion for testing the state of public feeling in relation to the society and its object, but unlooked-for occurrences invested it with special importance. A hitherto friendly journal, supposed to possess considerable influence, had suddenly wheeled round into opposition, and exhausted all its resources to damage the policy it had formerly supported;—another organ of Dissent, also a professed ally, at the same time preserving an ominous and suspicious silence.* It was not, however, to be anticipated that an attack of such a kind could seriously, if at all, affect a movement which had grown strong by its triumph over far more formidable obstacles. The only real ground for apprehension was, the possibility that feelings of disgust and indignation might display themselves in unseemly acts and an unchristian temper.

The Conference, which assembled in the Theatre of the City of London Institution, on the 30th of April last, was in all respects worthy of the occasion, and in harmony with those expectations which the previous operations of the Association had naturally suggested. In spite of every adverse circumstance, no less than 550 persons were delegated, or about three times the number attending the National Reform Conference, held in the previous week—a fact to which we refer, not invidiously, but as one worthy of note by those radical reformers,

* The 'Patriot' had a highly laudatory article *after* the Conference had assembled, and when its success was ascertained.

both in and out of the House, who regard the Anti-state-church movement as too feeble to be taken under their patronage. But the number present, however gratifying, was not the most significant fact in connexion with this Conference. Most of the large towns in England and Wales were represented on the occasion. From some of these the number of delegates was unusually large. Leicester sent a band of 17; Norwich, 13; Bradford, 8; Northampton, Bristol, and Ipswich, 7 each; and Leeds, 6. The delegates also, in most cases, represented far more numerous constituencies than at the first or the second Conference. Thus, it was stated, that, whereas the delegates from Bristol formerly represented but one or two hundred of the inhabitants of that city, in this instance they were appointed by several public meetings, one of them numbering 2,000 persons, and that convened for the purpose, and sustained entirely by local resources. The Manchester delegates also were nominated by a meeting of 5,000 persons; and those from Birmingham by one nearly as numerous. Scarcely less satisfactory is it to know that many of the smaller places were represented by individuals from the spot, instead of, as heretofore, by friends resident in the metropolis. For the information of those who look less to the muster-roll than to the balance-sheet for the criteria of success, we may add, that the amount required to defray the expenses of the Conference, about £360,* was raised before its sittings had closed.

Equally favourable and emphatic is the testimony to be borne to the spirit which animated the entire proceedings of the Conference. Conferences are liable to peculiar perils. An assembly of 500 men, with their varied idiosyncrasies, for the most part strangers to each other, and assembled under exciting circumstances, may be pardoned individual displays of rashness, loquacity, or undue warmth. But the Conference on which we are now remarking stands in need of no such apology, inasmuch as it was marked by the entire absence of these undesirable characteristics. We doubt, indeed, whether any similar body has ever exhibited, in a greater degree, strength of conviction combined with dignified circumspection, enthusiasm tempered by gravity, and manly decision blended with generous and genial feeling. They who looked forward to a display of 'spleen, malice, rage, misapprehension, perversion, misrepresentation, misquotation—everything but downright falsehood'†—as a

* This includes the cost of subsequently publishing and circulating the Report of the Proceedings, and the various papers read at the Conference.

† British Banner, April 24.

seasonable addition to their literary capital, were altogether at fault in their uncharitable reckoning. The Executive Committee wisely abstained from all reference to what had already received undue notice out of doors; and the Conference appeared to be no less resolved that the moral influence of its acts should be impaired by no manifestations of mere personal hostility. 'There is,' said the Rev. Andrew Reed, in the admirable and stirring speech with which he proposed the adoption of the Report, 'a noble passage that cannot be too frequently quoted among us — "The wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God." If it be asked, what is our answer to rumour, and clamour, and objection? I presume our best answer is that of Nehemiah, "We are doing a great work, and cannot be hindered."'"

Largely composed of men of business, the Conference proceeded to its allotted work in a business-like spirit, and with a commendable desire to discuss broad principles, rather than consume valuable time in dwelling on minute details. Mention should also be made of the wisdom displayed in the selection of chairmen, in the persons of Dr. Acworth, Mr. Burnet, and Mr. Samuel Courtauld, under whose judicious presidency the proceedings were conducted with unbroken regularity and with singular unanimity from the commencement to the close.

With respect to the proceedings themselves, we must content

* We must not allow this reference to Mr. Reed to pass without adverting to his letters, and those of Dr. Campbell in reply, which were published in the 'Patriot,' of May 16th and 20th. We should be sorry to say all we think of the latter. Rather than have penned the closing sentences of Dr. Campbell's first letter, we would have suffered the loss of a right hand. The English language does not contain anything in worse taste or more abhorrent to the Christian temper, and we regret that Mr. Reed did not permit his indignation fitting utterance in reply. It is as though the writer were concerned to give *The Congregational Union* still more conclusive evidence of the folly of committing its interests to his temper and judgment. Mr. Reed, in his first letter, challenges the report of the Congregational Union, furnished by the 'Patriot,' as 'unfair and one-sided,' and specifies several instances in support of his allegation. Dr. Campbell meets this 'with a flat contradiction,' and indulges in sweeping charges, which he fails to prove. We have taken some pains to ascertain from other and perfectly independent sources the truth of the matter, and have no hesitation in saying that it lies wholly with Mr. Reed. We do not speak unadvisedly, but have good authority for saying that Mr. Reed's letter is everywhere thoroughly trustworthy, without quibble or suppression. The reply can only be intended to impose on persons not present. It is Jesuitical and tortuous. Its whole course is along the margin of the false, and sometimes within it.

It should be borne in mind, that the 'Patriot' and the 'Banner' belong to the same proprietary, are under the control of the same Business Committee, and are issued by the same publisher. The only distinction with which we are acquainted, is that of a separate editorship. These facts will enable the public to estimate the testimony borne by one of these journals to the other.

ourselves with remarking that the programme was varied and comprehensive, and embraced several topics of great practical interest at the present period. The schism in the Establishment, occasioned by the Gorham case, was referred to as an incentive to 'vigilance, activity, and unabated exertion,' as developing 'the purpose of a great proportion of the Anglican clergy to transfer the ecclesiastical property vested in the State to the exclusive possession of a clerical party, in defiance of the rights, the political interests, and the religious sentiments of the people at large.' The same topic, with other ecclesiastical events of recent occurrence, was also the subject of a forcible appeal to conscientious members of the Church of England. The co-operation of 'the Wesleyan Methodists of Great Britain and Ireland' was similarly invoked in an address, proceeding, as we learn, from a Wesleyan pen, in the discussion on which we were gratified to find the Rev. Mr. Griffith, and other active members of the Reform party in the Wesleyan body, taking a decided part. A paper on 'the Provincial Press, in relation to the Anti-state-church Movement,' supplied much suggestive information, which we commend to the special attention of those friends of the Association who are resident in populous localities. In prospect of Mr. Roebuck's motion in the House of Commons, the Irish Church was the subject of an elaborate and valuable resolution, containing an epitome of the facts and arguments to be urged against the continued existence of that most oppressive and corrupt institution. Other resolutions, insisting on the importance of checking the growth of State-churchism in the colonies; calling public attention to the clergy-compensating clauses of the Interments Bill;* and resolving on a renewed protest against the continuance of the *Regium Donum*; give proof of the watchfulness of the Anti-state-church party, and the possibility of combining a resistance to

* That the subsequent activity of the Executive Committee to this Bill has not been without effect, is evidenced by the amendment of the compensation clauses. On this subject, a well-known and able writer in the 'Standard of Freedom,' under the signature of 'John Pym,' says:— 'The Anti-state-church Association, although it has an aggressive title, is really a defensive society. It is the State-pay principle which is daily trying to extend itself in the legislation of the country. One day it establishes the payment for the education of the Irish priesthood; another, it endows Colonial bishoprics; on a third, it arranges to pay the schoolmasters of all sects; and on a fourth, it demands of all men a perpetuity of funereal sinecures, with the alternatives of delivering up the money, or delivering up their health. Had there been no Anti-state-church Association, long ere now the Irish priesthood would have been completely endowed. It is now the only organization to confront this new and unparalleled iniquity. Men who oppose it practically, help the erection of new Establishments, and the infliction of burial robberies. Never mind the words of any man—read his acts. The tendencies of his deeds are *his* tendencies.'

'practical grievances' with the systematic assertion of abstract principles.*

In looking at the elements of which the Conference was composed, we were much struck with the amount of available strength which it had no occasion to employ. Men whom even Dr. Campbell deigns to consider 'influential,' were at the service of the Conference, but their active help was not needed. There was enough and to spare.

The Triennial Report of the Executive Committee is an admirable document, deserving of much notice, as affording a comprehensive view of the efforts put forth by the Association, and the means of estimating its actual progress. We shall not, therefore, be presuming too much on the patience of our readers, if, passing by that part of the Report which has reference to what may be termed the working of the machinery of the Organization, we quote some portions which relate to the measures adopted in pursuance of its object.

'As the most effectual means of attracting public attention to the magnitude and importance of the society's object, they (the Committee) endeavoured to make a more extensive use of the platform, by the multiplication of public meetings and lectures. Such a course, it is evident, involved greatly increased labour and expense, numerous difficulties, and, in some instances, considerable risk of failure. In many of the towns the society had previously made no effort, and the proposal to broach the question of the separation of Church and State before a public audience was regarded even by friends as a bold and somewhat hazardous experiment. But calculating fully on popular sympathy, and encouraged by a succession of ecclesiastical occurrences singularly calculated to give effect to their appeals, *they resolved that in every district of the country which they might select as a field of operation, they would pass by no town in which it was possible to make an entrance and to collect a public audience.*

'The extent to which they have been able to realize this design is

* The connexion of the late treasurer of the Association with this journal, would, under ordinary circumstances, prevent our quoting the resolution passed respecting him. Those circumstances, however, must plead our excuse—if such be needed—for placing on permanent record the following vote, which was prepared without the slightest cognizance of Dr. Price:—'That this Conference has heard with unaffected concern that Dr. Price is precluded, by the state of his health, accepting a renewed appointment as treasurer to the Association. That it desires to express its deep sense of the value of his services, rendered not only in discharge of his official duties, but in his hearty participation in the difficulties and responsibilities attendant on the formation of the society, and his subsequent devotion to the furtherance of its interests. That it now, on his retirement, records its unabated confidence in, and esteem for, his high character, and indulges the earnest hope that his life may be long spared, and that he may yet be permitted to render assistance to the society as a member of its Executive Committee.'

a source of devout thankfulness and joy. Notwithstanding every obstacle in their path, they are able to report that *between five and six hundred meetings*, of various kinds, have been held in connexion with the Association during the past three years, *being nearly three times the number previously held*. The majority of these have been attended by efficient deputations appointed by the Committee, or by the society's lecturer, and some thousands of miles have thus been travelled in fulfilment of engagements which have, in almost every instance, been punctually observed.

* Nearly all the English counties have been thus gone over. The first-class towns have been visited by deputations at least once a year, and some of them with greater frequency. A series of very successful meetings has also been held in the principal cities of Scotland. The towns in South Wales have been twice visited. To these labours of the Executive Committee must be added those of the Local Committees, who, in several instances, have followed them up by numerous lectures and public meetings entirely sustained by local resources.'

Those only who have had experience of the labour and difficulties attendant on popular agitations, can fully appreciate the toil and anxiety which must have been undergone during such a campaign as that here described. It is evident that the society's resources, both personal and pecuniary, must have been taxed to the utmost, and with respect to the latter, it is matter of wonder how means so small have been found adequate for operations so extensive.

* The meetings have not only been numerous, but in the majority of cases have been highly effective. *The largest public buildings in the kingdom—not excepting even the Free-trade Hall, Manchester, and the Town-hall, Birmingham, have been the scene of these gatherings*; and though the doors have been thrown open for the admission of all, and, on some occasions, a strenuous opposition has not been wanting, *in no one case have the majority of the audience given a hostile verdict*. These meetings have also usually been conducted with a degree of decorum which has reassured the timid and the hesitating, while it has greatly served to promote the object for which they were convened. They have been characterised by other features equally gratifying and important. Members of the Establishment, whose attendance has, in all cases, been especially invited, have largely availed themselves of the opportunity of viewing in the light of sound principles the perplexing events occurring within its pale; and Dissenting ministers and laymen, whose co-operation must be regarded as a gain, have frankly acknowledged a change of views in relation to the movement, and expressed a hearty desire to give it their support.'

We are aware that it has been sought to depreciate the value of these popular gatherings, by asserting that they neither prove anything, nor have effected anything; to which has been added, the very suspicious objection that the energy and money expended on them had far better have been employed in seeking 'a revival

of religion!’ Nothing is easier, it is said, than to obtain and excite public audiences, which assemble and then disperse, leaving matters just where they were; they are no test whatever. Now this is either childishness or mendacity—in the one case to be pitied, and in the other condemned. It is a species of logic which would prove anything; and, in this instance, proves a great deal too much—seeing that it cuts away the ground from under the objectors themselves, who rely on precisely the same species of evidence as indicating the progress of pet projects of their own! To suppose it possible that, in hundreds of public meetings, vital principles, such as are involved in this controversy, have been expounded, in many cases with distinguished ability, and in all with earnestness, and at a time peculiarly adapted to predispose men in their favour, and that, notwithstanding, no advance has been made in the work of public enlightenment, is to give proof of an utter want of faith in the power of truth, and an equal absence of capacity for aught but a blind leadership of the blind. We think it difficult to evade the force of the following passage from the Report:—

‘The Committee feel justified in asserting, that upon no public question whatever have there been gathered together a greater number of large and enthusiastic public assemblies than have been convened on this question during the last three years. *Thus much they could not always allege*—for where thousands have been recently assembled, hundreds only were once present; and where success has now been complete, there had not unfrequently been previous failure. Without, therefore, attaching to them undue importance, and still less accepting them as precursors of an early triumph, they may yet be regarded—as *are similar demonstrations in connexion with other public movements*—as clearly indicating that the British people are prepared to enter upon the full discussion, with a view to the ultimate settlement, of this great question.’

The proceedings of the Committee in relation to legislative movements are next adverted to. On two occasions they have vindicated the integrity and consistency of the Dissenting body by resisting, in the House of Commons, the Parliamentary grant, known as the *Regium Donum*, and these ‘emphatic protests’ are to be, if needful, again and again repeated.

‘The Committee promptly acted upon the information received by them in the year 1848, that a long-rumoured measure for the endowment of the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland was about to be submitted to the legislature; publicly declaring their determination to meet such a proposal with the most resolute hostility, and, in doing so, to occupy, as a broad ground of opposition, the fundamental principle of the Association. To whatever cause the abandonment of their intention by the Government is to be attributed, the discussion which took place on the question undoubtedly exercised a decided influence in giving a right direction to public opinion, and in establishing a principle

of action on the part of Anti-state-churchmen, from which they are not likely to depart on any future occasion.'

They have further availed themselves of the opportunity of testing the sincerity of those members of Parliament who, at the last election, professed opposition to any extension of the system of ecclesiastical endowments, by opposing those clauses of the South Australian Colonies Bill, by which grants for ecclesiastical purposes are, however slightly, increased, and cannot be discontinued by the Colonial legislatures without the consent of the Home Government. In doing this, they have failed to accomplish more than give seasonable expression to their principles.

The subject of the Irish Church Establishment has been brought forward with increased prominence, and but for the contemptuous waywardness of the member for Sheffield, would have been made the object of a specific and vigorous agitation. The work of petitioning on the general question has also been commenced, and is now to be carried on with increased energy, as tending 'to familiarize the minds of the public, and of our legislators, with the idea that this question must eventually be the subject of a decisive conflict, the arena of which will be the British House of Commons.'

We attach considerable importance to what may be designated the political department of the society's labours. If voluntarism be an abstraction, its opposite is by no means such; but, on the contrary, is continually developing itself in new and tangible mischiefs. Dissenters have, therefore, to wage a double warfare; to uproot established evils, and to resist their growth and multiplication. Now, it must, we think, be admitted, that there have been occasions when, to serve a temporary purpose, they have been content to keep their principles somewhat in the background, and when in united committees, and in deputations to Downing-street, Nonconformity has been exposed to grievous misrepresentation. We are glad to believe that there now exists but little likelihood of a repetition of such mistakes; and at all events, that while the Anti-state-church Association exists, and pursues its present decided course, the trumpet will give no uncertain sound. Whatever may be the prospect of success, right principles will be rigidly adhered to, and boldly advocated.

One of the most interesting features of the Report, is the bird's-eye view it gives of the internal conflicts which have been going on in the Establishment during the last three years, to the influence of which, it is freely acknowledged that the Association is mainly indebted for the prominence of its present position. We quote the reference to 'the zealous and courageous labours of Mr. Horsman, to obtain a reform of the

Establishment,' for the sake of the sentence with which the paragraph closes:—

'His pertinacious inquiries have exposed prelatial and clerical greediness in its full proportions—have exhibited the dignitaries of the Establishment as the unscrupulous conservators of the corruptions which impair its efficiency as a professedly religious institution—have proved how large a portion of its revenues are devoted to no religious use—and have gone far to demonstrate the inefficacy of all corrective measures for the removal of abuses which are essentially connected with the existence of a Church established by, and worked by the machinery of, civil government. Deeply do the Committee regret at such a crisis the absence of a band of men, however small, in the House of Commons, who, on such topics, and on all suitable occasions, would give bold and full expression to the great truths which they are charged with enunciating, and would avail themselves of occurrences so favourable for the inculcation of sound views on the subject of politico-ecclesiastical legislation, as those which have, during the last three years, so largely occupied the public mind.'

But while Anti-state-churchmen are hopeful, they are also sufficiently sober-minded to estimate the real magnitude of the work on which they have entered, and hence the Committee conclude this portion of their Report in the following cautionary terms:—

'But, gentlemen, gratifying as is this survey of public affairs, you would but ill discern the signs of the times in concluding that your hand may now be slackened as in prospect of an easy victory. Auspicious as are these occurrences, they are chiefly valuable as opportunities to be turned to good account by vigilance and activity. The State Church in this country is an institution which will not be allowed to fall without a struggle more or less lengthened and severe. Indications of weakness will stimulate its supporters to renewed efforts to prolong its existence. Its decaying walls will be buttressed up by new erections, and even reformatory measures will be so skilfully modified as to open fresh sources of emolument and confirm exclusive privileges. Hence it should be regarded as the special duty of earnest Anti-state-churchmen to cast the seeds of truth into the wide breadth of soil now first broken up—to give a right tone to new national movements—to prevent the resettlement of the question of State Churches on any other than a sound and solid basis—and to render it impossible for ecclesiastical hierarchs or worldly statesmen to erect on the ruins of the present system one which, while less repulsive in its deformity, will yet indefinitely postpone the great reform upon which their hearts are fully set.'

It is this continuous struggling, this growing intensity, this ever-varying form of difficulty and danger, which tries men's souls. They who have wearied of but six years of working and waiting, have, perhaps, shown their wisdom most in abandoning what was clearly never their mission—'they went

out from us, because they were not of us.' The men at the head of this movement are 'made of sterner stuff,' and their associates, as we confidently believe, are largely imbued with their spirit. We envy not the man who could hear unmoved the impressive language in which Mr. Miall addressed the delegates shortly after the opening of the Conference :—

'I do trust, at all events, that this Conference is not in pursuit of success as its object, but is in the prosecution of its duty. I know not that any Christian man can laudably, and in a right spirit and tone of mind, pursue a Christian duty, who sits down and begins to calculate, as the very basis of his resolution, what are the difficulties with which he will have to contend. I hope that we shall never cast a false glare of allurements over our enterprise. Let us have none of those who are simply caught by glare and sunshine. We want earnest men, for we shall have earnest work to do. This is but just the beginning—the struggle is at hand. Let those who are not prepared for disgrace leave us here. Let those who are not prepared to buckle up for work leave us now. Depend upon it, ours has been hitherto mere child's play. It is when our blows are felt, when our enemy is provoked, we shall begin to feel the hardness of the struggle. When customers will be lost—when the frown of respectable ladies must be met—when Sabbath evening hearers must, if necessary, be given up—when every form of petty persecution will be employed to break down the spirit of those who are engaged in the advocacy or support of this work—it is then we shall find of what stuff our hearts are made. If we have not got a deep, earnest persuasion of the truth of the principles of this Association—if we cannot lay hold, with the firm grasp of faith, on whatever has been promised by the Head of the Church to those who, on behalf of truth, are willing to give diligence, and self-denial, and exertion—if we cannot simply confide ourselves to the bare word of God—we had better leave off now.'

Here we should close, but a fierce onslaught has recently been made on the Association, to which we must briefly advert. We do so reluctantly. There are, however, occasions when force must be put on inclination at the stern call of duty. Such an one has just occurred in connexion with the Anti-state-church Association, and it will be for the healthy conduct of our ecclesiastical affairs that it should be duly noted. It is now nearly thirty years since we entered into public life. We have been thrown amongst men of all shades of opinion, and have not been wholly unobservant of what was passing around us. We have seen much to deplore. Many things have pained us, and a sickening sense of human presumption and infirmity has occasionally taken possession of our minds. Yet we deliberately affirm, that we have rarely seen, in connexion with a religious profession, anything equal to the recklessness, arrogance, gross misstatements, and palpable inconsistencies, which have been evinced by the editor

of the 'British Banner,' in relation to the Anti-state-church society. We pity, from our very soul, the man who is subject to such gusts of passion, and would gladly leave him to the oblivion to which he is consigning himself, did we not feel that a bad example is infectious, and that some, possibly, may yet be influenced for evil by the presumption, spleen, and untruthfulness he has exhibited.* We shall, therefore, dwell for a few moments on the unattractive theme, with a view of exposing the spirit of this attack, and of thus guarding the public against the future mischief which may threaten from the same quarter.

We need not attempt to vindicate the Association. The Conference recently held has done this triumphantly. The assault was fierce. It was intended to be deadly. It was the movement of an incensed and bitter enemy, whose virulence was infinitely greater than his power. It was from no merciful purpose, but from sheer inability, that the thrust did not prove fatal. The editor of the 'British Banner' mistook, in truth, his position. With characteristic modesty he imagined that the hearts of the country were in his keeping, and that he had only to announce, in his own peculiar style, 'We no longer stand identified with the Anti-state-church Association,' to induce thousands to desert its ranks, and leave bare the place of its gathering. Happily, the Nonconformists of Britain knew their principles better, and they bestirred themselves accordingly. What they did, and the manner in which they did it, are matters of history, and will be rightly appreciated when the petty vanities and insufferable arrogance of would-be-leaders are held in merited contempt. The palpable inconsistencies of the assault are most marvellous. On the third of April, an article appeared in the 'Banner,' which every reader understood to be an attack on the society. It announced, in capitals, the important fact of the editor's secession; sought to awaken the fears of the timid, by proclaiming the existence of 'a school of anarchy;' described Mr. Miall and Dr. Price as the arch-heretics; and more than insinuated that the influence of the Association was employed by them for evil. And all this was done, be it remembered, without one syllable of complaint having been addressed to the society, much less to the gentlemen named. Dr. Campbell was a member of the Committee up to the very time he became a public assailant; but such are his notions of propriety, that he preserved profound silence where he ought

* There is much truth—far too much to be readily forgiven—in what the editor of the 'Baptist Magazine' said in 1845, 'that it is not the destiny of the editor of the "Christian Witness" to be written down by any other pen than his own.'—*Baptist Magazine*, 1845, p. 198. Dr. Campbell has laboured hard of late to accomplish this prediction. With a self-sacrifice not often witnessed, he has sought to place beyond doubt the sagacity and truth of his brother editor's vaticination.

he spoken, and threw grave charges recklessly about him, he ought, in the first instance, at least, to have been silent grave—and yet he assumes the character of a public censor, pronounces, with the authority of an oracle, what other men say and do. A more disgusting exhibition of self-evidence and self-ignorance, we never witnessed. What follows in the three successive numbers of the 'Banner' is fully illustrative of the truthfulness of Dr. Campbell's mind, and the consistency of his views. We print the passages in full columns, that their beautiful harmony may be more fully apprehended:—

Now any man who reads our article (No. 3), could arrive at the conclusion that an attack on the anti-state-church movement, is to us incomprehensible and we are unable to reach a conclusion of integrity.'—*Banner*, April 10.

'We have no reply for those who, to serve a purpose, whether of pique or party, may deem it decent, at the expense of truth, to represent us as hostile to the Anti-state-church Association. . . .

'It has, in our view, been an utter failure; there seems no rational ground whatever for believing that it can, in any possible way, ever contribute to the accomplishment of the assigned object. . . .

'We submit, therefore, that it is folly to persevere in the so-called organization. . . . A lengthened experiment has now been made, and, although more has been done in this way than was ever done before, still the result is such as utterly to extinguish all reasonable expectation of success, in this way alone, for centuries to come.'—*Banner*, April 17.

'As the matter now stands, the entire British nation is eligible to membership. Doctrinal views, and personal profession of religion, are matters of no concern whatever; nothing more is required than agreement on the single object of the separation of Church and State. According to the fundamental principle, Lord Bolingbroke might have been president; David Hume, treasurer; Edward Gibbon, secretary; and Thomas Paine, travelling agent; while the French Directory, of bloody fame, might have formed the acting committee. There is nothing to have prevented this in the constitution. Is it possible to contemplate such a fact without horror? The thing has but to be stated to settle the question; to men of rightly-

educated mind, we presume, argument is needless—it is an insult, almost an insult. They will instinctively exclaim, "O my . . . XXVIII.

soul, come not thou into their secret, and to their assembly honour, be not thou united! . . . Who ever heard the voice of in any meeting of the Anti-state-church Association in the metropolis? There the devout and the ungodly, both in the degree, meet and mingle; and, while it is expected that the from courtesy, shall not swear, it is provided by statute that they shall not pray. No! The inscription on the organization virtually—*THERE IS NO GOD!*—*Banner*, April 24.

The consistency of these passages, occurring, be it observed in three successive numbers of the same journal, it is not to establish, neither should we attempt to reason with a who affirmed it. If Dr. Campbell imagines they hold to he has a logic with which we are unacquainted.

The suspicion was not unnatural, that he was misled on in his attack by other occurrences which happened in his editorial career. He himself appears to surmised that something of the kind would be imagined; indeed, conscience did not suggest that such was the case. At any rate, he explicitly denies the fact; and readers will be better able to judge of the worth of his when they have compared it with the Note which we put on the side of the editor's statement. Let it be borne in mind the review of Mr. Miall's volume, on which Dr. Campbell's grave charges, appeared in the January 'Eclectic,' and Dr. Brown's review of Mr. Gilfillan's work was published in the number for February.

'The second Triennial period of the Anti-state-church Association is now expired, and in this day's paper will be found a statement of our views of the policy of its extension to another. That statement is made solely from a sense of public duty, and would assuredly have appeared, although the events had not occurred which led to our own withdrawal, as announced a fortnight ago. Some such statement, indeed, had been resolved upon previously to the 'Eclectic' affair. It is not, therefore, to be put down to the score of the just referred to, although such events alone, we think, all things considered, would render it in the highest degree expedient that the association should be brought to an end, as the most efficient means of dealing with a serious evil. . . .

'This circumstance (the Second Triennial Conference), would

'Feb. 5,
'We had seventeen
over-matter, and it is
whether you can get in at
most anxious to serve you,
great cause you are so wroth
vancing, with a very slight
ment, I am trying, &c.

'Yours truly,
'J. CAMPBELL

'To the Secretary of the
Anti-state-church Association

this time to do as we are now doing (recommend the dissolution of the Association), altogether apart from the considerations afore-
this our minds had been made up before the special case relative to the "anarchy" arose.—Banner, April 17.

for a purpose of secession has been formed, under such
ion as Dr. Campbell now avows, it is not usual to enter-
anxiety here expressed; neither are men accustomed in
to the secretary of an organization, which is described as
failure,' to speak '*of the great cause you are so worthily*
ng.' If there be consistency and truth in such things,
l guilty to a want of the perceptive faculty. 'The
affair' happened in February at the latest, *prior* to
e are told, 'some such statement' as appears in the
' of April 17th, was resolved upon, and yet, on the 5th
ary, the above Note was penned. Either the Note of
was insincere, or the statement of the 'Banner'
e. Dr. Campbell may choose which alternative he

as to the provinces; with a very slight exception only, there has been no conquest of influential men. All the great towns and cities are still indifferent, or hostile to the movement. . . .

'The organization, after all, is, and was from the first, very much an affair of a name. . . . The organization comprises but a few, a very few elements—a few hundred pounds and a few individuals; these pounds and those individuals withdrawn, there would be an end of the concern. . . . The wonder is, all things considered, not that so little, but that so much, has been realized. Nothing but energy, skill, and perseverance, such as are seldom brought to any enterprise, could have accomplished so much. The organization, however, we repeat, is much more a name than a thing. Deducting the zealous itinerant labours of Mr. Kingsley, and a few deputation movements, what remains of the labours of a year? Absolutely nothing.'—*Banner*, April 17.

a few of the best, wisest, most thoroughly Christian patriotic men of the times.' *ibid.*, April, 3, 1860.

'The value of this Association is not to be estimated by its publications or its lectures, the visible embodiment of a of the true Nonconformity of the empire. The Triennial Conferences are a representative concentration of that spirit. *Did the society exist simply calling of conferences, without publications or lectures, the result would be one of inconsiderable importance; while its publications and lectures, of course, enhance its value.*'—*Christian Witness*, June, 1847.

'The history of the first years* of this society does to those able and devoted men have taken the lead in its work. *The result has exceeded all able expectation, and is unlike anything of the kind hitherto among us. Prejudice is passing away, and confidence is lending. The accessions have been numerous.* The delegation

Manchester was powerful; the ministers of Leeds have come forward in a body. . . . The Congregational Union of Scotland most hearty in the cause, and sent as delegates three of the men. The Rev. J. H. Hinton, Secretary of the Baptist Union, strongly adverse, has now come boldly and cordially forward; this valuable acquisition is to be added that of some of the eminent men of the New Connexion and the Association Methodists.—*Christian Witness*, June, 1847.

Like all other associations which seek to act on the legions through the medium of an enlightened public judgment, the resources of the society have been largely expended on meetings, held in various parts of the kingdom. These, as we have seen, have been numerous, and largely attended, and Dr. Caird formerly regarded them as important and hopeful. Let us see how he contrives to eat his own words. As in other cases he here supplies the best answer to himself. His men

* It is well known that since the first Triennial Conference, the operations of the society have been doubled.

evidently as defective as his judgment is unsound, and his temper irritable :—

'Public meetings are no test whatever upon such a point. The announcement of two or three noted names, will always command an audience anywhere upon any subject. The theme, moreover, is captivating on other grounds than those of religion. It makes provision, in the hands of a certain class of advocates, for the rich gratification of some of the worst passions of the human heart. The roasting of a bishop, too, amid the blazing fires of a fervid rhetoric, is a rare pastime to the populace.'—*Banner*, April 17, 1850.

'The Report next speaks to the subject of lectures and public meetings, on which, we think, the society ought to expend its main strength, as the importance of these can scarcely be overestimated.'—*Christian Witness*, June, 1847.

It was not to be expected that the *character* of the meetings of the Association should escape censure. They are, of course, vilified in a style of wholesale defamation, at which we should smile if graver and more painful feelings were not excited. Let our readers compare the statements we subjoin—looking rather at the general complexion and tone of that of 1848, than at particular expressions—and let them then say what they think of the *morale* of the man who could pen the sentences quoted from the 'Banner' of April last :—

'It has ever appeared to us that its meetings, in this metropolis, bore a peculiarly earthly complexion, which can be explained only by a reference to the spirit of those who mainly compose them. They have ever appeared to us to be deplorably wanting in the spirit of piety. We never saw an Anti-state-church assembly in which the spirit of the mere natural man did not seem wholly to prevail over the spirit of the Christian man. The aspect of such assemblies has ever seemed to us to be essentially that of the world; their ruling element appeared that of the earth rather than that of heaven—with which neither the gospel of Christ nor the spirit of

'Our readers will find, in another column, a special report of the Anti-state-church meeting, held in the Queen's Concert-rooms, Hanover-square. . . . That such a hall should be obtained for the purpose of arguing the great question of Church and State, adversely, reflects no small credit on those with whom it lies to arrange such matters. . . . It was worth going some way to see the excellent member for Westminster, himself an Episcopalian, and a man of high Christian character, standing forth, &c. . . . Never before did he make such a demonstration, in the midst of the aristocracy and in the face of the world. . . . As to Mr. Gardner, we need say

Christ had much, if anything, to do.'—*Banner*, April 24.

nothing more than that his speech was one of superlative excellence, indicative alike of genius, culture, Christian principle, and political philosophy. . . . Another circumstance, which we hail with special satisfaction, was the appearance of Mr. Kershaw. . . . Public demonstrations are not altogether in unison with the calm temperament, and the modesty, which marks Mr. Kershaw's character, but there are times when duty demands a sacrifice of personal preferences. It will be found, he frankly stated, that he considered the time to have come for a public and bold avowal of his views on this great subject—views which he had long cherished in his mere private capacity. We hope that multitudes of those Nonconformists, in the same condition of life as the member for Stockport, will come to a similar conclusion; and stand forth to add the weight of their character, station, and influence, in support of this great cause.'—*Banner*, June 14, 1848.

But it is not on the alleged failure of the Association simply, that its abandonment is urged; the signs of the times are against it, and the old plea for inaction is put forth with characteristic recklessness. Let the Doctor speak for himself, and the reply shall be in his own words. Hansard is proverbially unpopular on the ministerial benches. What must our assailable think of the 'Christian Witness' and the 'Banner' of former days?—

'It appears to us that the time is come for suspending, if not altogether surrendering, all organizations seeking the separation of Church and State by direct attacks. . . . Have patience! Let tyranny and rapacity have time to swell to their full dimensions. . . . From that strife you may safely stand aloof. . . . If anything for a little can stay the progress of those events, and add for a season strength and stability to the Establishment, it will be such a moment (query, movement?) as that proposed by the formation of the Anti-state-church Association. . . . You have but to wait the appointed time, and you shall see with joy the triumph of Him who is head over all things to his Church.'—*Banner*, April 17.

'Nothing should be left untried to unite all that fear God among the Dissenters in one holy league and covenant against this colossal system of error, evil, distraction, division, and persecution. As a matter of civil policy, this is the *first* duty of every British patriot; as a matter of Christian piety, it is the *first* duty of every enlightened subject of the kingdom of Christ.'—*Christian Witness*, April, 1844.

'In such matters it is childish to talk of "providential appointments"—or worse; it is trifling with sacred things. "Manifest call!" . . . You may find it in providence: this is clearly the great question of the times. . . . They who now can find "no call" in these directions, but wait for another, are likely to wait for ever.'—*Banner*, Sept. 27, 1848.

The inconsistency of the following is too glaring to escape notice, and bespeaks, of itself, the virulence of the attack which

has been made. Even Dr. Campbell must blush when comparing his present with his former self. Though the first paragraph is nominally that of 'the remonstrants,' it is clearly intended to express the views of the editor :—

'We, said the remonstrants, hope as confidently as you, that the severance will be effected, but it will be by other and very different means from those you propose to employ. . . . The Church herself will, perhaps, have a large share in the work.'—*Banner*, April 17.

'If reform is to come at all, it must come from without; it will never come from within the Church—that is, from the bishops and dignified clergy.'—*Christian Witness*, Sept. 1847.

One more quotation, and we shall gladly turn from this repulsive exhibition. Nothing but a strong sense of what was due to one of the best and noblest organizations of the day, would have induced us to dwell on it so long. Had personal inclination been consulted, we should have been silent, but the cause of truth, vilified and fiercely assailed, demanded the service we render. Few things are more repulsive than the language of religion from intemperate lips,—a profession of special regard for the spirituality of the Church in connexion with bitterness of spirit and calumnious averments respecting others. Such things are the staple in which some men deal, and we hesitate not to charge them on the recent doings of the editor of the '*Banner*.' We cannot conceive of anything more adapted to foster the prejudice which unhappily prevails against evangelical truth, than the loud and boastful professions of religious zeal which he has intermingled with asperity, mortified pride, and slanderous statements. He is eminently skilful in insinuations—leaving an impression beyond the strict import of his words; and thus securing a retreat whenever it may be deemed expedient to deny the guilt charged upon him. It is some consolation, however, that even here he has, by anticipation, furnished an antidote in the language with which, on other occasions, he has defended himself. Let our readers compare the following :—

'Your power is your piety—not your gregarious, piebald organizations; in proportion as your members increase, your zeal burns, and your graces shine, you will tell upon the understanding and the consciences of the adherents of Establishments; your policy, therefore, apart from higher con-

'Will this answer (a passage of the address of the Wesleyan Conference) satisfy intelligent, reflecting men? Does it not beg the question? Does it not assume what is not proved—that they who engage in this enterprise (the Anti-state-church movement) are indifferent to their spiritual charge?

siderations, as the shortest and surest method of severing the Church from the State, is, to promote the triumph and reign of true religion in the land. . . . We think the great work of the day ought to be the revival of religion in the midst of the churches, and its extension throughout the whole land.'—*Banner*, April 17.

Is not this to put forth a claim of superior sanctity for themselves, and to set it up as a plea for the neglect of an important duty? Is it not here insinuated that opposition to the Church and State is incompatible with the efficient discharge of pastoral functions?—*Banner*, Sept. 27, 1848.

We have done, and now leave it to the Nonconformists of Great Britain to judge between the Anti-state-church Association and its assailant. If his temper and discretion, the soundness of his judgment, his rectitude, purity of motive, and unselfishness, command their confidence, they will, of course, pronounce against the former; but if they fail to recognise these qualities, they will cling to the society the more firmly from its having become the object of his bitter enmity. Of their decision we entertain no doubt. The course which is applauded by such journals as the 'Watchman,' 'Record,' and 'Morning Herald,' cannot have the approval of the Dissenters of England, and we look, therefore, with unfaltering confidence to the future. It is well to know our enemies. A false friend is a source of weakness, and from this danger the society is now exempt. We hasten to dismiss the assailant and the assault, pitying the one and smiling at the other. In the discharge of our duty, as journalists, we have called things by their right names, and know no reason why we should not do so. It would have been far more pleasing to write in a different strain, but conscience would in such case have accused us of unfaithfulness to truth and to God.

Since the above was in type, we have seen the 'Banner' of June 19th. A more miserable affair we never read than the so-called 'Editorial Address to the Baptist Churches of Great Britain,' &c. It has all the untruthfulness and malevolence conspicuous in other productions of the writer, without a particle of the force he sometimes displays. We never met with a duller or more pointless thing, and hope it will be widely read by the parties addressed. To those parties we say, in Dr. Campbell's *own words*, and with infinitely more truth, 'The article seems to have been specially prepared for the weak, less worthy, and less intelligent portion of your community. It could not be meant for the men of sense; its authors could only hope that, by them, it would be overlooked, or, if seen, endured.' Our note on page 112 explains the special bitterness of the writer's allusions to the editor of the 'Baptist Magazine'—

a man as superior to his accuser in modesty and sterling rectitude, as he is inferior in trickery, vaunting pretension, and arrogance.

How even Dr. Campbell could venture to print what he has written, respecting the reference of that gentleman to the article in the 'Church,' is marvellous. Common decency ought to have counselled silence on such a point, after what he had done in the matter of Mr. Miall's volume and the 'Evangelical Magazine.' But we cease to wonder at any thing from this quarter.

Of the extracts given, we say nothing. The writers of most of them are evidently uninformed on many points of the case; and one, at least, ought, for very shame, to be silent in any matter pertaining to the 'Eclectic.' On a perusal of the whole address, we cannot better express our judgment than in the words of Dr. Campbell himself in this very article. 'Of two evils, both bad, it is not easy to say which the more abounds—unblushing falsehood, or cunning malignity.' The editor of the 'Church' will not much distress himself at such a charge from such a quarter. It would be well for his accuser if all who know *him* would as readily give a verdict in his favour. Before concluding we should like to ask the editor of the 'Banner' whether he received a letter from the Rev. Charles Stovel, repudiating the construction put on his speech at the last annual meeting of the Baptist Home mission, as 'making a distinct and unmistakeable allusion to the recent transactions of the "Eclectic Review?"' Such was Dr. Campbell's language in the 'Banner' of April 24, when he wanted to damage the character of Dr. Price, and to destroy the 'Eclectic.' Did he then, we ask, receive a communication from Mr. Stovel, denying his having intended any such allusion, and, if he did, why was not the letter printed? If the fact be so—and we challenge Dr. Campbell to answer our inquiry—what can be thought of the effrontery of the following passage, printed in the 'Banner' of the 19th:—'Above all things, integrity is essential to the conduct of the press. A fig for intelligence, for eloquence, for everything, in the absence of integrity.' We want words to express our estimate of what is involved in combining such deeds with such words. Let the one or the other be abandoned. They cannot hold together.

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Brief Notices.

The Men of Glasgow, and the Women of Scotland; Reasons for Differing from the Rev. Dr. Symington's View of the Levitical Marriage Law.
By T. Binney. 8vo. Pp. 68. London: Ward and Co.

THIS pamphlet was written by request, for the information of a gentleman, appointed by a public meeting, at Glasgow, to proceed to London as part of a deputation, to oppose Mr. Wortley's Marriage Bill. It so happened, that Mr. Binney visited Glasgow in April last, immediately after a large meeting had been held there in opposition to this measure; and as his views were known to be favourable to it, the topic became matter of conversation, and was subsequently adverted to in the correspondence of his Scotch friends. Dr. Symington's speech at the meeting in question was greatly applauded; and so high was the estimate formed of its ability and conclusiveness, that it was published as a separate tract, and copies of it were forwarded to Mr. Binney. Such, in brief, are the circumstances out of which this pamphlet has grown; and as we have read it with very considerable interest, so we should have been glad to devote considerable space to it, if time had permitted. It has reached us, however, so late in the month, that we must either be content to notice it briefly, or must defer it till the time will have passed for its doing the service which it is so admirably adapted to accomplish. The question itself is imminent; and we have, therefore, resolved to introduce the pamphlet at once, with our hearty, though brief commendation.

We have rarely met with a piece of controversial writing more to our mind. It is at once calm, clear, forcible, and decided; free from asperity and assumption, yet earnest in its tone and emphatic in its enunciation of the views embraced. 'I believe my own views to be right,' says Mr. Binney, 'and I shall try to prove this by constructing as sound and strong an argument as I can. If it be unsound, why then it will not hold together. It will be answerable. Let it be answered. Only let it be done by argument.' The subject discussed is obvious from the title-page; and its great importance will be readily admitted by all who have attended to the discussion recently carried on. Mr. Binney examines, with much pains-taking, the Levitical law pertaining to the matter, and by a variety of tests, brings out, as it appears to us, triumphantly, the conclusion, that, in Leviticus xviii. 18, 'Marriage with a deceased wife's sister is recognised and permitted in express terms. To forbid the possession, at the same time, of two sisters, as wives, and to sanction it successively, are the two sides of *the one thing*, which *that particular clause* of the Levitical marriage-law which we have been considering, was *intended* to embody.' The scriptural argument is thoroughly sifted, and the various pleas founded on general principles, which are urged in opposition to his views, are examined with acuteness and unsparring logic. To those who know Mr. Binney's writings,

it will suffice to say that the pamphlet is eminently characteristic ; and to all others we say, read it for yourselves, do this immediately and with ordinary candour, and we shall be surprised if you do not admit that the theory to which the author is opposed, is thoroughly demolished, without any such exhibition as frequently mars the triumphs of controversialists.

The Apostles' School of Prophetic Interpretation ; with its History, down to the Present Time. By Charles Maitland, Author of 'The Church in the Catacombs.' London : Longman and Co.

'IN this work it has been attempted to collect together everything that the apostles taught the Church on the subject of unfulfilled prophecy—to ascertain all that the primitive believers might know as Jews, and all that they believed as Christians. This school of prophecy is next traced historically, through its fallings-off and its revivals, down to the present time. An appendix contains a short notice of the principal counter-interpretations.' Thus far Mr. Maitland in his statement of intention. That the intention has been most diligently carried out, we willingly testify. The plan adopted is to give copious extracts from the wide field of authorities—Jewish, Apostolic, Patristic, and more modern, through which the author ranges : these quotations being set in a lively historical commentary. As the work is historical, it is needless for us to enter on the disputed points. It will be enough to mention that, according to Mr. Maitland, the apostolic school is the one which, scouting the year-day theory, maintains that no prediction containing a set time 'is to be fulfilled in any other measure of time ;' regards Antichrist as an individual man yet to appear ; holds the pre-millennial advent ; and professes to be the only consistent, intelligible, literal, and apostolic interpreter. Mr. Maitland has collected a large mass of valuable historical proofs of the early, widespread reception of these views ; principally those parts of them which have reference to the four monarchies, the identification of Babylon with Rome, and its distinction from Antichrist. To all students of prophecy, who are desirous of studying the history of its interpretation, the book will be very valuable ; and to less learned readers it presents many attractions. Although prepared evidently with indefatigable labour, it is by no means a dry synopsis of criticisms—but absolutely runs over with animation. Mr. Maitland emerges from the chest of musty tomes as fresh and lively as if he had been wandering among 'hedge-rows green.' His style is one of unflagging vivacity—often forcible, often picturesque, full of sly hits and quiet sarcasm—which mingle oddly enough sometimes with the patristic learning round about them ; but which, nevertheless, make the work what is called 'readable,' and will not make the mass of erudition which it contains less likely to be retained by the student. People who conceive that books which are solid must necessarily be heavy, may differ from us ; but, for ourselves, we heartily thank Mr. Maitland for his valuable contributions to doctrine and history, and wish some other labourers in the same field would take a leaf out of his book.

The Poetical Works of James Montgomery. Collected by himself.
London: Longman and Co.

THE name of James Montgomery needs no introduction to the readers of the 'Eclectic.' It is a familiar sound, and has long been associated with their ideas of poetic genius, large philanthropy, and devout feeling. That such an author should be popular, to the extent of calling for two large editions of his collected poems—one in 1836, and the other in 1841—is a pleasing indication of the state of the public mind, and must be eminently gratifying to Mr. Montgomery. We rejoice in the fact on his own account, but we rejoice in it yet more as proof of the prevalence of sound taste and of healthful moral feeling. It is the more gratifying as Mr. Montgomery's early career was fiercely assailed by some of the leviathans of literature, whose hostility to his religious sentiments gave point and venom to their critical awards. The prefaces and notes contained in this volume greatly add to the value of the edition, which is printed, the author modestly tells us, 'in a more condensed form, with the hope that compositions, which at intervals through more than a quarter of a century, had previously obtained considerable attention, may yet secure some measure of similar indulgence for a few years longer.'

We need scarcely say that the style in which the volume is brought out, is worthy both of the poet and of his publishers. It is at once tasteful and elegant—fitted alike for the drawing-room and the study. It is not needful to say one word in its commendation. A more appropriate or beautiful present could not well be made to a cultivated friend.

A Life of Christopher Columbus. By Horace Roscoe St. John. London: S. Low.

WE have read this small volume with very considerable pleasure, and can honestly and warmly recommend it to our readers. It supplies, what has long been wanted in our language, a brief, yet accurate sketch of the romantic life of Columbus, written by a man of cultivated taste, and of sufficient information rightly to appreciate the services of the great navigator. The volume was prepared without the aid of Washington Irving's work, and was originally intended to be much larger. The appearance of the latter probably led Mr. St. John to abandon his design, while it enabled him readily to fill in the slighter details of his narrative. He pays a generous tribute to his contemporary, congratulating Washington Irving 'on his work, and America on the historian of her discovery.' This is as it should be, alike honourable to both parties, and worthy of imitation. Mr. St. John's volume bespeaks extensive knowledge, sound judgment, and a right appreciation of his hero. It is written with ease, fluency, and taste. The style is, in fact, in harmony with the theme, and the two make up a volume, the perusal of which, when once commenced, few will be content to leave unfinished. 'If,' says the author, in a preface, the modest and generous temper of which cannot be praised too highly, 'not elaborate in

its details, or complete in its execution, this narrative be found a true sketch of his career, it will have served its purpose. As it is modestly presented, so I hope it will be considerably judged.'

Grace and Truth. By Octavius Winslow, M.A. London: Shaw.

THIS volume is full of devout reflections, couched in language of a kind eagerly read by many good people, whose highest eulogium is 'beautiful book.' The author's evident piety is worthy of all respect, his themes are deeply important, and to many, his book will be very comforting. To us, we confess, it has, like most modern volumes of its school, a somewhat sickly religious sentimental aspect. We miss in the practical religious books of the present day, the bone and muscle of their rough predecessors; and we would willingly give a ton of the comparative refinement and feebleness, guiltless of all thought, which our devotional writers seem now-a-days to think the necessary accompaniment of their pious observations, for one grain of the former. We commend to Mr. Winslow, giving him all credit for having written what many will highly value, an old advice, 'add to your faith—virtue—manhood.'

A Voice from the North; or, the Foundation and Philosophy of Legislative and Governmental Principles: the Ways and Means of Social Amelioration deducible therefrom, and their bearings upon the true Happiness of Man. In a Series of Letters, dedicated and addressed to the leading British Statesmen of the day. By a Minister of the Church of Scotland. London: Wilson.

THIS concise and lucid title-page fronts seventy pages of the same sort of stuff, designed as an introductory epistle to the leading British statesmen, &c.—unfolding the author's political fundamental principle, that the Mosaic law is a digest of the elements of legislation and rule for all nations at all times. Apropos to this, we have a history of the world from Adam; a sketch of the French revolution; an eloquent plea for the admission of the Jews into Parliament; several apocalyptic speculations; and a few other matters, set forth in a style the reverse of the old divine's profession, 'for the matter largely, but for the manner in few words.'

The Self-Instructor in German. By Falck Lebahn, Author of 'German in One Volume,' 'Practice in German,' &c. London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1850.

THE high repute which Mr. Falck Lebahn already enjoys among the professors and the students of the German language, will be in every way enhanced by the present volume. His first book may be said to have been the portal; his second was the avenue of approach; but he has now entered the interior, and presents us with two comedies—the one from the pen of Kotzebue, the other from that of the powerful and prolific Schiller. They have been judiciously chosen, and are remarkable for their interest. A full vocabulary, and copious explana-

tory notes, lead the learner through the intricacies of the plays, with all the facility of an accomplished guide. We recommend the 'Self-Instructor' to the notice of all who have entered on the study of the German tongue, which is in itself rich in resources, and has become a favourite and fashionable study in this country. The book will prove a most valuable master, and if accompanied by its predecessors forms a library of instruction in the language. We speak thus confidently from actual experience. All we know of German we have learnt from Mr. Lebahn's books, and the British press has borne a universal testimony in their favour. We owe thanks to a gentleman of high literary and classical acquirements, who leaves his country to diffuse among us a knowledge of his native language. It is, therefore, perhaps, superfluous to repeat that we consider the 'Self-Instructor,' and its companion volumes, entitled to the highest praise that can be bestowed on writers of this class. They are plain, practical, complete, and well-arranged.

Brief Outline of the Study of Theology, drawn up to serve as the basis of Introductory Lectures. By the late Dr. Friedrich Schleiermacher. To which are prefixed, 'Reminiscences of Schleiermacher,' by Dr. Friedrich Lücke. Translated from the German, by William Farrer, LL.B. Edinburgh: Clark.

MISTINESS is generally supposed to be an attribute of German theology in its best form, while some good folks shrewdly suspect that to the smoke is added in large measure the fume of brimstone. It must, we should think, somewhat surprise those who have fancied that we English possess a monopoly of clear, definite ideas, to find that the most methodical, rigidly precise ground-plan of the entire science of theology, exhibiting all its parts in their mutual connexion and relative value to the whole, existing in our language, is this translation of a German work. It gives, what our theological literature has long wanted, a skeleton of the objects of theology, apart from a discussion of the various opinions held upon them; furnishing the student with a broad, comprehensive outline of the whole range of his science—a sort of block-plan of the city, or geological map of the country—in contradistinction to the systems of theology which we have been accustomed to, and which, in the author's own words, are '*material*, rather than *formal*, encyclopædias, discussing the *contents* of the various branches of the science, rather than their *organisation*.' This is an object which, excepting a few introductory lectures from a few professors of divinity, our English theologians have almost lost sight of. Instead, we have had monographs from them on all subjects—bones very many; but they have never, as they ought, supplied us with an outline of the principles on which bone is to come to bone—the scattered truths to be knit together in one. We do not enter here on any discussion of the correctness of Schleiermacher's division, but simply notice the fact, that this volume supplies us with a masterly sketch, developed with an aphorism-like compression, both of thought and language, and with a calm, clear breadth of vision, ranging

over the whole field, without ever losing sight of the unity of the whole, which leaves nothing to be desired.

Mr. Farrer has executed his task in a manner deserving the highest praise. He has put the book into English; which is more than we can say of the numerous half-competent translators, who are flooding us with a Babylonish dialect, unintelligible to anybody of either nation. We are glad to see that he intimates an intention of continuing his work on other of Schleiermacher's writings, if the present volume should be favourably received. We trust that the intelligent students of theology in England will soon relieve him of any doubt on that point.

Literary Intelligence.

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THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW.

AUGUST, 1850.

- ART. I.—1. *Draught of a Bill 'for Abolishing the Payment of Fines and Stamp Duties on the Admission of Freemen of the City of London, and for Making and Keeping a Roll of the Citizens of the said City.'*
[Mr. Hume.]
2. *Petition of Commonalty and Citizens of London, to be presented to the House of Commons for Restoration of their Ancient Liberties.*
3. *What is the Corporation of London? And, Who are the Freemen?*
By J. Toulmin Smith, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law.
London: Effingham Wilson.
4. *Proceedings of Wardmotes in Farringdon Without, November, 1849—May, 1850.*
5. *Corporation of London 'Reform.'* Letter to Sir James Duke, Bart., M.P., Alderman of the Ward of Farringdon Without. By J. Toulmin Smith, Esq., 3rd January, 1850.
6. *Address of the Citizens of the Ward of Farringdon Without, in the City of London, to their Fellow-Citizens of the other Wards in the said City.*
7. *Memorial of the Citizens of the Ward of Farringdon Without, in Wardmote Assembled, 9th January, 1850, to the Lord Mayor,*
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Aldermen, and Commons, of the City of London, in Common Council.

8. *Abstract of Returns of the Number of Householdors, distinguishing Freemen and Non-Freemen, together with the Numbers on the List of Voters, made under the Act 12 and 13 Vict., cap. 94. Presented to the Court of Common Council, 22nd November, 1849.*
9. *Report of the City Solicitor to the Court of Aldermen on the Stamp Duty, payable upon admission of Persons by redemption to the Freedom of the City. February, 1850.*

THE abuses of the corporation of London have been a standing topic for declamation and satirical jocularly for a quarter of a century. The call for reform has been both loud and long; but like all popular demands, where earnestness of purpose and consistency of action were wanting, it was a cry, and nothing more. Men of keen moral sense were justly indignant at the mismanagement, jobbery, and tinsel extravagance, which have characterised corporate administration of corporate property under the oligarchic rule of the last one hundred and twenty-five years; and wrath found vent in the grumbings, loud and deep, of hard-taxed citizens, and in the lighter artillery of innumerable jokes and jokelets. Men only looked at the surface of the evil; they saw not the fruitful cause of abuse in the oligarchic usurpation of 1724, which, through fraud and force, subverted the free constitution of a thousand years, and constituted the metropolitan municipality a great central example of irresponsible misrule. And so will it always be, when empirical expedients are preferred to fundamental principles. In the 'pusillanimous and degenerate race,' who have supinely borne the accumulated abuses of the system, one can scarce believe he sees the descendants of the good men and true who did the commonwealth such service in stern times of old. Quiet men have lamented, and noisy men have declaimed, on these abuses, but the kingdom of Cockayne is still governed under the popular encroachments of the infamous 'Alderman's Act.' It is true that the city of London rejoices in the possession of the 'Reform Act' of 1849—the beautiful and consistent statute of 12 and 13 Victoria, under which a constituency which had grown 'small by degrees,' by a bound became so 'beautifully less,' that citizens of discernment have abandoned hope of preserving even the form of representation, for want of a constituency. In this state of affairs a 'reform,' as it is vaguely termed, or as we take leave to phrase it, a renovation of the corporation of London, has become a vital necessity.

Mr. Hume has undertaken to introduce a bill into the House of Commons 'for abolishing the payment of fines and stamp-duties on the admission of freemen of the city of London, and for making and keeping a roll of the citizens of the said city.' Brevity and perspicuity have long been lost sight of in the mechanics of law-making. It is a relief, therefore, to turn from the mighty maze of our statute-book since the days of the Revolution, illustrating so copiously, as Sheridan once remarked, legislation on 'the-house-that-Jack-built' principle,* to a bill of three clauses, which seems to meet all the requirements of the time, and to provide legitimately for the wants and wishes of those concerned, not by experimental enactments in the set phrase of parliamentary verbosity, but according to constitutional principle, and with the forcible brevity of a declaration of rights. Mr. Hume's—or, if parliamentary conventionalism will permit honour to whom honour is due, Mr. Toulmin Smith's bill, is not only a model bill, but, in the Baconian sense, an exhaustive measure; it is at once radical and conservative—radical, in uprooting the excrescence of class-rule, by which abuses were fostered and maintained; conservative, in restoring to the commonalty their precious birthright of self-government.

The bill declares, that by the ancient common law of England, every man who has been an occupier within any city or borough for the space of a year and a day, becomes thereby a free man, entitled to the exercise and enjoyment of all the rights and liberties, and liable to the discharge of all the duties and obligations, of a citizen and freeman, within such city or borough. It then sets forth, that in restraint of the said good and wholesome law, certain fines have been imposed and levied, and stamp-duties exacted in limitation of the number of those entitled to the rights of citizenship, and liable to the discharge of the co-ordinate duties. The bill, therefore, provides for the total repeal of these impositions, municipal and legislative, and declares and enacts that every man who shall occupy, 'on his own behalf, either separately or jointly, and either by way of residence, or for the purpose of carrying on there his own proper lawful business, calling, or profession (and not merely as the servant, or in the pay of another person), any house, part of a house, chambers, or other premises within the city of London, for the space of a year and a day, is, and shall thereby become a citizen and free man, and member of the body corporate of the said city,' entitled to all the rights and liberties, and to vote at every election for alderman, common councilmen, and all other functionaries and officers whose election is usually made in wardmote. The second

* 'This is a law to alter a law to improve a law to add to a law that Jack made.'

section provides that a roll of the citizens and freemen shall be kept by the alderman of each ward, and that wardmotes shall, 'for the above, together with such other purposes as shall seem good to the occupiers within each ward,' be held four times in each year; namely, in March, June, September, and December, when the roll shall be amended and made good. In this clear and concise measure are embodied the leading principles of the admirable system of self-government on which English liberty depends.

The corporation of London, notwithstanding its oligarchism and abuses, which are rather to be considered as excrescences than constitutional defects, is justly entitled to the respect and regard of all free men. It is an epitome of the ancient popular constitution of England, against which so many sneers have lately been directed by mere party politicians, through ignorance of its true character and worth. The corporation of London is the most complete representative left in this country of that sound and wholesome system of local self-government which formed the basis of our Saxon institutions, and which existed in full activity and healthy vigour throughout the whole land. In the popular passion at the present day for submitting everything, from man's birth to his burial, to the legislative pleasure of Parliament—the result, not the source of power—we have lost sight of the great fundamental principles on which our Saxon ancestors built English freedom. It is not very surprising, therefore, that politicians, who go no further back than the revolutionary settlement of 1688 for their 'constitutional principles,' should occasionally indulge in hackneyed sneers at the wisdom of their ancestors. Nothing can be clearer to him who reads constitutional history aright—not in the treatises and essays of modern compilers, but in the originals of our records—that the Saxon constitution embodied as perfect a system of popular self-government as was ever tried in any country, or at any time. The system of local legislation, which Milton propounded as an element in his ideal of a perfect commonwealth—although the practice had in his day become disused, under the successive encroachments of kings, nobles, and parliaments—was, nevertheless, then actually in legal existence by the common law of England. It is only necessary now to refer to the progressive development of self-government, from the family to the whole commonwealth, in the institutions of the tythings, hundreds, shires, and common council, or parliament, of the whole realm. This was the practical application of the two great fundamental principles of the constitution, everywhere apparent in our ancient laws—that all law must spring from the people, and be administered by the people; principles the establishment of which

is beyond the memory of history, older than the descriptions of Tacitus of the parent German stock of the Anglo-Saxon race. On the other hand, it is a remarkable fact, that all the encroachments on the right of the commonalty to administer the laws made by them, are of comparatively modern date, and are made by express statutory enactments—thus affording *prima facie* legal evidence of an antecedent common law or popular custom, which any one familiar with our records can verify by a cloud of proofs.* It has been well observed by Mr. Toulmin Smith, in one of his learned and ingenious works on the constitution, that the very fact of members of Parliament being, of ancient right, sent up from any place, is in itself evidence that the place sending them formed an institution of local self-government for all other purposes; for the sending up of representatives was merely an incident to, not the essential purpose of, the institution; and the persons sent were anciently not elected specially for that purpose, but were those who had been chosen to one of the principal offices of the district.†

This is an important constitutional fact, involving great moral and political considerations, which must be apparent to every reader versed in the philosophy of government, but which are altogether ignored in contemporary movements for political reforms. In passing, we may be permitted to remark, that these institutions of local self-government are now part and parcel of the existing law of this land; not in the fragmentary fictions of 'boards' and 'trusts,' 'councils,' and other self-delusions, established under the policy of centralization, but in the healthy verity of the folk-motes, in all their well-organized developments and ramifications throughout the political system. Jefferson, the American statesman, was profoundly impressed with the philosophy of localization; and he lamented, if we remember rightly, that it was not carried out on a more complete plan. 'It is not,' he says, 'by the consolidation or concentration of powers, but by their distribution, that good government is effected. Were not this great country (the United States) already divided into

* Many proofs might be cited. Two must here suffice—in the cases of the appointment of sheriffs and justices of the peace. By the common law, the *sheriff* was chosen by the county, as the coroner now is; but the statute 14 Edward III. c. 7 (1340) provides, that he shall be appointed yearly on the morrow of All Souls, at the Exchequer, by the Chancellor, Treasurer, and Chief Baron, taking to them the chief justices, &c., *except in London*, where the form of a popular election (encroached on in recent times) is still preserved. The *justices of the peace* were anciently chosen by the freeholders of the county. They were first appointed by commission under 1 Edward III. (1327).

† Parallels between the Constitution and Constitutional History of England and Hungary, p. 35.

states, that division must be made, that each might do for itself what concerns itself directly, and what it can so much better do than a distant authority. Every state, again, is divided into counties, each to take care of what lies within its local bounds; each county, again, into townships or wards, to manage minuter details; and every ward into farms, to be governed each by its individual proprietor. Were we directed from Washington when to sow and when to reap, we should soon want bread. It is by this partition of cares, descending in gradation from general to particular, that the mass of human affairs may be best managed for the good and prosperity of all.' The venerable statesman would have been more logically correct, had he described the process of government distribution in the ascending scale, from particular to general; for, as before remarked, Parliament or Congress is only a *result*, not the *source*, of power. It is, however, precisely on the principle of the supposed absurdity of central direction for seed-time, that modern liberal governments of England act. All popular power is fast disappearing under the baneful progress of bureaucratic centralization. Almost everything but our lives has, within the last few years, been handed over by our 'parliamentary representatives' to crown-appointed and irresponsible commissioners; and now it is gravely proposed that, after we have 'shuffled off this mortal coil,' our bodies are to be disposed of after the same fashion. Against this dangerous policy of encroachment on our liberties, the energies of every freeman should be aroused. It is lamentable to think that the loudest professing liberals are the most active supporters and instruments of the system. Witness the recent attempts to substitute summary jurisdiction and the whip for trial by jury; and the declaration in the House of Commons, by an eminent liberal member, that education is only a matter of government police! It only requires a self-helping effort to render these self-governmental institutions again practical verities. Revive the regular periodical meetings of the ancient *shiremotes*, and, if desirable, the subsidiary institution of the hundredmote, with the corresponding folkmites of the cities and boroughs, which any number of freeholders and citizen occupiers may do by a little independence and exertion. All that remains to call into sound and active existence an electoral body as extended as any of the 'charters,' great or small, propose to do, is to repeal that oligarchical statute of 7 Henry VI. c. 7, which first imposed, as a statutory restriction, what Mr. Cobden and other reformers are fond, though most erroneously, of asserting to be a common-law franchise, namely, the forty-shilling freehold, as the test of electoral right. Much would require to be done in the way of statutory removal, in order to restore to

the commonalty their ancient constitutional right to impose and collect all local taxation, and to administer the law by officers duly and lawfully appointed by the commonalty of the shire or town; but, in as far as concerns placing the parliamentary electoral franchise on a solid basis, no course of policy has higher claims on the serious attention of reformers, either as respects soundness of principle or facility of action. It has additional claim on the consideration of the leaders of the Liberal party at a time when Government has propounded one of its favourite empirical measures for local legislation by county boards—a measure utterly devoid of constitutional principle (we use this much-abused phrase as synonymous with legal right), and one only of that prolific crop of Whig centralizing schemes, decked out in the finery and false pretences with which bureaucratic despots in all times have seduced the people to sell their birthright. The ‘freehold land societies,’ under good guidance, and divested of the character of a mere party movement, are calculated to render valuable aid to the cause of constitutional renovation; but we are sorry to see symptoms of the centralizing spirit prevalent in this movement, in the desire to render the provincial societies not self-dependent in direction as in effort, but to look for guidance to the central authority of London. ‘Economy of management’ will in the end be found a poor return for the sacrifice of the healthy principle of self-dependence. But these questions are of too great extent and moment to be thus incidentally discussed, and we must return to our proper theme—the corporation of London, in relation to the preservation of its ancient rights and institutions, which it is the object of Mr. Hume’s bill to restore into full operation and efficiency.

The movement by the citizens of the important ward of Farringdon Without (comprising about one-fourth of the population of London) is a very interesting and useful one in precept and good example, the only tolerable kind of centralization in a free country. But before we refer to it, it will be convenient to cite a few historical facts in support of the declaration of rights contained in this bill. We are indebted to Mr. Toulmin Smith for an admirable statement of the law and constitutional history bearing on the question, in the pamphlet named in the title. The extensive research into the sources of our legal and historical learning, the critical acumen, earnest truth-seeking, and large views of political philosophy which he has displayed in his various works on the ignored principles of our constitution, are all employed in the assertion and proof of the legal rights of the citizens of London. The men of Farringdon are not only indebted to him for direction and counsel, and actual leadership in the constitutional course they have had the wisdom

to adopt on this occasion, but for this model bill, which would have done no discredit to the framers of the Petition of Right, albeit the great Coke was probably chief penman of that memorable document.

Mr. Toulmin Smith, in the course of his argument, establishes six points:—That,

1. The only constitutional test of citizenship (i.e., *co-extensive rights and obligations*) within the city of London, is a *bonâ fide* interest in the well-being of the city, following from occupancy therein.

2. The presumption of law is, and has always been, that all occupiers are Free Men, and, therefore, full citizens.

3. Even a proved serf-born, if he resided for a year and a day within any city, became, by the general law of England, thereby a Free Man; and therefore entitled to all the rights and privileges, and liable to all the obligations, of a *Free Man born*.

4. This noble privilege was always largely availed of within the city of London: hence there were always many *freed-men* among her free men and citizens.

5. Any exclusive class of 'freemen' within the city of London was unheard of till a comparatively late period; and the existence of such a class, as composing the corporation, is unrecognised by, and in direct violation of, every charter, record, and statute.

6. Wards and wardmotes are the constitutional and most effective mode of keeping the roll of citizens perfect, and of keeping the citizens themselves in continual active discharge of their rights and duties as free men.

The corporation of London, in common with the Commonwealth of England, has suffered from the want of knowledge—(we should be dubbed impertinent if we said ignorance) on the part of those 'popular authorities' from whom the commonality of readers seek constitutional enlightenment. The profound commentators and essayists who would have us believe that the English constitution came in with the Conqueror, have their counterparts in the learned civic historians, who date the origin of the corporation from the charters of that monarch. It would be as absurd to say, as some have said, and as thousands believe, that freedom was granted to his subjects by John, when he affixed his name to *Magna Charta*, as that his valorous predecessor gave corporate rights to London. Neither of these monarchs granted rights which they had legally the power to bestow. The so-called 'grants' were only confirmations, in the common form of such instruments, of pre-existing rights, which one monarch made through policy or the force of circumstances—the other through necessity and the superior strength of his

subjects. It is always an unpopular course to adduce remote history in support of modern policy, because few are prepared to enter into the argument. 'Omne ignotum pro mirifico' is only a Tory truth; scepticism is the rule on the other side. In referring to the times antecedent to the conquest of the English throne by William the Norman, neglected by all but a few patient antiquaries and truth-seekers, as the true period in which to seek the fundamental principles of our freedom, we have to meet, on the one hand, the conjoint oligarchism of the genuine old Tory, who admires antiquity for its *rust*, and of the Whig, whose first article of faith is, that liberty was born with Whiggery; on the other, the excessive haste of unsparing Radicalism, which ignores all that is ancient, good and bad together, asserts that the English constitution is a mere fiction, and that all attempts to prove its reality from our fundamental laws are sheer antiquarian pedantry, unworthy of attention in an age of 'enlightenment and progress.' We have dwelt on the importance of this period, because we believe that the institutions shaped by Alfred the Great, from the ruder elements of self-government, which had then endured for ages, are based on, and embody, the soundest principles of civil policy, which, if thoroughly comprehended and adapted to the more artificial wants of our times, would place rich and poor in more harmonious relation to each other, and by teaching all classes of men that human rights are only co-ordinate and co-existent with duties, evoke the better parts and sympathies of humanity. We speak not now of the direct antagonism of these institutions to that baneful policy of centralization under which mediæval liberty fell.

Our wise forefathers stoutly resisted the attempts of the civilians to supplant their cherished common law, and England has stood indebted to them for liberty preserved. Shall we, while long-slumbering nations have arisen to shake off the incubus of oppression, quietly submit to the centralizing encroachments which our rulers have made, and are yearly making with increased rapidity and extent, on our rights and privileges? There are two courses—either to carry out to the fullest extent our local institutions of self-government, and, by a re-arrangement, to render them consistent with fundamental principles, and to develop them to the requirements of the times, or tamely submit to the yoke of despotism, under the mockery of a parliament, which, without a scruple, hands over its delegated power to irresponsible Crown-appointed commissions. The time has now come when we must either make a bold stand, or succumb ignobly. It will be well for freemen, who would live free, to bear in mind, that, as in our language, so in our institutions, the sinews and strength were given by our Saxon forefathers.

attempting to admit a sheriff two years together; while in 1270 the citizens asserted and exercised their right to turn out any sheriff who misbehaved himself, and to choose another.

In the reign of Edward III. we have a striking proof of Mr. Toulmin Smith's third proposition. It is necessary to premise that, by a declaratory law of William I., it was expressly stated that, if 'serfs shall have remained without complaint for a year and a day in our cities, or in walled towns, or in our castles, let them be fulfilled as free (*liberi efficiantur*); and free from the yoke of their bondage let them be for ever.'* If the lord of a serf answered his serf in a court of law, it was reckoned, by 'that noble common law which always favours liberty,' as an admission of the freedom of the other party. In 1373 certain seigneurs and commons of the land petitioned Parliament, representing that, whereas many villains of the land go often to London, and there bring writs of debt and other contracts against their lords in the city of London, as being free, with evil intent, which city has no cognizance of villainage, they pray that villainage shall be tried in the shire where the villainage is alleged.† To which Parliament made this reply: 'For the divers perils and mischiefs which would happen in this case, the king and his seigneurs do not wish at this time to change the common law as used heretofore.'‡ The writer of the ancient record above cited, who seems to have been as exclusive in his feelings as any modern alderman conservative of abuses, speaks frequently in a querulous tone of the presence of men servile-born at the folk-mote—invaluable testimony, certainly, in favour of the liberality and enlightenment of our citizen forefathers.

One or two other illustrations of the democratic character of the corporation in ancient times. The statute 5 Edw. II. (1311) says, 'Anciently it was provided, for the profit of the city and realm, and to preserve the peace of the king, that every alderman should hold four principal wardmotes in the year, to which should come all those who resided in the ward, of the age of fifteen years and upwards, and there be put in frankpledge,' &c.; and two centuries and a half later we find, in the 1 and 2 Phil. and Mary, a provision of a like nature.

Only one passage has been adduced in favour of an exclusive freemanship. In a report by the Traders' Freedom Committee, presented to the Court of Common Council on the 4th of July, 1844, a passage is cited from the statute of Gavelet [10 Edw. II.], in which the words '*freemen* of the city of London' occur. Mr.

* Ancient Laws and Institutes, vol. i. p. 494.

† Rot. Par., 47 Edward III., No. 27.

Toulmin Smith, with his usual desire for truth, has gone to the original, and found a mistranslation. The word translated 'freemen' has an entirely different meaning and reference, pointing expressly and only to certain officers called 'soke-reeves,' who represented the interests of certain lords, and other owners of property within the city.

We take another leap of 128 years, from Philip and Mary to Charles II.; and in the famous, or infamous, proceedings of the *Quo Warranto* of 1682 we find proof equally valuable and conclusive. It was granted in the pleadings in that case, that the mayor, commonalty, and citizens—that is, the corporation—consisted of about 50,000 men; and the learned recorder, Sir George Treby, the mouthpiece of the corporation, declared that the 'least citizen has as much and as true an interest in the corporation of the city of London as the greatest.' When England happily freed herself from the tyranny and usurpations of the Stuarts, and when the 2 William and Mary, st. i. c. 8, was passed, to annul the illegal judgment on the *Quo Warranto*, the mayor, commonalty, and citizens, were expressly restored to their ancient rights and liberties.

The term 'freeman,' as an exclusive one, grew into use in reference to particular *trading* companies which existed within the city, but altogether independent, as companies, of the corporation, although all the members were, and are, as individuals, members of the body corporate.

In 1724, under the corrupt administration of George I., the most iniquitous inroad perhaps ever made on free institutions was perpetrated under the sanction of Parliament. The Act 11 George I. c. 18—a private act be it remembered—was obtained by force and fraud.

'Only thirty-five years (says Mr. Toulmin Smith) after the statute of William and Mary had so expressly re-affirmed the actual constitution of the corporation, a few aldermen, regardless alike of their oaths, their duty, and their fair fame, sought treacherously to betray the interests they were appointed to protect; and by means of a corrupt ministry in Parliament, and the cannon's mouth, and a strong military array at Guildhall, and by those means only, and in defiance of the common law of the land, and the law of Parliament itself, they succeeded. It is to be well noticed, however—what is, strangely enough, generally forgotten—that even this iniquitous act does not pretend to alter the constituent elements of the corporation. The corporation still consists, as ever, of the whole body of the citizens, without distinction, restriction, or exclusion. It was simply an arbitrary attempt to exclude a large part of the members of the corporation from the full share in its management, and so to make it the better means for selfish aggrandisement. And this is accomplished, as usual, in arbitrary and empirical

curious in illustration of civic progression, and we subject abstract:—

Abstract of Returns of the number of Householders, distinguishing Free and Non-Freemen, together with the numbers on the List of Voters under the Act 12 and 13 Victoria.

WARDS.	No. of Householders in 1844.	No. of Householders in 1849.	Freemen in 1844.	Freemen in 1849.	Non-Freemen in 1844.	Non-Freemen in 1849.
Aldersgate	740	706	258	284	483	422
Aldgate	678	750	302	250	376	500
Bassishaw	136	150	106	82	30	68
Billingsgate	245	267	199	214	46	53
Bishopsgate	1,297	1,300	654	518	643	782
Bread-street	355	383	200	174	155	205
Bridge	201	205	173	153	28	52
Broad-street	439	511	209	247	230	264
Candlewick	181	193	127	132	54	61
Castle-Baynard . . .	565	522	301	268	264	254
Cheap	354	289	161	166	193	123
Coleman-street . . .	520	500	292	284	223	296
Cordwainers	419	357	153	143	266	214
Cornhill	256	206	156	135	100	71
Cripplegate Within .	504	487	204	168	300	219
Cripplegate Without	719	963	392	380	324	583
Dowgate	197	174	128	126	69	48
Farringdon Within .	866	913	1,440	407	426	506
Farringdon Without	2,167	2,532	1,202	997	965	1,525
Langbourn	407	445	263	260	144	185
Lime-street	205	213	142	92	63	121
Portoken	1,177	1,235	379	367	798	868
Queenhithe	177	229	117	103	60	126
Tower	683	1,103	483	499	200	192
Vintry	246	198	138	114	108	84
Walbrook	227	218	145	119	82	99
	13,958	15,119	7,324	6,682	6,634	8,025

In Tower Ward 412 persons refused to say whether they were free or

The accuracy of the return has been challenged, and doubt on their own showing in the note relative to Tower Ward corporation officers seem to admit that they do not know are their freemen. One fact, however, has been deduced the return, that the 'enfranchising' act of last session deprived at least 1,168 'freemen householders' of their

franchise. Mr. Hume's bill proposes a simple and legitimate mode of ensuring accurate returns for the future, by requiring that the roll of citizens for each ward shall be adjusted at each quarterly wardmote.

We have left little space in which to speak of the origin and proceedings of the wardmotes in which this constitutional course of action was adopted; but a few words will suffice. It originated in a meeting held at Anderton's Hotel, on the 27th of November last, to consider what steps should be adopted to extend 'the municipal franchise to all parliamentary electors.' Under the judicious counsel of Mr. Toulmin Smith, who pointed out the frailty of the fabric on which they proposed to take their stand, it was wisely resolved to assert their rights as free men, not by invoking the aid of Hercules, but by at once themselves setting their shoulders to the wheel. At various regular wardmotes held in the succeeding month, Mr. Toulmin Smith, by a series of clear and convincing expositions of the constitutional law, and facts, called forth a free discussion of the question, and declaratory resolutions, on which the bill was subsequently founded, were unanimously passed. It was at the same time resolved, that in order to understand and effectually to discharge their duties as members of the corporation, the occupiers within the ward should meet in wardmote at least once in every month. This, however, has been defeated by Mr. Alderman Duke, who, though he made no objection at the time the resolution was passed, has, nevertheless, failed to carry it out by summoning wardmotes for the 10th day of each month; a course which we apprehend can neither be justified in law nor reason. The frequent and regular meetings of old were entirely and necessarily independent of any superior summoning authority; the alderman, or other superior officer, being simply and properly required to give notice of each regular meeting, in order that the time and duty of attendance should not be forgotten. It is, we presume, to prevent any Aldermanic display of irresponsible authority for the future, that a clause redeclaring the ancient custom of quarterly wardmotes has been inserted in the bill.

The proceedings of these wardmotes were in all other respects most gratifying. Men who had been taught to scorn all that belonged to antiquity, seemed surprised to find a liberalism almost beyond their desires in the old beaten path of the ignored constitution. Only two objections seemed to be raised to the course of self-dependence and self-exertion pointed out. One of them has just been indicated. It was objected that these appeals to antiquity were beautiful exceedingly, but they were laid in dark and barbarous times. We, therefore, who live in an age of en-

lightenment and progress, should trust to our own guidance follow our own path. But like the profound dialectics of Ma when he argued—

‘ Non amo te, Sabidi ; nec possum dicere quare,
Hoc tantum possum dicere : non amo te,’

the objections were confined to generalities, and practical silent dissent. A kind of dog in the manger objection was wisely raised. ‘ I paid £50 for my freedom,’ said a ponde Theban, the very oldest inhabitant of his precinct ; ‘ should you go scot free ?’ This kind of artillery, however, not very hurtful, except to the luckless gunner himself. laugh was clearly against him. From the movement we a the best results. It is well calculated to teach men their s duties as freemen—it will foster kindly habits by drawing from the cold selfishness of mere material being, into the s ways of public duty ; above all, it is of vital importance to right advance of all measures of progress and improvement showing the necessity of full and free discussion.

The introduction of the measure into the House of Com has been temporarily delayed, through some doubt whether bill comes within the class of a private or public measure. parliamentary authorities seem to incline to the former sup tion. On the other hand, Mr. Toulmin Smith has submitted array of precedents, supported by legal reasoning, which ap incontrovertible. But be the bill private or public, it has best wishes of success, not only for the well-being and doing of our fellow-citizens, whom we desire to see, rich poor, recognised as all law-worthy men of London ; but fo example and encouragement of all throughout the land, would be true men and free men.

Since these remarks were written, we observe that a so has been formed for maintaining and extending local self-gov ment in opposition to centralization. The society profess take its stand on our historical constitution, not on any r theories. It will be devoted to the exposition and mainten of our old and fundamental institutions, in contradistinction t stealthy legislation of individual speculations, and to that sw ing experimental legislation to which there is now so gr disposition. The means it proposes to employ are, first, furnishing a point of union for those against whose functio local self-government, or rights of private enterprise, any croachment shall be attempted ; and secondly, the taking a steps to make the unconstitutional character of any sp

measures known, and thus to hinder their passing ; and further, to make the general principles of English constitutional self-government well and widely understood through the press, as the most effective means of making their value and practical importance felt.

ART. II.—*Narrative of Scenes and Events in Italy, from 1847 to 1849, including the Siege of Venice.* By Lieutenant-General Pepe, Commander-in-Chief of the Army of Expedition of Naples, and of the Forces of the Venetian Republic. Translated from the unpublished Italian Manuscript. In Two Volumes. London: Colburn. 1850.

NOTHING in the history of the late struggles for liberty on the Continent has more deeply excited the sympathy of good and generous men throughout Europe, than the plunging back of Italy into servitude. One of the characters in an old play exclaims, 'Virtue is never wounded but I suffer;' and there is not a noble-minded man throughout Christendom who would not repeat the sentiment in the case of the Italian Peninsula. That early seat of Christianity and the arts must always be viewed with interest by all who desire the prosperity of the one or the other ; and at this moment we are more than ever called upon to commiserate its calamitous and degraded condition.

Our readers will remember that we have more than once gone over those considerations which should induce the civilized portion of the world to extend at least its moral support to Italy. The appearance of General Pepe's Narrative affords us an opportunity of making some few remarks on several points which we had not dwelt on before, and particularly on the prospects of Protestantism in that country.

We trust we shall not be accused of bigotry, when we state it to be our belief that unadulterated Romanism is not to be reconciled with political freedom. Such at least is the conviction of many Italian patriots, as well as of numbers of thinking men in France and England ; and during the existence of the Roman republic, many efforts based on this persuasion were made to naturalize the tenets of the Reformed Churches on the banks of the Tiber. Protestant Bibles were printed, and largely distributed among the people ; and it is now generally thought that, had the democratic form of civil polity been able to

maintain itself during any considerable length of time, the return of the Pope in his spiritual character would have been impossible. As it is, the axe has been laid to the root of the tree, which, at no distant day, will unquestionably fall, and cumber the Italian soil with its ruins.

Other views are now beginning to be opened up into the internal structure of Italian society: not so much, perhaps, by books, as by those casual revelations made by individuals who cannot, or dare not, write. Sufficient, however, is known to convince all impartial men that the despotism of the Austrians, the Pope, and the King of Naples, is borne with the utmost impatience from the Alps to the southern extremity of Sicily; and that one vast and tremendous rising, too simultaneous and enthusiastic to be suppressed by external interference, will soon take place, and deliver the mixed descendants of the Romans and the Goths from pontifical and imperial slavery.

At the same time we confess, not without pain, that the people even of this country have not taken an interest so deep as might have been expected in the troubled fortunes of Italy. We proceed thither, we gaze upon her as upon a syren, we confess ourselves to be smitten by her beauty, we revel in the softness and brightness of her skies, we feel all the witchery of her literature, we enter into the most friendly and familiar relations with her people, we are disgusted with the insolence of the rude barbarians who trample on her classic soil; and yet, when the critical moment arrives, when, by a single bold act, we might ensure her independence, we suffer ourselves to be cheated by the maxims of a false prudence, and stand tamely aloof, while a savage and inhuman enemy perpetrates the worst of crimes against her children. It is with extreme regret that we couple the French with the Austrians, while denouncing these excesses of barbarism; but we must be careful not to be betrayed by our zeal into the perpetration of injustice. The French people were certainly not accountable for the expedition against Rome, undertaken at the instigation of the priesthood, by their weak and profligate government. From one end of France to the other, every friend of liberty denounced the undertaking, which was as much aimed at the republic at home as at the kindred government of the Eternal City. For this reason we omit to dwell on the painful topic; though, as the dishonour belongs not to the nation, but to those few individuals who happened at the moment to possess the lead in public affairs, we should run no risk of wounding, by the severity of our observations, the susceptibilities of a brave and liberal people.

General Pepe, the author of the work before us, is one of those earnest and honest individuals who have been compelled,

by the tyranny of the Italian governments, to spend the greater part of their lives in exile. Without home, kindred, or friends, but such as they are able to make for themselves, by the exercise of agreeable manners or useful accomplishments, they have wandered over half Europe—inspiring everywhere a respect for the Italian character, and giving birth to warm wishes for the emancipation of their country. General Pepe has lived much in England, where he is greatly respected; but on the breaking out of the insurrection in Naples he happened to be in Paris, where he eagerly awaited a recall to his country. But Ferdinand is a man of strong hatred. Forced by the popular party to grant an amnesty to numbers of exiles, he still excepted General Pepe; and it was not until the democratic party obtained an overwhelming, though temporary, influence, that he consented to include his name in the list of those who were to be permitted to revisit their homes.

The policy of this cruel and vindictive despot has been seldom tempered by a single touch of humanity. For upwards of fifteen years, more than four thousand men, members of the secret society of Carbonari, languished in dungeons, dispersed over the kingdom of the Two Sicilies. As far as regarded all intercourse with the external world, they were already dead. Never permitted to see their wives or children, or parents or friends, or even to communicate with them by letter, they were really blotted out from the map of active existences; and would probably have been extinguished in prison, but that they would then have escaped from the power of their tormentors. An English gentleman, sailing through the Lipari Islands, felt himself oppressed by melancholy, as he moored his skiff under the castle of the little capital, where, as he was informed, a number of these unfortunates wasted away their lives in hopeless captivity. Their dungeons were below the level of the sea; and the sound of those waves, which appeared so cheerful and inspiring to him, tolled in their ears like the perpetual knell of death.

The author of these volumes does not spare the King of Naples, though he is far from doing justice to the atrocity of his character. He proves, however, beyond dispute, what was all along suspected throughout Europe, that while he ostensibly sent an army to co-operate with the forces on the Po for the liberation of Italy, he issued secret orders in contradiction of those he had given in public. Thus keeping the word of promise to the ear, but breaking it to the hope. As this is, perhaps, the most curious passage in the work, we will lay it before our readers, merely premising that the chain of circumstances, of which it forms a part, must be supposed to be known to him.

General Pepe, at the head of a powerful body of troops, was on his march to join Durando beyond the Po. Full of hope that, after his twenty-seven years of exile, he should be able at length to perform important services for Italy, he pushed vigorously forward, and had already arrived at Bologna, when he was unexpectedly arrested on his march in the following manner :—

‘ While I was dying,’ he says, ‘ with impatience to cross the Po, and fancied that I held the liberty of the Peninsula in my hand, an incident as unexpected as it was fatal took place.

‘ When I awoke, on the morning of the 22nd May, Lieutenant-General Statella and Brigadier Scala were introduced, the latter arriving from Naples, with a letter and information of great importance. A copy of this letter, which announced the new and terrible misfortunes of all Italy, here follows :—

‘ “ Excellency,

“ Naples, May 18th.

‘ “ The serious disturbances which took place in the capital on the 15th instant, as well as in some of the provinces, and which are threatened in others, impose on the government the duty of recalling, as soon as possible, the troops which are on their march for Upper Italy.

‘ “ In consequence of this, your Excellency will make arrangements, that part of the infantry may embark at Rimini, to be disembarked at Manfredonia, while the remaining divisions, including the cavalry, artillery, and ambulance, shall fall back on Ancona, from whence the artillery and cavalry shall, in the first place, be ordered to proceed, and when they are nearly arrived in the kingdom, the remaining divisions of infantry shall be embarked and landed at Pescara. This being executed, the squadron shall proceed to Naples.

‘ “ These movements must be varied and combined according to circumstances and the position of the troops and the country.

‘ “ For the 10th of the line, which is now at Gorto, near Casalmaggiore, your Excellency will direct that it may, by the Modena road, join on to the troops in the Bolognese territory, and follow the same movement.

‘ “ The Neapolitan volunteers may, if they desire it, continue their march, and join Durando's troops.

‘ “ Your Excellency will be pleased, without retarding the movement of the troops, to communicate the present orders at the head quarters of H. M. C. Charles Albert.

‘ “ In fine, I am to add, in the name of the royal Government, that if your Excellency does not think proper to take the command of the troops in their retreat, it should be assumed by Lieutenant-General Statella.

‘ “ The Minister-Secretary of State for War and Marine,

“ Prince of Ischietta.”’

-- Vol. i. p. 167.

The state of mind produced in the general by this order, it

would be difficult to conceive. His first and most natural resolution was to disobey the king's orders:—

‘The two generals,’ he says, ‘could not conceal their joy on the receipt of this letter. I told them to return to me at mid-day. I sent to beg Count Pepole to come to me quickly; he is a Bolognese, but had been absent from that city sixteen years; I told him that I commanded troops, who, in consequence of my seven years of exile, now saw me for the first time; and that the soldiers, superior officers, generals, all were devoted to the king—that notwithstanding I should have attempted to oppose the royal orders if the population of Bologna had supported me in arms—and, above all, the National Guard. Pepole, and other Liberals, told me not to count entirely on the population against regular troops, who might arrest and conduct me out of the town. Rather than expose, not only myself, but the Bolognese, to a fratricidal war, and to a political scandal, which would have rejoiced the Austrians beyond measure, I decided on offering myself to Charles Albert as a simple volunteer on his staff, and, with a heart oppressed with anguish, with sufferings more acute than if my last moment of life had arrived, I gave Lieutenant-General Statella orders to take the command of the brigade, and follow the directions of the Government. Without losing a moment, Statella expedited couriers in every direction to the chiefs of the different corps, to commence the retrograde march; and, thinking to be agreeable to me, they said, that as I proposed to go on, they offered to give orders to the paymaster to give me whatever sum I might require. I smiled at such an offer, and thanked them.

In the mean time, the news of the orders from Naples spread along the Italian shore, and it was said that my life was in great peril. When a multitude of officers came running to defend me, I asked them if they would also have assisted me in preventing the troops from returning, which not only diminished the numbers of the defenders of Italy, but sent fresh aid to despotism in Naples against the Liberals, who had risen in favour of Neapolitan liberty.

The brave among the National Guards put their hands on their swords, saying, “This is for you, Italian General!” And I, grasping my own sword, added, “This is for Italy as long as I live.”—*Ib.* p. 171.

Into the events which followed it is unnecessary to enter; but if the reader desire to understand the chain of circumstances which brought about the second prostration of Italy, he should go carefully through General Pepe's two volumes. They are full of instruction, and written in a spirited manner, which keeps awake the reader's curiosity. The time, we suppose, however, is not yet come for entering into full details respecting the movements which preceded the open outbreak in Lombardy. Neither can it be said that the seal of historic truth has yet been put upon all the details of Austrian cruelty and oppression.

We are fully convinced of the justness and necessity of Italian independence, and entertain no doubt in our own minds that the

rule of Austria beyond the Alps has been stained with infamy and blood. But even the enormities of despotism may be exaggerated, and, therefore, we experience some reluctance to accept, literally, all the particulars related by General Pepe, or those who have aided him in compiling the present volumes, especially as they do not, in such cases, speak on their personal knowledge, but depend upon the reports supplied them by others. Still, very much of what seems at first incredible, might probably be substantiated by good evidence. We have heard stories related by two ladies who happened to be in Milan on the return of the Austrian army, which certainly would do no discredit to a horde of cannibals. What is said to have happened at Brescia is exactly in keeping with these details, and supposing they should be overdrawn, enough will still remain to prompt the people of Italy, when the day of retribution arrives, to inflict signal vengeance on their oppressors.

It is very far from our wish to apologize for any excesses into which the Italians may themselves have fallen. In most popular outbreaks, the masses are intoxicated with passion before they take up arms. Nothing short of temporary madness could ever induce a populace undisciplined and imperfectly armed, to hazard a protracted and sanguinary conflict with regular troops. Yet, in most parts of Europe, the humbler classes, trusting entirely to their enthusiasm, and unconquerable consciousness of right, boldly opposed the finest troops in the world, and in many cases overcame them. Indeed, when a people is resolved to recover its liberty, it is impossible by any exertion of material force to keep it in subjection.

We would illustrate this position by referring to what took place at Brescia, the details of which are with tolerable completeness given in the volumes of General Pepe. Our limits will not permit us to go at length into the subject, but we shall extract a few passages, which, while they show by what spirit the Italians were in this case animated, will likewise afford some idea of the fearful obstacles and difficulties with which they had to contend.

After the treachery of Carlo Alberto, of which General Pepe offers an explanation, the Brescians were far from abandoning all hope in the fortune of Italy. They determined to make one last effort to resist the power of Austria, and though the fortress of their city was in the hands of the enemy, and a formidable army approaching from without, erected the standard of revolt.

‘ On the 14th of March, the news reached Brescia that the amnestie between Austria and Piedmont was broken. On the 20th, that hostilities were commenced, and 100,000 Italian soldiers ready to take the field. On the 19th the struggle had already begun. Mountain bands, guided by the valiant Carlo di Serle, came and stationed themselves

on the suburban hills, and from thence attacked the trains and defences of the Austrian army. On the 20th, the people assembled in crowds, demanding that the advocate Saleri, an excellent citizen, should be proclaimed (as he afterwards was) chief of the municipality, instead of Zambelle, who was leagued with the Austrians. On the same day, a quantity of flour was sent into the city by the insurrectionary committee, with instructions from General Chernowski, with a plan of the Lombard insurrection, and with directions to commence the movement on the 21st of March. The city of Brescia was the most suitable centre for the Lombard insurrection, and the inhabitants held themselves prepared.—Vol. ii. p. 70.

One of those examples of insolent oppression, by which the Austrian rule in Italy has been rendered infamous, now inflamed the minds of the Brescians, and urged them into insurrection. Among the Germans, there is no passion so strong as the love of money, to obtain which they will hazard their political supremacy, or submit to any form of despotism. They now demanded from the citizens of this unhappy city the sum of 130,000 lire, which was to be regarded not so much in the light of a war contribution, as of a premeditated insult.

The populace assembled on the Piazza, and hearing of this demand, began to exclaim, that lead, and not gold, should be sent to their oppressors. This commenced the popular movement. Several cart loads of provisions and wood, which were stationed at the castle, were seized; the soldiers and gendarmes were put to flight: every Austrian ensign was torn down, and cries of "Viva l'Italia!" "Death to the barbarians!" were alone heard. While this first movement was in progress, the commandant of the Piazza, and the chief of the commissariat reached the municipality, to take the sum demanded; but the people arrived, and invading the municipal saloon, made them both prisoners. They were with difficulty saved from the popular fury.

The commandant of the Piazza, now in the hands of the people, was compelled to give his soldiers orders to surrender their guns to the National Guard. Some only obeyed; but at this moment advice arrived that a large supply of ammunition and arms was on the road from Isco, and that the column of emigrants was moving towards Bergamo; in fine, it was said that the war was begun, and that the Piedmontese divisions had entered Lombardy *via* Alagenta. Inflamed by these hopes, the people unanimously cried "To arms."

The castle of Brescia, recently restored, and put in a state of defence by Radetzki, was armed with fourteen large guns, and contained about nine hundred men, under the command of Captain Leshka. The Germans required prompt submission; but the people were not subdued. In the middle of the night, Leshke began to bombard the city. In the midst of this fiery tempest, the people ran boldly to arms: some extinguished the fires, some cleared the streets. The women and children repaired to the belfries and rang a peal. Already bands of deserters came down to clear the streets and erect barricades.

' This nocturnal battle was almost like a festival long desired and promised ; so great was the popular fury, and faith in their country's deliverance. On the following day, the 24th, Leshka found means to send some gendarmes out of the castle, two of whom went to Mantua to demand succour. In the meantime, the Brescians, wishing to increase and fortify the insurrection, chose for their chiefs the citizens Contratto and Cassola, men of rare devotion to the Italian cause. These made the best possible arrangements both for the defence and the attack. The 150,000 lire, which the city had collected to satisfy Haynau's extortion, were devoted to sustain the contest.

' This day was passed between fear and hope, in anxious expectation of the succours from Ticino. The Imperialists were also impatiently waiting for news from the camp ; and on that day intelligence of the events of Mantua and of the first flight of the Piedmontese reached the city.'—*Ib.* p. 73.

Though it thus appeared that Fortune was once more turning her back upon Italy, the people of Brescia determined, let what would happen, to show their countrymen what a small but resolute band of Italians could perform and endure. They were not ignorant of the force or disposition of Austria, and foresaw distinctly to what a state of misery and humiliation they would be reduced by defeat. But their blood was up, and with a simplicity of courage, which reminds us of the early days of the Roman republic, they seemed to covet death in the cause of their country.

' A little before mid-day the Austrians opened their fire. They were most numerous on the left of the Brescians, whose courage in this first encounter was almost miraculous. Their numbers were few, and they were unused to arms ; but they repulsed the Croats, and would have pursued them with the bayonet, if Speri, a brave and intelligent youth, who commanded this handful of heroes, had not stopped them. The Italians both fight and die gaily. An Austrian falls first, striking a man named Ribaldo on the breast. He expired, exclaiming, " Happy that I am ! I have the honour of dying first on the field of battle !" and he recommended the captain not to forget to enter his name first. " And mine second," said another, struck by a ball in the stomach. The third refused the assistance of his comrades, saying, " My loss is enough, without making a fourth leave his post !" The Brescian Rifles disdained to fight from behind trees or hedges, saying, that this was not the Brescian mode of combat. The bravery of these men, scarcely more than a hundred in number, was prodigious. They stood firm for three hours against Nugent's battalions. The committee of defence ordered them to retire in good order, still keeping the enemy in check.'—*Ib.* p. 74.

When the city fell ultimately into the hands of the enemy, cruelties the most revolting are said to have been perpetrated. Many of the revelations made by history inspire us with shame

and humiliation for the barbarism and brutality of our species. The imagination can scarcely conceive anything more demoniacal than the atrocities commonly committed on the sacking of a city. The reader afterwards in cold blood takes shelter in his own incredulity, and refuses to put faith in the narratives laid before him. It would be a relief to suppose many of them false. But testimonies which we cannot deny to be authentic, compel us, whether willingly or unwillingly, to admit that men in certain states of excitement are capable of any wickedness conceivable by the mind. Nothing can be more hideous than the excesses committed by governments in the suppression of popular tumults, or in the punishment of what is called treason. The inventions of Dante's 'Hell' are often outdone by what takes place on earth; and if reliance can be placed in the following paragraph, which General Pepe believes to be strictly true, it must, we think, be admitted that some of the most frightful pictures in the 'Inferno' are tame in comparison:—

'The sight of the horrible deeds committed by the Imperialists, whether in drunkenness or by command, or in consequence of their stupidly ferocious natures, was such as to overwhelm the mind and freeze the blood in men's veins—they were beyond the limits of imagination or belief. Not only were they ferocious towards women, children, and the sick, but the tortures they inflicted were refined in such a manner as to show how much the cruelty of man exceeds that of the most ferocious animals. Limbs torn from their victims were flung from the windows and the barricades as food for the dogs. The heads of young children, cut from their bodies, women's arms, and fragments of human flesh, were thrown into the midst of the Brescian troops, to whom bombs then seemed merciful. Above all, the Imperial cannibals delighted in the horrible convulsions of those whom they burnt to death. Therefore they covered the prisoners with pitch, then set them on fire, and often compelled the women to assist at their husband's martyrdom. Sometimes, to make game of the noble blood of the Brescians, which boiled with magnanimous wrath, they tightly bound the men, and then, before their eyes, they dishonoured and cut the throats of their wives and children; and sometimes (God forgive us if we remember such a horrid fact) they forced them to swallow the mangled entrails of their nearest friends. Many died of anguish, and many fell fainting with horror.'—*Ib.* p. 90.

We next turn to Venice, the part played by which in the late revolt was, perhaps, the most remarkable in the whole tragedy. In Brescia, the horrors and the bloodshed were more concentrated, and the crimes more terrific. But Venice, from its position more perhaps than from any other cause, held out longer against the common enemy, and excited a more extraordinary series of fears and hopes; her flag promising one day to be triumphant, while in the next, perhaps, it flapped and flut-

tered in the dust. General Pepe had entered and obtained employment in this capital of the Lagoons ; but whether the fault rested with himself, or was common to him with the leaders of the government, we discover with pain that there existed considerable dissatisfaction among them. Pepe had his old, and, perhaps, obsolete notions of strategy and tactics, and the Venetian leaders, who, with less of military skill, possessed a larger share of the revolutionary impetuosity, were swayed by the convictions of the new school, which lays more stress on enthusiasm than on discipline.

From the beginning, however, it was evident to all Europe, that Venice, unless it received assistance from without, or was favoured by the bursting forth of insurrections in the empire, which would compel Austria to recall her armies, must inevitably fall at last. Excepting position, she possessed none of the qualifications for a long struggle ; her population was unused to arms, and wanted all experience in revolutions. Even political instruction was possessed by few ; and fewer still had that knowledge which enables men of rare genius to diffuse their hopes and audacity among thousands. But looking rather to the future than to the present, we must regard it as an advantage, that Venice withstood the attacks of Austria so long as it did, because, when Italy comes hereafter to make her final struggle for liberty, the proper system of operations may be suggested by the policy of the Venetians. In the tactics of insurrection, it ought to be a rule, especially in Italy, to kindle as many fires as possible at once, that the enemy may be distracted, and divide its forces, and find it impracticable to bring large bodies to bear at once upon any particular point.

The Venetian provisional government, deceived, perhaps, by the expression of popular feeling and sympathy in the press, looked for aid from Great Britain and France, which, by the old traditional policy of Europe, were prevented from affording it. When nations rise for their independence, they must never lose sight of this sacred maxim :—

‘ In native swords and native ranks,
The only hope of freedom dwells.’

It is a foolish belief that the Italians are incapable of fighting ; what they want is not the instinct of pugnacity, but that courage which is based on knowledge and discipline, and the habit of victory. It requires some time to convince them that, hand to hand, they are able to beat the Germans in the field, a discovery which the brave people of Brescia would seem to have made with incredulous rapture. The popular opinion, that the flames of Southern nations melt away like snow before the fiery valour of

the North, requires to be extirpated from the Italian mind ere the Peninsula can be emancipated.

It would greatly facilitate the process to remember, that in all her late struggles, Austria has depended not on the native swords of Germany, but on barbarians from the frontier provinces, Croats or Slavonians, or on the eleemosynary aid of Russia. Against Venice, she put in practice the base or ridiculous tactics of Metternich—moral corruption and balloons, which are thus described by General Pepe :—

‘They sent a lady belonging to a noble family of Lombardy to Venice, with the ostensible charge of persuading the members of the government, that the impossibility in which they were placed, of continuing a long resistance, was such, that a speedy surrender would be most advisable. But the lady had also a secret commission, which was to corrupt as many of the officers as possible, and to bring them over to favour the Austrians. The committee of public safety did not lose sight of this lady, so that she was unable to communicate with any one. They took from her a letter of recommendation she had received for a young man in Venice, to whom she was not known, and presented her to another, chosen by the committee itself, making her believe that he was the person to whom the letter was directed. This young man played his part so well, that he removed all suspicion from the lady’s mind. She ended by being really enamoured. All her secrets were told and reported to the commission; the lady was sent to prison, and, I believe, she remained there till the enemy entered Venice. To this the Austrians added another attempt, no less silly, which diverted the Venetians and all Italy—I allude to their balloons, and other acrostatic devices. After talking of these for two or three months, and after numerous experiments made in the Austrian camp, near the Adriatic, and in that of Isonzo, they at last carried them into execution. They sent up some fire-balloons from their war-vessels, stationed in the Adriatic, and opposite the island of Lido. These went high enough to pass over that island, and the enemy flattered themselves that they would arrive and burst in the city of Venice, but not one ever reached so far. Under these balloons was a large grenade full of combustible matter, and fastened by a sort of cord, also filled with composition, which, after a certain given time, was to consume itself. As soon as this happened, the grenade fell, and in its fall, burst against the first obstacle which it struck. Of all these balloons that were sent up, one only left its grenade in the fort of St. Andrea del Lido. The others were all extinguished in the waters of the Lagoon, and sometimes sufficiently near the capital to amuse the population more than any other spectacle.’—*Ib.* p. 115.

From these extracts it will be seen that the narrative of General Pepe is full of interest, and that it abounds with details absolutely necessary for comprehending the late movements in Italy. The author’s sentiments are manly and noble through-

out; he has all a patriot's desires for the liberation of his country, and would, no doubt, willingly sacrifice what remains to him of life to ensure its liberty. Such works cannot fail to do good, as they tend, at the same time, to nourish generous feelings, and to diffuse the knowledge of what gallant things the people of Italy have performed in the attempt to shake off the yoke of the barbarians. That their beautiful country should still remain subject, in a great measure, to Austria, is a reproach to all Christendom. But she has no longer anything to expect from without. Her liberation must be her own work, and we trust that even now the sword is sharpening which is to accomplish her deliverance.

ART. III.—1. *On the Religious Ideas.* By W. J. Fox, M. P. 8vo. London: Fox.

2. *The Westminster and Foreign Review*, April 1850, Art. IX. *The Church of England.*

WE have placed together the titles of Mr. Fox's volume, and of an article in the 'Westminster,' as presenting similar views, in some respects, of Christianity, as taught, not by the Church of England only, but by the numerous bodies in this country that abide by the ancient Catholic faith of Christendom. Both in the lectures of Mr. Fox, and in the brilliant paper of the 'Westminster,' that faith appears to us to be misrepresented and repudiated; and we should ill discharge our duty to our own convictions, and to the great principles which we hold to be of paramount *evidence*, as well as authority and moment, if we did not avail ourselves of the appearance of these publications to record our judgment of their contents, of their tendency, and of the treatment which they deserve at our hands.

The lectures of Mr. Fox are fifteen in number:—I. The Religious Ideas—their Universality; II. Their Objective Reality; III. Revelation; IV. God; V. Divine Attributes; VI. Creation and Providence; VII. Redemption; VIII. Human Immortality; IX. The Moral Sense; X. Heaven; XI. The Religion of Humanity; XII. Christianity; XIII. Political Establishment; XIV. Education; XV. Practical Influences.

In the *first* lecture, Mr. Fox represents a few simple *ideas*—such as revelation, God, providence, the sense of right and wrong, duty, redemption, heaven—as the primeval elements of religion; and these *ideas* he treats as common to Judaism, Christianity, the

mythologies of the Goths and of the Greeks, the multitudinous idolatry of the Hindoo, the stern monotheism of the Moham-medan, and the gigantic superstitions of ancient Egypt. These *ideas* he regards, not as strictly innate, but as tendencies to modes of thought which are universal, and which have been modified in a thousand different ways by priests, kings, prophets, or reformers, in all ages; while these modifications have been further influenced by differences of race, government, climate, literature, and discoveries in science. With this comprehensive view of 'the *religious ideas*' the lecturer speaks with equal approbation of the Veds of India, the Prayer of Epictetus, the Dialogues of Plato, and Pope's 'Universal Prayer.' He calls these *ideas*—

'The religion of humanity, more ancient than the oldest superstitions, *more divine than the best attested oracles*, more enduring than the faith which seems to be the most firmly established in the world;—a religion of humanity, which goes deeper than all, because it belongs to the essentials of our moral and intellectual constitution, and not to mere external accidents, the proof of which is *not* in historical argument, or metaphysical deduction, but in our own conscience and consciousness;—a religion of humanity, which unites and blends all other religions, and makes one the men whose hearts are sincere, and whose characters are true, and good, and harmonious, whatever may be the deductions of their minds, or their external profession;—a religion of humanity, which cannot perish in the overthrow of altars or the fall of temples, which survives them all, and which, were every defined form of religion obliterated from the face of the world, would re-create religion, as the spring re-creates the fruits and flowers of the soil, bidding it bloom again in beauty, bear again its rich fruits of utility, and fashion for itself such forms and modes of expression as may best agree with the progressive condition of mankind.'—Pp. 12, 13.

Amid the changes which have lately been rife in the world, the lecturer sees no safety but in holding fast by the great and enduring principles of our moral being.

In the *second* lecture, all religions are traced to the same materials, and are represented as containing the proofs that *religion itself* is not a form, a dream, a fraud, a chance, or a superstition,—but a *reality*. The historical forms which religion has assumed are treated as very unimportant to its essence. It is here, 'by the ordination of that omnipotent nature, from which all result.' As all our faculties are objective, so both human nature and religion are correlates, belonging to the same system of causation. The ideas of God, and of a future state, and the dictates of the moral sense, are regarded as *more powerful than the Bible or miracles*, because of their affinity with human nature and with human knowledge.

The *third* lecture disposes of the question of Revelation, by comparing the claims of different religions to this kind of authority. Every claim is acknowledged as, in some degree, founded in truth. The Koran of Mohammed, we are told, 'much more distinctly claims to be, in its entirety, a revelation, than the Bible.' The craving for revelation shows that nature is stimulating art to a constantly ascending scale of wants and gratifications. The forms which religion has assumed are all arraigned, as having failed to satisfy the great want of humanity :—

'No religion has so appealed in its entirety to the common human heart, as to become the religion of human nature; and yet they have all had ample time for doing so, had it been in them. As to Christians, they have taken of late rather to split than to multiply; to divide rather than to extend. They cannot convert one another, and hence there is little chance of them converting the Hindoos or other heathen.'—P. 40.

As revelation of the great ideas of religion is not found, according to Mr. Fox, in the Holy Scriptures, he finds it everywhere else—wherever moral or spiritual truth is, without any preternatural agency, just as the theory of the universe arose in the mind of Newton, or as the principle of political economy to which Bentham devoted his life, arose in the mind of Priestley. What we call logic in the West is, in the East, ascribed to the 'great source of thought;' and as religions have generally originated in the East, they bear the Oriental character. Each particular religion adds to the original *ideas* something which is impossible, or improbable; and one religion borrows from another. All exclusive claims, those of Christianity, for example, are denounced as arrogant and presumptuous. The true miracle is—Nature. The source of thought and truth is—*within*.

The *fourth* lecture, on God, proceeds on the principle that there are few, if any, atheists. A revelation implies a revealer. The impulse of Gibbon, to write his history, was a sort of occurrence which, told in Oriental phraseology, would be 'the word of the Lord came to such a one, and said, Go thou, and do this great work.' Thus, the relation in which man perceives himself to be to some unseen power, suggests a revealer. By a similar process, the various emotions of the mind are related to the same invisible power. This relation is recognised in Fetichism, Polytheism, and Monotheism. The mental process of abstraction and identification is the source of all revelations. Moses, as a wise man, dealing with a horde of savages, appealed to their traditional knowledge of the God of their fathers; and, adapting his instructions to their history, spoke of that God, first as a Deliverer, and then as a Legislator. Then Miracle

gave place to Law. After this, their military experience led them to speak of God as 'the Lord of hosts,'—'a sort of Mars or Odin, the leader of armies, the God of battles, and the giver of victories.' In later times, of enforced submission, the thought of mercy came, and God was addressed as a Father. In our own times, this thought is impeded by creeds and conventional theories; but the tendency of our day is towards the recognition of universal humanity, and of 'an essence, a spirit, a soul of the universe, incorporate with all, and in all: 'we believe in God.'

The *fifth* lecture is a condemnation of the Christian conception of the Divine attributes, as the conception of a barbarous age, artificially preserved by national formularies, but inconsistent with a state of society in which the free scope of the moral sense is allowed. Whatever we can conceive of perfection in our best moments, is the true standard of the Divine perfections. It includes majesty—holiness—power—plurality, these are found in all religions: the Egyptian priests, with the ark of Osiris—Moses, with his rod—Babylon, with its high tower—Persia, with its sun-worship—the Druid, with his mystic circles—the Greek, with his lovely forms—the Catholic, with his cathedrals and processions—and the Protestant, with his sterner simplicity—all—

'are doing their work, in varied ways, very imperfectly, very erroneously often, as needs must be with the imperfection of their nature; but they are doing their work, the work of humanity, the work of divinity. They are endeavouring to unfold, according to their means, their native conceptions of the religious ideas; they are labouring for that. And let us not look on as uninterested spectators; but let us look on with hope, let us look on with help according to our ability—that we too may have our share in the grand result, our portion in the blessed heritage of eternal truth and happiness.'—Pp. 90, 91.

The *sixth* lecture, on Creation and Providence, treats the Christian mode of viewing these subjects as fraught with the absurdity of ignorant ages—substituting poetry for science, creation for the development of law, God for nature, and the interventions of Jehovah for the 'one pervading life, soul, spirit, and tendency'—'the great development towards which all things tend, of the infinite in the finite, of God in humanity and nature.' True piety is 'a harmony with the spirit and life of things.'

The *seventh* lecture, on Redemption, treats of the sacrifices which abounded in the ancient world, and the historical and mythological Redeemers of antiquity, as embodying the principle of redemption by endurance, by devotion, and by the moral influence which attends upon self-sacrifice. This principle is opposed to the manufactured doctrine 'to be found in the

speculations and theories of the epistles of the New Testament writers; and it is declared to be embodied in the history of Jesus. The 'natural doctrine of redemption by sacrifice'—illustrated by the examples of Cato, Kosciusko, Clarkson, and Howard—is said to fill the minds of the good, 'as the Spirit of God possesses every atom of universal being:—'

'Thus the Redeemer has glory in the redemption for which he sinks every other thought; in his life we trace a pure emanation of Divinity, and we feel that death *restores* or raises him to a more perfect identification with that Divinity.'—P. 124.

The *eighth* lecture, on Human Immortality, draws from every philosophic theory of human nature the acknowledgment of a peculiarity, and a superiority, in the human constitution; and deduces from that nature the conclusion of its immortality. Even admitting exceptional cases of ignorant or isolated human beings, the lecturer contends, from the whole analogy of natural history, that there is no presumption against the future life of man. He regards the *idea* of the life to come as being pre-eminently religious; and, through all the conceptions of the nature of that life to come, which have been framed by poets, philosophers, or barbarians—'the shadows of earth cast upon the clouds'—he sees the proof that man is intent upon a future state of existence. The grounds upon which this faith has rested are not in the arguments, but in the natural tendencies of the believers.

'There,' he says, 'let it stand, bound within the covers of no sacred book—independent of tradition and legend—not resting upon the questionable testimony of historical evidence—unlinked from any association with preternatural wonders—needing the confirmation of no Church or priesthood—neither affirming nor denying any divine mission—but resting and remaining, like the enduring pyramids, or, rather, like some mountain heaved up by Nature herself, to tower aloft and hold communion with the skies, those skies which are a type of Divinity. "Love to God and love to man" was the summary of the stone-tables of natural and Christian duty. There is a summary of the religion of Nature inscribed on the fleshly tables of the heart, and that summary is, "The perfection of Divinity—the immortality of humanity."—'Pp. 139, 140.

In the *ninth* lecture, which is on the Moral Sense, the utilitarian theory of virtue is abandoned for the general sense of right and wrong which pervades human nature, and in which 'God speaks by the feelings of his rational creatures.' This sense may have been distorted by superstition, and 'Churchism' has 'made sad havoc with it.' Still, the source from which these perversions flowed was pure: and beneath whatever may seem

deformed or offensive, 'is blossoming that flower of truth and loveliness which is native to the human heart—which renews its being, maintains its beauty, and ever sheds abroad its blessed influences.'

HEAVEN, in the *tenth* lecture, is a brief term for man's *religious idea* of the Chief Good—purity, blessedness, communion with God—variously represented according to men's modes of thought, or habits of life. Of that heaven, it is maintained, that none have 'given us more authentic information than that which we derive from the human mind and heart.' The discoveries made to the world by Jesus and his apostles are treated as mere fictions, revealing nothing but imaginations, contradicted by advancing science. The assumption of particular knowledge of futurity has been 'as the golden sceptre and the thunderbolt in the hands of the priesthood.' These powers have a foundation in truth. The aspirations of the intellect, the affections, the imagination, betray the universal conviction of mankind—that the Chief Good is to be realized hereafter; and millions have clung to this conviction, as their 'homely delight and strength,' in temptation and in death.

The religion of humanity is the theme of the *eleventh* lecture—perhaps the most important in the series, as a general view of the whole system. This religion is described, with much eloquence, as the constitution of human nature—the *origin and test of moral truth*. The truths developed in this constitution are *the only truths worthy to be called revelations*. They are free from the uncertainty, the ambiguity, the obscurity, ascribed to 'a book in a dead language.' This religion, we are assured, is in all peculiar systems of religion, and is their soul; in idolatries, in Judaism, in Christianity. In all these peculiar religions there are unjust assumptions, corruptions, and mistakes; Christianity, especially, has been deprived of some of its doctrines by geology, and of others by astronomy; but the religion of humanity, being natural, is progressive with the advancement of the species in knowledge and in virtue.

The *twelfth* lecture is designed to show that Christianity is *not* the one true religion—that it is the religion of a minority; competing with religions more ancient, boasting miracles more wonderful and more numerous, and exhibiting the self-same morality and piety. Hence the alleged failure of the Christian missions, in contrast with the spread of our arts. The Christian religion is the religion of the superior races of mankind; and it has been constantly undergoing changes and modifications. Simple at first, and isolated, it was gradually organized; then adorned with pomp and external power; then united in the Pope; more freedom was introduced by Luther; while, within the last three

centuries, one tenet after another has been abandoned by increasing knowledge. With all these changes, the universal and enduring exist more truthfully and efficiently in Christianity than in any other of the specific forms of religion—in its devotions—in its grand theology—in the morality of Christ—in its moral pictures—in its maxims and precepts—and, above all, in the character of the Son of God. The *records* of Christianity, however, are charged with discrepancies, contradictory statements, legends, myths; and the miracles, we are told, must yield to the criticism which discriminates the accidental and the temporary adjuncts from the permanent and enduring principles, disregarding, comparatively, that which *marks out precisely* the *nature of heaven*, and the conditions of salvation, and clinging to that which appeals only to reason, love, and hope.

In the *thirteenth* lecture, the author argues against the political establishment of religion. As religion belongs to the same principles of human nature which prompt men to form communities—as it is self-renewing, the only political mode of promoting religion is to let it alone, and to promote the development of human nature. As establishments necessarily uphold some specific forms of religion, they hinder and oppress inward religion, invade the rights of man, foster persecution, casuistry, dread of knowledge, and they have all failed as to their professed aim. National expressions of religion need not be discouraged; but they should vary according to the forms in which any number of persons in the same nation may agree. Freedom is numbered among the religious ideas, though it is not confined to them.

The *fourteenth* lecture, on Education, embodies the author's notions on one of the most exciting practical questions of the day. Those notions can scarcely be appreciated, if viewed apart from the principles asserted in the previous lectures. Education is defined to be—'the voluntary action of mind upon mind, for the purpose of *influencing* the formation of character.' Many other influences, beyond our control—society, literature, passing events, the tendencies of our constitution—ever at work, 'these in God, or God in these, constitute the power by which character is made.' Education is spoken of as 'a religious work,' not in the common acceptation, but according to the interpretation of religion given in this volume—the development of the religion of humanity. What others call secular, Mr. Fox calls religious; and this, he maintains, the State may promote—not by direct teaching, but by facilitating, enforcing, securing it, for all its subjects—by scattering the means of education over the country, stimulating local efforts, making the richer and more favoured localities help the poorer and more ignorant, checking the sectarian zeal of Churches and priesthods, and taking care that

teachers shall be well qualified, invested with dignity in the eyes of society, and supplied with opportunities and advantages for the accomplishment of their purpose. This work is to be carried on in a spirit of reverence for humanity, not according to the views of certain creeds: it has its missions and its inspirations. It is the business of society to 'find the educators, to place them in their sphere, and to give them every facility for their work.'

The concluding lecture, entitled, 'Practical Influences,' may, we think, be properly regarded, and is manifestly intended, as it seems, to challenge a comparison of the worth of natural religion with that of Christianity. In making this comparison, the lecturer strongly condemns the notion that religion is subordinate to the ends of civil government, or the means of building up a national character. He maintains that, according to the views he has expounded, those who are in such a stage of civilization as to need marvels, prophets, miracles and portents, and forms, will take care to have them in abundance; but that the ruler may be satisfied that there should be in society those who think the specific form the creature of the day, the offspring of a particular kind of civilization, and deem it not important as compared with the great, the vital, the enduring essence of religion.

When it is asked—whether these religious ideas are sufficient for the salvation of the soul, the answer is, No—according to the Christian estimate of salvation; but, substituting another estimate of salvation, 'then these simple ideas, the universal heritage of humanity, the testimony of man's spirit to the spirit of God that is in him, do save the soul, and produce the life of God in the soul of man.'

If it be objected, that Mr. Fox's system is one of negations, he replies—that it is *expansion*, not negation; that he acknowledges the inspiration of the Scriptures, as well as other books; that he acknowledges revelation in the Bible, as well as in nature and in history; that he acknowledges God was in Christ, as well as in humanity, and in things inanimate too; and that there *was*, and is still, a progressive development in religion. He confesses that his views are not those which will fan the ardour of proselytism; but, instead of this, what is common to all religionists, will be more prized than their characteristic differences.

Such is a brief, but not hasty, nor partial, outline of these lectures. They are couched in perspicuous and elegant language, and pervaded by a free, and manly, and independent tone; a strong vein of common sense; and a poetical, rather than a logical, style both of thought and of expression. No reader can fail to perceive indications of the ambition of a reformer, and of the complacency of one who believes that he

has demolished a good deal of popular misconception. The spirit of the lectures is eminently philanthropic, and breathes a good-humoured confidence in human nature, which is very attractive. We mean no censure in saying that they are superficial. There is a superficiality: it is well that it should be seen. There are minds well fitted to see it, and to show it to others. With such a mind this author is endowed. Along with this endowment, he possesses considerable powers as a rhetorician, and, as those who have heard him will gladly testify, considerable merits as a public speaker. All these qualities have secured for him no small measure of popular admiration and influence. What he says is heard, what he writes is read, with much prepossession in his favour. Having won his way, by his brilliant abilities and by his liberal opinions, to a place in Parliament, the clerical character is forgotten in the laical; and he has the very great advantage of setting forth independent opinions, rather than the dogmas of a sect. Most cheerfully do we acknowledge his right to do this. Nor have we any hesitation in saying, that he has done it ingenuously and gracefully. We could not honestly say that he has brought forth any new fact, or any new speculation—that he has burdened himself with the load of much learning, or that he has entangled himself greatly with the difficulties of severe reasoning. He exhibits many of the excellences, and some of the faults, common to the champions of human progress, who oftentimes see, or think they see, in a few simple ideas, a succedaneum for the larger and more complicated investigations which profounder, and more comprehensive, and more patient, inquirers have *ascertained* to be necessary for a fuller perception of the truth. He has woven, not without the skill which conceals labour, the ancient and many-coloured objections to Christianity, into the warp of that fixed dislike of the supernatural which treats all evidence to the contrary of its own conclusions with inconsiderate and inconsistent scorn—making theories, and not *facts well proved*, the law of its belief. We will not undertake to affirm that he understands his own position; that he has examined *what* there is in Christianity *beyond* the rudiments he sees in human nature, and which raises it, as a *theology* specially inspired for a purpose clearly stated, entirely beyond the plane of all specific religions whatever; that he has patiently investigated the relations of this divine theology to that human nature which men have *strangled* by the transgression of its laws; that he has closely pondered the eternal principles embodied in a nature which has conscience for its supreme faculty; that he has meditated, with adequate seriousness, on the workings of a human spirit in which a long-neglected conscience asserts its dread authority.

and makes the whole man feel that he needs a deliverer beyond himself, and something more potent than *ideas*—however natural and correct—to adjust his relation to the Holy One, whose government he has set at naught; that he has weighed *the true value of a book*, or the critical, historical, analogical, and personally experimental grounds, which millions have had for holding that the Book of Christians stands *alone* in the literature of the world—that, if not true, it is a miracle as really beyond the laws of mental nature, as the raising of the dead is beyond the laws of material nature, and, if true in the outline of its most natural transactions, must be true, according to the principles of all historical evidence, in those *extraordinary* statements which are necessary to the actual consistency of all the rest; or that he has even reached the sublimest of all intellectual perceptions—the perception of a Wise, Powerful, Good, and Holy Being, who shows, by what we call Nature, that he is *before* it and *above* it, its originator and its end. We have it not in our power to say that the writer of these lectures has done justice to the intelligence, the philosophy, the learning, the philanthropy, the love of freedom, the self-sacrifice, the piety, the meekness, the dignity, the spiritual power, of the men by whom Christianity—as *it is in its own documents*, and in the *matured character of those who earnestly, as well as intelligently, hold it as true*—has been studied profoundly, beautifully honoured, and bravely defended with *arguments unanswered*, and by lives such as ‘the religion of humanity’ has neither eclipsed, nor equalled, nor proved to be factitious.

We should have been glad to recognise in these lectures a higher reverence for Him whom Christians, from the times of John and Paul, down to this day, have adored, and loved, and served; especially after being told of ‘Christian Unitarianism,’ that it ‘has never found itself so much in sympathy with mankind, notwithstanding its boast, and its justified boast, to some extent, of superior rationality, as to diffuse itself very widely in society; nor can any system which does not bring Divinity nearer to us than the endeavour to conceive of an infinite person, and yet to separate that person from the world of existence.’ We should have thought that it belonged to the highest attainment of humanity to sympathize with Him who is its perfect Exemplar, and to receive with gratitude the lessons he has taught on the great themes to which the constitutional tendencies of man are so divinely adapted, and on which he discoursed as never man discoursed before nor since. We should have thought, moreover, that the harmony of his life—both with his own references, of the dignity of which he was so evidently conscious, and which shed its peculiar lustre on

this ineffable humility, and with the glowing and reverent style in which he is spoken of by the chosen witnesses of his resurrection—would have led a mind that does sympathize with him to a higher appreciation of the great truths which centre round his name. If it be true that he has told us nothing respecting God or futurity, or man in his relations to God and futurity, beyond what had been already revealed in the constitution of human nature, conclusions logically follow which it would have been fair to enunciate, but which are not contained in these lectures—and why not? Is it because the lecturer is, after all, not sure of the premises which he has so eloquently stated?—or, because he has not *reasoned* from them?—or, because he knows that the conclusions, boldly given, would have been too fierce an assault on the convictions of the best-informed, as well as too gross an outrage on the most sacred feelings of the most devout? The conclusions, nakedly and formally stated, are such as the following:—Jesus, who called himself the Son of God, who said that he had come forth from the bosom of the Father, to give his life a ransom for the many, to prepare a place for his followers in his Father's house, and, finally, to judge the world, was either a vile pretender or a weak enthusiast; or he has been grossly misrepresented in the only writings which tell us what he said and did. That such conclusions harmonize with the contents of those writings, and with the effect which they have produced on the world, and with many facts acknowledged in these lectures, it is not our business to determine; but it is passing strange, that the system founded on the facts and principles of these writings should have preserved the enduring and universal in religion 'more truthfully and efficiently than any other religion!' Yet such is declared, in these lectures (p. 186), to be 'the result of a complete and fair examination.'

In many of the statements of these lectures we have to express a modified concurrence. We have no doubt, that the capacities of human nature are as they are here represented, or that the religion of mankind is conversant with ideas respecting God, revelation, providence, duty, redemption, heaven. But, as these ideas, not being innate, are the result of teaching, and, as in all religions, excepting that which is taught in the Bible, there is erroneous teaching on all the great theories to which these ideas relate, we are indebted to the Bible, directly or indirectly, for our knowledge of those truths respecting God, and redemption, and heaven, which Mr. Fox attributes solely to human nature. All the sciences are conversant with things respecting which men have ideas, but knowledge displaces vague or false ideas by such as are definite and true; in like manner, the instructions of prophets, apostles, and evangelists, discovering to us the facts

and the general truths which constitute the gospel, correct the errors into which men are continually falling, on matters which concern their highest well-being, impart *the knowledge* of God, of a Redeemer, of eternal blessedness, show us how to live and how to die so as to be right and happy, and guide the best faculties and instincts of our nature to their proper objects. Men may depreciate the labours of discoverers and inventors, saying that they can do no more than modify our natural ideas of the material universe, by methods quite as rational as those by which Mr. Fox attempts to depreciate the revelations of Divine wisdom in the gospel. The true question, however, we take to be this: Does the Bible contain discoveries respecting God and man, and their mutual relations? We think it has been proved that it does. Such discoveries the sacred writers profess to give, and have given. This is not the place for an elaborate defence of such a position. Our object is not to argue on behalf of Christianity, but to indicate what we regard as a want of fairness in these disparagements of it. Unhappily, some advocates of Divine truth have claimed for the Bible a completeness and an exclusiveness of authority to which the men who wrote it make no pretensions, and, in their zeal for particular doctrines, not a few able men have put constructions on the words of Scripture which do violence to their simple meaning; but, surely, it is not wise to charge these mistakes, or whatever else they may be called, upon the book itself. Here, we take the liberty of saying, in all candour, Mr. Fox appears to us as being more averse to Christianity than any of the deistical writers of a former age. These lectures are not the composition of a Deist. The writer is simply a Pantheist. We are not using the term Pantheist in any invidious sense, but as the correct definition of the writer in distinction from a Deist. He belongs to a school. Without the power of deep philosophical thinking, or the habit of close and continued investigation, he presents, in an alluring dress, the shadowy outlines of a cloudy congeries of world-old fancies, which some of our worthy German neighbours have been dignifying with the name of philosophy. It is nothing more than the mistake of substituting *ideas* for *things*, the abstractions and generalizations of logic for real beings. We want a name to express our notions of *all things collectively considered*; the familiar words—world, universe, are not thought to answer the purpose so well as the $\tau\omicron\ \pi\acute{\alpha}\nu$ of the Greeks. God is either a portion of the $\tau\omicron\ \pi\acute{\alpha}\nu$, or the infinite and independent creator of the $\tau\omicron\ \pi\acute{\alpha}\nu$, or *the word God is a name for the $\tau\omicron\ \pi\acute{\alpha}\nu$* . Adopting the last of these suppositions, men reject the second, and the word God, in their notion of it, stands not for the Creator and Ruler of all things, but for ‘all things;’ and this is

Pantheism. From several expressions in these lectures we gather that this is the sense in which the word God is used. Some of these expressions are:—‘*Omnipotent Nature* ;’ ‘*the thought of Deity is a proof of God* ;’ ‘“*Queen Mab*” is not an atheistic poem, whatever Shelley might think or profess ; it recognises that pervading spirit of love presiding over universal being which is only a phase of theism—a peculiar phase, and certainly not among the least lovely ;’ ‘*the universal principle—pervading presence and power* ;’ ‘*an essence, a spirit, a soul of the universe incorporate with all, and in all* ;’ ‘*a God ab extra*,’ referred to as not believed in (pp. 86, 87) ; as also, ‘*a Deity that lives without, and rules over, and thus manages, changes, and guides* ;’ ‘*something superinduced, something interposed* ;’ ‘one with the majestic frame of the heavens and the earth—one with the mighty movements of material nature—one with intellectual and moral development in humanity—*who lives, breathes, thinks, feels, acts, in and by all that is—all that is being one with them, and He all and in all* ;’ ‘the notion of law, universal law, in nature, when once it arises, and is clearly apprehended, brings what is called *Creation within the same category as the events by which it is followed* ; it sees in them all developments, and developments only—the one infinite, universal, and eternal, the great original, and all else modifications and manifestations.’

Now, though Pantheism sounds like the opposite of Atheism, it is equally remote from Theism. According to the doctrine of these lectures, God, Providence, Creation, as understood by Christians and, by Deists, are denied. To deny these primary truths of religion, and, at the same time, to hold by certain ideas or instincts of the human mind, is to deny all that renders religion possible, and to remove the foundations which Christianity assumes as laid. He who has reached this point of denial, and imagines that his denial is expansion of the truth, is not likely to attach importance to the historical documents in which the truths peculiar to Christianity are embodied. To him, miracles, prophecies, inspiration, are modifications of natural laws, veiled under the ignorance or oriental extravagances of pious but ill-informed religionists. It ought not to surprise us that Mr. Fox should be fascinated with such vapoury expansions, or that the portion of the public with whom he is an oracle should be fascinated, in their turn, by the rhetoric which they mistake for reasoning, and the dogmatism which they admire as freedom. Neither he nor they have any distinct object of worship. Why should they pray to a God which is nothing more than an abstract notion of the human intellect, unless it be that whole of which they are themselves essential parts and varied modifications ? What to them are sin, repentance, atonement, redemption,

heaven, hell? What have they to fear in death? Why should they feel responsible to one above themselves? What revelation, or law, can they admit but nature?

There are few thoughtful persons, we presume, who are strangers to the occasional suggestion of the difficulties which the limitation of our faculties, and of our range of observation, imposes on every attempt to grasp the entire circumference of any question whatever in the region of speculation. But the Bible is for man in his practical life, in his actual condition, in his deep and universal want; and while the mere speculator finds the same perplexity here as elsewhere, the man who follows evidence, believes what is proved by substantial and appropriate testimony, gives his confidence to a *Being* whose power and love are known to him, and humbly obeys that Being in *all* his revelations, obtains solid peace of mind, has that within him which restrains his passions, consoles his griefs, elevating him to a manly life, a saintly death, and the sweet ennobling assurance of everlasting joy.

There are many insinuations, caricatures, and other figures of rhetoric, in these pages, which have struck us, while reading them, as illustrations of the kind of weapons which are nearest at hand, and most dexterously wielded, by adversaries whose moral earnestness is not strong enough to check the play of their intellectual adroitness. They seem to forget that they have no monopoly of such artillery, no exclusive patent for its use; and that the time may come when men of graver discipline, finding that these adversaries will not, or dare not, or cannot, meet them fairly on the well-fought fields of scholarship, of candid investigation, of orderly and courteous reasoning, will condescend to their own style of doing things, lash them with unsparing ridicule, and turn against them the indignant scorn of all whose opinion is worth caring for.

Before we take leave of these lectures, we must not omit to point out a pleasant passage, which treats us to a specimen of the kind of religious freedom which Englishmen may expect, if ever the opinions here propounded should gain the ascendant in high places. Among the 'things which the State may and can do' for the education of our people, we are told, most amiably:—'It can *take care* that sects and Churches do not pervert the operation of education to their own selfish or class purposes,' (p. 220.) Now, the State neither may nor can do this thing *until the religious liberty of England is destroyed*. LET HIM WHO DARES—ATTEMPT IT.

We remember to have read in the 'Westminster Review,' some three years ago, a paper of considerable power, on Strauss's 'Life of Jesus,' and Theodore Parker's 'Discourse of Matters per-

taining to Religion.' We need scarcely say, that there were many opinions broached, or hinted, in that review, which our convictions led us to reject, but which prepared us for something like the article in the April number of the same 'Review,' entitled, 'The Church of England.' Into a detailed, critical, or controversial notice of that article, we do not feel that we are required to enter; we have not space now left for the purpose; but we are careful to record our protest against the subtle infidelity, the perverse confusion of Christianity as we hold it, with what we have been habitually opposing as the additions or modifications of its professed disciples—the ignorant or studied misrepresentations of orthodox belief—the bold denunciation of the great mediatory principle we receive and cherish, and desire to propagate, as *the* principle of the gospel—the levity which trifles with the most awful mysteries of the Divine government—the dogmatism—the unreasoning substitution of human speculations for revealed verities—the laborious accumulation of often-refuted objections to the Bible—and, in a word, the *animus* of the entire composition. While there is much to which the readers of the 'Eclectic' will probably agree with us in assenting, and which we are sure is in accordance with the views of many most Evangelical believers, we cannot but lament that truths of great practical value, together with many literary attractions, should have been so blended with superficial opinions, unsound principles, and dark insinuations, as to form a mixture more mischievous, on the whole, than any production which has lately come before us.

Why, then, it may be asked, notice these and similar publications at all?—why call attention to them from readers who, otherwise, might know nothing of them, or content themselves with having heard that they are not fit to be introduced to Christian families?

One reason for not pursuing the course of politic silence, or of indiscriminate condemnation, is, that we honestly believe there has been too much of both already by what is conventionally styled 'the religious public.' We certainly do think that persons in all classes of Christian society, and especially all Christian teachers, should be better acquainted than a great many of them are, with the notions of the most active-minded among our earnest operatives, and among the more highly educated of our countrymen.

Another reason which induces us to adopt the seemingly more adventurous course, of examining and reporting faithfully such writings as those with which we have now dealt, is—that we do not think it desirable for Christian believers to withhold their moral sympathy from persons who may be on the way towards

serious and dangerous error. In what degree the misconceptions and aversions of disbelievers or doubters may be attributed to the narrowness, the timidity, the repulsive spirit, or the arrogant bearing, of their censors, is a somewhat delicate question. We do not think that all with whose professed beliefs we unfeignedly agree, however we may dissent from some of their modes of expression, derived by tradition from their fathers, have given to this question the kind of attention it demands. Perhaps it would be found that the number of those who have done so is even smaller than we ourselves imagine. If it should be proved that this is the actual state of things, then, in conclusion, we must say, that a great reform—much greater than any of those to which we devote so many labours—is most imperatively called for in the churches of this land, that they may be prepared for that struggle which, whether they think of it or not, is rising, like the waters of the ocean, all around them.

ART. IV.—*Life and Correspondence of the late Robert Southey.* Vol. IV.
London: Longman and Co.

THE press is at present exceedingly rich in biographies. One might read nothing else, and yet read much. We have of late read little else. First, there was the *Life of Chalmers*, so tastefully and carefully got up by his able son-in-law, Dr. Hanna—a pleasing and life-like portraiture of one of the most meteoric, yet measured, of lives ever passed on earth—in which the most eccentric impulses and tendencies were united to keen common sense, and intense perseverance and practicalness, and in which, latterly, a powerful and independent genius consented to run meekly in the rut of celestial faith. We may here, by the way, state a curious and interesting fact we lately heard, on the best authority, in connexion with that biography. Our readers will remember Dr. Chalmers's correspondence with a young man of cognate genius, James Anderson, whom he was the instrument of confirming in the belief of Christianity; how he went to College with a view to proceed to the ministry; how, under the tuition of Dr. Thomas Brown, and the restless working of his own mind, his doubts returned; and how Dr. Hanna intimates that, although still alive, a dark cloud had come down, and continued to rest on his history. The melancholy fact is, that for twenty-five years this man, of the highest promise, has been in an asylum, where his mind had sunk into a state of

almost idiocy. But we are happy to add, that the life of Chalmers was lately put into his hands. As he read it, and especially the part relating to himself, the scales seemed to fall from his eyes—it became manifest that his soul was not dead, but only asleep. His malady has been considerably alleviated, and it is not impossible but he may even yet be seen ‘clothed and in his right mind.’

Then we have had the life of Channing—an able and interesting, but, on the whole, gloomy, record of dark, uncertain struggles, never coming to a satisfactory termination; exhibiting a noble, honest, Christian, but much-overrated man, who possessed neither profound insight nor high genius, but thorough integrity, calm sense, clear intellect, and considerable rhetorical force. Then we had the former volumes of Southey's life. Then we have just risen from perusing the delightfully-written life of a delightful man—the biography of Dr. Heugh, of Glasgow, by his admirable son-in-law, the Rev. H. M. M'Gill—a biography where we know not whether more to admire the extreme vivacity, the energy, and the picty of the hero, or the fine taste and skill of his chronicler. And, besides, what a number of biographies may be soon expected. Those of Jeffrey, of Bowles, of Wordsworth, and others of similar calibre, are on the stocks, and promise us inexhaustible and uncloying pleasure. Would that the age of Spenser, Shakspere, Raleigh, and Bacon, had been one tithe as well supplied with lives. But the time was not yet come.

This fourth volume of Southey's Life does not cast any new light upon his character, nor compel us to modify, by one iota, the general estimate we gave some months ago of his genius and character. All his merits, his indefatigable industry, his varied talent, his strong but calculable genius, his high-spirited honour, his stern principle, his attention to all domestic duties, his love to his family, are discovered here—and so, too, are his faults, his self-esteem, his rigid righteousness, his intense one-sidedness, his contempt for his foes, and his bigoted attachment to his political party. Without indulging in many general remarks, we mean to follow the current of the narrative, interposing a word of our own at intervals.

The volume opens by showing us Southey in his prime (39), and commencing one of the most happy and busy sections of his life. The affairs of the ‘Edinburgh Annual Register’ have got embarrassed, and it is no longer a source of revenue to him. But this deficiency is abundantly made up by the ‘Quarterly Review,’ to which he has become a regular contributor, and for his contributions to which he is soon to be paid at the rate of one hundred pounds each.

We need not dwell on the merits or defects of this celebrated periodical. We have, quietly speaking, no great love for it. O'Connell was wont to describe the 'Standard' newspaper as 'dripping' with the blood of 'red Rathcormac.' We always see the dun cover of the 'Quarterly' dripping with the blood of Keats, Shelley, Hunt, and Hazlitt. Nor, to counterbalance its fearful sins of critical commission or omission, have we found, through a careful perusal of the greater part of its contents, much criticism of *permanent* value. No volume of selections from it would ever live. Its articles were most of them good, but few of them great. And, besides its outrageous injustice to political opponents, there was a contemptible coldness in its treatment of the productions of contemporary talent. Witness its heartless critiques on some of the first Waverley novels—such as 'Guy Mannering'—a tale which no Scotchman, at least, can mention without the blood coming to his cheek, and the fire to his eye. By far the best papers in it were contributed by Sir W. Scott, and were unique and inimitable in their kindly spirit, their varied knowledge, the easy undress of their style, and their delicious gossip. Next to these we like the papers of Southey, which, ranging over a very wide extent and variety of subjects, are rarely so pleasant as when they seek to shed their condescending sunlight upon old and forgotten, or obscure and neglected, authors.

This was, indeed, the finest trait in Southey's character. He was a warm-hearted, yet wise and candid, literary patron—as Kirke White, Dusantoy, Herbert Knowles, E. Elliott, and others, could testify. There are various classes of literary patrons, whom it may be worth while to discriminate. There is the vain patronizer, who uses a rising writer as a stepping-stone to subserve his own selfish purposes. There is the unwise patronizer, who overpraises and spoils his *protégé*. There is the insincere patronizer, who can say something in favour of a man—can promise to help him, but who takes care never to do it. There is the careless, half-and-half patron, who, from sheer negligence, does a man more ill than good—who first plucks him from the sea, and then lets him drop between his finger and thumb into deeper water. There is the jealous patron, who first admires, and is then base enough to envy, his man. There is the sensitive and selfish patron, who is always exacting the interest of his lent aid in full tale; and looks more sharply to the *quid* than to the *pro quo*. There is the belated patron, who, in Johnson's language, 'encumbers one with help.' There is the haughty patron, who doles out his praise in scanty dribblets, and with an air of insufferable insolence of condescension. And there is the manly, sincere, kindly, and true-hearted patron,

like Scott or Southey, who bases his blame or praise, encouragement or coldness, upon high principle—who does to another precisely what he would wish that other to do to him—whose praise is the stamp of immortality, and whose blame is like a divine caveat.

About this time, Southey wrote and published the 'Life of Nelson,' one of the most pleasing of his works. It tells a chequered, successful, blood-spangled, and mysterious story, gracefully, if not satisfactorily. The Napoleon of the deck receives a certain softness as well as grandeur from his pen. He makes a demi-god out of a demi-man. Nelson seems to us a one-eyed game-cock, run all to spur and beak, rather than a hero. He had amazing pluck, but pluck is no more valour than cunning is wisdom. He was a mannikin, too, in stature; and in the infernal regions of war, imps, such as Alexander the Great, Suwarrow, and Napoleon, have always been favourites. Such concentrations of fury, such 'essences of devil,' as John Foster would say, amaze and terrify all of us. He was maimed, too; and the spectacle of a little man, half blown away by gunpowder, and yet ruling with his stump-sceptre the British navy, had a peculiarly poignant effect. Had he been French, his countrymen, who are passionately fond of all monstrosities, of all odd, angular greatness, would have deified him, as they did the old, grinning death's-head of Ferney, or the little skinny corporal of Austerlitz.

In the September of 1813, Southey visited London, and met with Lord Byron, who was then, for a short time, enacting the tame lion in the saloons of society previous to his fierce and final leap over the fence into the wilderness. He was better pleased with him than than ever before or afterwards. They never could, by any possibility, have been friends, or even allies. What power could have made the pride of virtue in the one, and the pride of vice in the other—the dogmatic certainty of the one, and the shoreless scepticism of the other—the cultured and elaborate genius of Southey, and the one red swelling vein of demon power in Byron—to have coalesced? As soon might Michael and Satan, in the 'Vision of Judgment,' have sailed down, linked together, throughout the universe.

When in London, the laureateship, which had been declined by Scott, was offered to Southey, who accepted it, on the condition that he should only write when the 'spirit moved him.' We have no heart to dwell on the lays of his laureateship. They are, all and singly, a mass of ridiculous rubbish—rubbish, the more ridiculous that it is severely riddled, gravely laid down, and pompously piled up. Turn we rather to 'Roderick'—his last poem worthy of him, which glorified the next year. The

author himself considered it the best which he could ever do, and felt naturally a pang at finding himself at his climax. We would not be thought blind to its very great merits—its beautiful descriptions, its testamentary gravity, its sweet and solemn spirit, the penitential shadow which rests like a dark wing upon it all, or the sublime moralizings in which it abounds. Still

‘The line labours and the words move slow.’

It produces the effect which an entire poem of Alexandrines would. Its spirit is slow, its line slow, its motion slow. ‘Can’t you get on?’ is the universal feeling. ‘Like a wounded snake, it drags its length along;’ the more provokingly, that the snake is a mighty boa. Vulcan was a god—but he limped none the less. We greatly prefer, as we stated in our former article, the ‘Curse of Kehama,’ the wild enchantment and ethereal horror of which bring it to the very threshold of the highest works of creative genius.

“Roderick” was scarcely launched before the battle of Waterloo roused all the Tory gratitude in Southey’s nature. He celebrated it by a bonfire upon Skiddaw—a piece of poetical tomfoolery which forms rather a pleasing exception to the staid formality of his usual life, and where poor Wordsworth, while staring, probably, at a star, and speculating at what angle it best gave him the idea of the Infinite, stumbled over a kettle containing the punch-water, and overturned it.’ We wonder how such wise men as Southey and Wordsworth could have dreamed, even for an hour, that the battle of Waterloo was a final stop to the revolutionary current—in any sense, ‘the Armageddon of the world.’ Not thus did the sagacious minds of Coleridge or De Quincey regard it. Hall, too, thought it had put the clock of Europe back several degrees. There was not, perhaps, enough of the revolutionary element extant in Southey’s mind to foresee that this was only a single wave broken on the shore, while the mighty stream of tendency must necessarily gain ground. Byron was a wiser seer when he said, ‘the Powers war against the Peoples. Blood may be shed like water, and tears like mist; but the Peoples will conquer in the end.’ Let these words be pondered now by those wiseacres who dream that the volcanoes in Hungary, Italy, and Germany, are asleep for ever. The revolutionary demon has only had another *reel* in his terrible dance done; he must rise, and, perhaps with Ruin as his partner for a season, have his dance out. The sea and the waves must roar louder and louder still, ere the great calm of the milder day shall arrive.

To Waterloo, with a third of Britain, Southey hied, partly to gratify curiosity, and partly to find matter for a poem. Behind

the banner of a conqueror not only flock the ravens of carnage, but the birds of song. The harp follows the sword, and would prolong the echo of its triumphs. Yet, of all the bards of Waterloo, Byron only succeeded. And this because he did not visit for the purpose of singing it at all—and because the sad glories of warfare are best described by a sad-hearted man: it is but fit that blood should be mirrored in bile—the mad field be imaged by the unhappy heart.

The most interesting thing connected with Southey's journey to Waterloo, is not the poem it produced (which, as a whole, was not so valuable as one sheaf of the harvest which that 'red rain' so abundantly produced), but the view a passage in it gives us of his domestic happiness and his love to his family, which was amply repaid. The passage is that describing his return home. We can only quote the first two stanzas:—

' Oh, joyful hour, when to our longing home
The long-expected wheels at length drew nigh!
When the first sound went forth, "They come, they come!"
And hope's impatience quickened every eye.
Never had man, whom Heaven would heap with bliss,
More glad return, more happy hour, than this.

' Aloft, on yonder bench, with arms disspread,
My boy stood, shouting there his father's name,
Waving his hat around his happy head;
And there, a younger group, his sisters came—
Smiling they stood, with looks of pleased surprise,
While tears of joy were seen in elder eyes.'

Who would not be willing to sacrifice the fame of a homeless Homer, the genius of a banished Dante, or the insight of a 'childless cherub,' had he any or all of them, to have been able to transfer such a scene to his page? Alas! poor Byron had no kind family to which to return from his 'Pilgrimage to Waterloo'—he was a 'wanderer o'er eternity;' and if he had worked for, and deserved the dreary distinction of having no home but hell—the hell of his own heart—does not this thought only add to the misery of the case, and should it not add to the depth of the compassion?

This dear 'shouting boy' was not long to be Southey's. Beloved of his father, Herbert was, also, according to the fine pagan fiction, 'envied of the gods.' He died at ten years of age, and his death seems to have given his father the first of a series of shocks, which at last levelled him to the dust. But, for the present, he stood the blow in a manly and Christian spirit. He shook, but it was like Skiddaw in an earthquake, to regain instantly his equilibrium. His personal piety, too, from that

hour deepened, softened, came down from the high perch of his intellect to nestle in his heart. He complains, that 'formerly he was too happy—his affections were fastened by too many roots to this world—this precarious life was too dear to him.' All this was now changed, and changed for ever. He now, for the first time, '*ceased to be a boy.*'

Misfortunes are gregarious. The loss of his son was followed to Southey by a multitude of disagreeable circumstances. After the rain of Waterloo the clouds returned. Political discontent came to a height. A revolutionary panic invaded even the solitudes of the lakes. Southey became more and more immersed in the wretched political discussions of that uneasy, unhappy time. He became the hack politician of the '*Quarterly*,' and was even called to London and consulted by Ministers. Meanwhile, his enemies were not idle. An edition of Wat Tyler was published to insult him—William Smith, a man famous in his day, but now a

'Noteless blot on a remembered name,'

assailed him in Parliament; and the rejoinder, by its very keenness, showed how deeply the 'iron had entered into his soul.' He evidently considered himself a marked man in case of a revolution; and saw the red chalk of the wood-cutter, as if 'it had been blood.' His youthful friends, Dusanoy and Herbert Knowles, had followed Kirke White to the grave; but still the long sting of his impulse—that *lance* of lightning which ran through his whole history—remained the same. He continued his extensive correspondence, wrote on at his reviews, and, besides other works, commenced and concluded a life of Wesley, which at once contained a vast mass of curious information, and sought a politic object—that of reconciling the Wesleyans to poor old Mother Church, then shaking in a desperate palsy. Two situations, also, during those years, he declined—the one, that of writing the leading article for the '*Times*,' at a salary of £2,000 a year; and the other, the office of librarian to the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh—an office which David Hume had held. He was wise in his declinature—feeling the force of the line of Wordsworth,

'Shine, poet, in thy place, and be content.'

In the same period, he nearly completed his elaborate work on the Brazils; took a tour, carefully journalized, to Switzerland (where he noticed and kindly marked down Shelley's mad post-fix '*Atheos*' to his name at the album of Mont Auvert—an act no more praiseworthy than had he recorded some new oath he had heard from some passport-provoked Briton on his travels); gave

some sound advice to Ebenezer Elliott and Allan Cunningham, who had both consulted him anent their poetry (without very clearly seeing, or surely prognosticating, the genius and fame of either); had another son born to him; took a delightful trip through Scotland, in the bright and beautiful autumn of 1819; commenced his 'Tale of Paraguay;' and is left, at the close of this volume, projecting another journey to London.

We close this rapid analysis of the fourth volume of Southey's life, by a few brief and solid inferences which we mean to state, not to illustrate. First, it is pleasing to find a life so consistent as his—evolving like a piece of music, secure as a mathematical theorem, punctual as a planet. Secondly, it is sorrowful to think that such a life no more has propagated itself than the Skiddaw near which it was passed. It stands alone, with not even the transient shadow which a steadfast mountain casts. Southey's life may be lived by some literary men, but they are, we fear, few; and the motives and purposes of those who do pass it are seldom Southey's. Or, shall we rather say, that Southey's life was characteristically a lake, not a river: like a lake—pure, still, and solitary; not like a river—chequered, bustling, progressive, and communicative. Thirdly, the *true* ideal of the literary life is that of a combination of the elements of purity and progress—a river-lake winding through the grossnesses and miseries of the world, and yet reflecting the image of the heavens, in unsullied clearness, from its bosom—brilliant as light or fire, and as fire and light incontaminate. This life has hardly, in the present age, been lived; but lived it must be, ere literature reach her apothecosis, and be made ready, as the bride, to be wedded to the 'Religion of the Lamb.' We need now a 'virtue that is merciful;' a holiness that has been tested by trial, not by flight; a faith that would not kill, but kiss unbelief into subjection; a Christian theory of the universe, too, that would not absolutely repel, but rather attract, imperfect and inferior systems, like minor satellites, around its mild, yet imperious orb; and neither dogmatic argument, nor intellectual power, can effect this object, without the additional evangel of a liberal, honest, yet earnest and determined, life—if, indeed, all human efforts, however praiseworthy, are not doomed to be superseded by a higher and final avatar, which 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the mind of man to conceive.'

We close by remarking of this volume that, while the intermediate chain of narrative is pleasing, it is somewhat slight—betraying little depth or power of writing on the part of the biographer; and that the correspondence, which plentifully supplements the narration, while exceedingly agreeable as a

record of events, and as a specimen of clean and clear English, contains little that is original, striking, or to which, unlike Burns's, Cowper's, and Byron's correspondence, we ever desire to recur. Still, the book, as a whole, is worthy of attentive and universal perusal; and we expect the succeeding volumes to increase in what may be probably a melancholy interest—for, to use Lockhart's words at the end of the fifth volume of the 'Life of Scott,' 'the muffled drum is now approaching.'

ART. V.—*The Literature of the Kymry; being a Critical Essay on the History of the Language and Literature of Wales, during the Twelfth and two succeeding Centuries.* By Thomas Stephens. Prize Essay. Longman and Co. 1849. Pp. 512.

NEARLY six hundred years have elapsed since English strength finally triumphed over Welsh bravery. Various and alternate had been the struggles, victories, and triumphs, of the two nations. King Arthur, Rhys ap Tewdwr, and Owain Gwynedd, are names distinguished in the annals of this warfare. Conquest often beamed on the Welsh shield, and lighted up the ranks of the sons of Cambria; until, in an evil hour, on the plains of Brecknock, the sovereignty of Wales was for ever laid low, and the last of her princes slain in the hour of retirement and solitude. Thus was fulfilled the prophecy of her son, Taliesyn, 'Ei Ner a folant, ei hiaith a gadwant, ei tir a gollant ond gwyllt Walia'—Their God they'll adore, their language they'll keep, their country they'll lose except wild Wales.

It is a trite remark, that Wales has produced no individual distinguished in the first ranks of literature, science, or art. She is thus said to be exceptional to the other three portions of the kingdom. England has produced her Shakspeare, Hooker, Bacon, Milton, Hobbes, Butler, Newton, Locke, and Paley; Scotland, her Maclaurin, Adam Smith, Stewart, Brown, Burns, Campbell, Scott, Jeffrey, and Chalmers; Ireland, her Spencer, Boyle, Burke, Moore, Curran, and Grattan; while Wales lies undistinguished in any one of the walks which the foregoing names illustrate. The observation, we fear, is too well founded in the main, while there are circumstances in the history and condition of the Welsh which mitigate, if they do not altogether remove, the aspersion involved in the truism.

The first of these circumstances, is the numerical smallness of

the people. The Welsh nation, even in the reigns of King Arthur, Owain Gwynedd, or Hywel Dda, although occupying territorially a larger space than they have within the last century, were thinly scattered over the country they inhabited. In those times, it is probable, from the best accounts, that the Welsh population never exceeded 2,000,000. Their number according to the last census was 911,321.

Other causes being equal, the probability of the rise of distinguished men among a small nation or people is less strong than in a great one. This probability is not in proportion to the numerical power of the two nations, but decreases, and more forcibly, as the one is less than the other. In other words, the relative probability of the rise of distinguished men in a small and in a great nation, is not in the ratio of their numerical strength. The moral and political causes existing in a great nation produce different results than can be accounted for by the mere fact of its numerical superiority. In this, as in many other instances, moral and political causes differ in the quantum of productive power, from those which are merely numerical, mathematical, or physical.

The political circumstances which are favourable to the growth and development of great attainments appear to be three—1, the existence of general intelligence in the community; 2, of academic institutions; and, 3, of wealth. The first, or the existence of general intelligence in the community, is favourable to mental progress, from the advanced level which the candidates for distinction start from; and by reason of the greater sympathy, encouragement, and reward, rendered to the successful competitors by such a society. The existence of academic institutions is necessary for the nurture and development of the talent and genius of the nation; while none of these advantages can exist, in any high degree, without the possession of wealth.

The three circumstances alluded to can only exist in a nation somewhat considerable. They are the concomitants and attributes of its greatness; while a small nation is, by the import of the terms, not possessed of them. Wales is in the latter condition. Whatever she may have possessed, or possesses, of the advantages alluded to, she has only in miniature. She never attained to national greatness.

The second circumstance which may be mentioned as detrimental to the mental and social progress of the Welsh, is the prevalence of their language. The great majority of the people of Scotland have, for the last century, adopted the English language. So have the Irish. But not so the Welsh: fulfilling the prophecy alluded to—although they have long lost their country, or, at least, independent rule over it—they retain their language.

It continues to be the medium of intercourse by the majority of the Welsh people.

Language is the medium for the communication of ideas. The language of a people at any given time, is a true test of the amount of knowledge and civilization which they possess. From the infancy of society, when the savage utters his sounds, and makes his signs, to communicate his wishes or wants to his fellow, down through the various long and winding ages which must elapse before that same society reaches the climax of civilization, its language, for the time being, is a never-failing index to its social and political condition. The first language of a people is that of sounds and signs. These are such as the occasion naturally suggests. At first they are unintelligible; but, by a repetition of the circumstances, the same sound or sign is, by common consent, employed to denote the same object or thing. These are the germs of language. At first language only described external and material objects. It afterwards reached immaterial things, or spiritual and moral objects. The process of the formation of language is gradual, and obtains only by slow and painful steps. The first words must have been those which described simple external objects—as a tree, a brook, or a cloud. Even general terms, descriptive of external objects—as a plain or a forest—must have been employed before any language was formed expressive of mental ideas. And here, again, the same process was pursued: first, simple, mental ideas were expressed; then these were put together, and general terms used. The language of a society or people was necessarily confined to the ideas and objects with which they were at the time conversant. New words were invented, and the vocabulary of the people or nation extended, as from time to time they coined new ideas, or became acquainted with fresh objects. Thus language, like most terrestrial things, was gradually formed: first, simple objects were expressed by simple words; then general ideas were communicated by appropriate terms. The last efforts of the faculty of language must have been those which affixed a vocabulary to the abstract sciences.

The Welsh nation retain their language until the present day. The majority of the Scotch and Irish people have long abandoned theirs, and have adopted the English. The last has been for centuries the language of the learned and scientific in this kingdom, and the depository of their discoveries and works. *It* is the language which has led the learning and civilization of the empire. The natives of the Principality were therefore, by their own institutions, placed in a disadvantageous position, compared with the inhabitants of the rest of the kingdom, in the race after learning and fame.

Yet, notwithstanding the disadvantages referred to, the Principality has produced names that rank high in the annals of distinction. In poetry we find a Taliesyn, a Dafydd ap Gwilym, and a Williams of Pantycelyn; in general literature, a Sir William Jones, and Drs. Rhys and Pughe; in languages, a Giraldus Cambrensis, a Jones, and a Williams; in natural science, a Pennant; in law, a Powell, a Richards, and a Kenyon; and in the terrible art of war, a Syr David Gam, a Picton, and a Nott. These are names, some of which stand at the summit of the walks which they pursued, while the others hold an honourable place in the pages of fame.

It has been often asked, what are the chief characteristics of Welsh literature? The question, as far as we are aware, has not yet had a complete solution.

Mr. Macaulay has justly observed, 'Nations, like individuals, first perceive, and then abstract. They advance from particular images to general terms. Hence, the vocabulary of an enlightened society is philosophical—that of a half-civilized people is poetical.' Without implying that the Welsh people are not as civilized, in the general acceptation of the term, as their neighbours, we still think that their literature is more poetical than philosophic—more descriptive than scientific. The poets of Wales are more numerous than her philosophers or men of science, as their productions are certainly of greater excellence. Her poetry can compete with the best productions of the English or Scottish muse; and, if it should ever be the glory of the Welsh language (as it is of its classic predecessors of Greece and Rome) to be studied and acquired a century after it shall have ceased to be a living tongue, the toil will be undergone by those alone who would wish to explore the treasures left by her bardic sons.

A love for poetry has characterised the Welsh people from the earliest period. An order of the Druidical priests were bards, and their poetry exercised a potent spell over the multitude. The Welsh chieftains had each his bard, who delighted his lord with songs of love and victory in times of peace, and accompanied him in war. On the latter occasion, the bard's service was no mean one; he recited to the army the triumphs of their forefathers on less auspicious days, and incited them to similar deeds. The effect was often magical. Aroused to enthusiasm by the narration of their fathers' achievements, the army often rushed impetuously to battle, and secured the triumph. But in a season of calamity, did Gray's bard sing—

'On dreary Arvon's shore they lie.'

We think the two grand characteristics of Welsh poetry are power and pathos. The poetry of Wales may better compare

with that of England in Shakspeare's age, than of any later period. There is a license of idea and language allowed in both, which would not be tolerated in a more philosophic and advanced epoch. This is a common remark as applied to the earlier poets of England, and therein consisted the power of their verse. Homer and Shakspeare both lived in the earlier ages of civilization, and they are the two monarchs of poetical power. The later poets of England excel in accuracy of conception and beauty of style, in harmonious versification and chasteness of thought; yet they are wanting in all the grander elements of poetry—in all those qualities which inspire the deepest emotions of terror, horror, pity, hatred, and love. The one is beautiful, the other is sublime; the one is pleasing, the other is majestic. As the nation has been advancing in science and the arts, poetry has been declining in sublimity and power. The culture of the understanding weakens the efforts of imagination; the strengthening of the judgment deadens the passions. A people not far advanced in mental attainments delight in those strong masculine pictures of nature and man, which their poets and orators create; while those nations which have reached higher culture would be displeased rather than gratified by such exhibitions, and value more perfect, though less forcible, images—more accurate, though less grand, workmanship. Poetry therefore flourishes most in the earlier ages of society, while later times are dedicated more to philosophical research.

By power in poetry is meant that quality which produces great effect. The aphorism is no less true in morals than physics, that like causes produce like effects. The result is always commensurate with, and similiar to, the means which brought it to pass. That poetry, therefore, which is capable of producing great effect has power. This quality eminently distinguishes the poetry of Wales. It is also characteristic of the language; and there is, therefore, a combination of power in the language and ideas of the people of this country. A stranger witnessing the powerful effects of a Welsh oration or sermon, would be perplexed to discover the cause of so much enthusiasm. The explanation we have before given. The language, learning, and ideas of the people, have not yet passed the poetical cycle in the history of nations.

Perhaps the quality, which, beyond all others, characterises the poetry of Wales, is pathos. The Welsh people have always been distinguished for the possession of intense feeling. The same remark is applicable to all the Celtic races. The French and Irish people share the quality in an eminent degree. The Saxon and the Gaelic tribes are more characterised by strength of judgment and power of reasoning, as well as solidity of

character and determination of purpose; while the Celts are distinguished by more vivid imagination, more brilliant wit, finer taste, and deeper pathos. These constitute the poetical element.

The religious poetry of Wales bears a much larger proportion than any other, and into its channels has the Welsh poet poured his richest gifts. Here he has breathed his divinest song. In chasteness of style, happy illustration, tender pathos, as well as devout feeling, the religious poetry of the Principality much excels any collection in the English language, not excepting that of Watts. But the acknowledged prince in this department is William Williams, of Pantycelyn. His hymns are unapproachable for animated devotion and pathos. Much of their interest is necessarily lost in translation. The following are selected by way of example. We omit the original in deference to the ignorance of our English readers:—

(Translation.)

'Babel's waters are so bitter,
There is naught but weeping still,
Zion's harps, so sweet and tuneful,
Do my heart with rapture fill:
Bring thou us a joyful gathering
From the dread captivity,
And until on Zion's mountain
Let there be no rest for me.

'In this land I am a stranger,
Yonder is my native home,
Far beyond the stormy billows,
Where sweet Canaan's hillocks gloom;
Tempests wild from sore temptation
Did my vessel long detain,
Speed, oh! gentle eastern breezes,
Aid me soon to cross this main.'

'Had I but the wings of a dove,
To regions afar I'd repair,
To Nebo's high summit would rove,
And look on a country more fair,
My eyes gazing over the flood,
I'd spend the remainder of life
Beholding the Saviour so good,
Who for sinners expired in strife.'

'Once I steered through the billows,
On a dark, relentless night,
Stripped of sail—the surge so heinous,
And no refuge within sight.

Strength and skill alike were ended,
 Naught but sinking in the tide,
 While amid the gloom appeared
 Bethlehem's star to be my guide.'

'Fix, O Lord, a tent in Goshen,
 Thither come, and there abide,
 Bow thyself from light celestial,
 And with sinful man reside.
 Dwell in Zion, there continue,
 Where the holy tribes ascend;
 Do not e'er desert thy people,
 Till the world in flames shall end.'

A short account of the most eminent of the earlier bards of Wales may not be uninteresting to our readers, and will form an appropriate supplement to what we have already said.

The first, in point of time and celebrity, was Aneurin. He was the son of a Welsh chieftain, and was born at the commencement of the sixth century. He was early bred to the use of arms, and distinguished himself at the battle of Catteraeth, which was fought between the Welsh and the Saxons, but proved disastrous to the Welsh, and particularly to our bard. He was taken prisoner, and consigned to a dungeon, where he languished a considerable time in chains, but, being rescued by the instrumentality of Cenau, a son of the venerable bard, Llywarch Hen, he retired to South Wales, and took refuge at Cadog's College, at Llanccarvan, where he remained many years, and composed his principal poem, 'The Gododin.' This is a production of the martial strain, and is descriptive of the battle of Catteraeth. The death of this poet occurred about the year 570, and was occasioned by a blow from the axe of an assassin.

The greatest of the ancient Welsh bards was Taliesyn. There is some uncertainty respecting the precise time of his birth, but the best accounts place it at the commencement of the sixth century. His early history savours of romance. It is recorded that he was discovered, soon after his birth, in a fishing weir on the coast of Cardigan, belonging to Gwyddno, a petty prince of that country, and was found there in a basket, or coracle, like Moses, by some fishermen, who carried him to Gwyddno, whose only son, Elfin, took him under his protection. Whether this account be true or not, it is certain that Taliesyn was a native of this part of Wales, and enjoyed the friendship and protection of Gwyddno and Elfin. Among his works is a poem entitled 'The Consolation of Elfin,' in which the latter is gratefully eulogized for his patronage of the young bard. After spending some time at the College of Cadog, in South Wales,

where he formed the acquaintance of Aneurin, he is said to have retired to Carnarvonshire, and to have died about the year 570.

The productions of this bard are numerous, and of them about eighty poems remain. They comprise a variety of subjects, but are, for the most part, religious, historical, and elegiac. His creed appears to have been a compound of Druidism and Christianity. Even at this early period, the latter was much cultivated among the Welsh.

We now arrive at an individual as eminent in war as in poetry—Llywarch Hen, or Llywarch the Aged. He was descended from a long line of princes, or military chieftains, who had formerly exercised supreme rule over the whole island. He was early trained to arms; for which he had frequent occasion in the many wars which then occurred between the Welsh and Saxons. We find him, like Aneurin, engaged in the battle of Cattraeth, the fatal result of which drove him to flight. He is supposed to have spent much of his subsequent life at Pengwern, or Shrewsbury, the seat of Cynddylan, then Prince of Powys. He seems to have been afterwards bereft of this refuge, as we find him in his sonnets bewailing his wretched condition and hard fate. He is recorded to have died at a great age, some accounts say 150 years, at Llanvor, near Bala, in Merionethshire; his eleven sons having been previously slain in battle.

Twelve poems, the production of this bard, are extant. Six of them are historical, the others moral and miscellaneous; but all are deeply tinged with the bitterness and melancholy which appear to have formed so large a portion of the venerable bard's own history.

For several centuries, we find no bard of note whose works are extant, until we come to Dafydd ap Gwilym, who has been styled the Petrarch of Wales. He was born at a place called Bro Gynin, in the parish of Llanbadarn-fawr, Cardiganshire, about the year 1340, and was illustriously descended on each line of parentage. After a desultory youth, we find him, at an early age, living at Maesaleg, in Monmouthshire, enjoying the hospitality and friendship of Ivor Hael, a near relative of his father. He appears so far to have won the confidence of his patron, as to have been appointed his steward, and also instructor of his only daughter. A mutual attachment was, however, the consequence of the latter position, which grew to such an extent as to necessitate the separation of teacher and pupil. The young lady was removed to a convent in the island of Anglesey. She was followed by Dafydd, who entered the service of a neighbouring monastery, in a menial capacity, and consoled himself

by composing poetry in praise of his fair one. The suit was unsuccessful. He was afterwards elected chief bard of Glamorgan. His poetical reputation made him a welcome guest at the festivals which, in those days, were very common in the mansions of the Welsh gentry. His latter years were spent in his native parish of Llanbadarn-fawr, where he died about the year 1400. He was buried at Ystrad Flur, in the county of Cardigan; and a kindred spirit has placed the following lines over his grave:—

(Translation.)

‘Gwilym, blessed by all the nine,
Sleep’st thou then beneath this tree;
’Neath this yew, whose foliage fine
Shades alike thy soul and thee.
Mantling yew-tree, he lies near,
Gwilym, Teivi’s nightingale;
And his song too slumbers here,
Tuneless ever through the vale.’

The works of this poet which have reached us are numerous, exceeding 260 poems. They are, for the most part, domestic and pacific; but the whole are sprightly, figurative, and bold, and are enriched by a vein of tender pathos. There is an excellent translation of his Poems, by A. J. Johnes, published by Hooper, Pall Mall, in 1834.

We have now commemorated the chief of the ancient bards of Wales. Others were, doubtless, their peers, whose productions have not had the good fortune of being rescued from oblivion. In all sublunary affairs, a few only gain the fame and prizes, while the multitude are consigned to obscurity. In the distribution of human rewards, there is often great injustice, and the adage is constantly exemplified, that the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, but time and chance happeneth to them all.

Of the modern poets of Wales, a host may be named. Among these are Gwilym Ddu, Goronwy Owain, Williams of Pantycelyn, Dewi Wyn, Daniel Ddu, Iolo Morganwg, Gutyn Peris, G. Cawrdaf, Gwallter Mechain, Bardd Nantglyn, and Gwilym Caledfryn. In their effusions may be found passages of sublimity and beauty worthy of comparison with the poetry of any age or country, but the limited prevalence of the language in which they are written, prevents them being known and appreciated as extensively as they deserve. To the Welshman, however, they are precious, and often solace his hours of pain, solitude, or fatigue. Frequently are their strains heard enlivening the cottage of the peasant, and echoing among the hills of Gwalia.

Before concluding, we must glance at the present condition and prospects of the Welsh language.

The two great characteristics of the Welsh language are power and expressiveness. In these particulars it may compete with the original languages, and is superior to any of the derivative tongues. Itself is an original language, perhaps one of the oldest of living European tongues. It may want the artificial arrangement, the finished structure and polish, of many living languages, but in force and expression it transcends most of the old and all the modern tongues.

For some two thousand years this language has been spoken by the Welsh people in this island; yet, ever since the conquest of the Welsh by the Saxons, the language of the former has been gradually on the wane, while that of the latter has been extending its limits. The declension of the former is as rapid at the present as at any former period, and from the great stride taken by the English language in our own day, with the establishment of railway and other improved means of communication, now connecting and identifying the Principality with the sister country, we prophesy a still more rapid consumption for the Welsh tongue. At no very distant day it may live only in the prose and poetry of the country.

Nor do we think that the extinction of their language would be any very great loss to the inhabitants of Wales. The existence of two languages among the subjects of the same crown, and tributary to the same laws, is an unmixed evil. The division in language effects a division in more important relations. It preserves and fosters the animosity and rancour of different races perpetuates feud and national strife, and in effect ploughs up the good feeling and friendly intercourse of the inhabitants of the same kingdom. It restricts the social and commercial relations of the people, besides being highly detrimental to the Welsh in depriving them of the advantages exclusively derivable from the possession of an adequate knowledge of the English tongue. The latter is the emporium of the best works and latest discoveries in science and art, besides being the language of the laws and literature of the country, as well as the avenue to distinction, preferment, and power. The Welshman who is conversant only with his vernacular tongue, is, therefore, under great and weighty disadvantages in the prosecution of any of the objects of life. The abolition of that language, therefore, how repugnant soever to the feelings and long-cherished association of the Welshman, would be to him the greatest boon. It also follows, that its retention obstructs the progress of the inhabitants of the Principality in all the higher developments of civilization. In the spirit of brotherhood and friendship with an earnest

wish for their advancement, do we record these, it may be, unpleasant convictions.

The work at the head of this article won a prize at a late Eisteddvod; the adjudicator being the Ven. Archdeacon Williams, and the donor of the prize, the Prince of Wales, to whom the essay is, by permission of the Queen, dedicated. It appears to be a careful compilation, and clearly written, although wanting in philosophical analysis and poetical sympathies.

ART. VI.—*The Martyrs of Carthage.* ‘*A Tale of the Times of Old.*’
By Mrs. J. B. Webb, Author of ‘*Naomi Julamerck.*’ Two Vols.
London: Bentley.

It would be faint and superfluous praise to say of one of Mrs. Webb's stories, that its general tendency is salutary and elevating. In religious fiction she seems to have found the sphere for which she was expressly designed. She does that with felicity and success in which many have so failed as might well lead judicious thinkers to regard fictitious narrative as a wholly unsuitable vehicle for religious truth, had not the Great Teacher stamped legitimacy upon it by his own example. But our author is not more happy, and does not better consult the peculiar tendencies of her mind, in the selection of this particular walk of literature, than in the choice of the historical epochs which her fictions are designed to illustrate. She has an almost classic sympathy with the men and manners of that pregnant era in which Christianity rose upon the nations; and it is no small praise to say that some of her delineations of the Roman mind, as modified by the reception of the gospel, remind us of the tenderness and taste which adorn the pages of Mr. Lockhart's ‘*Valerius.*’

The epoch of the events described in the ‘*Martyrs of Carthage,*’ is the reign of Severus, embracing the close of the second and the commencement of the third century. Its scenes are laid amidst the ruins of Carthage, the solitudes of African exile, and the splendours of imperial Rome. The spread of the contagious heresy, confined to no age, sex, or rank, affords a fertile field for the writer's powers of invention and description. The persecuted and exiled Roman matron—the undetected saint, at the head of the Prætorian guards, on the magisterial bench, in charge of the

prison, or in the humble condition of a domestic slave—the subterranean church, and the midnight sacraments—combine to give a pensive interest to the tale, and to soften the heart for the reception of its moral.

The following is a general outline of the narrative.

In the Roman colony which had been planted amidst the ruins of ancient Carthage, there was, as in most of the cities of Northern Africa, a considerable number of Christian believers; this number was much increased during the first years of the reign of the Roman Emperor Severus, by the cessation of that persecution which had heretofore restricted the publicity of Christian teaching. On the return of the emperor from the Parthian war, he spent a short time at Alexandria, and finding that here and elsewhere the Christian religion was rapidly spreading, he sanctioned the magistrates in a vigorous effort for its suppression, and left a corps of his soldiers to strengthen the hands of the civil power. The commander of this body was the son of the chief magistrate of Carthage, and was the more impatient of the delay thus occasioned to his return, from having left his newly married wife in that city four years before, who had given birth to a daughter a few months after his departure. During this interval, Marcella, a young Christian lady, was her frequent companion, and from her she first became acquainted with those doctrines and documents which she had been accustomed to regard with a vague and uninformed disgust. A series of conversations, which, of themselves, stamp a high value on the book, enlightened her ignorance, met her difficulties, and instrumentally subdued her heart. Meanwhile, the letters of her husband from Alexandria distressed her as much by the details of his effective persecution of the Church in that city, as they delighted her by the intelligence of his speedy return. At length he arrived on the very evening on which she had assumed the profession of Christianity by baptism.

It was impossible that the mighty change which had passed upon her could long be concealed, consistently with fidelity on her part; and a grand entertainment in celebration of the return of the young hero, Marcus, led to a sudden *dénouement*. One of the ceremonies connected with this festive occasion was, a solemn sacrifice to Minerva; and in this it devolved on Vivia, the Christian convert, to take a leading part. At this crisis of her Christian profession she was found faithful, and to the consternation of husband, relatives, and guests, she openly denounced idolatry, and professed her faith in the Saviour. The result was, the passionate repudiation of her by her husband, and the immediate apprehension of herself and her little daughter, who had thus early embraced the faith. Both were arraigned before

the civil tribunal, where, having witnessed a good confession, and shown themselves invulnerable alike to private influence and to the threat of torture and death, they were sentenced to banishment, the mildest punishment which the law allowed.

The place of her exile was an obscure village on the African coast. Here, after many weary months, her solitude was still further deepened by the death of her only child, a part of the narrative which Mrs. Webb has elaborated with great pathos and beauty. At length Pagan bloodthirstiness itself began to be sated. The trials and executions constituted the chief business of magistrates, and still the blood of the martyrs was but the seed of the Church. At length the chief magistrate of Carthage resolved to send an embassy to his imperial master at Rome, representing that this fierce persecution was rapidly depriving the community of its most blameless and useful members, without, in the slightest degree, retarding the spread of the new religion. Marcus, as being favourably known to the Emperor, by his services in the Asiatic campaign, was appointed as the bearer of these representations, and no sooner arrived at the capital than he was promoted to a post of command in the Prætorian guards.

It was on the evening after a Roman festival that Marcus, while returning home, encountered a drunken party of Prætorian soldiers, pursuing a small band of humbly attired persons, who had just gained admission to a house, which was hastily opened to receive them; the violence of the assailants soon forced the doors of the dwelling, and their vindictive curses apprised the young soldier that the Christians were the victims of their resentment. The heroic gentleness with which an aged pastor and his little flock resigned themselves to their murderous assailants, powerfully affected the mind of Marcus, and discovering himself as a Prætorian officer, he speedily relieved the unarmed party of their invaders. This adventure led to further intercourse, which resulted in the conversion of the Prætorian. Having obtained from the Emperor an edict staying the sanguinary persecution of his Christian subjects, Marcus returned to Africa, and speedily sought the scene of his wife's exile. They returned together to Carthage, and for many years enjoyed the blessings of their religion without the pains of persecution. At length, however, the spirit of antichristian tyranny revived with redoubled fury, and Marcus and Vivia were amongst the first to seal with their blood the profession of their faith.

Such are the principal materials of a story which the author has made at once interesting, pathetic, and instructive.

Amidst much that has excited our interest and claimed a

laudatory tribute in this tale, there are, nevertheless, a few things which will occasion to many readers both surprise and regret. The first defect is one of taste. It has been held, and perhaps justly, by some of the ancients who philosophized upon tragedy, that it was adapted to purify the heart by the emotions of terror and pity; but the earlier masters of dramatic art, with the singular exception, indeed, of Seneca, well knew that this effect was destroyed by too coarse and pungent an appeal to such emotions. Hence, Horace wisely banishes from the stage the visible representation of deeds of horror and bloodshed:—

‘ Ne pueros coram populo Medea trucidet;
Aut humana palam coquat exta nefarius Atreus.’

Epist. ad Pisones, ver. 185, 186.

This obvious canon of literary propriety Mrs. Webb most flagrantly violates. She brings before the reader all the horrifying details of the rack and the stake, the foot-screw and the boiling pitch. Our author could scarcely have committed a mistake which would indicate a slighter acquaintance with the more latent mechanism of the human mind. We look for such revolting descriptions in the pages of Eugene Sue, and the scarcely less demoralizing revelations of Mr. Harrison Ainsworth; but certainly not where the subject is religion, and the writer a Christian lady. That which it would injure the heart to witness, inflicts alike injury when brought before the imagination—and that in proportion to the vividness with which it is represented and realized. Nor are the moral sentiments more soiled and tainted by familiarity with the ultimate excesses of brutality and turpitude, than are the tender emotions when harrowed by the presentation, with a sickening particularity of detail, of the last extremities of human anguish.

But the work before us is chargeable with some defects of a graver kind. Mrs. Webb continually indicates so enlightened an appreciation of genuine spiritual religion, that we are not a little surprised at some passages which have, we hope accidentally, fallen from her pen. For example, we cannot well reconcile with any system of morals with which we are acquainted such a passage as the following:—‘Cruelty and ambition were the besetting sins of Severus; and his conduct towards his vanquished rivals, Albinus and Niger, has left a stain on his memory that all his conquests and all his talents can never wipe out.*’ We never supposed that a man’s talents had any power to atone for his vices; and as to his conquests expiating his cruelty and injustice, a moment’s reflection might have taught our author

* Vol. ii. p. 10.

that it is when acclimatized by conquest that these vices attain their rankest and most gigantic growth.

With the notions we had been led to entertain of Mrs. Webb's theological views, we were surprised that the following stanzas, from the pen of Mr. Keble, had crept into her pages :—

‘ What sparkles in that lurid flood
Is water, by gross mortals eyed ;
But seen by faith, ’tis blood
Out of a dear Friend’s side.
A few calm words of faith and prayer,
A few bright drops of holy dew,
Shall work a wonder there
Earth’s charmers never knew.’—Vol. i. p. 116.

We are surprised, we say, that, with her amount of knowledge of the religion of Christ, she can tolerate even a tasteful translation (for it is nothing more) of the Popish mummary, which occurs in the service of the Anglican Church, for the public reception of infants who have been privately baptized. ‘Because,’ the clergyman is instructed to say, ‘some things essential to this sacrament may happen to be omitted, through fear or haste, in such times of extremity, therefore I demand further of you, With what *matter* was this child baptized? With what *words* was this child baptized? And,’ adds the rubric, ‘if the minister shall find, by the answers of such as bring the child, that all things were *done as they ought to be*, (!) then shall not he christen the child again, but shall receive him as one of the flock of true Christian people, saying thus, “I certify you that in this case all is well done, and according unto due order, concerning the baptizing of this child, who, being born in original sin and in the wrath of God, is now, by the laver of regeneration in baptism, received into the number of the children of God and heirs of everlasting life.”’

Mrs. Webb prepares us in her preface to expect some little irregularities in her performance. ‘The principal facts and events,’ she says, ‘which are related in this story are for the most part historical; and the trials and sufferings of the Christians are authentic. A few trifling anachronisms have, however, been wilfully committed.’ The reader will judge whether such an explanation justifies the following description of a scene in a pure and persecuted Apostolic Church at the close of the second century :—‘The appointed hour arrived, and Marcus and Vivia, attended by Camillus and the nurse and infant, proceeded to the church, where they found the sponsors and the rest of the congregation already assembled. The usual evening service was performed, and the baptismal ceremonies commenced. In

the name of the infant the sponsors pronounced *the customary renunciations and vows*, and then the requisite immersion took place.' If this is what our author calls 'a trifling anachronism,' we must take most serious exception against her application of terms. An anachronism, indeed, it is; but it is also something much worse. In representing the manner in which the peculiar truths of the Christian religion were pressed on the convictions of heathen inquirers, the writer evinces no inconsiderable knowledge both of the letter and the application of Scripture. Why, then, has she not adduced the passages of Scripture by which intelligent Romans were reconciled to the hideous absurdity of godfathers and godmothers? Why not mention some one passage which any ingenuity may torture into the remotest apparent reference to the practice? We confess that when, after admiring in these touching characters the noblest candidates for the crown of martyrdom, we found them represented as assisting at this wretched caricature of a sacrament, we felt the force of true bathos, the abrupt transition from the sublime to the ridiculous. With all her excellences, this lady has evidently yet to learn the truth, revealed alike by the study of history and the study of ourselves, that the human mind never was, and never can be, conquered by a system of faith that is built on the ruins of reason.

ART. VII.—*A History of the Romans under the Empire.* By Charles Merivale, B.D., late Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. Vols. I. and II. London: Longman. 1850.

MR. MERIVALE is already known to the public, by a meritorious volume on the Augustan age, published in a very unpretending form, by a Society, whose work, in favour of Useful Knowledge, has reached its goal. He had intended to write the whole history of Rome under the Empire, uniform with his first volume; but being arrested, it seems, by the dissolution of the Society, he has been led to publish his history in handsomer volumes, worthy of the subject. Nevertheless, some readers will be disappointed to find that the 1083 pages before us, only carry us down to the death of Julius Cæsar; that is, do not even touch upon the real commencement of the Empire. The best part of another volume will probably be requisite before we reach the battle of Actium, from which his former work rightly started. Yet, if the execution of these volumes had satisfied our expectation and our desires,

we should not think of objecting to the title. We find it impossible to include in one article all that we need to say on the subject; we propose, therefore, to reserve the career and character of Cæsar to another occasion, and at present shall confine ourselves to other persons and things.

The period here treated is one of deep interest, on which we have very numerous and full accounts, and in which a larger number of individual characters are fully developed to our knowledge, than in any other part of the Roman history, earlier or later. So abundant, indeed, is our information, that there might seem no room for diversity of opinion as to the real character of the principal actors. Do we indeed carry back party zeal into antiquity, and quarrel about Cato, Cæsar, and Pompeius, as about Peel, Russell, and Cobden? It is perplexing to answer. Respecting, as we do, Mr. Merivale's erudition and talents, it has been a painful mortification to us (especially after the high expectation which his former volume excited) to find ourselves in constant and irreconcilable collision with him as to the whole moral colouring of the history; and yet we do not think him either fanatically wilful, as many Germans are, nor deficient in desire to observe historical justice. Having undertaken to review his book, we must not shrink from the unpleasant task of going into details where we think him wrong, although this is an inexhaustible topic; for we should need to re-write a goodly proportion of his pages, before we could exterminate all that we think unjust, unwise, or untrue; but he himself would desire us to oppose his views unceremoniously, provided that we do this only as lovers of truth. We presume that our opposition to him must, fundamentally, depend on a different value assigned to different authorities. It appears to us, that he believes far too readily Cæsar's own representations of his own case, and Cicero's off-hand remarks as to men's motives; that he gives too much credit to Dion Cassius, and far too little to Plutarch; and neglects to estimate the moral character of the actors by the deliberate aim of their lives.

Dion Cassius wrote the history of Rome in the Greek language, and his work in this whole period is complete. Its value to us is very great; *first*, because of its continuity and its chronological form, which furnish to us the framework into which we may interpolate all the scattered knowledge which we pick up from miscellaneous sources; *secondly*, because Dion wrote when the old constitution was forgotten by the public, but when documents abounded by means of which it could be fully ascertained; and as he had a clear head and an insight into the great importance of constitutional history, he explains to us in detail numerous things to which Cicero would barely have alluded. Appian does

the same service for us ; but more sparingly, and, it seems, with less intelligence. Nevertheless, in regard to men's moral characters, Dion Cassius is very far from being trustworthy. Whether from misanthropy, or from a gloomy philosophy, or from an oppressive sense that Rome was sinking deeper and deeper into a gulf of irremediable ruin, he takes the blackest interpretation of human conduct. From Dion, and from no one else, has Niebuhr learned the numerous assassinations and other dreadful crimes inflicted by the old patricians. As to the history before us, most of the actors seem worse in Dion's pages than anywhere else ; as, indeed, even Nero's badness is less relieved in Dion than in Tacitus. Professor Long has said, rather sharply, in one of his notes to Plutarch, that when Dion believes a man innocent, we may be pretty well sure he was really innocent ; since Dion believes everything for the worst, about every body. It has been observed, that he is peculiarly suspicious of all pretenders to public virtue, and therefore is more unfavourable to republicans like Cicero or Pompeius, than to a professed self-seeker like Cæsar. Yet the only* occasion on which we have remarked Mr. Merivale to doubt the full guilt attributed by Dion, is, in regard to Cæsar's execution of the brave Gaulish chieftain, Vercingetorix, after six years' imprisonment ; an execution which not one Roman general in a hundred would have blamed.

Plutarch is a writer of exceedingly variable merit. He did not understand the difference of legendary and historical times, but writes with the same fluent assurance concerning Theseus and Romulus, as concerning Cicero and Galba. Moreover, he is careless as to the minutæ of chronology. He follows the connexion of subjects, often neglecting to notice the exact time = and, in consequence of this habit, sometimes slips into errors of time himself. On these accounts, he is quite untrustworthy as to the obscurer periods of history, and has been greatly depreciated by many reputable modern writers. Yet in fact, so long as he is dealing with persons concerning whom there was abundant contemporary evidence accessible to him, no ancient author is more valuable to us. His end in view was eminently moral. He did not seek to produce splendid pictures of external greatness or beauty, or narratives of nations grouped into masses, or philosophic generalizations concerning history ; but, on the contrary, he concerned himself with individual character, and endeavoured to ascertain and express this with peculiar accuracy.

* Yes: twice more he disbelieves Dion, when he speaks against Cæsar: vol. ii. pp. 203, 380. In the last case, Mr. Merivale coolly says, 'the story itself will warn the reader of the historian's *inaccuracy*!' i.e., Cæsar cannot have put to death his kinsman Lucius, who persevered in hostility.

Where, by reason of the sufficiency of documents, this mark was within the reach of human criticism, Plutarch's temperament admirably suited him to the undertaking. In him we see mildness of judgment, soundness of heart, total freedom from any bias of political party or national prejudice, warm sympathy with all that was good in any one, and an inability to be carried into such enthusiastic love for any historical character as to be blind to its defects. We have from him lives of so many eminent persons of this era, that they make up a little history of it; namely, Marius, Sulla, Lucullus, Sertorius, Crassus, Pompeius, Cicero, Cato, M. Brutus, M. Antonius; and without claiming that all other writers must give way to Plutarch, in regard to the moral estimate to be formed of the characters, we may certainly demand that a historian who widely deviates from Plutarch's estimate shall be careful to assign convincing reasons.

A third writer, of first-rate importance for these times, but much more difficult to use aright, is Cicero. His orations, like all other speeches of advocates, were not composed with a view to truth, except perhaps in those against Verres and Catilina; they are often mere pleadings to obtain acquittal—invectives or panegyrics—which need careful criticism. His private letters are highly valuable for special facts; but, in their colouring and ascription of motives, they are untrustworthy, from the writer's intense susceptibility; moreover, they are the impressions of the moment, which may have been presently corrected by fuller knowledge.

Suetonius has written the lives of the Cæsars, of which the first only has place in the volumes before us. His life of Julius Cæsar is not marked by anything that can be called *spite*. He tells his great qualities in strong, unshrinking language, and is equally downright in declaring his vices and crimes, but without dwelling or moralizing on them. But Suetonius was undoubtedly a gossip, and loved to retail anecdotes; for which reason Mr. Merivale seems to think he must discard the worst imputations which he makes against Cæsar, without noticing their extraordinarily strong confirmations.

Other writers, of still less importance to us, are Appian (who is here generally superseded by Dion); Velleius Paterculus, who, as a courtier of Tiberius Cæsar, dares not, or will not, speak so as to offend the imperial dynasty; Asconius Pedianus, a most accurate and learned writer, but whose information is generally fragmentary; lastly, Cæsar himself, or his substitute at the pen, whether Hirtius or Oppius, all of whom write with the express object of making out a case for Cæsar, and perpetually display disingenuous art or distortion of view. Mr. Merivale, however, seems blind to this. Lucan also, though

a poet, may be mentioned among the sources of the history. Out of all these, to elaborate a single continuous narrative, as regards the dry outline of fact, was at first a problem of much diligence, which, however, has been encountered and achieved long since. But far more than this was done by Arnold, in his juvenile writings, published originally in the 'Encyclopædia Metropolitana,' and since reprinted, in two volumes, with the title of the 'Later Roman Commonwealth.' We had no idea how hard it is to surpass this work, until we read it side by side with Mr. Merivale's, which certainly seems to us immensely inferior to it. Not merely in discrimination of authority, and consequent justness of view concerning men, motives, and aims—which is the cardinal point of history—but in wisdom of reflection, energy of thought, definiteness and consistency of view, soundness in judging when to expand and when to contract the narrative, and power of impressing the imagination—Arnold is, in our judgment, by far the superior. In comparison with him, Mr. Merivale is tame, weak, and dry; nay, he seems often to be trying to say something grand and wise, but in vain. We pen this sentence with regret; for it is easy to a reviewer to make the charge. In order, therefore, to diminish its force, if unjust, we will at once illustrate it by the very last passage we were reading. It is in vol. ii. p. 89; where, after narrating how Pompeius was taken by surprise in Italy by Cæsar's invasion, the author adds:—

'Such is the infatuation *which seems generally to attend* the counsels of a proud and dignified aristocracy assailed by a revolutionary leader. Wrapped in their own tranquil composure, *they fail to take account* of the contagiousness of an aggressive and lawless spirit. *They never make due allowance* for the restlessness and excitability of troops who have been debauched by a long career of plunder and power. *They calculate* on the mere instruments of a selfish leader being at last dissatisfied with their own unequal share in the combination, and on their willingness to secure their gains in turning against him. But the genius of the successful adventurer is chiefly shown in the ascendancy he gains over his adherents, &c. . . .'

The attempt to generalize seems to us here quite gratuitous, and almost absurd. Do then 'revolutionary leaders' *generally* succeed against 'proud and dignified aristocracies?' The blindness of Pompeius was occasioned *partly* by the false information which Appian Claudius (who of all men seemed likely to know the truth), brought him as to the disaffection of Cæsar's troops; and *partly* by the enthusiastic movement of all Italy towards Pompeius during his sickness. Was then this blindness ascribable to certain tendencies inherent in aristocracies? Or is it true, that Sulla, at the head of a 'proud and dignified aristocracy,'

proved less able to calculate the temper of debauched soldiers than the 'revolutionary leader' Marius? Or will Mr. Merivale tell us, that in that case Sulla was the 'revolutionary leader?' Altogether, the sentiments are out of place. Cato and the Marcelli, Lentulus and Scipio, did *not* 'fail to take account of the contagiousness of an aggressive and lawless spirit.' On the contrary, Cato for eleven years back had distinctly seen the whole danger, and spoke out his convictions; and for three years past the whole senate had been fearfully alive to the truth; but the question then was, *how, without civil war*, to force Cæsar to give up his armies, which rested on the ample basis of France, Lombardy, and Illyricum, and needed no supplies from without. In trying to solve this impossible problem, the aristocracy was exceedingly divided in opinion, no doubt; but certainly it was not infatuated. At an earlier period, indeed, it was shortsighted as to Cæsar's ultimate designs. That he could be planning anything so wicked as the annihilation of the republic, and the setting himself up as a despot on its ruins, they utterly refused to believe. No Roman had ever formed so impious and unnatural a scheme. Neither Marius, nor Sulla, nor Cinna, nor Carbo, dreamed of it; even as to Catilina this was not believed. Such usurpers were looked on as passing hurricanes to the State, not as a permanent destruction to it, leaving nothing but Oriental despotism. The aristocracy *were* shortsighted in not seeing what Cæsar's prætorship and consulship portended; yet Cæsar in turn was equally dull in not discerning that life to be held at his mercy would be unendurable to his own officers and friends; who, when at last they comprehended his unprecedented treason to every thing that Roman hearts held dear, slew him in cold blood, and believed their deed to be eminently virtuous.

Perhaps from giving too absolute attention to Dion's colouring, Mr. Merivale appears to us to overdraw the unrelieved wickedness of the Roman community. This we will illustrate in two important matters: as to the *judicial trials*, and as to *foreign wars*.

Undoubtedly in Rome, as at Athens, the juryman thought he was at liberty to exercise (what we call) the *royal* prerogative of mercy in all political trials. Just as duelling has been inveterately tolerated in our practical code, though our theoretic code forbids it; so at Rome and Athens appeal to the compassion of a jury, by weeping relatives and other moving sights, was obstinately retained. But to admit this,—to admit, moreover, that powerful and wealthy criminals generally escaped, by the joint influence of skilful advocacy, favour, intimidation, and corruption, is *not* to admit that there was no care for justice at all. Indeed, from a phenomenon of Cato's life the contrary inference

may be drawn. Cato, we learn, was a great puzzle to guilty men, when he was on a jury; for if the accused retained Cato as a juror, Cato influenced the rest to his condemnation; but if he objected to Cato's name, it was regarded by the jury as a proof that he was conscious of guilt; since Cato was notoriously so fair, that no innocent man had anything to fear from him. Hence the jury were supposed likely to condemn the culprit.—This certainly implies, that the jurors meant well on the whole, but were apt to be misled by the cleverness of the advocate, unless they had a vigorous, clear, and impartial mind, like Cato's, to guide them through the tangle of evidence.

The celebrated case of Milo is detailed with great fulness and accuracy by Asconius. He was condemned, in a picked jury of exemplary reputation, by a majority of 38 against 13, because it was ascertained that, though Clodius had been the assailant, and Milo unprepared, yet, after Clodius was severely wounded, Milo despatched him, under the idea that he could now safely venture upon it. Yet the Cæsarians, to throw odium on Pompeius, pretended that it was his overwhelming power, not Milo's own guilt, which led to the sentence; and Mr. Merivale propagates this gratuitous scandal in his second volume (p. 49*), after giving the other natural and sufficient narrative in his first.

In the trials of Gabinius—whatever money was spent in bribery—there is nothing to suggest that the verdicts were not such as the very best juries would have given. He was first impeached for *majestas*, or treason—an antiquated charge, which every jury would have been slow to affirm. He replied, that the act which was impeached (*viz.*, his restoration of King Ptolemy) was for the benefit of the State, was necessary against the fleet of Archelaus and the pirates, and justifiable by a certain law. Roman officers were accustomed to exercise so large discretion, that we cannot be surprised at his acquittal by a narrow majority. In a second trial he was accused of embezzlement, and was condemned, with great decisiveness and by a large majority, in spite of the utmost exertions of Pompeius and the eloquence of Cicero. This appears, *prima facie*, to be creditable to the juries. But Dion says, that Gabinius's first acquittal had exhausted his power of bribing; so, in the second,

* 'Pompeius persuaded his friends that the desertion of Milo, of whose popularity with his party and unreserved devotion to them he was jealous, was a necessary sacrifice to appearances.' Then, in a foot-note:—'Pompeius pretended to believe that Milo had plotted against his life.'—Ascon. in Mil. 67. Velleius, ii. 47: 'Milonem reum non magis invidia facti, quam Pompeii damnavit voluntas.' This, however, is only a party-surmise; and Asconius does not blame Pompeius, but leaves the whole alleged plot in its own mystery.

the jury had no motive supplied to them adequate to resist the popular outcry. Mr. Merivale softens this, but still leaves the juries in discredit.

In regard to *wars*, the Romans had a crooked and superstitious, yet a deeply-seated, conscientiousness. From the early times of the monarchy, war was proclaimed with religious ceremonies by the heralds-at-arms, through their mouthpiece, the *pater patratus*; and religion forbade the war unless there had been a valid provocation. The rule was often kept to the letter, and most treacherously violated in the substance; nevertheless, unless the Romans had a plausible pretext, their religious horror was deeply excited at commencing an aggressive war. Several instances of this occur, which Mr. Merivale seems to us but partially to understand.

The war of Gabinus against Egypt was just now alluded to. It was undertaken to restore an oppressive king, who had been driven out by his subjects—a quarrel with which the Romans had no rightful concern. The conscience of the nation was offended at the first mention of it; so that when the tribune, Caius Cato, brought to the notice of the people some Sibylline verses (probably fabricated for the occasion), in which the Romans were ordered to receive with friendship a suppliant Egyptian king, but *not* to give him military aid, all Rome was deeply agitated—nor did the Senate venture to breathe a suspicion against the genuineness of the sacred utterance. This is not to be confounded with vulgar and unmeaning superstition. The people could not have been thus affected, unless a deep and moral cause had pre-existed. From wholly omitting to notice this, Mr. Merivale gives a superficial and un instructive view of the entire transaction, as mere squabbling for office and empty folly.

Again, the war of Crassus against the Parthians was every way gratuitous. No cause of war existed, no war had been declared; yet it was notorious that he was leaving Rome with the fixed intention of engaging in it. Hence the deep and bitter feeling spread among the people. Hence the awful imprecations on his undertaking, by the half-fanatical tribune Ateius. But Mr. Merivale here, as in the former case, can see nothing but political party and mean personalities.

Lastly, the attack made by Cato in the Senate upon Cæsar, for his dreadful massacre* of some German tribes, is regarded by Mr. Merivale as an 'extravagant misrepresentation of justice,'

* Plutarch (Cato Utic. 51) says, that 'Cæsar appeared to have destroyed 300,000 persons in time of truce.' In Cæsar, 22, he reckons the Germans as 400,000, and notices that Cæsar casts on *them* the charge of treachery. Mr. Merivale infers from Cæsar's narrative the truth of Cæsar's representation!

and a mark that Cato was 'blinded by political animosity.' Canusius (according to Plutarch) related that, 'when the Senate was decreeing feasts and sacrifices for the victory, Cato gave it as his opinion, that they ought to deliver up Cæsar to the barbarians, in order to clear the state from the guilt of perfidy, and turn the curse upon the guilty person.' There is no ground for questioning that this was Cato's deliberate judgment; and so eminently fair a judge was he, that in all probability he was right, and Cæsar *had* committed a gross violation of received national law. Why should a historian regard no motive but 'bitterness' and 'political animosity' as possible? If other Romans had no conscience, will he not admit that Cato had one? Moreover, Plutarch (our sole authority for this fact) despatches it in the single sentence above quoted. It does not appear that Cato did more than barely utter this opinion; but Merivale leaves the reader with the impression that he made a solemn effort to carry it into execution.

One who does not rightly understand the view taken by the Romans of the liberty of *advocacy*, cannot judge fairly many of the characters in this history. A future age will, perhaps, look back with amazement on our English morality, which supposes the advocacy of a bad cause to be justified by the acceptance of money. Such was not the Roman view. A fee for advocacy was essentially dishonourable with all strict moralists, and was forbidden by a well-known law (*Cincia Lex de Muneribus*). But to gratify political hostility or political friendship, was with them an honourable ground for accusing or defending, with no greater regard to the moral merits of the case than is felt by an English barrister. To overlook this, and to judge of Cicero (for instance) by the English rule of morality, is unfair. We must either judge *him* by a Roman rule, and Englishmen by the English rule, or else we must judge them all by a more severe abstract law; not condemn him by our own conventionality. From this point of view Cicero's defence of Gabinius is to be regarded. His great fear was, lest he should be thought to have been won by Gabinius's money. Considering what had been Gabinius's personal offences against Cicero, and Cicero's public affronts to him in retaliation, to compromise such an enmity for money appeared an eternal disgrace. But to do this as an act of friendship* to Pompeius (if he could but obtain belief that this was the motive), was not disgraceful. So as to his defence of Vatinius, a man whom he despised and disliked. He puts it on the ground, on the one hand, that Pompeius earnestly desired

* Merivale derides this motive; but Plutarch speaks so strongly of the difficulty of refusing a request to Pompeius, that it is easy to understand the power of his entreaty to so susceptible a mind as Cicero's.

it; on the other, that, since various noble persons chose to foster P. Clodius to *his* vexation, he found it convenient to foster P. Vatinius to *their* vexation. As to his having praised Vatinius, he replies to Lentulus (i. 9), 'Remember to what sort of persons *you* have sent praise from the ends of the earth.' If, indeed, Cicero had defended *Catilina*, it would have been abusing the Roman advocate's license unendurably; but at most this was a passing thought, and it is not certain that the letter is genuine* which contains it. Mr. Merivale is more favourable on the whole to Cicero than to any one else but *Catilina* and *Cæsar*; yet, while intending to be fair, he seems to us often to fail of doing him justice.

Peculiarly does he seem to have mistaken the nature of Fonteius's cause, for upholding which he vehemently condemns Cicero:—

'Fonteius continued to exercise the functions of governor, and organized throughout the country (Narbonne), a system of tyranny which may be sufficiently appreciated, even from the pleadings of Cicero in its defence. *The orator makes no attempt to refute the charges of avarice and extortion brought against his client, otherwise than by contemptuously rejecting the credibility of any testimony of a Gaul against a Roman.* Cicero's speech is, indeed, a more instructive exposition of the horrors of provincial suffering than any detail of particular charges could be. The contumelious indifference which it breathes to the rights of a foreign subject, implies much more than a consciousness of the guilt of the accused. It shows how frightfully the mind, even of a philosopher, could be warped by national prejudice and the pride of dominion,' &c.—Vol. i. p. 241.

We rejoice, and sympathize, in the manly and humane spirit which has dictated this invective; yet we do not think it is rightly directed against Cicero. Fonteius appears to us to have been oppressive, not for his own gains or passions, but solely in the public service. The times were hard: Sertorius had driven Pompeius to winter in Gaul: many of the towns there had previously been in Sertorius's interest, and had been reduced by Pompeius with dreadful slaughter of the Gauls (*Gallorum inter-*

* The letter is, Ad Atticum, i. 2. But it contains anachronisms. It is dated from the consulship of Cæsar and Figulus (B.C. 64), though the trial of Catiline was begun and ended in the consulship of Torquatus (B.C. 65). It ends by bidding Atticus to 'be at Rome in *January*,' to aid in his canvass; viz., for the next midsummer election. This sounds unnatural, if he wrote in January, as he must have done. His mention of Catiline as *his competitor*, which he could not be until he was acquitted, is also suspicious. Mr. Dyer, in vol. iii. p. 60, of the 'Classical Museum,' rejects the whole letter as spurious.

necione):—Mr. Merivale himself notices these facts. The province, already exhausted, had to maintain a great army through the winter, and probably to refit it for the next campaign. This could not be done without severe pressure on the people, and Fonteius, as governor, had to give the official directions. For many arbitrary and violent proceedings the Gauls accused him in Rome; but Cicero and Pompeius, and all other Romans, felt it cruel to visit on Fonteius the injustice of which Rome had reaped the benefit, and which was (if a crime) strictly a national crime. Accordingly, all the Romans and Roman colonies in the province gave high praise to Fonteius; and Cicero asks, *whether he can be really guilty, when only Gauls accuse him*, and all Romans defend him. (This has been misunderstood by Mr. Merivale.) We should compare the trial of Fonteius to that of Warren Hastings. A Gaulish tribunal might have justly condemned the former, an Indian tribunal the latter: but for Rome to punish Fonteius, or Britain Warren Hastings, would have been hypocrisy and cruelty, alike useless and absurd. As to the remark, that Cicero does not try to refute certain charges, the speech which we have is only a fragment, so that no argument from omission is valid.

Cicero's first great enemy, Catilina, has found an advocate in Professor Drumann. Mr. Merivale does not go so far, yet he evidently is desirous of lightening his case. The argument stands thus. *Cicero* is not to be believed, for he was Catilina's enemy; nor *Sallustius*, for he likes to revile the aristocracy; nor *any later writers*, for they probably drew from these two sources: hence, we have no evidence adequate to convince us of facts so startling as those deposed concerning Catilina.—But such incredulity is quite gratuitous. It is a certain fact, that Catilina organized a formidable army of most desperate men, which inflicted immense slaughter before it could be destroyed. It is also certain that eighteen or nineteen years before, he was a ruthless murderer in the times of Lucius Sulla; and that at this time he was bankrupt in fortune and reputation. What improbability then is there in the plot ascribed to him? We see none: but let us hear Mr. Merivale:—

‘ We must acknowledge that the character of *Sallustius's* mind, as disclosed in his narrative, was totally deficient in any deep insight into the views and motives of his contemporaries. . . . While the stains upon his own character made him feel a base pleasure in exposing the vices of the times, and especially of the class which had declared him unworthy of its countenance, the sketch which he has given us is remarkable chiefly for its impotent display of events without causes, the worthlessness of which, as a historical monument, is scarcely disguised

by the terseness of its diction, and the brilliancy of its imagery.* . . . 'It is certainly a reasonable objection to the view that Cicero gives us of the imminence of a revolution, that he represents his enemy as *too notorious a villain to be really dangerous to any constituted government.*'—*Ib.* p. 87.

Mr. Merivale, nevertheless, believes that the danger *was* really great, but that the vices of Catilina are overdrawn.

If so, if Sallustius gives us no adequate causes of danger, how does this solution furnish us with new causes? Whether Catilina was a little more or a little less vicious, seems to be politically unimportant. In unchastity he is not said to have exceeded Cæsar or Sulla, or, perhaps, even P. Clodius. In cold-blooded cruelty we need not suppose him worse than Sulla or either of the Marii, or than Damasippus, Cinna, or Carbo. In spending money, he is allowed to have been as open-handed as Cæsar, and in bravery he was unsurpassed. Altogether, we find nothing here to move suspicion. As to his being 'dangerous to a *constituted* government,' there is fallacy in the vague epithet *constituted*. The existing government at Rome was founded on proscription and massacre. The sons of the proscribed were still in exile—their adherents and friends were numerous. The men who had been ejected from their lands to make way for Sulla's legions, were a large mass of reactionaries; and the legionaries themselves, though a large part were now old men, having sold their farms and spent the proceeds, wanted a new revolution to enrich them. How then can Mr. Merivale say that Sallustius displays 'events without causes?' Finally, it is perfectly gratuitous in him to assume, that all the later writers drew from Sallustius or Cicero. They must have had abundant documents before them; yet, one and all, they entirely agree concerning Catilina, his party and his plot. There is no character in Roman history concerning whom there is a more complete unanimity. Nor can we see anything in Sallustius's *position* to tempt him to unfairness. As a fierce partisan of Clodius, and an officer of Cæsar, he might, on the contrary, have been led to disparage Cicero, and lighten the crimes of Catilina; especially as Clodius had compromised with Catilina after impeaching him, and Cæsar gave abundant proof of sympathy with the Catilinarians. For these reasons, the evidence of Sallustius against Catilina seems to us peculiarly decisive.

We fear that we shall seem contentious in avowing, that, except perhaps Q. Catulus, there is not a single leading political

* It would never occur to us to ascribe to Sallust 'brilliancy of imagery.' Mr. Merivale afterwards speaks of Sallustius as *not rich*. We had always understood that his celebrated gardens were a proof of his immense wealth, which, in fact, descended to Sallustius, the minister of Tiberius.

personage whose portraiture in these volumes satisfies us. Lucullus is too favourably painted in his Asiatic campaign, too unfavourably after his return. While he is in Asia, Mr. Merivale can see nothing in him but an excellent financier, a humane governor, an able general,—sadly vexed by mutinous troops, by revenue-farmers balked of their expected exactions, and *by the intrigues of Pompeius's party*. One little fact is omitted—that this Lucullus, who would not divide spoil to his army, though he forced them to winter in tents—who kept both the soldiers and the revenue-farmers from the wealth which they coveted—*himself managed to amass* a colossal fortune*. Here lay the whole secret of mutiny and discontent in Asia; here lay the strength of Pompey's friends, when they claimed to send him out as a successor. His pride of manner also alienated his soldiers. But when Lucullus had returned to Rome, he was in declining years and tired of politics; his temper also was mild and amiable. We do not see that he is to be reproved for 'sloth,' because he chose to withdraw from a scene of conflict, which every year became ruder and fiercer. Ponds of tame fish were more harmless than modern game preserves, and splendid gardens not more censurable than glasshouses for tropical forests. Elegant luxury is by no means the worst use of ill-gotten wealth.

The character of M. Crassus is drawn by Mr. Merivale as one of pure avarice and coarse selfishness. No reader would guess that Crassus was exceedingly affable even to the vulgar,—generous, as well as speculating with money,—a most ready and eloquent speaker, whose advocacy was little inferior to that of Cicero, and was freely at the service of all his friends with the least possible preparation,—and that the majesty of his person and address was very remarkable. His military talents were proved in the war against Spartacus; and it is not fair to forget this, though, in his old age—blinded by eagerness to equal Cæsar's warlike glory, and supposing the Parthians to be not more formidable than the troops of Mithridates, or Darius Codomannus—he led the Roman armies to a miserable fate. But here we must express our great surprise that Mr. Merivale should speak of the 'prevailing mediocrity of talent' in Crassus's con-

* Mr. Merivale sets the reader on a wrong scent, by saying (vol. i. p. 61).

Lucullus is accused of avarice; and *it may give some colour to the charge, that he condescended to accept another appointment in Thrace, instead of returning at once, and asserting his natural position in Rome.*

Cicero feared to add the name, but the commentators do not hesitate to apply his remark to Lucullus (Pro Lege Manilia, 13, § 37): 'How can we rate a general highly, in whose army the post of centurion is sold? Can any one form noble schemes for the State, who, when he has received money out of the treasury for the service of the war, distributes it to the magistrates in order to gain reappointment to his province, or deposits it at Rome to get the interest?'

temporaries. If we had been asked, in what period Rome contained the greatest constellation of various and eminent talent, we should unhesitatingly have fixed on this very time. Among the bad, as well as among the better citizens, this is very conspicuous. Catilina and Clodius, Curio and M. Antonius, were all men of superior mental powers. The times, indeed, were such, as to give an immense premium to eloquence and decision, discernment of character, pliancy, knowledge of law, of business, and of the constitution, especially when combined with military experience and skill.

The portraiture of Cato by Mr. Merivale is still more unfavourable, and, as we are satisfied, quite unjust. We cannot expect full agreement in these matters; but we think that a historian ought either to confine himself to the facts, and let them speak for themselves, or else he ought to justify his representations. But Mr. Merivale perpetually colours the transactions from having made up his mind that pride, animosity, adherence to antique formality, pedantry, elaborate affectation, scholastic formalism, &c., were intense in Cato. We believe all of this to be a clear mistake, and that Cato was simply *a moral enthusiast*. No one will learn from Mr. Merivale even a small portion of the excellence of this greatest moral phenomenon among the statesmen of republican Rome; whose only parallel, perhaps, is to be found in the emperor Marcus Aurelius. He proposed to himself the noble problem of *carrying into public life all the scrupulous conscientiousness which in private conduct was esteemed and approved*; and for doing this earnestly, he was, and is, called pedantic, untractable, morose, and bitter. The ways of the great world were in many respects reproved by each man's conscience; yet no one but Cato refused to bow in idolatry to them. His first necessary offence to the vulgar, was, in refusing to put on at an election the fawning and false grimaces, which were all to be laid aside as soon as the wished-for appointment was gained. Cato did not desire honour for himself; only to serve his country did he seek for office at all. He was the same man before and after an election; at all times simple and accessible, never fawning and unmanly. He alone refused in canvassing to get the aid of a slave who knew everyone's name. The Romans were unaccustomed to all this, and called it *pride*. What! should others cringe to them, clasp them, perhaps kiss them; and should Cato scorn to pay the same homage? Did not others give them treats and bribes, and should Cato refuse them such indulgences? Who was this wise young man, to set himself up as a model?—All the aristocracy felt that his conduct was a severe reproof to *them*, and he at once gained universal dislike. Nevertheless, as soon as he was actually put to the

proof, he won over many who had been displeased. As quæstor, he brought the finances into excellent order, forced all the subordinates to renounce peculation, paid all the debts of the state, called-in its outstanding claims, and exhibited that 'the treasury might be rich without injustice,' if the quæstors did their duty. All credit and praise he freely shared with his colleagues, all odium he took on himself alone; so that they before long found it a great comfort, that they could refuse to do dirty jobs for their friends, being always able to reply that 'Cato would be certain to hinder them.' His most courageous deed as quæstor, however, was, to force all the assassins of the proscribed to refund the sums of 12,000 drachmas, which Lucius Sulla had paid them for every head they brought him. How the money was got out of them, thirteen or fourteen years after it was paid, is hard to imagine; but this proceeding of Cato was so much praised, that Caius Cæsar discerned that *he* also might get credit by calling the assassins to justice. As jurymen, we have already alluded to Cato's integrity, which was liable to no bias *for or against* an accused person. On no occasion would he act as accuser or defender, from any grounds but those of moral conviction; nor is there any instance, except perhaps* that of Milo, where we have reason to believe that he took the wrong side. He conducted his accusation of Muræna with such honourable simplicity, as to win ever after Muræna's esteem and confidence. Nor was Cato's aversion to bribery accompanied by any thing morose. When he superintended the public games for one of his friends, he made every thing merry and pleasant to the people at the smallest expense; gave pleasure and gained popularity, without violating his own strict principles. The intense attachment which he not only felt towards his only brother, but excited in all his soldiers when he was a military tribune, testifies to his freedom from every thing petty, selfish, proud, and misanthropic.

Such a character would be more than human, if it had not its defects. In boyhood, he had a premature gravity, sadness, and intensity of concentration. While still a very young man, he became *priest of Apollo*, and it is probable that this deepened his enthusiasm to become a moral reformer. He immediately still farther simplified his expenditure, and used his ample fortune upon every body rather than himself. In travelling, he went on foot himself, but allowed horses to his freedmen as well

* Cato was strongly favourable to Milo, and applauded him for the death of Clodius. But it is not likely that *all* the facts of his death had then been established. It was notorious that Clodius had been the aggressor, and had the larger band of gladiators; and that Milo's band was strictly a defence to quiet men, whom Clodius would have many times murdered.

as to his friends. His dress was cheap, and dull coloured ; which was intended as a protest against the pomp and luxury of the great. Towards the deposed king of Egypt, who came to ask his advice, he behaved with no more ceremony than to any other poor man. This conduct ought not to be judged of from *our* point of view, accustomed as we are to (what Greeks or Romans would have called), an Oriental homage of kings ; but if we would judge fairly of Cato, we ought to ask how would an Elisha or an Isaiah have demeaned himself to a fugitive king of Egypt ? Yet Cato behaved to him with real friendship, and gave him excellent advice, which the king afterwards much regretted that he had not followed.

The 'defence of Clodius's tribunate' ascribed to Cato, is a simple mistake. (We cannot now find a certain passage, in which, we think, Mr. Merivale, like others, has reproved this.) Cato was perfectly right in demanding that the acts of a *de facto* magistrate should not be invalidated by a flaw in his appointment ; otherwise endless confusion and injustice would result. Cicero was here carried into a monstrous extreme by personal resentment, and Cato rightly opposed him. Cato's principle of *carrying private morality into public life*, led him farther into the conduct which is so sharply reproved by Plutarch—of refusing to wear the splendid robes of magistracy when he was prætor. Neither do we commend this ; but to call it affectation and pride is to mistake his whole character. As well may this be said of George Fox, or of John the Baptist. Such eccentricities were but outer sparklings from the great life of enthusiasm* that burnt within ; which fused his commonest and smallest doings into a homogeneous result, and produced one of the rarest spectacles in history—a public man forgetful of self, guided solely by his best perceptions of virtue, and animated by an omnipotent will to abide by the decisions of his conscience. To develop such a character as Cato to a reader of Roman annals, would seem to us far more important than the heart-sickening conquests detailed in what Mr. Merivale well calls the most frigid of military histories—the Gallic war of Cæsar.

* Of such a character, it is odd (and may excite some mirth) to learn, that he gradually became very fond of wine ; so that his enemies said, he spent whole nights in drinking. Plutarch acknowledges the fact, but does not seem to admit that Cato was ever *drunken*. One may suspect, that his extremely hardy habits, constant exercise, and life in the open air, with his frequent immense exertions (for he would speak for a whole day together, and encounter all the noise and violence of a hired rabble), admitted, and almost required, an amount of wine, which to others would have caused drunkenness. Such a habit may also have added to his exacerbation of manner ; yet there is no mark that this grew worse with age. He was harsh and stern while business was going on, relaxed and kind the moment it was finished.

Such is the man against whom, after his death, Cæsar wrote his scurrilous books called *Anti-Catones*; and was not ashamed to accuse him of sifting the ashes of his brother in hope of scrapping a little gold out of them, and of selling his wife Marcia to the rich Hortensius for the reversion of his estate! But Plutarch well observes, that to accuse Cato of avarice, was like 'calling Hercules a coward.' It did but show the impotence of malignity in the accuser, who 'thought that his pen was as irresponsible as his sword.'

But we now approach the most disagreeable part of our task, which is, to arraign Mr. Merivale's calumnious aspersions on the great Pompeius; a man whom, in spite of all his faults, we still admire and love. And, first, we shall extract passages from Mr. Merivale against him, which, if just, would justify all the other vituperation of him:—

'Great as Pompeius was, it was a cardinal defect in his character, that he failed to keep his *principal end* in view. . . . The consequence was, that he failed to acquire any moral ascendancy over his associates. His virtues were sobriety and moderation, and these he possessed in an eminent degree. But . . . no man was so constantly *deceived in the persons whom he selected* for his instruments: they discovered his weaknesses, and shook off the yoke of his condescension. *The distance which he affected* in his intercourse with those about him, arose, perhaps, *from natural coldness*, but more, perhaps, from his own distrust of his power over them. . . . Nor can it be disguised that this coldness and reserve had been known by their usual fruits (!), in *an early career of remorseless cruelty and inveterate dissimulation*. The nobles who *shuddered* at the idea of Pompeius assuming the powers of the dictatorship, well knew the school in which he had been brought up, and the proofs he had given of having imbibed its lessons. *He had licked the sword of Sulla*; and as with *young tigers who have once tasted blood*, they could never be assured that his thirst was sated. *He was himself another Marius or Sulla, no better, only more disguised*. *Under the orders of the dictator, he had shed the best blood of Rome, and had been branded with the title of the young hangman*. He had put to death a Carbo, a Brutus, a Scipio Æmilianus; nor had he ever evinced any symptom of *compassion or clemency*. *His word was not to be trusted*: he was capable of disowning his own commands, &c. . . .

'From the moment of his return, he was casting his eyes around him to find *creatures* who might further his *occult ends*. . . . In these intrigues he was singularly unfortunate. When he divorced his wife Mucia, *he had, perhaps, already in view the formation of an advantageous alliance*. He proposed, it was said, to connect himself with the family of Cato; with whose character and position he must, if so, have been strangely unacquainted. [!] The overture was rejected with disdain. In Cicero, indeed, he found a willing flatterer, and with him he carried on *a long course of dissimulation and cajolery*, which was transparent to every one except its object.'—*Ib.* p. 185.

'Crassus was aiming, like Pompeius, at the exasperation of the public dissensions. . . . Pompeius, least of all men, knew how to make an overture of reconciliation. It was in these circumstances that he was disposed to invite Cæsar to his counsels.'—*Ib.* p. 188.

As a literary curiosity, we will quote, in contrast, from Arnold's summary of Pompeius's character :—

'The tears that were shed for Pompey were not only those of domestic affliction ; his fate called forth a more general and honourable mourning. No man had ever gained, at so early an age, the affections of his countrymen ; none had enjoyed them so largely, or preserved them so long with so little interruption. . . . He entered upon public life as a distinguished member of an oppressed party which was just arriving at its hour of triumph and retaliation ; *he saw his associates plunged in rapine and massacre, but he preserved himself pure from the contagion of their crimes.* . . . He endeavoured to mitigate the evils of their ascendancy, by restoring to the commons of Rome, on the earliest opportunity, the most important of those privileges and liberties which they had lost under the tyranny of their late master. He received the due reward of his honest patriotism, in the unusual honours and trusts that were conferred upon him ; *but his greatness could not corrupt his virtue :* and the boundless powers with which he was repeatedly invested, *he wielded with the highest ability and uprightness to the accomplishment of his task,* and then, without any undue attempts to prolong their duration, *he honestly resigned them.* At a period of general cruelty and extortion towards the enemies and subjects of the Commonwealth, the character of Pompey, in his foreign commands, was marked by its *humanity and spotless integrity.* His conquest of the pirates was effected with wonderful rapidity, and *cemented by a merciful policy,* which, instead of taking vengeance for the past, accomplished the prevention of evil for the future. His presence in Asia . . . was no less a relief to the provinces from the tyranny of their governors, than it was their protection against the arms of the enemy.'—Vol. i. p. 540.

Arnold then proceeds to confess that Pompeius's connexion with Cæsar afterwards involved him in a career of difficulty, mortification, and shame ; but no sooner had he broken loose from Cæsar, than he was again, by universal confession, the natural and fit protector of the laws and liberties of his country.

Now since Mr. Merivale, in his Preface, declares that he would not have thought of writing this history, if Arnold had lived to extend his maturer work, we think he was bound to give to the public some explanation of this intensely opposite view of Pompeius. No one, in fact, could imagine that Arnold and Merivale are speaking of the same man.

We must take the counts one by one.

1. Was Pompeius *cold-hearted, false, and proud* ? Hear some testimony in reply :—

'Towards Pompeius the Roman people seem to have been disposed, from the very first, just as the Prometheus of Æschylus towards his deliverer Hercules, when he says :—

"Though hateful is the sire, most dear to me the son :"

for neither did the Romans ever display hatred so violent and savage towards any commander, as towards Strabo, the father of Pompeius, . . . nor, on the other hand, did any other Roman, besides Pompeius, ever receive from the people tokens of affection so strong or so early, or which grew so rapidly with his good fortune, or *abided with him so firmly in his reverses*. The cause of their hatred to the father was his insatiable avarice : the causes of their affection to the son were many ; his temperate life, his practice in arms, the persuasiveness of his speech, *the integrity of his character, and his affability to every man who came in his way ; so that there was no man from whom another could ask a favour with so little pain, and no man whose requests another would more willingly labour to satisfy. For, in addition to his other endearing qualities, Pompeius could give without seeming to confer a favour, and he could receive with dignity.*—*Plutarch, Pomp. 1.*

Mr. Merivale is fond of calling Pompey 'a crafty dissembler' (a phrase justly applied by Appian to Cæsar), but it may rather be believed that too great impulsiveness was his natural character. This was first shown in his canvassing for Lepidus against the judgment of Sulla ; and more pleasingly in his canvass for Crassus :—

'Crassus, though the richest of all who were engaged in public life, and the most powerful speaker and the greatest man, and though he thought himself above Pompeius and every body else, did not venture to become a candidate for the consulship, till he had applied to Pompeius. Pompeius, indeed, was well pleased with this ; *as he had long wished to have an opportunity of doing some service and friendly act to Crassus*. Accordingly, he readily accepted the advances of Crassus, and in his address to the people he declared that *he should be as grateful to them for his colleague, as for the consulship*. However, when they were elected consuls, *they differed about every thing, and came into collision* : in the Senate, Crassus had more weight, but among the people the influence of Pompeius was great.'—*Plutarch, Pomp. 22.*

This little story gives, in brief, the cause of Pompeius's failure in civil life. He was too generous and impulsive, and thus got entangled into positions from which there was no honourable retreat. After his fatal coalition with so cool-headed and long-scheming a man as Cæsar, he lost his independence, and was driven into the greatest act of meanness he ever committed—the surrender of Cicero to his enemy Clodius.

It appears, however, to us, to be contrary to all evidence and all probability, that Mr. Merivale represents Pompeius as full of spite against Cicero when he returned from Asia, and calls P. Clodius the *upstart creature of Pompeius*. The proud

patrician would probably have said, that he was *Pompeius's patron*; and so Plutarch regarded it. We do not find any evidence offered to us, that Pompeius ever planned to use Clodius as his tool: but Cæsar did; and this seems to be Mr. Merivale's error, in saying that Pompeius was 'constantly deceived in his instruments'; *i.e.*, he chooses to regard P. Clodius as an instrument of Pompeius, and then censures Pompeius for selecting his creature so ill.

2. Was Pompeius cruel?

'Now, as to those enemies of Sulla who were of the greatest note and were openly taken, Pompeius of necessity punished them; but *as to the rest, he allowed as many as he could to escape detection, and he even aided some in getting away.* Pompeius had determined to punish the inhabitants of Himera, which had sided with the enemy; but Sthenis, the popular leader, told Pompeius that he would not do right if he let the guilty man escape and punish the innocent ones. On Pompey asking who "the guilty man" was, Sthenis replied, it was himself; for he had persuaded those citizens who were his friends, and forced those who were his enemies. *Pompeius admiring the bold speech and spirit of the man, pardoned him first, and then all the rest.* Hearing that his soldiers were committing excesses on the march, *he put a seal on their swords, and he who broke the seal was punished.*'—*Ib.* p. 10.

'As Pompeius treated mercifully some of the piratical crews, . . . the rest, entertaining good hopes, *endeavoured to get out of the way of the other officers,* and coming to Pompeius, they put themselves into his hands with their children and wives. *But he spared all;* and it was chiefly through their assistance that he tracked out and caught those who still lurked in concealment, as being conscious that they had committed unpardonable crimes.

' . . . The war was ended . . . in no more than three months. Pompeius received by surrender many ships, and among them ninety with brazen beaks. The pirates, who amounted to more than 20,000, *he never thought of putting to death;* but . . . *he determined to transfer them to the land from the sea, and to let them taste a quiet life, &c.* . . . To the greater part he gave, as their residence, Dyme, in Achaia, which was then without inhabitants, and had much good land.

'Crete was a second source of pirates, and next to Cilicia; and *Metellus, having caught many of them in the island, took them prisoners, and put them to death.* Those who still survived, and were blockaded, *sent a suppliant message, and invited Pompeius to the island,* as being a part of his government. *Pompeius accepted the invitation, and wrote to Metellus to forbid his continuing the war, &c.*'—*Ib.* 27—29.

It was because of his '*mild and gentle disposition*' that Tigranes surrendered freely to him; and by reason of Pompeius's own '*virtue and mildness,*' the provinces patiently endured various extortions from unworthy subordinates (Plut. Pomp. 39).

But what is to be said to Mr. Merivale's formidable proof of

Pompey's cruelty, that 'he had shed *the best blood of Rome* . . . a Carbo, a Brutus, a Scipio Æmilianus?' We reply—all these men met their death most justly. Carbo is described by Plutarch as a 'still more furious tyrant than Cinna' (Pomp. 5), and there can be no doubt that he bore a full responsibility in the Marian massacre of B.C. 87. Pompeius abhorred him for his crimes, and had him put to death as a thing of course, when he had made him a prisoner of war.

With regard to the other two persons, the circumstances of the insurrection of Æmilius Lepidus need to be considered. M. Æmilius was a partisan of Sulla, who began to talk boldly of reaction. Pompeius felt so strong an interest in him, that he canvassed for him, to Sulla's great disgust, and obtained his election to the consulate. When we consider that the very first act of Pompeius, as soon as he stepped into civil power, was to repeal some of the aristocratic laws of Sulla, and conciliate the depressed faction, we can hardly be wrong in judging that Æmilius had won Pompeius's support, by promising that he would soften the harshest of Sulla's enactments, and heal the wounds of the state. Instead of this, he plunged into a fanatical extreme, used the powers of his office to bring about a new convulsion, and in the next year broke out into actual civil war. Never was there a more causeless and more treacherous insurrection. If Æmilius and all his partisans had been slaughtered in mass, no one could have wondered. He himself, however, died of vexation (it is said); his lieutenant, Brutus, was put to death by Pompeius; and likewise (if Mr. Merivale is correct), Scipio Æmilianus, the son of Lepidus. We do not know on what authority this rests: Orosius states barely that he was 'caught and slain.' He had, as his father, fought in this most guilty war; and his execution (if by the general's order) implied no cruelty in Pompeius. Indeed, the great mildness of this victory is universally remarked upon. So dangerous and exasperating an attempt was atoned for by two or three lives. For the death of Brutus indeed, who had surrendered, Plutarch blames Pompeius; but he seems to suspect that he was betrayed by his army. The probability is, that Brutus did surrender, in appearance voluntarily; but that Pompeius, afterwards discovering that he had known his men were about to betray him, did not think this compulsory surrender entitled him to mercy. Concerning the son of Lepidus, there is no breath of disapprobation against Pompeius in Plutarch; who clearly thinks the *sole* ground of mercy to Brutus lay in his surrender having been *voluntary*.

Such is the 'remorseless cruelty' of this 'young hangman,' who had 'licked the sword of Sulla.' It fills us with shame and indignation to write such words concerning the noble Pompeius.

As to 'the dread of the aristocracy, lest Pompeius should become dictator,' Mr. Merivale totally misinterprets it. They dreaded lest *any one at all* should become dictator; but least of all, lest Pompey; nay, Bibulus, who had long been Pompey's dogged opponent, volunteered to propose, that, since a temporary despotism was necessary, the Senate should make him 'sole consul,' in order that they might become '*slaves to the best man among them.*' His motion, to the general surprise, was seconded by Cato. (Plut. Pomp. 54.)

But oh! how grievously does Mr. Merivale suppress or explain away all the moral excellences of Pompeius! This great man was as chaste and tender a husband, as Cæsar was notoriously unchaste: and Mr. Merivale attributes it to *the coldness of his nature!* Coldness! the courtesan Flora would have told him another tale (Plut. Pomp. 2). Such was Pompeius's fear of beauty, where his power was uncontrolled, that he assumed an overstrained stiffness, which was thought unkind, towards the eminently beautiful widow of his favourite freedman Demetrius. In Asia, towards the illustrious beauties in the harem of Mithridates, he behaved as a brother anxious for their honour, and sent them all back to their kinsfolk. Yet, in his absence from Rome, 'his wife Mucia had been seduced. While Pompeius was at a distance, he treated the report with contempt; but when he had come to Italy, and had examined the charge more deliberately, as it seems, he sent her notice of divorce; though neither then nor afterwards did he say why he had put her away.' (Plut. Pomp. 42.)—Cicero announcing the fact to his friend Atticus, says: 'The divorce of Mucia is *exceedingly approved of;*' which shows that her guilt was notorious. It was the fixed opinion (says Suetonius, Cæsar, 50), that Cæsar was her paramour; and we do not know why Mr. Merivale should disdain to imagine the possibility of it, when in vague, but strong terms he allows, but palliates, Cæsar's heartless dissoluteness. We however do complain that he libels Pompeius in this matter, by suggesting that he divorced a blameless wife *in order to strengthen himself by a high alliance!* and was so stupid, as to offend two great families by divorcing Mucia—sister of a Metellus, and daughter of a Scævola—in order to effect an intermarriage with the family of Cato! The refusal of his overtures by Cato was an act of self-denial most lamentable to Rome. No event could have been happier than such an alliance, which Pompeius was induced to desire from his warm admiration of Cato. But Cato saw in it only a snare to his virtue, and drove Pompeius to seek the patronage of Cæsar and Clodius, in order to get his acts in Asia confirmed.

But we were proceeding to say, that Pompeius, now in middle

life, attracted the enthusiastic love of two very young wives in succession ; first, of Julia, the daughter of Cæsar, and, after her death, of Cornelia, the widow of young Publius Crassus. His devoted attachment to them both was looked upon as almost a fault by the Romans ; and this is the man whom Mr. Merivale calls cold-hearted, and too cold in temperament to have been unchaste !

But his total freedom from avarice, his 'sanctity,' and his great forbearance in the provinces, are not to be omitted. Space forces us to be satisfied with one splendid eulogium from Cicero :—

'Who knows not what calamity our armies carry everywhere with them, by reason of the avarice of the commanders? More cities of our enemies are not destroyed by the weapons of our troops, than states of our allies by their wintering. Do we wonder that Pompeius so excels all other men, when his legions, passing through Asia, left no trace of mischief on any peaceable person? In their winter quarters, *not only is no one compelled, but no one, who even wishes it, is allowed to incur expenses for his soldiers.* The swiftness of his career is not due to new winds or miraculous oars ; but it is because no avarice can bait him, no intrigue can seduce him, no pleasure can divert him. While others carry off by violence the beautiful statutes and pictures of Greece, Pompeius refuses to set his eyes on them. Men therefore in those parts look on him as one sent down from heaven, and at length believe that there once did exist self-restraint in Roman generals. *His fidelity to his engagements is accounted sacred by enemies of every nation ; and his humanity is such, that it is hard to say whether combatants more fear his valour, or the conquered more love his mildness.*'—*Pro Lege Manilia*, sec. 38, &c.

All this would have been a bitter satire if Mr. Merivale's account of Pompeius's character were not totally and diametrically false.

It is sickening to read Mr. Merivale's perpetual tale of Pompeius's jealousy, dissimulation, intrigue, craft, desire to embroil affairs, unscrupulousness, yet irresolution in seizing power, with his gratuitous comparisons of him to Sulla. We allow and deplore that *during the whole period of his union with Cæsar* he acted foolishly and basely ; basely towards Cicero, foolishly towards others. But neither is this union rightly explained by Mr. Merivale. When Pompeius was returning from the Mithridatic war, the report of Catilina's formidable plot made him desire to be employed on the side of the state to suppress this new danger ; and he sent Metellus Nepos to Rome, in order to promote this end. There was nothing reprehensible in this. Metellus, however, acted with extreme violence, and was

thwarted only by equal violence on the part of Cato and another tribune. But Pompeius, on learning that Catilina was slain, and the war finished, behaved with such admirable moderation and fidelity, that (as Mr. Merivale admits), such men as Lucullus, Hortensius, Bibulus, and their whole party, only despised him for it; and hence his misfortunes. He could not get his acts confirmed, or his soldiers rewarded; and until the former object was attained, ruin impended over him. Thus he was against his will forced into dishonourable alliances.

When Pompeius had broken loose from Cæsar, his conduct was not indeed such as Cato could applaud, but neither does it seem to deserve the censure bestowed upon it. He exerted himself vigorously to put down violence in Rome. He disarmed the gladiatorial bands, by which his life, as that of Cicero and of many others, had been often threatened. He held the public trials, and passed many useful laws. He is derided, indeed, as the 'breaker of his own laws,' because he tried to shelter his father-in-law Scipio and his friend Plancus; a weakness of which every man in Rome except Cato would have been equally guilty. As to the exception in his own favour, by which he was to be allowed to hold Spain for five years, we entirely justify it. Pompeius Magnus *was* an exceptive man. He, and only he, had laid down supreme power voluntarily, when the temptation to keep it would have been irresistible to meaner souls. The conduct of Cæsar showed that *he* was dangerous to the state—Pompeius was notoriously *not* dangerous. To this infinite chasm between the two men, Mr. Merivale is utterly blind, and repeats as truth the parrot-cry of Cæsar, that the whole question lay between Pompeius and him. Nay, but between the state and Cæsar. While Pompeius retained office, the state could always rally to one who had been proved, and might be trusted. If he had not exempted himself from his own law, the state would have had no chance against Cæsar's armies. And, in fact, the fault of Pompeius was the very opposite—that he was *too slow* to arm against this fatal danger.

It makes us indignant when Mr. Merivale so often contrasts Pompeius unfavourably to Sulla or to Cæsar, in his shrinking from large and decisive measures—in his want of comprehensiveness of views and vigour in execution. What else does, or can, this mean, than that Pompeius did not choose to overthrow the liberties of his country under pretence of reform; and knew that no evil in detail was so great as the destruction of the institutions, out of which all the eminence of Rome had sprung? Because he would not become an unscrupulous and audacious usurper, he is taunted with not knowing the use of power, and not daring to execute his hidden designs. But he had *no* hidden

designs. He desired to serve his country, publicly and honourably, not to subvert it.

Pompeius the Great, on whom the last hopes of Roman freedom turned, perhaps could not have materially benefited the empire, if he had been victorious. We murmur not against Providence for his fall; nevertheless we honour and mourn over his virtues, as far beyond those of any other general of antiquity, celebrated so early in life, and so long eminently prosperous.

ART. VIII.—*Three Essays : The Reunion and Recognition of Christians in the Life to come—The right Love of Creatures and of the Creator—Christian Conversation.* By John Sheppard, Author of 'Thoughts on Private Devotion,' &c. London : Jackson and Walford.

WE welcome this little volume with pleasure, as a return of the respected author to themes more congenial to his powers than those which have lately occupied his pen. His 'Christian Consolations,' and 'Thoughts on Private Devotion,' have long been highly and deservedly valued, by a large class of refined and sensitive minds. For ministering to such a class of minds, Mr. Sheppard's peculiar cast of thought and expression give him remarkable fitness. A rougher and more masculine energy would shock, a more theological and doctrinal presentation of truth would repel them; more philosophical and wider generalizations would leave them unaffected; but the appeals, pointed and direct, yet always winning and persuasive, the illustrations, always elegant, and often forcible, with which his writings abound, lay hold of and detain them. Our religious literature has no better example of the force of gentleness. We remember to have heard his productions described as those of a female Foster. There is, indeed, much similarity in the freshness and originality of his thoughts to those of his illustrious friend. The rough gnarled strength of the one is, however, in the other supplanted by an almost feminine grace and delicacy. The one grapples with and holds you as in the grasp of a giant; the other detains you as surely, but it is by the gentle hand and loving touch of woman. The one is the grip of Ajax, the other the embrace of Andromache; and many, as Hector, struggle in the former but yield to the latter. It has been, therefore, with regret that we have seen the author's later efforts, we will not

say wasted, but at least unprofitably directed, to ephemeral productions and uncongenial themes; and it is with equal satisfaction that we welcome his return to subjects which he is so admirably and peculiarly fitted to discuss.

The first and longest of these essays is devoted to a consideration of 'the reunion and recognition of Christians in the life to come;' a subject of profound and universal interest, yet one which has received little attention in our literature. Except a volume by Mr. Muston, we know of nothing specially directed to an investigation of this question; and there can be no stronger proof of the interest felt in this inquiry, than the fact, that a book diluted to the utmost degree of feebleness, spun out to the farthest extent of attenuation, as is Mr. Muston's, should have gone through four or five editions. Nor is this interest unnatural. How eagerly is every scrap of information concerning the various districts of colonization caught up and devoured by those whose relatives and friends have emigrated, and especially if the inquirer be in the prospect of speedily following their example, and rejoining them in their new home. Minutiae which would otherwise be disregarded as too trivial for a moment's thought, are anxiously inquired into and remembered. And should a suspicion be breathed that our former friends, in their present prosperity, have forgotten us, and will greet us on our arrival with no welcome, nor even recognise our once familiar faces, with what anxiety and solicitude should we inquire into the grounds for such a notion! How changed would our feelings be toward that land, which had the power thus to alter them, until the suspicion had been removed, and the aspersion cleared away! Who has not lost a friend! To whom is not that 'land that is very far off' an object of profoundest interest, seeing that the friends he once loved on earth now dwell there? Who does not hope 'to see that land' himself, and that on his tomb, as on Albert Durer's, 'emigravit' shall be inscribed? To each one, then, every inquiry into its modes of life and enjoyment must be a pleasing theme. How much more interesting when the suspicion is breathed that our former friends have forgotten us—will fail to recognise and welcome us! The decision of this question seems necessary to our full enjoyment of the consolations which even the assurance of immortality can impart. It is something to know that our departed friends still live, and are still happy. But this belief can do little to console, if we regard them as dead to us, and lost for ever. How cheerless comparatively would be the prospect of our own decease, and the hopes of our own immortality, if we expect to enter the heavenly country as utter strangers, and to spend eternity in loneliness and isolation! With what different feelings should

SHEPPARD'S THREE ESSAYS.

our departure, if we had the conviction that
 have preceded us await our coming with ear-
 ready to bid us welcome, and to lead us by
 of life up to the throne of God! The reunion
 the spirits of the just made perfect is their
 —no mere theoretical disquisition, but one
 interest. We therefore deem this admir-
 acquisition to our religious literature.
 by a preliminary chapter, designed
 of a future life is inseparably involve
 argument is ingeniously conceived
 on the whole, satisfactory, though
 the limits will only permit a brief st-
 idea, it is urged, which any
 is, that his attributes of wis-
 absolutely infinite, do yet immen-
 in the creature. Now, every ti-
 prolong, perpetuate, and
 of his fellow-men, if it were
 desire and prayer for their
 and immortal. The effort of ex-
 give realization to these wis-
 sole aim of whose lives,
 of whose hearts, have been
 for themselves and their fell-
 the Creator will not grant ac-
 endeavours, is to assume, eit-
 highest destiny has preser-
 that, having presented itself
 reality; or, that being will
 first supposition is, of course
 and absurd. We are then
 reference to moral evil—
 'non vult.' That he cannot
 than the one already reject-
 the human mind,
 difficulty than does creat-
 breath of life, can, if it pl-
 the brief limits of three se-
 supposition is, that he
 admit that the benevole-
 that of the human phil-
 Peter and Paul, and the b-
 duty, above Him 'who
 'above.' It is to assert that w-
 He who is alone abl

unwilling to grant, that he will not do for his children that which their brethren after the flesh have striven to secure. This is surely little better than atheism and idolatry strangely combined, for it is to deny to God that supremacy in all moral perfections which alone entitles him to our adoration, and at the same time to elevate mortals to the vacant shrine. It is hero-worship, such as no race of idolaters ever yet practised. They revered in the hero a manifestation of the Deity; this is to set the Christian hero above God himself.

The very obvious difficulty in the way of this, and indeed of all arguments from the perfections of God, is, the existence of moral evil. The presence of this difficulty is acknowledged, and partially met, by our author; but we think he scarcely admits its full force, nor quite succeeds in disposing of it. His reply is, that for aught we know, the permission of moral evil may be essential in a scheme of true optimism; partial evil may work out universal good. A denier of future life might, however, urge in reply, that just as well may the extinction of the human soul in death be essential to the ends of universal benevolence; the negation of partial good being as necessary as the permission of partial evil. It must be admitted, however, that to deny the reality of a future life, is not only to throw an additional difficulty in the way of a true theism, but is, at the same time, to deprive us of the only means of disposing of the difficulty already existing. If immortal life be admitted, 'then infinite room is left for the rectification of all evils, and the working out of an incomparable overplus of goodness and felicity; but the denial of a future life annihilates this.' It thus aggravates the difficulty of the existing evil, and brings in the additional difficulty involved in the denial of the perpetuation and perfection of present good.

Whatever value, however, this discussion may possess, we submit that it is out of place here, unconnected as it is with the main subject. The essay would be improved by its excision, and it might, with advantage, be expanded into an independent argument. We would suggest, as a very suitable and important substitution for it, a preliminary chapter, inquiring where the burden of proof lies in the discussion of this question. On whom does the onus rest—on the assertors or the deniers of recognition? It appears to us very manifestly to rest upon those who deny, so that in the absence of disproof we are bound to hold the affirmative. The continuance of personal identity in the next life is of course admitted by all. The future life is but an extension, a prolongation, of the present. Immortality is but the projection of my present being into eternity. The probability then is, that I shall carry into eternity the capabilities of

recognition which I possess here. The opposite theory involves the mutilation of mind—the destruction of some of its most important faculties. For the fact of this mutilation and destruction, we demand proof. In the admitted fact of personal identity, there is a *prima facie* case made out in favour of recognition. It devolves, then, not upon those who maintain to prove, but upon those who deny to disprove. In the absence of any attempt at disproof, we have warrant in admitting the doctrine as true.

This *prima facie* case is immensely strengthened if we remember what identity involves. It is impossible to conceive of the continuity and identity of conscious existence where there is utter oblivion of the past. Without going the length of some metaphysicians, in affirming that memory and identity are but different phases of the same fact, yet surely the latter must involve the former. Identity must include a continued consciousness of the past; that is to say, must include memory. We shall, then, assuredly carry with us into the future reminiscences of the present; and when we reflect how large a portion of our present spiritual existence is connected with our friends and associates, we are inevitably led to the conclusion that they must remember us, and we must remember them.

If this needs further proof, we find it in the fact of moral government. All who admit the reality of a future life, admit that the present and the future bear to one another the relationship of probation and retribution; so that our condition there will be but the development of our condition here. Now it is difficult, or even impossible, to conceive how there can be retribution where there is oblivion—how the present can be rewarded or punished unless it be at the same time remembered—how eternity can be developed from time unless time be remembered in eternity. And this proof amounts to demonstration when we reflect that in God's government retribution is chiefly made by grateful or remorseful remembrances. There must then be self-recognition, and the clear, full remembrance of the events of this life. This being so, we say that it devolves upon the denier of recognition to explain and prove the non-recognition of others; and to adduce evidence that so extraordinary and unprecedented an act in the Divine government shall take place, as the obliteration of one class of reminiscences and the perpetuation of others. Until this be done or attempted, we maintain that the direct argument in proof is logically needless.

To this direct argument we now turn. Mr. Sheppard, in the first place, directs attention to the presumptive evidence in support of this opinion furnished by the universal belief of the heathen

world. He furnishes a most important and valuable induction of passages, drawn from all quarters ; and shows that the belief of reunion and recognition has been as widely diffused, and as firmly held, as the belief of a future life itself. Orators, poets, and philosophers, alike testify to this conviction. The whole field of classical antiquity is ranged over in proof of their hopes of 'an auspicious day, when, escaping from the mob and rabble of earth, they shall join the banquet and council of departed friends and heavenly spirits.*' The Chinese, Hindoos, and Persians, are shown to coincide in these beliefs ; and, descending still in the social scale, the mythologies and funeral rites of the rudest barbarians are adduced to prove that they too indulge the same cheering conviction. The induction of evidence proves that there is, perhaps, no moral truth which more nearly fulfils the conditions requisite to give it the authority of 'universal consent,' 'that it be held always, everywhere, and by all.' 'Una in re consensio, omnium gentium, lex naturæ putanda est.' (Cic. 1 Tusc. Ques.)

To this succeeds the scriptural argument. We regret that want of space forbids our quoting any of the passages adduced by Mr. Sheppard, with his comments upon them. We call attention, however, to the exquisite precision with which he sometimes gives a new rendering of a passage, indicative of fine scholarship and intimate acquaintance with New Testament idioms. We must content ourselves with presenting his summary of the whole chapter:—

'It has been thus, I think, amply evinced from the Christian Scripture—1st, that our Saviour's purpose was to form a society ; 2ndly, that he originated with and between them the most real of relations ; 3rdly, that the intimacy of it is described by the very strongest comparisons we can imagine ; 4thly, that the local assembling of this whole society at his coming is clearly promised ; and, 5thly, not less so their everlasting abode with each other and with him. We have seen, 6thly, that the references to these subjects in the Old Testament, however slight and brief, are yet in agreement with the prospects which a later revelation opens. It has been shown, 7thly, that not only is a reciprocal sympathy of love and joy between Christians in this life both recorded and strongly enjoined in the New Testament, but also the expectation of this same happy sympathy in the life to come ; and, 8thly, that the renewal of especial "communion," by some joyful and exalted modification of that commemorative social rite which our Redeemer instituted, appears to be matter of promise.'—Pp. 63, 64.

The redeemed in heaven are thus seen to form a community of individuals who had been intimately associated during the most critical portion of their history—the term of their proba-

* Cicero De Senectute, cap. 23.

tion ; and who, during that period, had influenced one another's spiritual interests by mutual action and reaction. Those influences are vividly and gratefully remembered by each individual in the community, and form the great theme of devotion, in a world where devotion is the great business of existence. Now, is it credible or conceivable that, with this intimate communion and individual remembrance, there should be no recognition ? Shall we bury these grateful reminiscences in our own hearts, and communicate them to none of our associates ? Remembering the friend or pastor whose words decided our religious character, is it possible that we should be distinctly conscious that he is near us, and yet no recognition take place ? Would not such a restriction limit the happiness of heaven, and be inconsistent with the perfect union of thought and feeling which exist there ? We ask yet further, *Is it credible that an eternity of communion should pass away without recognition ?* Even supposing that at first our friends should be lost in the indistinguishable throng of that 'great multitude which no man can number ;' yet still that number will be *less* than infinite, and the duration of intercourse will be *infinite*. We shall have eternity in which to range. And who shall say that in the discoveries and developments of that eternity, we shall not find ourselves bound, by hidden and mysterious ties, to every member of that redeemed family—each indebted to all, and all to each—no individual isolated and unconnected, but all united in indissoluble bonds of mutual gratitude and obligation ; to use the magnificent language of Milton, 'progressing through the dateless and irrevoluble circle of eternity, shall clasp inseparable hands, with joy and bliss, in over-measure for ever.'

Various other arguments and illustrations may be urged, at which, however, we can only glance. Illustrious men are constantly alluded to—Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, Moses and Elias, and the Twelve Apostles—as forming part of that society, and as adding, by their presence, to its happiness. 'To sit down with them,' is often used as a synonyme for entering heaven. But this surely implies that they shall be known and recognised.

Again, the transactions of the judgment and the publicity of its proceedings intimate the same truth. The individual and all his acts are to be brought prominently and publicly forward. The kind word and deed, the cup of cold water, the prison visit, the sympathetic tear, rendered to the disciple, are to be acknowledged and honoured by the judge. And must not the disciple who was the immediate object of the charity, recognise the benefactor too ? This surely implies recognition on the very widest and grandest scale.

Again, the fact of angelic ministry must involve in it recognition. There is joy in heaven among the angels over the sinner as he relents and turns to God. He at once becomes an object of their solicitous care and ministry; they attend him throughout his course, and have 'charge concerning him lest he dash his foot against a stone.' Surely their interest in him does not cease at the very moment their labours are crowned with success. If they rejoice when he repents, they can scarcely be silent when they escort him to glory; they can hardly 'minister to him an entrance among the saints in light,' and then at once and for ever dismiss him from their thoughts.

But what, we hasten to ask, are the reasons which excite incredulity as to a doctrine so accordant with reason and revelation? Evidence crowds in upon us from all sides, in proof that the affections of earth will be consummated and perpetuated in heaven. What counter-evidence is there? As far as we are aware, there is no single passage in the word of God which can be shown to be in the slightest degree discordant with it. There is no fact of our experience or consciousness inconsistent with it—all are in its favour. The only objection which has any weight, is, 'that the anxious and fruitless search for friends, who have come short of heaven, or the dreadful information as to their absence, which may preclude that search, could not but be a fearful subtraction from the happiness of loving and tender spirits.'

Now in the first place, this objection throughout is mere assumption and conjecture. Neither premises nor conclusion have the slightest show of proof, and, therefore, can be of no force when brought against direct and absolute evidence to the contrary. It is taken for granted, that the sorrowful remembrance of the lost depends upon the joyful recognition of the saved. It is taken for granted, that the grief of conscious separation would so far outweigh the joy of recognition, and eternal reunion, as to render entire oblivion preferable. It is yet further taken for granted, that there will be no means taken to meet the case, and to mitigate the sorrow, of finding that some whom we loved are lost, other than the very clumsy and improbable one of keeping us in universal ignorance as to those who are saved. Such unproved conjectures cannot surely be admitted as sufficient warrant for discrediting a doctrine, proved by strong and direct testimony.

In the second place, we reply, that the knowledge of the ruin of the finally impenitent, and the sorrow consequent on that knowledge, do not depend on the fact of recognition. The publicity of the final judgment, to which we have already alluded, an-

anticipates the objection. There is no fact connected with judgment more clearly, repeatedly, and emphatically asserted than this. The very design of its being held at all is, that it may be in the sight and hearing of all; so that the faithful shall openly accepted, and the faithless as openly rejected. We shall be made acquainted with the dreaded fact then, independent of the discoveries of the heavenly reunion and recognition. Besides which, we know the principles on which the final award will be given, and we know, or fear, that the persons in question 'have not the Son,' and therefore 'cannot see life, but the wrath of God abideth on them.' This conviction will remain unaffected by recognition. What, then, should we gain by universal ignorance, but universal suspense and solicitude? It would but involve us in uncertainty as to the fate of all. *We should want the satisfaction of knowing, with absolute certainty, of any whom we had loved were saved; we should lose the delightful surprise of meeting many of whom we had little hope; we should be left in the certainty, or the suspense worse than uncertainty, as to those who had lived without God in the world.*

In the third place, it will be admitted that God, and Saviour, as well as 'ministering angels,' distinctly realize the fact that some are lost. It will be admitted, too, that their knowledge for them is at least equal to ours, however intense that may be. It will be admitted yet farther, that their knowledge of this is in no degree incompatible with the bliss of Him who is essential love; or with his joy, whose 'love was stronger than death,' nor are the songs of angels less rapturous because they are agents in inflicting the Divine judgments. Why then should our knowledge of the fact be represented as incompatible with our proper bliss?

In the fourth place, we maintain that this objection is more than futile. It casts a most serious suspicion on the Divine government. It assumes that God, to keep his purified and perfected creatures in peace and joy, must keep them in ignorance. In the eloquent language of Channing, 'This objection is worse than superficial. It is a reproach to heaven and to good. It supposes that the happiness of that world is founded in ignorance; that it is the happiness of the blind man, who, were he to open his eyes to what exists around him, would be filled with horror. It makes heaven an Elysium, whose inhabitants perpetuate their joy by shutting themselves up in narrow bounds, and hiding themselves from the pains of their fellow creatures. . . . Let me add that the objection casts a reproach on God. It supposes that there are regions of his government which must be kept out of sight, which, if seen, would blight

happiness of the virtuous. But this cannot be true. There are no such regions, no secret places which these pure spirits must not penetrate. There is impiety in the thought.'

If it be asked how the happiness of heaven is to be reconciled with the conviction that those whom we have loved have come short of it, we reply, that it is by no means necessary that we should be able to explain this. In 'things pertaining to the kingdom of God,' we cannot expect a solution of every difficulty. The following suggestions, however, may suffice for the present.

To the purified and perfected spirit, the character of sin will appear in its true loathsomeness, and that of God in its true excellency. The human mind being brought into perfect harmony with the Divine mind, will see all things as God sees them, will love all that he loves, hate all that he hates. This, whilst it enhances and intensifies the love felt for the fellow-heirs of 'glory, honour, and immortality,' will, at the same time, destroy all such feelings toward the finally impenitent. Love to holiness and God being the supreme principle of the perfect spirit, will forbid its longer loving those, whose rebellion and ingratitude had at once despised the law and spurned the grace of the ever-blessed God. Whatever the God of justice and love inflicts, the godlike spirit will approve. This is not mere conjecture—its truth is proved by the acclamations everywhere ascribed to the righteous witnesses of 'the righteous judgments of God.' They echo his sentence with a deep and awful, yet unflinching Amen. In the spirits of the redeemed, as in the Redeemer himself, indignation will take the place of love toward the finally impenitent. Sympathy with the cause of God will prevent sympathy for those who obstinately oppose it.

Here we must close, reluctantly omitting any reference to the speculations of the second, or the wise suggestions of the third essay. We can only cordially recommend the volume to our readers, as abounding with valuable thoughts on various points, but little touched on in our religious literature.

ART. IX.—1. *Debate in the House of Lords on Lord Stanley's Motion, June 17th, 1850.*

2. *Debate in the House of Commons on Mr. Roebuck's Motion, June 24th, 25th, 27th, and 28th, 1850.*

3. *Correspondence presented to Parliament respecting the British Demands upon the Greek Government, and respecting the Islands of Cervi and Sapienza, February—June, 1850.*

FROM the departure of Captain-general Agamemnon with his thousand ships, down to the recent time when Admiral Parker and his fifteen men of war entered the Grecian waters, myth and history have shown how fruitful are small events of large results. The desolated households of the monarch Menelaus, and the merchant Pacifico, have alike conduced to strife. The abduction of the Dame Helen lost Troy and gave the world an Iliad; the plunder of the household goods of the Jew Don, with some other offences against good morals, have lost us, it is said, our preëminence amongst the nations, and, to compare small things with great, given us a very exciting and important parliamentary debate. The sun of England has set never to rise again, say the disappointed opponents of the English government; while their joyful advocates, with much zeal, reply that the sun of nations shines more brightly than ever, as the light of progress and liberty. Following the classic rule, it will be our endeavour, in a review of the late debate on the foreign policy of Lord Palmerston, to seek truth midway between the party-hate of opposition, and the party-zeal displayed in defence of the ministerial policy, Grecian and general.

In the outset, it may be truthfully assumed that the general principles in opposition were Freedom and Despotism; the practical issue this—is England to lend the moral might of her sympathy to the struggling nationalities of Europe, or is she to sink into a pliant neutrality to the unholy alliance of kings and oligarchies for the subjection of all who aspire to the dignity of freemen? Some subsidiary questions of self-interest and of party and place were directly involved in the decision, but this must be taken as the grand, or, according to legal phrase, as the material issue.

The question was raised in the House of Lords by a narrower issue, which, whether right or wrong in political tactics, was certainly a course opposed to political truth-seeking, and not creditable to the justice of a body in its strange anomaly of functions, the highest judicial tribunal of the land. Lord Stanley,

as the advocate of absolutism, charged the Government with endangering the continuance of friendly relations with other powers, by the enforcement of our claims against Greece. The inconsistency of his resolution in the express recognition of the right and duty of protection, and the censure of the measures in discharge of that duty, will appear in the course of examination of the facts of the case. Lord Stanley's party, with a fair-dealing, in this instance, peculiar to the conduct of justice by hereditary right, led by the Tory ex-minister of foreign affairs, travelled beyond the record of indictment into every topic which could prejudice the question in dispute. The house, by a majority of 37, decided against the Greek policy, and without the possibility of question, against the whole foreign policy of the Government. The effect of that vote on the position of ministers may be dismissed with a few words. It needed not the precedents cited by Lord John Russell, which were not strictly in point, to show the constitutional right of ministers to retain office. That was to be determined by an appeal to the constitution. As we have not in recent times heard it asserted that the hereditary legislators of England and the commonalty of England are identical,* we may leave the question as it is. But as the Whig Premier has got some political credit from his opposition to the absolutism of the House of Lords, and as some of his more liberal defenders have even hailed him as the democratic minister of England, it may be well to remind too credulous Liberals of the magnitude of the stake, as a moving cause. We have little faith in the abstract liberalism of the noble lord. He has been, throughout the greater part of his public career, the Liberal of circumstances; and there are too many contingencies, possible and probable, to be provided for, before we can honestly agree in elevating the hero of finality to the championship of English democracy. Time tries all men and things; and if there had always been less credulity in the Reform party, there would have been fewer apostasies in high places from the cause of liberalism.

The issue was enlarged in the House of Commons to a declaration that the principles on which the foreign policy of her Majesty's Government has been regulated, have been such as were calculated to maintain the honour and dignity of this country; and in times of unexampled difficulty to preserve peace between England and the various nations of the world. To arrive at a just conclusion on these conflicting opinions, it is necessary to distinguish between two distinct questions of international policy, much confused in the debate. The greater,

* Mr. Disraeli's disquisition on the purely aristocratic composition of the English constitution, in the late debate on the county franchise, hardly went to this extent.

doubtless, includes the less ; but, as it is possible to approve of the enforcement of the Greek claims without concurring in the whole foreign policy, and for an honest, consistent man, to express general concurrence in the policy of the whole without agreeing in every specific act, it is important to note a distinction of which the resolution of the House of Commons takes no notice, and that of the House of Lords only by implication. This, it may be remarked, is an indication of the difficulty of laying down abstract rules of action, which shall be applicable to every circumstance in the conduct of a nation. The two principles and questions are these :—1. The right of England to interfere with another country for the protection of her subjects, in reference to some specific act or acts ? 2. Her right to interfere with the affairs of other nations, on general questions of national policy, not specifically affecting her own subjects ? The first, which may be shortly termed the question of protection or non-protection to British subjects, depends on a quasi positive law. The second, the question of interference or non-interference in foreign affairs, belongs to the class of unfixed usage, which depends on the habits and feelings of an age, on the state of international good feeling, and much on temporary circumstances, involving questions of right and wrong, humanity and barbarism, or it may be peace and war ; for one or other of these must often justify an exception to the largest recognition of the policy of non-interference. To determine the right of our Government to seek reparation from the Greek Government, by an armed force, for injuries committed on British subjects, we must inquire what are the provisions of international custom, the nature of our demands, the justice of these demands, and the necessity for interference by force.

We use the term international custom advisedly, in preference to the common phrases—‘ international law,’ ‘ the law of nations,’ and ‘ public law.’ There is not, and under the existing relations of nations, there can be no positive law ; because, as there is no earthly authority superior to that of a state, there can be no power to enact a law which shall be binding on others than the subjects of that state. Professor Kent, the learned American Commentator, without touching on this primary difficulty, notices others of hardly less consequence ; observing that, as nations have no common civil tribunal to resort to for the interpretation and execution of this law, it is often very difficult to ascertain, to the satisfaction of the parties concerned, its precise injunctions and extent ; and a still greater difficulty is, the want of adequate pacific means to secure obedience to its dictates.*

* 1. Commentaries, 2.

Hence the existing occasion of war, described by Lord Bacon to be one of the highest trials of right. An international law could only proceed from a congress or confederacy of nations, an event which may be possible when Christianity becomes a living fact, when the people learn that the world was given for men, and not for kings and aristocracies and classes, and discovering their latent strength, know how to use it rightly. As nations are now relatively constituted, they must seek guidance from the acknowledged rules of reason and morality. Vattel has asserted the binding force of the law of nature, in enjoining nations to act with justice, good faith, and benevolence towards each other, which he terms the 'necessary law of nations ;' * but admitting the moral obligation on nations, as on individuals, the same objection applies, of the want of a superior power to make the moral obligation a positive law, which can be enforced by authority. Attempts have been made to reconcile the rival theories of the origin of international custom, so as to avoid the danger of the consequences which some have drawn, that governments are not so strictly bound by the obligations of the moral law in relation to other powers, as they are in the management of their own local concerns. But, while we fully concur in the sentiment, we cannot see that the argument removes the marked distinction between a moral and a legal obligation ; for the infringement of the one, men are answerable only at the great judgment seat ; for the other, there can be no human punishment. Nations, like the refined society of communities, have in time established certain conventional customs, which are only legally binding so long as they are recognised by all. It might seem useless to insist so strongly on a distinction so obvious, were it not that legislators, from that remarkable ignorance, at the present day, of the first principles of right and of the canons of truth-seeking, so essential to all sound legislation, have founded lofty argumentation on the assumption, that there is a fixed immutable code of international law. In the late debate, a rhetorical flourish by the Foreign Secretary produced some amusing gladiatorship. 'Civis Romanus sum,' said the eloquent minister, referring to the haughty boast of the Roman, and immediately honourable members got to fisty-cuffs on the knotty point. 'You are wrong in history and law,' cries the astute representative of Oxford ; 'it came from imperial Rome, when all the world was in slavery.' 'No,' answers the learned Solicitor-General, 'the principle is as old as the young and healthy age of the Republic.'

Without doubt, the principle of protection to wandering

* Prelim. sec. 7.

citizens was a Roman sentiment at a very early period ; but that fact does not prove the establishment of a common custom of nations. Antiquity is almost silent with regard to the so-called law of nations. By the morality of antiquity, the foreigner was regarded as a natural born enemy. Piracy, if committed by a Greek on a barbarian, was esteemed an act of virtue—death or perpetual slavery was the hopeless doom of the captive of war. There is a trace of an international custom designed to mitigate the severities of ancient warfare in the Amphictyonic Council, but the rule of action was applicable only to contests between the Grecian states. The Romans, in theory, had better notions ; yet although in the last days of the Republic, the soundest truths of public morality were taught by Cicero, history abounds with proofs of the injustice which prevailed in the treatment of foreign states. With the propagation of Christianity from the time of Charlemagne, a more enlightened sense of right and justice prevailed amongst the nations of Europe, and gave birth in time to the conventional code, which we are accustomed to call the law of nations.

It being thus clearly apparent that there can be no public law more binding than the mere dictum of Grotius or Vattel, or any other jurist, when consistent with the principles of morality, let us see what light the conventional customs of nations have thrown on the question. Have they prescribed a specific course of action in reference to the condition of the subjects of one state residing in the territory of another ? Is that course of action consonant with the principles of justice and morality, so far as can be ascertained by the light of reason, the only existing test of validity and obligation ?

The rule of custom is to be sought for in the practice of nations, rather than in any specific rule laid down by the jurists. It is granted on all hands, that when foreigners are admitted into a state upon free and liberal terms, the public faith becomes pledged for their protection. Protection is the logical consequence of admission. To this end, it is essential that the public tribunals of justice should be open to all, for the redress of wrongs. This may be taken as a statement of the general obligation of protection incumbent on the foreign state. But the parent state, too, has a protective duty to perform towards its sons. As the protection of law is a right appertaining to citizenship, under the social compact ; and as the rights, obligations, and duties of citizenship are neither lost nor loosened by temporary removal from the territory of that state ; it is just and reasonable that the general protection of the state should still attend the wandering citizen. Up to this point, there is at least moral obligation of protection incumbent on both states. It may be

objected that there is no abstract right to protection from the foreign state—that residence there is a voluntary act, and that by that act the person voluntarily undertakes all the risk and consequences of the act; and by parity of reasoning, that the parent state is absolved from the duty of protection. Unless it can be shown that the moral law is obligatory only on particular nations, the objection fails, for the duty of protection is clearly within the moral law. Let us test the question on grounds of common expediency and necessity. As commercial profit, and other national benefits, accrue to a state from the sojourn of foreigners and the general intercommunication of nations, the protection of law, to as full an extent at least as it affords to its own subjects, is a fair and necessary concession in return for this advantage. The merchant or traveller may reasonably say to the government of the country to which he resorts, ‘You open your ports and your cities to the citizens of foreign lands; you invite them to dwell here, so long as they act in obedience to your laws; trusting in your good faith, I have come to your shores in search of profit or pleasure, give me a guarantee of protection for life, and liberty, and property.’ This surely is a right which all nations in friendly communication are reasonably entitled to demand of each other. It was one more particularly due by the Government of Greece to England on special considerations of gratitude. The reasonableness of the demand has been universally acknowledged and acted on by civilized nations, so that it is as much recognised as a conventional custom as any other principle of the so-called law of nations. And truly, until the nations of Christendom follow the exclusive policy of Japan, and prohibit the entrance of all foreigners, it is not unreasonable to maintain that it is no less the duty than the right of a parent state to enforce, by the best means in its power, protection for its wandering citizens. Vattel, while laying down the general principle of non-interference, distinctly recognises an exception to the rule in cases where justice is refused. As the practice of nations, the enforcement of protection was clearly proved by the precedents cited in the course of the debate.*

But the doctrine of protection was pushed to a most extravagant and unreasonable extent by some of the partisans of Government. It was said, that no subject of the British Crown, living under the laws of a foreign country, should be placed in a worse position than he would be in, if he were living under

* Space forbids detail, but the reader who may desire to examine further into the question, will find the cases stated in the Speech of Mr. Roebuck, on the first evening of debate.

the laws of his own country.* What are the inevitable consequences of this doctrine? An Englishman enjoys the protection of the Habeas Corpus and trial by jury, so long as he continues within the territory of England. Give general assent to this ultra-protective doctrine, and we must forthwith go to war with nearly every other state in the world.

A few facts in illustration of the political condition of Greece may help to clear away some of the prejudice introduced into the question. Since the venerable Bishop Germanos reared the banner of the white cross at Patras, and led the patriot mountaineers to a successful revolt against the Turks, European sympathy savoured too much of *dilettanti* sentimentalism to be practically useful to the young nation. With all the warm professions of love made by liberal Europe for young Greece, she was hardly free from the Turkish yoke when she was handed over to the stupid absolutism of German king-craft. The Greeks bravely carried on the struggle for independence, from 1820 to 1828, when England, France, and Russia, interposed on her behalf; or, to borrow the magniloquent figure of an ex-Attorney-General, 'soared from their illimitable grandeur to protect her.' From the time that Greece raised the standard of nationality, the Government was republican. It was, however, decreed by the three guaranteeing powers that she should have a king. The choice fell on Otho of Bavaria, then a minor; and looking to the happy fortune of the coëval state of Belgium, in electing a chief magistrate with honesty and enlightenment to rule as the servant, not the master of his people, it is to be lamented for Greece that Leopold was not her first President-King. Under the temporizing policy where liberalism is a sentiment, not a principle, England acquiesced in the views of her co-guarantees. Greece was to be made a constitutional kingdom, according to the aristocratic interpretation of that vague phrase. Large promises were made to the nation; when Otho came of age and to the years of discretion (seemingly a remote contingency at the present writing) the Hellenic State was to receive a constitution, and the promise was ratified by the King of Bavaria in the name of his son. Otho duly came of age in corporal maturity, but neither Hellenic king, Bavarian father, nor co-guaranteeing powers, saw fit to keep their promise to the nation; the constitution-making was adjourned to the Greek Calends. Otho reigned for thirteen years as an absolute irresponsible monarch, and the little state became the seat of the diplomatic intrigues of despotism, and chief of Russia, which has never forgotten the last injunction of Peter the Great to his successor—'Prendre part en

* Speech of Mr. Shafto Adair, June 27.

toute occasion aux affaires et démêlés de l'Europe.' The fruits of the irresponsible misrule of this barbarian prince, with the tyranny, corruption, speculation, and profligacy of the Government, were soon manifested in open rapine and plunder amongst the people. The fountain of justice, which had never flowed purely, became altogether stagnant.

And here we must do an act of justice to the Greek people, by a word of vindication from the unjust and ungenerous aspersions lately cast upon them. It is said, that the Greeks are a race unfit for self-government and free institutions. In that bold assertion, there was not only a fallacy of confusion, concluding from the acts of an irresponsible government the character of a whole nation, but a misconception of the genius of the Greek character, and ignorance of facts materially affecting its development for good or evil. The prominent characteristic of the modern Greek, like that of his immortal ancestors, is an intellectual vivacity, producing a restless activity and desire for excitement and change. From the more sober constitution of the northern mind, it is difficult to appreciate the extent and force of this characteristic; but we may fully comprehend the degrading influence of circumstances all tending to hinder the progress of any race, on a subtle and lively people. Ignorance, the influence of the most superstitious form of Christianity, and grinding oppression, must work evil results on any race; they acted with more than common virulence in forming the Greek character. Under the grievous weight of an iron rule, the national genius could find no peaceful development save in the pursuits of trade in its lowest and most hurtful form. But the national taste was averse to peace, and rapine and plunder, in consequence, came to be considered a regular occupation. Is it strange that dishonesty, in all its varying forms, from the bold robbery of the brigand to the petty knavery of the pedlar-merchant, should seem the prominent feature of the Greek character—and we judge from the worst specimens the trading Greeks—more especially, as no example for intellectual culture and nobler exertion was held out by a higher class, sunk in degrading luxury or profligacy? With proofs before us at home, and in every trading city of Europe, of the lamentable results of the Christian oppression of the middle ages on the character of the homeless Jew, we hold up our hands and exclaim, Behold these dishonest, degraded Greeks! It is surely proof of intellectual vigour, and of capacity for social improvement, that a national spirit did exist and maintain itself against these disastrous influences. The war of independence carried on from 1820 till 1828, and the general character and conduct of the Greek people since they became an independent nation,

may be adduced to justify the belief that under happier influences, with the spread of education, and the civilizing lessons of self-government teaching men the moral and social duties which attend all rights, they are well fitted to take a place amongst the civilized nations of Europe. But instead of education and self-government—which is education, the surest and most practical, and the only mode of creating a great people—the wisdom of modern diplomacy gave king Log to the Greeks.

After an experiment of five years of misrule, the evil results were so manifest that an attempt was made to reform the administration. Otho having gone in search of a wife—and happy would it have been for Greece had he never returned—the government was left in the hands of Count Arensberg. The minister attempted to obviate some of the most dangerous abuses of the government. He gave independence to the judges, freedom to the press, introduced, to some extent, the element of responsibility in the administration of finance, established better police regulations, and, of primary importance to the improvement of the people, he instituted a kind of system of local self-government by provincial councils. Otho having heard tidings of good government and improvement, hurried back in alarm, and dismissed the well-intentioned minister in disgrace. Tyranny, corruption, and brigandage, soon put an end to all social and industrial improvement. The Greek people, unable to bear the accumulated wrongs of this infamous government, and enraged at the perfidious delay of the court in making a constitution, rose, and effected the peaceful revolution of September, 1843. In common fair-dealing to that people, we submit that this fact is worth something in judging of their fitness for the duties of self-government. Unfortunately, they only obtained a paper constitution. There was no guarantee for the preservation of rights by a court which had shown itself above all restraints of morality and justice; and faction, moved by foreign intrigue, was busy. Corruption, misrule, and internal disorders, again overspread this unhappy country. England, in her undoubted right as one of the guaranteeing powers, has endeavoured, through the able and honest ministration of Sir Edmund Lyons, to use her moral influence to teach the government of Greece a sense of duty and self-respect; but all these efforts were checked by the intrigues of the absolute government of Russia, and the selfish personal policy of the governments by which France has been defrauded and dishonoured for some years. Russia, through her great influence on the members of the Greek Church, has used all the cunning and secret power of her diplomacy to turn this wretched sovereignty into the instrument of her designs on Eastern Europe. Ever true to the commands

of Peter, she has in very recent days been more than fulfilling that injunction of his Testament, 'S'attacher et réunir autour de soi *tous les Grecs* unis ou schismatiques qui sont répandus soit dans la Hongrie, soit dans la Turquie, soit dans le midi de la Pologne; se faire leur centre, leur appui, et établir d'avance une prédominance universelle par une sorte d'autocratie ou de suprématie sacerdotale; ce seront autant d'amis qu'on aura chez chacun de ses ennemis.' History may, perhaps, be able to disclose some connexion between the 'holy mission' of Nicolas and recent occurrences in the islands of Greece.

A very cursory examination of the merits of each case will establish the justice of Lord Palmerston's plea, that there was a denial of justice to English subjects by the Greek Government. There may be an implied, as well as an express denial of justice. This occurs, as was the case in Greece, where the public tribunals are so constituted, and the administration so impure, that it is unreasonable to expect justice. The judges being directly under the influence and subject to the will and caprice of the sovereign, it is manifest, at the very first step of the argument, that pure administration of justice was not, and cannot be, a reasonable expectation. It is assuredly opposed to the evidence of history. Radically bad, then, as respects litigation between Greek and Greek, is the case better as between an English subject and the Greek Government, against whom he had preferred demands? On general considerations we apprehend it is not; for the reasonable presumption is, that when a tribunal is at the absolute will of the sovereign power, the decision will not be in opposition to that will; in the instance of Greece, the presumption is strengthened by the positive proof of facts—the general impossibility of obtaining justice in opposition to the king's will; and also, from the peculiar character of these claims, the Government, having, for political and other reasons, made the most public and positive refusal of satisfaction. It is not unimportant to take into consideration also a fact, bearing at least on one of the cases, that Otho the king was the party from whom satisfaction was demanded, and that the law of Greece does not permit an action to be brought against the king. It is important to prevent the mind being prejudiced by a fallacy most unscrupulously used against Lord Palmerston, to bear in view, that although the Government of Greece is really and truly an absolute monarchy, encouraged and supported in all its misdeeds by Russian influence and intrigue, it has had the mean hypocrisy to shield itself by the fictions of the Constitution. A few facts urged by Mr. Cockburn, on incontrovertible authority, are sufficient to show, that even since the establishment of the Constitution of 1843, it was not reason-

able to expect justice in a claim opposed to the will of the sovereign :—

‘The Constitution (says the learned Solicitor-General), undoubtedly provides, that the judges shall not be dismissed at the king’s pleasure—but they are so dismissed every day. And not only that, but the Greek Government have established this system : as they have a number of courts of equal jurisdiction and authority, they transplant the judges from one to the other, as the purposes of each case may seem to require. When a particular case, in which the government is interested in bringing to a particular decision, occurs in a court, they transplant the judge in whom they can depend into that court.’

In 1846, M. Piscatori, the French minister, brought an action against the editor of a newspaper for libel. The sentence was against the editor, three of the judges against two for acquittal. One of the latter was instantly dismissed in these terms—‘The king has been pleased to remove you from the bench.’ The editor appealed to the supreme Court of the Areopagus, and on the eve of trial, two of the judges against whom suspicions of impartiality were entertained, were instantly dismissed without any reason being assigned. These facts were not only known, but notorious in Greece. The old Tory plan of packing juries in political trials was nothing to this quick despatch of justice. Will any man who has read the trial of Richard Baxter, in 1685, say that he had a reasonable chance of justice from such a tribunal in any case, where the government had a personal interest? Suppose a royalist mob had plundered the house of Baxter, or any other leading Nonconformist of that day, would a claim for damages against the public have had a reasonable chance of trial with a Jeffries for judge?

But the conclusion that there was a denial of justice, from the want of a reasonable expectation of justice, so as to bring the question within the custom of nations, is positively supported by the refusal on the part of the Government to satisfy claims under their sole jurisdiction. Our demands are founded upon six specific acts. They comprise the appropriation of property by royalty, for which royalty would not pay; public plunder of property; the imprisonment and torture of British subjects; and an act of public insult to the British flag. The first case is that of Mr. Finlay, whose atrocious fault seems to be, that he was born in that country on which my Lord Aberdeen, a most unkindly Scot, has conferred no honour. Mr. Finlay may be ‘a cannie Scot’—and a prudent, thrifty disposition has not generally been esteemed a crime, either by protectionist lords or economical doctrinaires—but he is a man of character and learning, who served Greece in the struggle for independence, as he has

served her since, by the elucidation of her history and antiquities. At the time the Turks retired from Greece, he purchased some landed property at Athens. When Otho came to Athens, it was fitting that he should have a palace, and, as a standing memorial of his taste, a costly domicile was erected, of Pentelican marble, after the style of a Manchester cotton-factory. A garden was required, and a portion of Mr. Finlay's lands taken without ceremony. Mr. Finlay did not object to the seizure, but he asked a fair price for the increased value. 'Oh no,' demurred the king, in happy oblivion to the principles of Manchester and all other schools commercial; 'you have no claim to more than you actually paid for the land.' For several years Mr. Finlay's claim was refused. He could not appeal to the courts, because he could not sue the king; and could he have appealed, he had no reasonable prospect of justice. In the meantime the revolution, with its nominal freedom to the courts, took place, but it did not place Mr. Finlay in a better position. The revolution covered the arbitrary act of the king, though it did not blot out the claim against the civil list; but under the constitution proceedings could only be taken against the agents of the civil list, the king could not be sued, and these officers had long ago left the country. All that our Government demanded was, that Mr. Finlay should receive the fair value of his land seized for the private purposes of the king.

The second case was that of M. Pacifico, a native of Gibraltar, of the Jewish persuasion, and a subject of Great Britain. The Athenians, as a proof of orthodoxy, have been accustomed to burn Judas in effigy on Easter day. In 1847, the Baron Rothschild visits Athens, and in compliment to the Baron's wealth, the authorities forbid the customary solemnity; from 300 to 400 irate Athenian youths, assisted by some soldiers and gendarmes, who had just come from church, and headed by a son of Zavellas, the Foreign Minister, attacked Pacifico's house, beat his wife and children, broke his furniture to pieces, and robbed him of money, jewels, and other property, altogether valued by him at £5,000. They destroyed also, as alleged, vouchers for a large claim against the Portuguese Government. A second attack was made in October of the same year, and his family subjected to some violence. At the commencement of the riot, M. Pacifico applied for protection to the Government, but none was afforded. Young Zavellas was afterwards pointed out as a ringleader, but no steps were taken to prosecute him, or to bring the other plunderers to justice. But, say the absolutists, the courts were open to Pacifico. True, he might prosecute criminally, but that could not restore his broken furniture and plundered property. It is idle to talk of the

alternative civil course of suing the individual members of that most respectable mob, and there was no action against the commune, as is the case against the hundred in England. His only course, then, was to seek compensation from the government, and that was positively refused. The cases of the Ionian boatmen, plundered at Salcina, and of the poor men falsely imprisoned, and cruelly tortured by the police, in defiance of the Constitution, are well known, and need not be detailed. It can hardly be pretended that these poor men had a reasonable chance of justice, even under the vaunted constitutional independence of the courts!

The last case is the claim of apology for the insult to the English flag, by the arrest of the boat's crew of H.M.S. 'Fantome,' at Patras, in January, 1848. The Government refused to make the small atonement of an apology. This is a case in which there could be no appeal to the tribunals of the country.

There was another demand, or rather assertion of right to the possession of the two small islands of Sapienza and Cervi, as part of the territory of the Ionian republic. It is a separate question, and remains open for further discussion.

The question of the mediation by France excited much party contention, which had nothing really to do with the matter. The gravamen of the charge was, that Mr. Wyse recommenced hostile measures after the pacific convention of London, but as it was shown that the objectors had assumed more than the facts justified, to wit, that Mr. Wyse was aware of the terms, the accusation fell harmless. It is unlikely we should have heard one word of the question, if the French Government had not seized it as a fitting opportunity to aid their conspiracy against the liberties of the French people, by exciting a war cry against England. And, perhaps, a more sordid feeling was at work. M. Bonaparte had every selfish motive to gain a temporary popularity by an appeal to the worst passions of the people; the *Dotation* Bill was under discussion. But the cry of *perfidie Albion* had lost its magic as a popular watch-word; the democratic party saw the perfidy and defeated it.

Much has been said as to the harsh mode in which the claims were enforced by us. If we admit the justice of adopting the course prescribed by the custom of nations, and the only one left, then, so long as a war policy is maintained by this country, Lord Palmerston was justified in his measures. Greece, by her obstinate refusal to admit the claim for reparation, barred the possibility of adopting a pacific middle course. But looking at the whole facts of the political state of Greece, and of the tortuous system of despotic intrigue of which she was made the instrument, a strong demonstration of the power of England

to protect her subjects from insult, and plunder, and torture, was a necessary policy. Could the veil of diplomatic intrigue be withdrawn from these classic shores, the world might be astonished at the complicated machinery by which the puppet Otho has been moved.

The second branch of the question opens a much wider range of discussion, but as the principles involved are simple, and the facts have been well discussed separately, by parliament and the public, the remarks pertinent to this occasion may be reduced to much narrower compass. The general policy of non-interference may be said to be a duty co-ordinate with the abstract rights of nations. As each independent state is a supreme power, no civil authority can interpose in the regulation or management of its internal affairs. But there is a moral obligation on all nations to act with justice and benevolence towards each other, and the more free the intercommunication of nations, and the greater the reciprocal advantage proceeding therefrom, so are the difficulties of carrying out that obligation removed.

Under the custom of nations, opinion becomes a power for enforcing it. If the selfish ambition of a potentate moves him to attack a weak state, the indignation of nations is aroused, public expediency prompts the interposition of aid, and justice sanctions it; but if he should trample on the liberties of his own subjects, there is no *prima facie* case for a forcible interference. With the progress of nations, the exception to the rule is enlarged, for if the moral law of benevolence is equally incumbent between nations as between men, nations are bound by common ties of humanity to render each other assistance. On the demand for foreign assistance against domestic oppression and lawless tyranny, which shall appear to be clearly in the nature of a national demand, that is of a vast proportion of the people, intervention is recognised by the custom of civilized nations. Some of the most important events of history have been accomplished under this exceptional principle. Thus England gave aid to the United Provinces of the Netherlands against Spain; the Prince of Orange and the States enabled England to effect the revolution of 1688; and France in turn assisted the Americans to free themselves from the oppression of England; all great facts in the history of the freedom and progress of man.* The right of interference must therefore depend on

* A case stronger than any one of these was of possible occurrence last year in the glorious struggle for the laws and liberties of Hungary. Had the Hungarians called for an armed intervention, the intervention would, we apprehend, have been morally and lawfully justified. Hungary was not rebelling against the tyranny of a king, but was opposing one who was not king under the constitution, sworn to by his immediate predecessor, who had vacated his office, and whose pretensions were supported, not by Hungarians,

the special circumstances of the case. If armed interference may be justified in cases, much more so, and much more generally so, may the use of good counsel and persuasion be justified in the intercourse of nations.

Unluckily, the principle of non-interference, the generally sound policy of which we have fully and cordially admitted, is not often understood by those who assert it. It has become a stereotyped phrase of speech, signifying anything or nothing as suits the sentiment of the hour. Act on the principle as rigidly and with as little consideration as it is daily asserted as an article of the political creed in conversational politics, and each nation must recall its ambassador and 'wandering citizens,' close its ports, and shut itself up in isolation from the world. Narrow the principle within the little world, and in time we may get rid of moral responsibility, and dry up the fountains of benevolence, charity, and humanity. To maintain the theory with all the rigidity of abstract principle, and at the same time preserve the just relations of nations, we must suppose a condition of perfect equality in the territory and strength, in the intellect and civilization of nations more socialistic than socialism itself. For until the age of social perfectibility shall come, the strong will threaten the weak, and the weak, by necessity, stand in want of counsel or aid from the strong. Nicolas of Russia in 1848, declared that but two powers then existed in Europe—Revolution and Russia. Can peace or progress, or prosperity, prevail amongst nations, when the one power has proclaimed a war of extermination against the other? There may be a great deal of Russo-phobia in Europe, but there are too many proofs to the contrary to doubt that Russia is now the strength and hope of the legitimacy and absolutism of Europe. On the authority of the Tory converts, we may consider the division of 1850 to be England against the whole despotism of Europe. The issue lately determined was not on the abstract question of interference or non-interference, but on a great fundamental principle of progress. It would be well for those who maintain the con-

but by Austrians, that is, foreign soldiers. The resistance was not only a national resistance; but the government was *de facto* and *de jure* the government of Hungary. "Stet rei agendi potestas," as the jurists would say. It had at least the right to call for foreign aid. One of the Tory arguments in the late debate was this: if Lord Palmerston is permitted to interfere in foreign affairs, why not allow the right to Nicolas of intervention in the affairs of Hungary? There is no analogy; Lord Palmerston, with all his alleged warlike propensities, never marched an army into Italy, as Nicolas did into the territory of a foreign country, to aid another foreign aggressor, whose foreign army had been signally beaten. The courtly language of diplomacy may not permit the term brigandage to the act, but it was assuredly one of daring foreign aggression.

sistency of working out a principle at all costs, to bear in mind that there are two classes of social principles—principles fundamental and essential to the right constitution of society; and principles accidental—important to its development, though not essential to its existence. To illustrate the distinction: all rational Englishmen recognise self-government to be essential to the freedom of the nation; that is a fundamental principle. But all Englishmen do not maintain that arbitration in international disputes is essentially necessary for freedom, however important it may be towards its development; that is the principle accidental. This is certain, that the one is very much more fundamental than the other; as the foundation of the nation must precede the confederation of nations. But we submit, looking to the fierce antagonism which now prevails between freedom and despotism, that the universal recognition of the one is essentially necessary to the possible acknowledgment of the other. Look at the present condition of Europe. See Russia, inspired with her ‘holy mission,’ with absolute Austria, the vassal, on the one side, and republican France, the pliant ally, on the other, casting the network of her selfish intrigues over every kingdom and principality of the civilized world. Behold freedom prostrate beneath the bloody hands of vengeful kings, and answer, Are these the instruments, or is this the time, to realize the glorious aspirations of peace and goodwill amongst men? Is England, then, the light of free institutions, to continue in antagonism to these powers of political darkness; or to retire from the contest, and leave the unholy alliance to quench the flickering hopes which live in Europe? These are the principles, considerations, and necessities, on which a just judgment of Lord Palmerston’s policy must be formed.

We cannot enter into the details, neither can we approve of all the acts charged in the indictment. His interference in Portugal was, doubtless, neither wise nor well—stifling liberalism without procuring any alleviation of a grievous despotism; his tender of good counsel to Spain may have been too energetically expressed; he may have been too slow to produce the famous Austrian despatch; he may have mixed himself somewhat rashly in the affairs of Piedmont, and excited too fond hopes from the mission to Rome and Sicily; but it cannot, we think, be said, by any one who reviews these events with the calm and dispassionate mind which we apply to the study of history, that he endangered the peace of Europe. The plea of good intention, of a sincere wish to promote, by the offer of friendly counsel, the progress of constitutional liberty, the desire to prevent the outbreak of a fierce collision in Italy, prompting him to accede to the solicitations of the sovereigns

of Rome and Naples—these and other motives, so powerfully enforced in his candid and eloquent defence, are surely worth something, in judging of his general policy during the stormy years of recent revolution. If it is fair to judge ministers as men, then is Lord Palmerston entitled to some credit, for having, in times of unexampled difficulty, with all the powers of continental absolutism opposed to him, kept England at peace with the world. On these grounds, and chiefly because the censure of the strangely-allied opposition in the Houses of Lords and Commons, was really and in truth a manifesto of another holy alliance of European despots, we think the declaration by the House of Commons just, generally in accordance with the views of the liberal mind of England, and well calculated to sustain the fainting courage of continental liberalism. That it is so considered by liberal foreigners, we have every reason to believe, from the congratulatory tone of the liberal and democratic journals of France and Germany.

It is certainly to be regretted that a discussion, involving principles so important, should have hung not on the merits of each specific question, but on the success of the party which, by accident, became representative of certain other general principles. On that vote not only rested the hopes and free aspirations of continental nations, but the immediate progress, and, possibly, the safety of the great economical principles on which so much of the happiness of England depends. However much we may have regretted special cases in Lord Palmerston's career, and condemned the oligarchic system and mischievous legislation of his Whig colleagues in reference to many acts of domestic policy, we cannot help feeling that any vote which might tend to deliver foreign affairs into the hands of Lord Aberdeen, and place free-trade at the mercy of the Protectionist party, was a contingency most disastrous to the progress of freedom in Europe, and to the prosperity, and possibly to the peace of England. The lamented death of Sir Robert Peel has already worked a change in the aspect of party. It is not difficult to foresee a re-union and re-construction of a Tory party, animated by one Tory feeling. Let the Whigs be warned in time by the events past and possible. For the eminent abilities of Lord Palmerston, we entertain a just respect—a feeling which would increase if his lordship would adopt a less haughty tone to other states; for his less liberal colleagues we are not without some hope that the events of the past month may teach them more wisdom. They may redeem past errors by the policy of the future, but there is only one course of policy which can save them, and save their country from the miseries and the perils of Tory domination—to govern and legislate no longer for

class, or for the petty interests of class, but for the people of England. Then, and then only, may they defy all the absolute conspiracies and conspirators of England and Europe.

One word as to the un-English prophecy with which the debate was concluded. Mr. Disraeli, from the precedent of Venetian history, drew the conclusion that England had seen the last of her proud pre-eminence amongst the nations. But Mr. Disraeli misstated historic facts. That haughty republic fell from the greatness of her power and place because she was ruled by a heartless oligarchy. Unmindful of all responsibilities, dead to all moral obligations, Mammon her God, class aggrandizement the only aim of her policy, her star may have paled at Cambray, but she fell never to rise again from her too great prosperity, the victim of class-rule and commercialism. The melancholy desolation which hovers o'er her deserted palaces, and the silent pathway of her waters, conveys, it is true, an impressive warning to England to avoid the errors of the once commercial mistress of the world. But there is only one course for England, if she would be moved by that solemn warning, to abandon all that she still holds of the narrow and selfish policy of which the honourable gentleman is the representative, and proceed onwards, calmly and steadfastly, in fulfilment of the glorious mission which the poet claimed for her of teaching the nations how to live.

Brief Notices.

Modern State Trials. Revised, and Illustrated with Essays and Notes.

By William C. Townsend, Esq., M.A., Q.C. Two Vols. 8vo.
London: Longman and Co.

THE phrase, 'State Trials,' is used by Mr. Townsend to designate such as are 'likely to command the attention of all members of the community, and to be read by them with pleasure and profit.' Whatever question may be raised respecting the logical correctness of such a definition, no doubt can be entertained of the spirit and variety of the work being increased by its adoption. Those who demur on this point, will do well to examine the volumes before us. The trials included are those of John Frost, Edward Oxford, James Stuart, the Earl of Cardigan, Courvoisier, M'Naughten, Alexander Alexander, Smith O'Brien, Lord Cochrane, the Wakefields, Hunter and others, John Ambrose Williams, Charles Pinney, Mr. Moxon, and Daniel

O'Connell. It is rather difficult to account for the selection of some of these. On the same principle, a vast number of others might have been included, and the value of the work would thereby have been increased. Judging from the title-page, we expected to meet with reports of the trials of William Hone and others during the premiership of Lord Liverpool; but the first sentence of the *Introduction* extinguished such anticipations, by informing us that the cases selected were such as had occurred within *the last thirty years*. Why this limit was fixed, we know not. We regret the fact on many accounts, and principally as the trials alluded to would have afforded an opportunity of bringing out some of the most instructive comments suggested by the history of our past jurisprudence. Perhaps Mr. Townsend's limits were fixed on this very account, as no part of his work leads us to suppose that the censure of those in authority is grateful to his taste. We should also have been glad if the reports had been more condensed, so as to have admitted a greater number. The speeches of counsel and the examination of witnesses are sometimes given at too great length, so as to weary the general reader, for whom the work has evidently been prepared. A more condensed narrative, admitting of a larger selection, would, on many accounts, have been preferable. Taking the work, however, as it is, we receive it with grateful acknowledgment, as an instructive record of many transactions which Englishmen should clearly understand and long remember. It is interesting as well as instructive; and, though not suited for continuous reading, may be consulted with advantage and pleasure during the leisure hours which frequently occur. 'It has been the object of the editor to free the work from dry severity by introducing the "*loci latiores*" of the advocates, the salient parts of cross-examination, those little passages of arms between the rival combatants which diversified the arena, the painting of the forensic scene, the poetry of action of these legal dramas.' No intelligent reader will regret the money expended in the purchase of these volumes, or the time devoted to their perusal.

Daily Bible Illustrations : being Original Readings for a Year, on Subjects from Sacred History, Biography, Geography, Antiquities, and Theology. Especially designed for the Family Circle. By John Kitto, D.D., F.S.A. Edinburgh: W. Oliphant and Sons.

DR. KITTO'S labours in the department of Biblical illustration have secured him a worthy place amongst his contemporaries. His labours have been equally varied, extensive, and useful, and entitle him to the best thanks of the Christian Church. The present work, of which the volume before us constitutes the second, is one of the best, and will prove, we doubt not, one of the most popular of his productions. It is based on an admirable plan, and unites many qualities well fitted to give it general acceptance, and to render it pre-eminently useful. The former volume was founded on the record we possess of the Antediluvian and Patriarchal Ages, while this proceeds

to the end of the Book of Judges,—making the more prominent narratives of scripture the basis of brief illustrations, suited to daily reading for the three months, April, May, and June. We know not a better book, of its kind, in our language. The results of very extensive reading are brought to bear on the illustration of scripture history in a style clear and unembarrassed, and in a spirit admirably suited to benefit the reader. 'The work,' as Dr. Kitto remarks, 'is not a history—not a commentary—not a book of critical or antiquarian research—but is something of all these.' It is, in fact, the production of an intelligent, well-informed, and devout mind, earnestly concerned to give consistency and definiteness to the views of scripture readers, by encouraging the habit 'not merely of reading, but of thinking, over its contents.'

The heads of families will do well to adopt it as a book for daily perusal; and the young cannot easily find a more intelligent, instructive, or devout companion. We commend it emphatically to all classes of readers, as pre-eminently suited to remove misconceptions, to clear up difficulties, and to impress the mind with a deeper sense of the truthfulness and value of the word of God.

Readings for Railways: or, Anecdotes, and other Short Stories. Reflections, Maxims, Characteristics, Passages of Wit, Humour, and Poetry, &c. Together with Points of Information on Matters of General Interest. Collected in the course of his own reading. By J. B. Syme. London: Charles Gilpin.

WE have copied this title-page in full, as giving—what some title-pages fail to do—an accurate account of the volume itself. It is scarcely necessary to say more than that the promise it makes is faithfully performed, and such of our readers as are about to travel, whether by railway, steam-boat, or other carriage, will find it a most pleasing and instructive companion. Referring to the exceptionable character of many of the works vended at railway stations, Mr. Gilpin remarks:

'The publisher believes that it is perfectly possible to secure a class of reading, which, while not inferior in interest to those books which now almost monopolize the station tables, shall yet possess a decidedly moral tone and instructive tendency; and seeing the amount of time spent in travelling—an amount which it is probable will yet greatly increase—he has determined to make the attempt to introduce such literature for railways as may be approved by the great mass of the reading public.'

Heartily approving the design of the series, we are glad to be able to speak well of the execution of this volume, which consists of a variety of papers, selected from the writings of some of our ablest and most popular authors. All have their merit and attraction, and some are exceedingly fascinating.

Memoir of the Life of Joseph Gutteridge, Esq., of Denmark-hill, Surrey.
By Edward Steane, D.D. 12mo. London: Jackson and Walford.

MR. GUTTERIDGE occupied a distinguished place in the religious body to which he belonged, and was held in high and deserved esteem. He lived to a very old age, and retained to the last the affectionate respect of all about him. His biographer was on intimate terms with him for many years; saw him at home as well as abroad; and had, therefore, a much better opportunity of estimating his character than those who met him only in public life. It is due both to Dr. Steane and to Mr. Gutteridge to keep this fact in mind, as otherwise the sketch drawn will be regarded as too uniformly eulogistic. We confess to some feeling of this kind, after all the allowance which the aforesaid consideration suggests. A want of discrimination is the fault of religious biographies, and the present volume is not free from the charge. We say not this in censure of Dr. Steane. Had our circumstances been like his, we should, probably, have written as he has done; but looking at the matter from a different point, we are sensible of what we deem a deficiency in the portraiture of his friend. It is not in human nature to be faultless, and the interests of the living are best served by a candid and loving acknowledgment of the failings of departed worthies. Mr. Gutteridge probably had as few failings as pertain to most good men, but the affectionate reverence of his biographer has painted him as a perfect man. The style of the work is chaste and graceful; and the memoir itself, without possessing any special points of interest, will be found both attractive and useful to a large class of readers.

Auvergne, Piedmont, and Savoy: a Summer Ramble. By Charles Richard Weld. London: Parker.

MR. WELD is a man of cultivated mind, with a quick susceptibility to the beauty of this fair world, and considerable power of communicating his impressions of men and things to others. He has been fortunate, too, so far as his book is concerned, in his field, rich in historical recollections, in beauty, and in scientific interest, and, above all, for a publishing tourist, almost untouched by the note-taking tribe. The result of this happy union of subject and sketches is one of the best books of travel we have lately had—full of life and freshness. Though coming under the modest title of a summer ramble, it is made of much less flimsy material than most of its class; being evidently the production of an experienced traveller, who, to wide knowledge of Continental Europe, adds a keen observant eye for the peculiarities of people as well as country, and is throughout the man of reading, the man of taste, and the gentleman. If any of our readers are hesitating where to wander to in these summer months, we advise them to take Mr. Weld for their companion, and be off; and if, like us, they are chained at home, they will find him a pleasant substitute for a trip *in propria*.

The National Cyclopædia. Vol. X. 8vo. London: Charles Knight.

THIS work is steadily approaching to its completion, in honourable fulfilment of the promise of its publisher. We have had frequent opportunities of recording our judgment on its great merits, and, without pledging ourselves to an approval of all its contents, we are free to repeat our opinion that, for excellence and cheapness, it stands without a rival in our popular literature. Our fathers would not have credited the possibility of so much scholarship, varied research, profound science, and general information, being brought within the reach of so large a portion of the community. We, however, rejoice in the fact which they deemed so incredible, and gratefully acknowledge the claim of Mr. Knight to the admiration and thanks of his countrymen. Few have laboured so diligently, or have achieved for themselves so honourable a fame. The 'National Cyclopædia' is in itself a library, and should be obtained, even at some sacrifice, by every young man who wishes to possess the means of ready access to the multifarious results of modern learning and research.

The Vale of Cedars; or, the Martyr. A Tale of Spain in the Fifteenth Century. By Grace Aguilar. London: Groombridge.

THE authoress of this most fascinating volume has selected for her field one of the most remarkable eras in modern history—the reigns of Ferdinand and Isabella. The tale turns on the extraordinary extent to which concealed Judaism had gained footing at that period in Spain, and on the terrible operations of the secret Inquisition. The heroine of the volume is a young Jewess, a beautiful creation, whose fortunes are blended with those of her husband, a Jew holding a high position in the court. His sudden violent death leads to the imprisonment and trial for murder of an English nobleman, a resident in Spain, whose early love for Marie has not escaped the observation of the secret grand inquisitor. To save his life, she has to give evidence on his trial—avows herself a Jewess, is spirited away to the dungeons of the Inquisition, assailed there by the vile persecutions of the head of that tribunal, but is delivered in time to rescue the innocent, and to disclose the existence of the Inquisition. Refusing to abjure the faith of her fathers, she loses her royal friends, her young hopes, and returns to her father's house to die. This rapid outline will show there is incident enough in the tale; and we need only say that it is marked by much power of description, and by a woman's delicacy of touch. It contains stuff enough to float half a dozen three-volume novels, and will add to its writer's well-earned reputation.

The Missionary Souvenir. Edited by the Rev. Thomas Aveling. London: John Snow.

THIS small volume, very neatly and tastefully 'got up,' owes its appearance to the bazaar recently held on behalf of the Walthamstow School for the Daughters of Missionaries. 'It was thought,' says the

editor, 'that the occasion of a fancy sale, for the purpose of aiding the funds of this deserving institution, would afford a suitable opportunity for presenting to the public a work which, by its title and contents, might perpetuate the feeling of interest which has of late been awakened on the behalf of these children of the warriors of the Cross.' Such a design will of itself commend the volume to many readers, and its contents will not disappoint their expectation. Though brief, and light in texture, they are varied, pleasing, and useful. Poetry and prose, narrative and counsel, the bright hues of imagination and the more sober colouring of reason, are happily blended in a style of chaste and subdued ornament. We shall be glad to find that the sale of this small volume is as gratifying to Mr. Aveling, as the success of the fancy sale must have been to the lady by whom it was projected and carried through.

The Life of a Vagrant; or, the Testimony of an Outcast to the Value and Truth of the Gospel. To which is added, a brief and original Account of Andrias Stoffles, the African Witness. London: Charles Gilpin.

THIS little volume will be read with considerable pleasure by all who are interested in tracing the fortunes of the poor. 'I can vouch,' says the Rev. John Waddington, 'for the correctness and fidelity of his narration. It is thoroughly genuine.' By the sale of this little book, it is hoped that funds may be realized which will enable the author to devote his time to the religious benefit of his class. We shall be glad to contribute to so desirable an end. The narrative is simply told. It opens up many views of humble life not commonly seen, and is pervaded by a devout temper, and an obvious desire to do good.

The Crisis of Being: Six Lectures to Young Men on Religious Decision. By the Rev. D. Thomas. Second Edition. London: Ward and Co.

WE are glad to find that a second edition of this little volume has been called for. The fact is honourable to the public, and affords gratifying evidence of the prevalence of a sounder and more healthy taste than has always been cherished by religious readers. We repeat the emphatic recommendation which we gave the work on its first appearance. It must not be confounded with the common run of religious works, the mental poverty and servile repetitions of many of which are only adapted to bring religion into disrepute, by associating it in the apprehension of intelligent observers with imbecility, narrow-mindedness, and a mere wordy devotion.

Health, Disease, and Remedy, familiarly and practically considered in a few of their Relations to the Blood. By George Moore, M.D. London: Longman and Co.

THE first part of this volume is a familiar exposition of the circulation of the blood, and the relation between that and the other animal functions. This is followed by a series of chapters on the conditions requisite

for the preservation of health, touching on food, beverage, rest, &c., and by others on the art of healing, including some very sensible remarks on quackery, private doctoring, bathing, and so on. The essence of the book may be summed up in this: 'understand enough of the laws of the animal functions to keep yourself in health when you are well, and when you are ill, send for a doctor.' To both parts of the advice we should say Amen—and in order to carry out the first part, we recommend Dr. Moore's volume as a clear and interesting exhibition of the more simple facts that every man ought to know, and may learn better from this well-written volume, than from any work that he can lay his hands on.

Family Pictures from the Bible. By Mrs. Ellet. London: Peter Jackson. 8vo. Pp. 212.

A PLEASING volume, which will receive a hearty welcome from many readers, and be prized in proportion as its spirit and useful tendency are understood. It is divided into twenty chapters, devoted to the elucidation of the more prominent features of as many households mentioned in the inspired volume. Fourteen of them are, we presume, the productions of Mrs. Ellet, and the remaining six bear the names of their authors. Together they constitute a volume of more than ordinary interest, in which devotional sentiments are happily blended with reflections and counsels, which all may read with advantage. The volume is tastefully executed, and will grace the drawing-room table, as well as prove a useful companion to the solitary reader.

First Class-Book of Physical Geography. By William Rhind. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox.

WE have been exceedingly pleased with the arrangement and execution of this small book. It is the only thing of the kind we know, and the science to which it is devoted has now made such progress that teachers should include it in their subjects. Mr. Rhind's volume will furnish an admirable text-book for the purpose. It is clear and correct, so far as we have seen, and written with condensation as well as fulness of illustration.

The History of Scotland. By the Rev. Thomas Thomson. For the use of Schools. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark.

THIS volume merits a favourable notice as a comprehensive and yet concise history, written in a religious tone, by a man of liberal principles and sound knowledge. A little less space given to the early reigns, and to mere fighting, would have left room for those notices of the social and intellectual life of the 'rascal multitude,' in which the book is somewhat deficient. It is a simple narrative of events, clearly told, by a thorough Scotchman and true-blue Presbyterian.

The Early Conflicts of Christianity. By Rev. William I. Kip, D.D.
London : Longman and Co.

THIS volume aims at presenting vividly before readers moderately versed in ecclesiastical history, the features of the first century which were especially antagonistic to the gospel. For this purpose the life of St. Paul is chosen, as first in conflict with Judaism, next at Athens with Grecian philosophy, and then at Corinth with the licentious spirit of the age; followed by barbarism, and Grecian Mythology, in which two parts, no one incident in the apostle's life is selected as a peg to hang the dissertation on. The idea of framing these successive portraits of the enemies of the gospel in this way, is good and well worked out. There is a considerable amount of accurate information conveyed, and the style of the volume is always animated and picturesque, so that most readers who take it up will go through with it. It is not meant for students, and they had better leave it alone; for others, it will possess many attractions, as well as convey much knowledge.

Gazpacho; or, Summer Months in Spain. By W. G. Clark, M.A.
Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. London : Parker.

As an unintelligible title is a great point now-a-days, we shall respect Mr. Clark's confidence, and not reveal whether *Gazpacho* is the name of person, place, or thing. The book which is so christened, is a slight, but pleasant enough record of a partial tour, in which the author has little to say about anything except his inns and guides, ruined convents, and cool cathedrals. We bring away with us neither pictures nor facts, neither sentiment nor statistics, nor, indeed, anything to speak of, except an impression that the writer's unconquerable propensity to make jokes, to which propensity the corresponding capacity has not been added, would be all the better for Thomas Carlyle's admonition—
'Witty!—above all, oh! be not witty—'

A Journal of Summer Time in the Country. By the Rev. R. A. Wilmot, Sen. London : Parker.

THIS is a very pleasant book for people at certain times and in certain places. If you have nothing to do, and wish to do nothing—if you have a garden with a chestnut-tree in it—if you would like as a companion out there on a bright, hot day, a man with a large store of reading amongst our English poets, who is himself an Arcadian—who can criticise, moralize, and all without your having much trouble in listening—if all these conditions are united in our readers, then let them put themselves under Mr. Wilmot's guidance. He is a gentleman, a scholar, a man of taste, with a sweet style, and, what is a great advantage for the season of the year, if you should sleep during part of his homily, you can go on quite as comfortably again when you wake. This sort of drowsy air is, perhaps, the perfection of the book, considering its title. There is a lack of sinew, of pith; so that, unless the reader wants lulling (which the chestnut-tree will do far better), a very small dose at a time is enough.

Scripture Sites and Scenes. From actual survey in Egypt, Arabia, and Palestine. Chiefly for the use of Sunday Schools. London: Arthur Hall and Co.

THIS valuable volume contains the substance of 'Walks about Jerusalem,' and 'Forty Days in the Desert'—condensed and adapted for its present purpose by Mr. Bartlett, the author of these two well-known works. It is, therefore, unnecessary to do more than mention its publication, with the warm recommendation which its graphic descriptions and useful pictorial illustrations richly deserve.

Truth or Orthodoxy?—To which must we Sacrifice? A Friendly Address to the Wesleyan Methodist Preachers of Great Britain. By Henry Burgess. Leeds: Heaton.

AN address on the evil effects of requiring from ministers a subscription to doctrinal standards. It contains a great deal of wholesome truth, of which other bodies than Wesleyans will supply illustrations. It is not in that community alone that the character sketched here is to be found.

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

The High Priest's Dress; or, Christ arrayed in Aaron's Robes. By Rev. D. F. Jarman, B.A.

Memoir of the late James Halley, A.B., Student of Theology. By Rev. Wm. Arnot, Glasgow.

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Report of the Proceedings in the Police-court in the trial of W. Campbell Sleigh, Esq., and Thomas Russell, Esq., for an alleged breach of the peace at the Public Meeting, in the Music Hall, April 8th, 1850, held with reference to the Marriage Affinity Bill. By George Gunn.

An Essay on the tendency of Mental Cultivation in Science and Religion to promote the Improvement of the Working Classes, to which was awarded the three prizes offered by R. Padmore, Esq. By James Saville, John Randall, and John Alfred Langford.

The Garland; or, Poetry for Childhood and Youth.

The Baths of Rhenish Germany. With Notices of the adjacent Towns. By Edwin Lee.

Suggestions for an efficient Plan of Religious and Secular Education, based on the existing Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education, &c. By Richard Bithell

The History of the Early Puritans, from the Reformation to the opening of the Civil War in 1642. By J. B. Marsden, M.A.

The War in Hungary, 1848, 1849. By Max Schlesinger. Translated by John Edward Taylor. Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by Francis Pulasky. 2 Vols.

The Postal Changes, viewed with reference to additional Facilities for the Transit of Letters and Newspapers, especially on Saturday, &c. By James Gilbert.

THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW.

SEPTEMBER, 1850.

- ART. I.—1. *Popular Christianity: its Transition State and probable Development.* By Frederick J. Foxton, A.B., formerly of Pembroke College, Oxford, and Perpetual Curate of Stoke Prior, &c. London: John Chapman.
2. *The Nemesis of Faith.* By J. A. Froude, M.A., late Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Second Edition. London: John Chapman.
3. *The Soul: her Sorrows and her Aspirations. An Essay towards the Natural History of the Soul, as the true Basis of Theology.* By Francis William Newman, formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. Second Edition. London: John Chapman.
4. *Phases of Faith; or, Passages from the History of my Creed.* By Francis William Newman, formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. London: John Chapman.

OBSERVANT men have long been anticipating, and lately with growing conviction of its near approach, some new and great display of the truth and power of the gospel, analogous to that which has made the first half of the sixteenth century one of the most conspicuous landmarks in the history of man. There has been enough to justify such an anticipation. The unintelligent, unspiritual, and theoretical maintenance of the forms and doctrines of religion, co-existing with clear-sighted, earnest, practical worldliness, and most poorly compensated for by intolerance

towards dissidents, or panic terror and defiance of Rome, or vast and complicated demonstrations of apparent zeal for the good of men and the glory of God;—the prodigious strides recently made by human science, involving the more accurate determination of the limits and method of scientific inquiry;—the rise, about sixty years ago, of a new philosophy, which taught that there was knowledge that could not be received by the hearing of the ear or the sight of the eye, nor grasped by the strongest efforts of the best trained understanding; which taught that man had been provided with a special and peculiar faculty for acquiring this knowledge, and making it his own, named (after the example of the great writers of the golden age of English literature) *Reason*, and its exercise, *Faith*; and which has slowly but surely won its way, till now the old philosophy, invented by Hobbes and systematized by Locke, is threatened with expulsion from its chair;—the agitation of society ever since the outbreak of the French Revolution in 1789, with its necessary consequences—the attainment, by whole classes of men, of recognised social existence; and the awakening here and there in man the consciousness of power, which had else, through the overbearing influence of circumstances, been unable to struggle into life;—these phenomena might well call forth the desire, and kindle it into hope and expectation—nay, even seem to herald the speedy appearance of such a new and better age for the world.

But apart from these things this anticipation might have arisen. 'The Great Reformation' asserted two truths—that man is justified before God by faith alone, and not by ritual or moral performances; and that no man can claim the right to exercise authority over the consciences of his fellows;—and these seem to have constituted its great message. Now it is evident, that the first is a part only of the gospel; for whilst it speaks *positively* of the mode of entrance upon the enjoyment of its blessings, it describes those blessings merely *negatively*,—as the reversal of a sentence merited by foregone sin. The second was actually denied by the very men who proclaimed it; for all who revolted from the Papacy constructed creeds of their own, and required unconditional acceptance of them;—and had it been ever so faithfully realized it could have served simply to individualize men in their relations to God, and would have appeared to oppose the hope of their being united in those relations. But in the New Testament, the blessings of the gospel are described with sufficient clearness, and the union of men in filial subjection to God is spoken of as the expression and display of the consummation of those blessings in the present world; so that some further advance, which it is not unreasonable to expect will be made in

a manner resembling that by which those preparatory truths were established amongst men, must needs be looked for, so soon as, by the general reception of those truths, men shall be fitted to receive new lessons.

The same conclusion would be reached if the character of all our popular theologies were considered; and how much soever they differ amongst themselves on various points of doctrine, they have certain features in common, which makes them affect those who hold them in precisely the same way. Necessary as such systems are—for men (however rudely) spontaneously methodize all their knowledge, and it hardly is *knowledge* until it is methodized—and valuable as these particular systems have proved to those whose knowledge has not gone beyond their boundaries, they have been constructed upon too narrow a basis, and by too unscientific a method, and they have had given them by the labours of successive theologians too great compactness and consistency, to allow them to expand with the growth of mind, or to qualify them for aiding men in their inquiry after God's truth. Whilst not one of them contains more than a portion of that truth, scarcely, indeed, does one contain more than a portion of what is already known;—and God has boundless stores, from which he enriches men, age after age, as they are able to receive it, and which he seems then to pour forth most abundantly, when men, as in the present day, look upon their systems as having exhausted, or as being commensurate with his unfathomable and inexhaustible treasures; making their doctrines the limits of religious inquiry, and the tests of religious character, and stigmatizing any deviation from them, even in expression, as *heresy*.

Were teachers but more far-sighted, or less timid, such an advance as that we anticipate would be effected as silently, and be accepted as thankfully, as the change of seasons with us is. But there has always been too little trust in the imperishable life of truth, and too much love for the forms in which it has been enshrined; and so convulsions must of need go before, just as in warmer climates the new seasons are ushered in by tempests and hurricanes. Too often it is necessary that the old fabric beneath which the faith of past generations has sheltered, should be broken down before it is felt or acknowledged that a new one is wanted for the expanse and progress of the faith of the generations present and to come. Men are like the disciples, whose hearts were filled with sorrow to think that their Master was going to leave them; and who knew not that it was expedient for them that he should go away, that the Paraclete might come to them.

From this resistance to change it inevitably happens, that in these 'hurricane seasons' of the faith, much is brought into

question that cannot reasonably be doubted; and much denied that ought not to be questioned; and canons of criticism and interpretation are set up, which if established would leave nothing credible but what is based upon mathematical proof, or scientific experiment, or personal observation; and even these would be insufficient to produce general conviction. The duty of those who are 'set for the defence of the gospel,' in such times, becomes most clear. Avoiding peevish complaint and impotent denunciation, as men 'knowing the times,' they should earnestly, and by *truthful* means, maintain the TRUTH; for by so doing, the allegiance of the wavering will be confirmed, and some even amongst them that had revolted recovered to loyalty and obedience.

It is with this object in view that we call attention to the books whose titles stand at the head of this article. Following, as they do, so many reprints and translations of foreign works, and several productions of the new school of Socinians, all directed against the popular theologies, they seem to betoken the beginning of a period of unsettlement and perplexity amongst us. We should else have been disposed to pass them by with slight notice; as it would ill become us to magnify every two or three privateers which appear in the distance, into the approach of a hostile armada. We have no doubt, moreover, that they have been, and will yet be, largely read; and by no class so eagerly as by that which most lacks the skill to estimate them aright; while the reports concerning them already spread abroad, are fully as injurious as the books themselves. Our purpose is, therefore, to show that whatever the coming change may be, the sweeping devastation proposed in the conclusions of these writers is not justified by the arguments they have employed to enforce it; or else that the arguments are in themselves false, because they would lead to the rejection of that which it would be a mere absurdity to renounce. The space that can be devoted to this subject being necessarily limited, we shall be compelled to furnish hints which may enable our readers to detect the errors and untruths of these books, rather than by a complete examination to expose them ourselves. We premise, by way of caution, that to conclude that these remarks are wholly false because of the manifest untruth of the things most strenuously insisted upon in them, would be a mistake almost as fatal as to agree with all that is advanced as true, because of the manifest truth of much that they contain. Of this we are thoroughly persuaded, that such writings are no more than the rude implements by which our spiritual wastes and fallows may be prepared for that gentle tillage which will turn them into the 'garden of the Lord,' when the thorn and the briar shall be

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replaced by the myrtle and the rose, which 'shall be unto Jehovah for a memorial; for a perpetual sign, that shall not be abolished.'

One other remark we must make in this place, reserving some other general observations for the conclusion of the article. Although the volumes have this common scope, and are, moreover, united by being the writings of men trained at Oxford, during the growth and progress of the revival of Anglican Church principles, for the ministry of the Established Church, they differ widely from each other on points of great moment. Mr. Foxton, albeit he disavows it in the first sentence of his Preface, is a Rationalist, and would receive the Bible as authentic history, &c., if every narrative of supernatural interference were omitted; he also belongs to the school of modern Pantheists, who maintain not the divinity of *everything*, but the possible deity of *every man*. Mr. Newman criticises the Scriptures much in the way that Strauss and the mythical school have done, which leaves us little more than the *names* of the different persons mentioned in them; and he deplores 'the desolating Pantheism which is abroad,' and hopes to save his readers from it. Mr. Froude is certainly a Theist; but he approaches at times to the very verge of Atheism;—and against the Scriptures he urges not only the objections of the rationalist and the mythical schools of interpretation, but those also by which the infidels of former days, were used to attempt to set aside their claims to be regarded as a Divine Revelation. It is of some importance to mark these differences, both because they give us assurance (from an unexpected source), that this opposition to the gospel truth must be transitory; and because we might otherwise suppose that one kind of reply would meet the objections of all these writers; which would be as great a delusion as to imagine that they can be disposed of by appealing to the Apologies of by-gone ages, when no such subtle and learned doubts had been invented, and when sceptics were as a matter of course irreligious men.

Mr. Foxton's 'Popular Christianity' has the least originality and power of the works under review; and appears to be in substance little more than an adaptation of the theology of a well-known transatlantic writer to the circumstances of a dissident from the Oxford school. We can only cite his reference to Dacier and Rees's Cyclopædia for a synopsis of Platonism, for the purpose of showing that the gospel is not *original* (pp. 53, &c.); his vindication of the 'Vestiges of Creation,' as if only orthodox pedantry and fanatical cant had attacked it, and its 'theory of law' were scientifically true (p. 65); his reference of the Demon of Socrates to 'ecstasy'

(p. 91); his test of miracles, which is simply ridiculous (p. 101); his supposition that Columbus expected to find out a new continent, whereas after he had found it he believed it to be Asia (p. 118); and his most extraordinary discovery, that 'neither the Jewish nor the Christian Scriptures contain, *even by implication*, the *slightest* condemnation of the system of slavery' (p. 52); as illustrations of the character of this book.

The proposition of the work is thus stated:—

'To bring the spiritual government of the world into sounder and more consistent relations with the existing intelligence of the age, it will be necessary, at least, to modify so much of the doctrinal teaching and external government of all Christian Churches as is involved in the assertion of the following dogmas of the popular theology; viz.—

'1. Of the vague and indefinite doctrine of the "*inspiration of the Scriptures*."

'2. Of the doctrine of miracles and prophecy.

'3. Of the really pagan doctrine of the Divinity of Christ, as now taught.

'4. Of the futile and fallacious idea of teaching Christianity by dogmatical creeds and articles.

'Such must be the basis of any really spiritual Reformation, and the foundation of any truly catholic Christianity.'—P. 40.

We cannot stay to investigate the discussion of these 'dogmas;' but we must observe that Mr. Foxton does not limit it to the *modification* of them by any means: and, happily, he has made it unnecessary for us to reply to his proposition. We may safely, and with a good conscience, give up the *fourth*, which was never one of our favourites; and we refer to p. 144 of Mr. Foxton's own book for the reason for our positive refusal to 'modify,' in the direction of explaining away, the other three. Our author says:—

'The existence of false prophets is not a presumption against the reality of the true, or Christians might argue against the probability of a Messiah from the delusions of Joanna Southcote. It would be far more just to argue, from the abundance of false prophets in the world, that it is the everlasting purpose of God to instruct and to regenerate it by analogous means.'

We never met with a satisfactory answer to this argument; and as in place of 'false prophets,' in the last sentence, 'false miracles,' 'pretended inspiration,' and 'pretended incarnations of the Deity,' may be inserted with equal correctness and force, we shall leave the refutation in Mr. Foxton's own hands; merely adding to our observations upon his book, that he has much more to apologize to the Bishop of Hereford for, than the offence of repeating the silly newspaper story of his having derived the profound views which characterise his 'Thomas Aquinas,' and

'Bampton Lectures,' from Blanco White. Indeed, it is hardly honest, by quotations of the kind employed in it, and bare references at the foot of the page, to make it seem that Dr. Hampden holds similar opinions to those which are maintained in 'Popular Christianity.' We refer our readers to the 'Introduction,' in the second edition of the 'Bampton Lectures,' for full and clear information respecting the amount of sympathy which the Bishop has with such hopes of the 'development' of Christianity as this writer entertains.

'The Nemesis of Faith' is a work of a very different kind from Mr. Foxton's. Written in a most captivating style, with many passages of great beauty, and displaying a genial frankness and vivacity, it is the very book to become a favourite with those to whom Mr. Froude apparently has particularly addressed it—the youth under Anglo-Catholic training at Oxford. Its home-truths respecting the Church will make it doubly dangerous in that quarter. A reply to it can hardly be expected from that venerable establishment; and should one appear, it would not be quite suited to our purpose; we therefore offer a few remarks upon it, with great brevity, without noticing anything relating to biblical criticism, and evidences of Christianity, and which is not essential to the chief end of the book.

Mr. Froude mildly complains, in the 'explanatory preface' prefixed to this *second* edition, that whereas he 'wrote a tragedy,' he was 'supposed to have written a confession of faith;' and proceeds to show the moral which he intended to set forth by his drama. We give this in his own words:—

'Faith ought to have been Sutherland's salvation—it was his "Nemesis"—it destroyed him.'—P. xiv.

'It is idle for the mind to hope to speculate clear of doubt in the closet, as for the body to be physicked out of sickness kept lying on a sofa. Employment is for the one what exercise is for the other.'—P. vi.

'Man is a real man, and can live and act manfully in this world, not in the strength of opinions, not according to what he thinks, but according to what he *is*. And what can make us really *men*, what can enable us in any proper sense to *be*, but the steady faith in Him who alone *is*, and in whom and through whom is all our strength? The child brings with it into the world the impulse to turn to him; the first effort of the dawning mind is ever towards heaven, and when this instinct receives its proper culture, there is no danger that when the child grows to be a man, he will not find light and strength enough to clear him of every perplexity, and carry him safe through every trial. But our present education is not its proper culture. The impulse which it should maintain, it strangles; the light which it should feed, it stifles; a veil is before the face of heaven, and the best affections of the heart are intercepted, and squandered upon the legends of the early world.'—P. ix.

We should never have discovered all this in the 'Tragedy,' and it would have been much better if in this second edition the tale had been made to explain itself; for few will read the Preface, compared with those who devour the story; and all that seems to be exhibited by the sorrows of this clerical Child Harold (see p. 29), whom Mr. Froude has selected for his hero, is, that 'Catholicism' does not furnish the true theory of the world (p. 144); that 'all real arguments against Catholicism' are, 'in fact, arguments against Christianity' (p. 148); and that for a 'weak, clever' man like Markham Sutherland, who is a Hamlet without his faith or his philosophy, speculation leads to undertaking the duties of a clergyman against his conscience—to carrying about on the person a deadly poison for years—to entangling the affections of another man's wife—to attempted suicide—to the profession of Romanism in a convent—and, after all, to the exchange of that profession for the blankest scepticism and despair. Sutherland never had any faith; but it was not even his 'creed' that proved his 'Nemesis'—it was his *unbelief* that destroyed him.

If the shocking conclusion to this story of a life should deter any from that speculation, in which doubts are cherished, not from any disposition to believe, nor with any expectation of finding truth to be believed, this book will not have been written in vain. But we should deplore, as the worst consequence of the portraiture of such an extravagant scepticism, the employment of it to prevent that inquiry without which there can be no intelligent reception of the truth. We quite agree, however, with Mr. Froude, that *action* is the natural corrective to speculation. Nor do we differ from him respecting the secret of manful acting in this world: mere opinions and thinkings will never lead to it, but '*being really men*' infallibly will; and the faith in God, which in the eleventh chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews is so variously illustrated, is assuredly the sole basis of this manfulness of heart. So far we can go with our author.

But in what child has he ever discerned this impulse towards God, this effort towards heaven, which needs only 'proper culture' to make its after-life so noble and divine? True it is, there is in every heart what, even in earliest childhood, is capable of responding to, as well of receiving, instruction respecting God and heaven; but the idlest of all theorists' dreams is this which Mr. Froude has put forth here, and one which is contradicted by universal experience. There is no such impulse, no such light; and so the Bible stories can neither stifle nor strangle them; neither do they hang a veil before the heaven of childhood, nor pervert the affections which should be given to God. This thought is repeated in several passages of the 'Tragedy.' Thus

arkham writes respecting his early training :—‘ Woe to the un-
lucky man who, as a child, is taught, even as a portion of his
creed, what his grown reason must forswear ’ (p. 124). And
yet, how is it possible to teach a child anything about religion,
without using language and imagery which are not only in-
adequate to represent what we know respecting it, but, if taken
by any child as a ‘ creed,’ must lead it miserably astray ?
Mr. Froude seems afterwards to have dimly seen that what he
had said upon this subject was untenable ; for in his Preface he
says, ‘ There is life in the parish school—the child’s nature is
the same as that which gave the old stories birth ’ (p. xi.) ; an
admission which might be pressed to consequences very un-
expected by the writer.

To this moral, however, we have other objections. What is
the ‘ proper culture ’ by which these imaginary impulses and
efforts might be cherished to the height of true manfulness ?
This ought not to have been left untold. Again, by what com-
pulsion is speculation to be prevented from sweeping away even
that ‘ article ’ which Mr. Froude has admitted—‘ Faith in Him
who alone is ? ’ If ‘ historical criticism and scientific discovery
have,’ in his opinion, ‘ uniformly tended to invalidate the
authority ’ of the Bible histories (p. 145), on what recognisable
principle can he reject the conclusions of those who find no deity
but the universe itself, or some unknown power they call ‘ law ? ’
Especially since, although he says he believes in Providence
‘ with all his heart ’ (p. 5), he speaks with a half-expressed
doubt of the *justice* of the judgments of ‘ that power ’ (p. 53) ;
and in the last sentence of the book, and in several other passages,
questions the wisdom and the love which brings into life others
than the prosperous and the happy (pp. 78, &c.) ; and in one
place writes thus :—‘ Nature has found a remedy for the heaviest
of ordinary calamities in the torpor of despair ; but some things
are *beyond her care, perhaps beyond her foresight*. Perhaps, in
laying down the conditions of humanity, *she shrank from seeing
the full extreme of misery which was possible to it* ’ (p. 194).
‘ Steady faith in Him who alone is ’—how is this faith, or any
faith, possible, if the lot of man here suggests such thoughts as
those we have marked in the last quotation ?

These are not all our objections. The gospel system is dis-
tinctly disavowed (pp. 68, &c., 86, &c.), although we find ‘ *the
religion of Christ* ’ called ‘ the poor man’s gospel, the message of
forgiveness, of reconciliation, of love ’ (p. 19) ; and a theory of
its origin propounded (pp. 88—90), which exceeds in absurdity
and inconsistency with historical facts everything of the kind we
ever met with. The Bible—(notwithstanding Mr. Froude says
in the Preface most energetically, ‘ I do not dishonour the Bible :

I honour it above all books—the New Testament alone, since I have been able to read it *humanly*, has to me outweighed all the literature of the world' (p. xv.); calls it 'beautiful and magnificent' (p. x.); declares, 'I believe that we may find in the Bible the highest and purest religion . . . most of all in the history of Him in whose name we all are called' (p. 18); and 'the best which can be said to individuals to urge them to their duty, is in that book' p. 45)—notwithstanding all this, of the Bible he says, that he is 'sure that it contains things which are both insulting and injurious' 'to the pure majesty of God' (p. v.); 'that not the Devil himself could have invented an implement more potent to fill the hated world with lies, and blood, and fury' (p. 63); and things of like import elsewhere (pp. 10—14), all showing that it spreads 'a veil before the face of heaven,' and is 'a curtain which conceals' God (pp. ix. x.). How then are men to know 'Him who alone is'—how know surely that he will answer their 'steady faith?'

Mr. Froude appears to rely upon three or four revelations: of one he says, 'the great Bible which cannot lie is the history of the human race' (p. xii.); of another, 'what is ever before their eyes—in the corn-field, in the meadow, in the workshop, at the weaver's loom, in the market-places, and the warehouses—here, better far than in any books, God has written the tables of his commandments' (p. 42); and of the others, 'we have our conscience too' (p. 45); 'and, more than all, experience—the experience of our own hearts' (p. 46).

Now, precious beyond all price as these revelations are for the confirmation and establishment of our trust in God, when once we know Him, not one of them, nor all together, without some other revelation, ever taught man that which Mr. Froude rightly makes the root and ground of true and manful life. We dare Mr. Froude to the proof; we are confident that the nearest approach man ever made to trust in God, by such means, was a '*perhaps*,' or a hope, that was only an agony of despair. But, how can this writer appeal to 'the Bible of universal history,' when 'with Niebuhr-criticism for a reaping sickle' (p. 153), he has cut down and cast out of the history of the human race the histories of the Bible and the gospel of Christ! And what history of the *human race* would remain after such a reaper as he, armed with such a sickle, had gone over the field! We know what can be read in that 'great Bible,' apart from *our* Bible; there is not one word like this—'Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' We have already seen what sort of revelations Mr. Froude has discovered in Nature's book—miseries of men 'beyond the care, perhaps beyond the foresight' of God. This would not encou-

rage trust in him; and, if it could, yet it would not say to man, 'Son, thy sins be forgiven thee!'

Strange as it may seem, Mr. Froude admits the reality of sin. It is true that there is an elaborate speculation in pp. 90—96, by which the idea of sin is got rid of entirely; but in the Preface (which does not appear to be the best place for the refutation of such a fatal mistake), we read that that speculation contains 'only half the truth.' 'If we doubt whether sin be or be not a reality relatively to our individual selves, let us try it and see—let us measure what we are with our own knowledge of what we might and could be, and our doubt will not last long' (p. viii.). This is the extent of the revelations of conscience. And now, we appeal to every one who ever knew for himself, thus, the reality of sin—and we ask, if 'faith in Him who alone is,' of such a kind as to lead to manful living and acting in this world, is possible when conscience thus testifies against us? or if conscience has one promise to allay the terrors she has excited? or if workshops and warehouses tell of anything more than human worldly duty? Experience is the *test* of revelation, not revelation itself; and it serves to hold us fast to what we have known of God. When once we have proved the response of 'Him who alone is' to our faith, it would aid greatly in making that faith 'steady;' but it cannot lead us with the boldness of humility to exercise such confidence, when its results are only an unassured hope. How then is man to know God?—how know certainly that he will accept his faith? Mr. Froude has no answer to these questions, on which any but a madman would rely—and such a one even might be staggered by contradictions like those we have seen in our review.

We have spoken as if Mr. Froude had not disclaimed the writing 'a Confession of Faith'—for he says in the Preface, 'In all questions of pure speculation—and in these I include the whole systematic framework, historical or doctrinal, of religion—I am ready to avow as my own whatever, so far, my hero expresses' (p. vii.) And without this assent of the author, we should not have hesitated to do as we have done; for the fiction is too transparent to hide the fact.

Looking back upon 'the Nemesis of Faith,' we are constrained to say that, with the exception of what he has said of Mr. J. H. Newman and his aim, which deserves a place in the ecclesiastical history of the day, it would have been better had Mr. Froude not written this book. The story is too full of revolting incidents to be instructive; the objections to the Bible have not even the charm of novelty; and the speculations are so shallow and one-sided, that an 'explanatory Preface' was needed to

correct them. Mr. Froude professes in several places the highest possible admiration for Mr. Carlyle; surely he will regret that he did not act upon that favourite maxim of his, so forcibly illustrated in the fifth of his 'Latter-day Pamphlets'—*'Speech is silvern; silence is golden!'*

'The Soul' and the 'Phases of Faith' are works of a higher character than those which have engaged our attention; nor is there so much in them that betrays the Oxford education of their author. Their natural and vigorous style, and serious, and even spiritual tone, are calculated to secure them a wide circulation; and to give to both objections and assertions, in the minds of most readers, greater weight than in themselves they possess; whilst the latter feature suggests the hope that their accomplished writer may yet see the fatal defects of that phase of his faith represented in the 'Soul,' and how they can be supplied by the peculiar truths of the Scriptures; which he has too hastily, however long the process, rejected as a source of religious knowledge. He himself remarks, as if to encourage such a hope, respecting the 'first novel opinion' that he embraced—'this, I believe, had a great effect in showing me how little right we have at any time to count on our opinions as final truth, however necessary they may just then be felt to our spiritual life' (*Phases*, p. 6.) We only wish that our comments may be of any service in showing that the reasons for which he has given up much that he disowns, are at least as unsatisfactory as those for which he formerly held it; and that whilst he has not got beyond the reach of difficulties and objections, of exactly the same kind as those which apply to 'the truth as it is in Jesus,' there are others which belong peculiarly to that aspect under which he now regards the relations of man to God. This desire would of itself oblige us to use that plainness of speech, which the consideration of the influence of these works on other minds, and the arguments and expressions occasionally used by Mr. Newman, have also enjoined upon us.

We begin with the 'Phases of Faith,' because although published last, it displays the process through which the mind and 'creed' of the author went, before the thought of constructing a new 'basis of theology,' in 'the Natural History of the Soul,' occurred to him. We would earnestly recommend those who wish to know the full worth, or worthlessness, of the most spiritual scheme of doctrine which in late years has been proposed as a substitute for the gospel, to adopt this order. They will be surprised to find that Mr. Newman, notwithstanding the extent to which he has carried his disbelief, admits all the principal axioms on which the argumentative defence of the

Christian religion rests (*Soul*, pp. 1, 2, 118, &c.)—and *practically*, all the great truths of that religion also. And if, as is too probable, the reading of the 'Phases' should drive any half-thinking young men to infidelity, the subsequent perusal of 'the *Soul*' may show them how untenable a position they have reached, even by the confession of him who led them there, and thus stimulate them to regain a new and more firm hold of the gospel of Christ.

This 'History of my Creed' is the record of as determined and complete a destruction of everything save the *sentiment* of religion in a mind, as we ever read of; and the 'History of the *Soul*,' of as desperate an attempt to reconstruct out of that sentiment a system of doctrine. Mr. Newman seems to have acted just as if that artist who discovered a work of one of the great masters covered by some wretched painting of recent date, instead of removing the profane daub with religious care, that he might preserve the original unharmed, had set about it with such eager zeal, that at last there remained nought but a shapeless and almost colourless confusion; and then, in wrath, had scraped the whole from the panel, and laboriously reproduced the subject, modified as his own taste suggested; and had offered that to the world as at least some compensation for what it had lost.

We cannot undertake to notice every one of the multitude of distinct questions in this 'Phases of Faith,' and in general, for satisfaction on points of sacred criticism and interpretation, we refer to the numerous modern works especially devoted to these subjects; with this single remark, that men whose piety, scholarship, truthfulness, and logic, are at least equal to Mr. Newman's, have arrived at such different results from those stated most confidently here, that a suspense of judgment, till their results and investigations have been examined, is a slight demand to make upon our readers. Our purpose is simply to show that Mr. Newman's arguments do not justify his conclusions, or else justify much wider conclusions, so that he ought to give up what he would be the last to abandon; and that he so conducts his inquiries that he is not a safe guide in the perilous path, along which he offers to lead his readers. The manifold way in which he speaks of his brother, and the reasons which led him to dissent from the Established Church, we may mention here as worthy of notice, although they do not come within the scope of our criticism, and with them, all the passages of *external* history are excluded.

The story is arranged under six well-defined periods; the three last of which form a distinct division, being almost entirely taken up with an account of the inquiries which led Mr. New-

man to relinquish the Scriptures. In the former periods his inquiries related principally to *doctrines*; and at the close of the third, there was scarcely one doctrine of popular theology left to be given up. Before we remark on this early part of his book, there is one general observation which must be made. The question raised in each instance is respecting some doctrine, or form of faith, which had ceased to represent truth to his mind; and yet we find at last, that Mr. Newman has given up in intent the *whole* of the gospel itself, and all its truth. Now, the conclusion goes so much beyond the premises, that our author's logic must have failed him; or else, notwithstanding the spirituality he has manifested in 'the Soul,' and notwithstanding his high cultivation of mind, his early Church training led him so to identify and confound the truths of the gospel with the doctrinal forms under which they have been embodied, that to give up the *form* was to renounce the *truth* also. The same want of logic, however, appears in the conclusions drawn from certain difficulties respecting the Bible, in the second division of the book; wherefore we are fain to suppose that this is an error of judgment, which Mr. Newman will gladly correct.

The first subject that demands notice (for those of 'imputed righteousness,' 'vicarious sacrifice,' and the Trinity, which arose in the period of Mr. Newman's 'youthful creed,' are only questions respecting the *way* in which certain truths are held; upon which, so long as the world lasts, from the varieties of natural endowment, education, and metaphysical systems received by individuals, or by society in general, there must needs be differences)—the first subject is that of the second coming of our Lord (pp. 34—37). The investigation of all the passages quoted is impossible here; but we assert most confidently, that Mr. Newman has exaggerated the importance of this particular in the teaching of the Apostles. Neither is it ever so stated as to warrant his 'inevitable deduction,' that 'we must work for speedy results only' (p. 37). And, what is yet more convincing against him, Mr. Newman has not even in the slightest manner alluded to the following passage, in which his deduction and representation are expressly reprov'd:—'Now we beseech you, brethren, by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by our gathering together unto him, that ye be not soon shaken in mind, or be troubled, neither by spirit, nor by word, nor by letter, as from us, as *that the day of Christ is at hand*; let no man deceive you by any means.' (2 Thess. ii. 1—3.)

Mr. Newman has, moreover, involved in this question, by implication at p. 36, and expressly at pp. 204-5—where he enumerates his 'inevitable deduction' as one of the evils he had

escaped by rejecting the gospel and the Bible—the exhortations respecting not loving *the world*, which are to be found in the First Epistle of St. John; and has interpreted them in a manner suitable to his purpose here (p. 205), which he shows in ‘The Soul,’ p. 181, he knew to be *not* the true interpretation. Mr. Newman may have ‘acted an eccentric and unprofitable part’ (p. 204); and he may have been misled by ‘the Irish clergyman’ (p. 37); but he has no right to charge his error to the New Testament, and make it a reason for unbelief.

His Trinitarian difficulties (pp. 13, 46, &c., 83, &c.) arose more out of creeds than out of texts; and as we do not feel in the least inclined to undertake the defence of any ‘creed,’ we can only say, with a view to indicate the practical solution of such difficulties, that this question is essentially part of the wide question of philosophy—*how* God exists?—and *absolutely* beyond the reach of our thought; but, so far as it has a *practical interest* for us, admits of this answer—when a man has received forgiveness, and a new life through Jesus Christ, and finds it maintained by the Holy Spirit, he will *know* that both Son and Spirit are Divine;—whilst it is so impossible by any formula of human words to represent, adequately, the relations of the Son and Spirit to the Father, that (as is manifest from the quotations of polemical writers on all sides in this ever-vexed question) almost every different creed ever invented is to be found by fair interpretation in different texts of the New Testament. It is to such subjects that Mr. Newman’s maxim, about ‘understanding our own words’ (pp. 13, 48) applies; it has nothing whatever to do with the *truths* which the *forms* attempt to convey, and which may be apprehended with all sufficient clearness for *life*, without being put into forms at all.

Respecting the Christian evidences, again (pp. 40, &c., 81, &c., 153, &c.), we cannot say much now. It must be palpable to every one that *the* evidence of Christianity is that upon which it is received (by all who truly have received it) as living truth; *i.e.*, *actual experimental proof that it is true*; the conversion of its truth into daily fact. All else is merely *corroborative* evidence; very needful for defence, and requiring a certain amount of intellectual application to discover and apply it. In ‘The Soul’ (p. 252, *note*), Mr. Newman caricatures what we have designated *the* evidence; and yet, in pp. 118, &c., of the same book, he shows himself fully alive to its reality and force, and actually employs it to forefend his own theology against the attacks of rationalizing philosophers. The secret of his difficulties lies in his confounding the Bible with Christianity, as he had been taught to do by that party in the Church of England amongst whom he first appears; and as the unwise exaggerations which uninstructed

and unspiritual men employ when eulogizing the Scriptures also do. Mr. Newman insists much on the impossibility of poor and half-educated persons investigating historical and literary questions (pp. 155, &c., 200). He seems to forget that a thousand things every day come to such persons confirmatory of their belief in Bible story, the force and value of which none but a man without reason would question.

There are connected with this subject (p. 83) two topics, neither of which seems to require a long answer. 'I was unable to admit the doctrine of "reprobation," as taught in the ninth chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans' (p. 75). In reply to which we say, that that doctrine is *not* taught in that chapter, nor anywhere else in the Scriptures; but is nothing else than a corollary to the logical development of the doctrine of election. The ninth chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans contains (we adopt the interpretation of a theologian, whose appointment to the chair of New Testament Exegesis, in the New College, is one of the most hopeful features in that institution) only this, that though God has displaced the Jews from their position of peculiar privilege, by 'opening the kingdom of heaven to *all believers*,' neither his truth, nor his justice, nor his honour, are compromised; which is sustained by a rapid citation of examples from the Old Testament. We must do as Mr. Newman's fellow freshman did respecting 'imputed righteousness' (p. 4), 'send him back to study the matter for himself,' for he has depended too much on the commentator he has followed.

It is not necessary to enter upon the other subject—eternal punishment (pp. 76, &c.), for Mr. Newman does not touch it. No doubt it is 'impossible to make out any doctrine of a philosophical eternity in the whole Scriptures' (p. 77); and for this very good reason, that there are no human words capable of propounding such a doctrine; and, we may add, also, because the intent of the Bible was not the propounding of such doctrines, but to teach the gospel. Respecting the whole class of passages to which the terrible pictures of the state of the lost belong, Mr. Newman ought to have seen that, in a collection of writings like the Scriptures, not every part is intended to teach even gospel truths, *dogmatically*; but much to excite appropriate feeling, which would lead all whom that truth concerned, to turn their knowledge of it, whencesoever obtained, and in whatever degree possessed, to living use. It hardly became a scholar like Mr. Newman, to make such account of the almost puerile erudition of that 'Unitarian book;' and what he says in p. 78 is not to the purpose, for the gospel would still be 'good tidings,' and salvation from sin a real deliverance, to as many as received it by faith, though all that he says about the 'vast majority of man-

kind' being in sin and misery for ever (of which there is not the shadow of a hint in the Scriptures), were true.

The discussions of the 'Atonement' (pp. 90, &c.) and the 'Fall' (pp. 94, &c.), afford illustrations of our general observation at the outset. Identifying the doctrines of theology with the truth of the Scriptures, Mr. Newman gave up the latter, because he found he could not retain the former. The study of the 'Bampton Lectures' of the Bishop of Hereford would have preserved him from such an error. We earnestly recommend this great work to our readers, and especially to those young men who may not see how Mr. Newman could avoid the conclusions to which he has come.

What we have called the Second Division of this book, records a connected series of inquiries, beginning with the errors in the genealogy of our Lord given by Matthew, and ending with the total abandonment of the Bible, except as an aid to devotion. Of course little more than results can be given; but these are announced in such rapid succession, that the first effect is perfectly overwhelming. More deliberate examination, however, shows that it is not the *weight* of these objections to the Bible, but, partly, the *velocity* with which they strike the reader's mind, and, partly, the closeness with which they are linked together (as Mr. Newman himself has shown, pp. 216—219), that gives the process its seeming force of conviction. Now, as we cannot inspect the chain link by link, it will be sufficient for our purpose to break it here and there, by showing that in some places the conclusions do not follow from premises, and, in others, the facts are imaginary. Neither Mr. Newman, nor our readers, must suppose that we admit the soundness of what our narrow limits compel us to leave unnoticed.

But we must first call attention to the fact, that the ultimate conclusion is to some extent anticipated in the earlier division of the book. Difficulties respecting the Old Testament and the Gospels arose in the period of the 'Youthful Creed' (pp. 7, 23). The 'historical side' of his religion caused our author some sad embarrassment, while striving 'after a more primitive Christianity' (p. 54). And before 'Calvinism' was fully 'abandoned,' he discovered that his religion '*had always been Pauline*' (p. 102). We cannot pass by this discovery without remarking how strangely Mr. Newman has misconceived the religion of Paul. He dwells upon the apostle's resolving not to know 'Christ after the flesh' (p. 103), and says that 'of Jesus in the flesh, Paul seems to know nothing beyond the bare fact, that he *did* 'humble himself to become man, and pleased not himself' (p. 180). And he takes no notice of the expression of earnest determination to know nothing at Corinth 'save Christ, and him

crucified; nor yet of his frequent appeals to Christ as an example in Christian duties. The extent of this misconception may be appreciated by the following astounding testimony: 'I can testify that the Atonement may be dropt out of the Pauline religion without affecting its quality' (p. 103). The *Atonement* 'dropt out' of his religion who makes that fact the centre and sum of all Christian truth! But, however Mr. Newman has misconceived Paul, he has not misrepresented his own feeling, which was that of 'deep distaste for the details of the human life of Christ;—he 'did not wish for vivid historical realization' (p. 102),—and with such feelings he set out on the inquiry, which ended in the discovery announced under the form of the truism—'history is not religion.' We do not see how an inquiry so begun could well have had a different conclusion.

The first results are thus stated:—'The farther I inquired, the more errors crowded upon me—in history, in chronology, in geography, in physiology, in geology' (p. 217). Mr. Newman has omitted astronomy, gardening, medicine, and a host of other branches of knowledge. But what has all this to do with the real question before us? The Bible does not undertake to teach human science, but, as old Galileo said, 'the way of salvation.' Mr. Newman does not actually say that, because of these errors in matters upon which it does not pretend to instruct men, it proves itself incapable of instructing them upon the subjects which it *was* given to reveal; but the use he makes of these scientific mistakes produces that impression on the minds of his readers. The only fair conclusion would have been, that the form in which he had held the infallibility of the Bible was a mistaken one; the conclusion actually drawn was, that, because of these errors, it was to be suspected of containing more, and upon questions of a totally different kind!

The inquiry passes on to 'Morals.' Mr. Newman had made another discovery—that the science of ethics, like all other sciences, had its own independent basis (pp. 74, 81); and proceeded on this ground to condemn many things recorded in the Old Testament—amongst which is mentioned 'the command to Abraham to slay his son' (p. 114). We never knew that all that in the Old Testament 'was written for our learning,' was also written for our admiration; nor that Deborah's praise of Jacl proved the unfitness of the Bible to teach the commonest morality; and respecting the offering up of Isaac, we discern that there is another reason for reprobating it, since the sacrifice was not actually performed—it was attempted, 'in obedience to a voice in the air' (p. 149)—of which we must speak afterwards. Mr. Newman proceeds: 'Paul and James agree in extolling his obedience as a first-rate fruit of faith' (p. 114); or 'as indicating

a praiseworthy faith' (p. 150). Of Paul it is also said, 'He praises Abraham, but he certainly would never have imitated him' (p. 150). The purport of all this is seen at page 218, where the writer says, 'When I was thus forced to admit that the Old Testament contained immorality, as well as error, and found nevertheless in the writers of the New Testament no indication that they were aware of either; was it wrong in me to suspect that the writers of the New Testament were themselves open to mistake?'

What will be thought of this confident challenge, when we say, and challenge Mr. Newman to disprove our assertion, that *Paul does not once allude to the sacrifice of Isaac as a proof of Abraham's faith*; and that James, who does allude to it, dwells most emphatically on the passage, which Paul referred to solely, in which Abraham, old and childless though he was, yet believed, on the promise of God, that his posterity should be as the stars in the sky for multitude? In the Epistle to the Hebrews there is, indeed, a eulogy upon Abraham's faith in offering up his son; but it is accompanied by the explanatory remark, 'accounting that God was able to raise him up even from the dead;' which would have unfitted it for Mr. Newman's purpose, even had he not expressly stated that he did not regard this epistle as the work of Paul (pp. 100, 140).

At page 125, Mr. Newman writes:—

'One of the most decisive testimonies to the Old Testament which the New contains, is in John x. 35, where I hardly knew how to allow myself to characterise the reasoning. The case stands thus:—The 82nd Psalm rebukes *unjust* governors, and at length says to them, "I have said, Ye are gods, and all of you are children of the Most High: but ye shall die like men, and fall like one of the princes." In other words—"Though we are apt to think of rulers as if they were superhuman, yet they shall meet the lot of common men." Well, how is this applied in John? Jesus has been accused of blasphemy, for saying that "He and his Father are one;" and, in reply, he quotes the verse, "I have said, Ye are gods," as a sufficient justification for calling himself Son of God; for "the Scripture cannot be broken." I dreaded to precipitate myself into shocking unbelief if I followed out the thoughts that this suggested; and (I know not how) for a long time yet put it off.

This is just a specimen of the extraordinary manner in which Mr. Newman has been able to dispose of the 'historical side of his religion.' The most cursory glance at the passage shows that the expression, 'Ye are gods,' is quoted, *not* as a 'justification for calling himself Son of God,' but as a reply to the charge of '*blasphemy*.' It was his accusers who stood upon the inviolability of Scripture, and that Scripture designated even

unjust rulers as gods. This answer of Jesus might have produced happier effects on Mr. Newman's mind, had he but looked at it a little closer before he formed his conclusion respecting it.

It is well known that 'demoniacal possession' was regarded as the cause of certain diseases in the time of our Lord; just as in all branches of human knowledge, before science comes marvel. Our author feels himself 'forced to draw conclusions of the utmost moment, most damaging to the credit of the narrators' (p. 128), from the accounts of the cures of 'demoniacs' in the first three Gospels! And thus, because these men held an erroneous *medical* theory, Mr. Newman suffered a 'breach' to be made in the credit of the Bible, through which 'a great flood of difficulties' poured in! Has he ever considered what would have been the consequences, if the writers of the Scriptures *had* been inspired with correct knowledge upon all the various sciences, of their ignorance of which he so unjustly now takes advantage against the Bible?

Mr. Newman is indignant at Dean Graves's defence of the Pentateuch (p. 138); what ought we to express at such reasoning as this?—The '*book of the Law*' is said to have been *found* in the reign of Josiah, under circumstances familiar to all our readers; Mr. Newman concludes from this narrative, that the book we call *Deuteronomy* was 'evidently *then first compiled*, or at least then first produced and made authoritative to the nation!' (p. 137.)

The Fifth Period opens with an investigation, which is thus concisely stated: 'Ought we in any case to receive moral truth in obedience to an apparent miracle of sense? or, conversely, ought we ever to believe in sensible miracles because of their recommending some moral truth?' (p. 145.) The Bible is charged with '*vacillations and contradictions*' on this critical point (p. 147). And this is the evidence: 'I found in the Bible itself—and even in the very same book, as in the Gospel of John—great uncertainty and inconsistency on this question. In one place, Jesus reproves the demand of a miracle, and blesses those who believe without miracles; in another, he requires that they will receive his doctrine (and submit to it as little children), because of his miracles' (pp. 145-6). Farther on he adds: 'The more I considered it, the more it appeared as if Jesus were solely anxious to have people believe in him, without caring on what grounds they believed, although that is obviously the main point' (p. 146).

We cannot tell why Mr. Newman did not apply to this case his discovery respecting the various significations of the word *πιστις*, which, at pp. iv. and 154, he speaks of, with no exag-

gerated sense of its importance; for this would have saved him from the gratuitous injustice he has done to the words of our Lord. But respecting those 'inconsistencies,' in John's Gospel, *we challenge Mr. Newman to produce the passages*; there is nothing of the kind in all that narrative; and the passages in the other Gospels, which seem to have suggested the remark, are of such a kind, that if they were printed side by side, it would be apparent that under *different* circumstances, our Lord spoke *differently* respecting his miracles; and that the great purpose of miracles, *to call attention to him as a teacher*, is implied in all.

In reply to what is said in pp. 147, &c., and 181, &c., we only observe, that though we *cannot* know exactly what the evidence was upon which the apostles received what they have recorded for us, we *can* put to the proof all that immediately concerns us in the New Testament as divine truth. It is quite idle to talk about what evidence would compel a man *now* to receive a supernatural revelation; and worse than idle to suppose Paley engaged in cross-questioning an apostle. The impression left on the mind by these passages, and by some of a similar kind, is not at all favourable to Mr. Newman's impartiality in investigating these momentous questions; and on minds that can be unsettled they would tell more than all the arguments which the book contains.

To deny the possibility of such a communication as that which led Abraham to offer up his son, appears to us to be most unphilosophical; but to deny it by implication and innuendo (pp. 149, 150), does not deserve so respectable a designation as unphilosophical. By all who can see that in the childhood of the world God must needs deal with man in a different manner from that which is suitable to its manhood, the fact of the sacrifice being commanded by God will not be questioned; and it will be foremost amongst the circumstances of the case by which they pronounce the proceeding to be right or wrong. The extravagant charge against Abraham as '(in heart and intention, though not in actual performance) not less guilty than those who sacrificed their children to Moloch' (p. 114), will fall to the ground through its own utter baselessness.

We can only glance at a few more points. Mr. Newman says:—'I saw at length how untenable is the argument drawn from the inward history of Christianity in favour of its super-human origin. In fact, this religion cannot pretend to *self-sustaining* power' (p. 159); and 'there is nothing in this history [of Judaism] which we can adduce in proof of preternatural and miraculous agency' (p. 161). At p. 188, he says: 'The Bible is pervaded by a sentiment, which is implied everywhere—viz., *the*

intimate sympathy of the pure and perfect God with the heart of each faithful worshipper. This is that which is wanting in Greek philosophers, English Deists, German Pantheists, and all formalists.' Now, if this be so, *whence* comes this all-pervading sentiment? Mr. Newman says it 'does not rest upon the Bible or upon Christianity; for it is a postulate from which every Christian advocate is forced to start' (p. 201). That men are responsible to God is indeed such a 'postulate;' but '*intimate sympathy*'—this is a much higher truth; and Mr. Newman admits that the 'Greek philosophers' knew it not. He has admitted what would of itself prove the 'superhuman origin' of Christianity, and the 'preternatural and miraculous agency' exercised in Judaism. *Whence, if not from God,* could such a great truth come?

Amongst the beneficial effects of Christianity combated, is that which it has exercised upon the female sex; and in disputing its influence, Mr. Newman has *never* alluded to that illustration of conjugal love and duty, employed by Paul in his Epistle to the Ephesians, from the mutual love of Christ and his Church: an illustration which gives as exalted a view of the conjugal relation as man can receive. This is not fair. He says, too, p. 168, that the New Testament teaches that 'God will visit men with fiery vengeance for *holding an erroneous creed.*' Mr. Newman cannot refer to a single passage which justifies this assertion.

The way in which the authority of the Gospel of John is set aside, displays almost the height of recklessness. First of all, at p. 173, a suspicion (no more) is thrown out against 'the historical reality of the discourses;' then, in the next page, the testimony of the Baptist to Jesus, and the conference with Nicodemus, are characterised as imaginary, on not even a pretence of proof; and in p. 175, the miracles he records are rejected on the ground of a series of statements respecting the date, &c., of this gospel (one of which, at least, is not correct); and on the ground of the suspicions before mentioned, which are now referred to, as if they had been substantiated facts! Irving's imitation of the gift of 'tongues' is not only made the ground of disbelieving Paul's account, but also of charging him with 'speculative hallucination in the matter of miracles!' (p. 180.) What is to be said to such proceedings? And, finally, for we must yet notice 'The Soul,' in replying to some Unitarian dogmas, Mr. Newman says of the character of our Lord, '*if I am* to criticise him, by the common standard of right and wrong, I find myself driven to conclude that his alleged "perfection" is wholly imaginary. It is with perfection as with the infallibility of the Church of Rome; to fail

in one point, however small, is to fail altogether' (p. 210). Of course, then, Mr. Newman is prepared with some *one small point* that shall set this question at rest, for he knows that on him, as the assailant of the received belief, rests the *onus probandi*. By no means; on the next page, to our amazement, there stands these words—'It is not fair to ask that those who do not admit Jesus to be faultless, and the very image of God, will specify and establish his faults!' And it is so that the Bible and the Saviour are set aside! There is a work by Isaac Taylor, entitled 'The Process of Historical Proof exemplified and explained.' It deserves careful study in connexion with the questions agitated by Mr. Newman; and it suggests to us that if the conclusions respecting the incredibility of the Gospels are correctly deduced from the contradictions in the different narratives, and from the 'credulous' character of the writers; then must ancient history, so far as it is based on Herodotus, be assuredly 'abandoned;' for the contradictions between his account of the Persian Monarchy and that given by Ctesias (not to mention Xenophon's story of the great Cyrus, and the three other accounts of his life and exploits which Herodotus heard in Persia, and rejected; nor yet the legends of fabulists of later date), are so great as to defy reconciliation; and the credulity of both historians, their marvels, and invented stories, which no chronology can arrange, are known to most of our readers. And if Herodotus were given up, what must be done with the rest of ancient history? It is a good sign for the controversy that is beginning here, that the 'reaping sickle' of 'Niebuhr criticism' is going out of fashion amongst scholars.

Our notice of 'The Soul' must be very brief, and confined to the great points of the book. The first thing that strikes a reader is, that notwithstanding all he has seen in the 'Phases,' he meets here with nothing new; it is just Christianity and the gospel again—but without Christ; whilst in two places Christ is spoken of in a way that is inconsistent both with this book and with the 'Phases' (pp. 73, 101); and throughout, the very words of Scriptures are employed for the same purpose, and in the same manner, as they are by our most orthodox divines! And yet all the conclusions of the 'Phases' in both points are asserted with new energy, and under new forms!

To give to the theological scheme exhibited in 'The Soul,' any claim to be regarded as something different from, and independent of Christianity, as popularly understood, Mr. Newman ought to have been furnished with one instance, at least, of such a spiritual progress as he has sketched, where no knowledge had been derived from Hebrew or Christian teacher, or from the Bible. Or failing that, he should have produced passages from

profane writings in illustration of his subject, as much to the point as those he has quoted from the Bible. But he has not left us to infer from his silence that such quotations could not be found; he has given us a testimony to the Bible, which, considering its source, is invaluable. After speaking of the stage at which 'sins,' as offences against God, are perceived, he proceeds:—'In this state were the Hebrews from even an early period; and God, as abhorring sin, was entitled by them a Holy God. Where Polytheism and its degenerate deities were honoured, such phrases could not enter the common language even of philosophers; yet in Greece, for instance, philosophers of a religious turn undoubtedly held the fundamental notion involved in them' (p. 65).

Sin, forgiveness, spiritual life; these are the three chief topics of this book, and under each we have wondered as we read that the writer, instead of resorting to argumentative processes, as at pp. 122, 123, did not take 'God manifest in the flesh' as the one thing he needed to bring his speculations into vital relation to the soul. Mr. Newman says, in the beginning of the chapter on 'Hopes concerning Future Life':—'To me the discussion loses all interest, from the fact that it is not addressed to the soul, but to the pure intellect, and is consequently unintelligible to the vulgar' (p. 219). This is the very defect of his own theological system. It wants what would make it for those whom he designates 'the vulgar,' a living reality; and *the gospel has that in Jesus Christ*. Both conscience and intellect may make sin be seen as a fact; and yet it may not be *felt*,—felt as it would be felt if we had the assurance that God is so interested in it, as we know he is in human sin. *This is effected by Jesus Christ*. It may in the same way be seen that forgiveness can be obtained only from God, directly from God; and yet the doubt, unassailable by any reasoning, for reasoning cannot persuade the heart, remain—can we, may we go to God for pardon? *This doubt is prevented by Jesus Christ*. We appeal to experience respecting the truth of these statements; and Mr. Newman knows the value of experience in such matters (pp. 118, 119); and it is so throughout the whole progress delineated here.

We appeal to experience, also, against Mr. Newman's misrepresentation of the question of Mediation, respecting which he has done well in this second edition to omit some phrases which savoured more of youthful vehemence than of spiritual zeal. As taught in the gospel, its sole effect is to enable men to come to God, and to persuade them to do so. With Romish perversions of it we have no more to do than with Pagan 'secondary deities.' And we have our author on our side

against himself, if any meaning is to be ascribed to those two occasions on which he mentions Christ, referred to above; and in pp. 78, 79, where the explanation which he gives of Paul's doctrine is one which we have already remarked upon. Mr. Newman ought to have noticed the allusion to this truth in 1 John ii. 1, since it affords a view of mediation, which truly pondered might have kept him from much that he has said in opposition to it.

But let the theological system of 'The Soul' be subjected to the *double* test to which the gospel of Jesus Christ has been subjected, and if it can abide that, we may feel ourselves called upon to wonder as much as if 'one of the old prophets had risen from the dead.' Its reception amongst cultivated minds we do not doubt; that is, if it could be made known to such as those Greek philosophers, of whom Mr. Newman so often speaks, they would be able to enter into and appreciate its beauty and spirituality, and to approve the ideal it presented for the endeavours of men; yet it must appear destitute of 'certainty,'—a devout imagination, and no more. But let it be preached as a gospel to the poor, the ignorant, the brutalized, the ferocious; and when it has gathered souls to repose beneath the fatherly love of God from amongst them, as the gospel has, or even subdued one Africaner, we will allow that it has claims on our regard beyond what we can see at present.

These are the peculiar difficulties under which Mr. Newman's scheme lies; for the proof that it is not removed out of the reach of the objections that lie against the gospel, we only refer to the 'reply to philosophy' (pp. 118—123); and therewith leave it.

Beside the view which we have taken of these works, they may also be regarded as carrying on the controversy of reason against faith, or authority, originating in the insoluble difficulties which the universal conditions of humanity, and the essential nature of religion, render inevitable both for the deism of Mr. Froude, and for the Romanism of the elder Newman. Each age attempts the solution in its own way; and each individual, also, consciously or unconsciously; but too frequently either by endeavouring to extinguish the natural light, or else, plunging into intellectual darkness, by refusing to give 'to faith the things that are faith's.' For ourselves, we cannot imagine Faith, as if sightless, led through the mysteries of the universe by the hand of Reason; neither can we imagine that no brightness illumines her face, but such as is reflected from its beams. To assent to such representations, however beautiful they may be, appears to us to be giving up the fundamental principle of the whole controversy—allowing the reasonableness of such speculations as those which have passed in review before us. We would rather

assign to Reason the task of discerning the source whence the obscurities which surround us arise, and of rebuking the pretences of falsely assumed authority ; while Faith, gazing upward with eagle eyes, receives from the fountain of heavenly wisdom those

‘ Truths that wake to perish never ;’

which Reason must apply to the grand and noble purposes in the daily life of men, for which alone they are given.

We have already alluded to the phase of avowed hostility to Christianity presented by these and similar books. It is not a little remarkable that it should, on one side, assume the same form which characterised the heresies of the first centuries. The orthodox fathers then combated and silenced their opponents by appealing to ‘ catholic consent,’ which they also held. It will not, perhaps, be so easy to find a common ground of truth, on which we may meet these new opponents ; unless it be that which is taken in ‘ The Soul.’ But we do most earnestly deprecate the attempt to stifle the inquiries, which these books are rather the sign than the cause of, by speaking contemptuously of such as find no satisfaction in what satisfied Leibnitz, and Newton, and Locke. Such ridicule is unphilosophical ; for it overlooks the fact that, beside the *idola specūs et tribūs*, which mislead the soul in its inquiry after its relations to the spiritual world, there are yet more serious hindrances put in its way by the *idola fori et theatri* of its age. It would be as well to bid men still defend church towers from the thunder-stroke by the tolling of baptized bells, as was done before lightning conductors were known, as to command them to drive away the deluding spirits of the present day by the words which exorcised those that haunted men in former times. The whole world of mind is changed from what it was ; and most of what was written in the age of Leibnitz and Locke is as irrelevant to the questions now agitated as the Apologies of Tertullian and Justin Martyr. Nor is it less unwise than unphilosophical ; for they that submit to ridicule can never do much honour to the cause they adopt ; whilst, with most, such treatment of difficulties which they know to be real must lead them to exaggerate their importance, and if ever they are overcome, it must be by an agony of conflict, that no one would wish to involve another’s soul in. Respecting this new, or rather renewed hostility, however, the question it has brought forward, as far as we understand it, is, the general relation of the Bible to religion ; or the fact, ground, and extent of its authority in matters of faith. Some of the thoughts we have expressed may, perchance, assist in calling forth an answer ; but, doubtless, many an effort will be made before the true and satisfactory reply is gained.

Meanwhile, it is well to be assured, as we may be after carefully considering the most vigorous attempts which our day has witnessed against the gospel, and calling to mind the hosts of baffled adversaries of earlier days, that the truth we hold is inexpugnable to every attack; and that no shade of contempt can even seem to darken it, save such as falls from the faithlessness of those who rank themselves amongst its servants and friends. And as it cannot be overthrown, so neither can it cease to unfold new and grander aspects of God's relations to man, nor to send forth streams of elevating and purifying thought and feeling, which shall pervade the whole mass of society, and cause error and wrong of every kind to die out, and to establish, as the one abiding and universal reality and form of Christian truth and life—JESUS CHRIST.

ART. II.—*Picturesque Sketches of Greece and Turkey.* By Aubrey de Vere. Two Vols. London: Bentley. 1850.

THERE is a power of enchantment in the pen of the classical traveller in classical lands, when the spirit of poetry breathes through his mind and tints his pictures with that richness of colour always so charming, but so seldom seen. To equip a yacht and furnish it with all the luxury of a sybaritic tourist's taste; to lounge on silken cushions, and to glide through the blue seas of the south, with calm and cloudless skies above, and a soft atmosphere around; to visit the Acropolis of Athens, the plain of Marathon, and the waters of Salamis; to muse over the tomb of Agamemnon, and 'sigh o'er Delphi's long-deserted shrine,'—all this is within the ability of any gentle wanderer, blessed with riches and an inclination for travelling. Most persons also possess the ability to detail on paper, to print and to publish an account of their rambles; but, although books are abundant, good ones are few, and we welcome with the more warmth one that is characterised by unusual features of merit. Aubrey de Vere is no common-place traveller. His mind is imbued with a spirit of classical romance; he wanders among the wrecks of the heroic ages, in companionship with the memory of their prosperous times, and pictures the scenes he saw with the pencil of an able and tasteful artist. His work is full of originality. He trod in the steps of ten thousand tourists; but novelty sprang up under his

feet, because he has the power to give form and life to that which in the eyes of the vulgar is without interest or beauty. With an acute eye, he observes the characteristics of the people, as well as the features of the country, and without taking refuge from his own barrenness of thought in stale historical records, weaves into his narrative a chain of allusions that link the landscapes of the present day with those of the past. His style is graceful and clear, his language is light and lively, while the colour of his opinions, on most subjects, is such as claims our sympathy. Proceeding, as we do, therefore, to borrow from his relation matter for the entertainment of our readers, we assure them that these two neat volumes deserve a degree of attention not usually bestowed on the relations of a tourist in the south and east of Europe.

It was the month of January when Mr. Aubrey de Vere found himself steering down the Adriatic, towards Corfu. It may suggest an idea of the climate in that delicious region to say that the air was then as warm and balmy as in our English June. A brilliant moon reflected her beauty in waters of a dark blue shot with silver by the light, except where the islands rose above the surface, purpled by the expiring tints of day, and threw their shadows over the sea. Such was the approach to the Grecian Isles, which next morning broke on the traveller's view in all their variety of hue and outline; some lofty, rocky, vine-covered and wildly picturesque; others low, gentle, broken by beautiful bays, and covered with soft verdure. Olive groves stud them in all directions; the grape in summer mantles over the hills, and even in winter the valleys are filled with the odours of mint, thyme, and other aromatic plants, with blossoming myrtles, and golden orange groves. The Archipelago rejoices in a luxury of rich and strangely blended beauties; the coasts are here green to the water's edge, and there rimmed with white rocks, over which the sea scatters itself in showers of whiter foam. The pellucid clearness of the atmosphere lends its greatest charm to this exquisite landscape. Not the lightest and most airy mist intercepts the vision as it ranges from the summit of the Corfu hills, over the Archipelago. Land and water lie below, clearly defined with the irregular green islands, and the waves flowing among them. No region of the world can equal this in loveliness. The north is grand and dreary; the east is glaring and magnificent; the west is full of quiet and varied beauty; but the south is soft and sweet, deliciously warm and sunny, breathed over by the balm of perpetual summer, enticing to repose, and wrapping the mind in the mantle of an alluring and seductive languor.

Greece is still pre-eminent;—but, the Greeks! They possess

indeed the forms and features of the ancient nation, except where the influence of contact with their rulers has degenerated their bodies as it has debased their souls; but the spirit of the race is gone. Falsehood is the characteristic of the Ionians. Seldom, says our author, do they, even by accident, tell the truth, and they are never ashamed of being convicted in a lie. Slavery has done its worst, and our rule has not yet raised them from their fallen condition. The traveller's sketch of them is interesting:—

‘The Ionian Greeks are greatly deficient in industry. They do not care to improve their condition; their wants are few, and they will do little work beyond that of picking up the olives which fall from the tree. These the women carry home in baskets, almost all the labour falling on them, while the men idle away their everlasting unhallowed holyday, telling stories, walking in procession, or showing as much diplomacy in some bargain about a *capote* as a Russian ambassador could display while settling the affairs of Europe with Lord Palmerston. Their dress is eminently picturesque. On their heads they wear sometimes a sort of turban, sometimes a red cap; round the waist they fasten a wide white zone; and their trowsers, which do not descend below the knee, are so large, that, fastened together at the mid-leg, they have all the effect of flowing drapery, their colour in general being crimson.’—Vol. i. p. 11.

The traveller soon left Corfu to visit the centre of ancient civilization—Athens. In journeying thither, he reminds us that the South is not a land of unchanging sunshine; for those blue skies occasionally darken with unexpected storms, though even in these there is a richness and beauty at once fascinating and terrible. The heavens become purple, and the sea becomes green; but the tempest coming on suddenly, as swiftly departs, and the landscape glows as brightly as before. After a visit to Patras, where an insult was lately offered to a British subject, for which Lord Palmerston has enforced redress, Mr. de Vere sailed in sight of the white mountains of the Morea, over the immortal waves that saw the fight of Lepantos to Athens, where the great Acropolis first claimed his attention. His description of this tomb of antiquity is enthusiastic and graceful, though somewhat too prolonged, considering that the picture has been already so frequently painted. We shall not linger, however, among antiquities. We possess a work which has amassed all that is known of ancient Greece, its people, and its civilization; but the sketches of a modern traveller are valuable, as contrasting with the scenes of ancient times. Our author was witness to a festival near the city, to celebrate the commencement of Lent. The people thronged out, attired in brilliant costumes, and danced

in happy revelry, with that lightness of heart characteristic of slaves forgetting their slavery :—

‘ In the midst of the dancers were numberless companies of peasants seated round their rural feast. Each group had its thick and many-coloured carpet, on which the guests placed themselves cross-legged in a circle, and ate, as Homer says, until their hearts were satisfied. Numerous shouts of inextinguishable laughter rose up also among them from time to time ; and many a trick was exhibited, and many wild pranks played, but without any admixture of vulgarity. Along the field, and about the tufted banks of the Ilissus, horsemen galloped with fury altogether indescribable. Sometimes they advanced in a troop, and suddenly breaking like a rocket, dispersed and scoured the plain in every direction. Sometimes a single horseman darted forward like an arrow shot from a bow, and passed in front of the charging column, or threaded his way among its ranks with the skill of a skater, who describes a figure of eight. They sat far back on their horses, as their forefathers sat, if we can trust the witness of ancient sculptor, and as the cavalry of the East sit to this day ; their scarlet caps and golden tassels—often entangled in their long hair—gleaming in the sun, and their white kilts blown across the horse’s shoulder, or streaming behind ; often they flung javelins at each other, and that with such hearty good will, that the effort not seldom went near tossing them off their little white horses.* These horses had caught the madness of the hour ; and though no princess, like Andromache, had fed them with corn soaked in generous wine, they flashed past us with feet that hardly touched the ground, little sharp heads pointed into the air, and protruding eyes ; fleet as the wind, and so slight and slender, that a wind, apparently, might have blown them away.’—*Id.* p. 130.

Our author describes a surly Scotchman who was a spectator of this scene. He remarked with melancholy emphasis, that a people so senseless and volatile could not have a claim to liberty, and upon this Mr. de Vere takes occasion to remark, that in this country the people may safely be entrusted with self-government ; because they are so absorbed in industry as to demand very little of this cheap commodity. We altogether agree with him, and recommend the reflection to our readers. The Greeks have been degraded by oppression ; the English have been elevated by freedom ; and while the former have been so debased as to be incapable of enjoying, at present, the priceless boon of complete liberty, the latter have been taught the lesson, that as power spreads among the people the prosperity of the country increases. We have not yet reached the limit of our progress, and we agree with Mr. de Vere, that self-government is the only

* This sentence is of such peculiar and incorrect construction, that we cannot pass it by unnoticed in an author who has evidently studied writing as an art.

instrument with which we can work our way to perfect civilization. The religious condition of Greece is an illustration of our theory. There, faith is a form, piety a mummary, devotion a show—because the nation is under the heel of a despotism—the more destructive because it is petty and contemptible. The kingling that sits on the throne is not fit company even for the rest of his German brethren, for if they are more colossal in their crimes, he is more paltry in his meanness.

If in a festival without the city of Athens, you behold illustrations of Hellenic degeneracy, within its streets they are still more abundant. Temple and market, column and frieze—all these remain as the records of its republican splendour; but cafés crowded with low gossips, restaurants full of loungers, theatres, and hotels; gambling rooms, echoing with the incessant rattle of billiard balls and dice—these are among the features added by our modern civilization. There is also another against which our author lays down his deliberate veto, the nuisance of the all-seeing English traveller who scratches his name on the walls of temples; scribbles trash in the traveller's book at the inns; grumbles at every bill, and boasts of the extortions of which he has been made the victim; objects to the ruins, because they are unlike the wreck of an English abbey; and wonders at the chaste beauty of Athena's temple, which he places in invidious comparison with Westminster Abbey, the new House of Lords, or the National Gallery! One of these individuals, remarkable for his sagacity and his knowledge, exclaimed to a friend of our author's, 'What liars these Greeks are! and what fools, too, to fancy they can persuade us that they defeated the Persians at Marathon, when we know that it was the Turks that fought there, and badly enough they did fight.' Another grievously troubled Mr. De Vere, during his reflections among the Acropolis, by speculations on the approaching dinner; just as the celebrated gentleman did, when gazing on one of the loveliest Italian landscapes, he turned to his friend, who was absorbed in poetical reverie, 'Beautiful, isn't it?' 'Past fancy,' cried the poet. 'And wouldn't it be improved,' continued the cockney, 'by a beefsteak smothered in onions!'

Precisely of this class were the obnoxious tourists at Athens; but all were not of the same order, while some of the residents had become altogether classical, through breathing an air so richly impregnated with the memories of ancient time. A delightful picture is afforded of the residence of an English settler near Athens. He possessed an estate of considerable size, partly wooded with magnificent oak trees, partly intersected by innumerable rocky ravines, partly covered with groves of pine and of

orange trees, and partly glittering with a resplendent variety of green and flowering shrubs, of rich odour, and still richer colours :—

‘ A large part of the heath is already turned into corn land, but Ceres, like some other recent potentates, can claim only to be a constitutional monarch here, and her sway is not only limited but ill assured. The anemonies and narcissi when I visited the spot, forced their way unceremoniously up among the green blades of springing corn. Retrenched into one corner, a little phalanx of jonquils held its ground against whole armies of barley and oats; and irregular squadrons of crocus and wild tulips effected a second lodgment in the newly-peopled land, or lingered long in the rear with a Parthian flight, scattering their seeds behind them instead of arrows. My friend led me in triumph through piles of wild peas and plums, grafted with scions of a gentle kind; brought me to the trenches lately opened for the vines; boasted of the obdurate thorns he had eradicated, and of the subject almond trees he had admitted to the freedom of his domain. “The mighty we slaughtered, the lovely we spared;” nor indeed could the sternest improver who had ever seen those almonds blossoming in their bowers, sometimes white as snow, sometimes rose coloured, as the same snow when flushed with sunset, condemn them to destruction for the sake of supplying their places with trim currant bushes.’—*Id.* p. 175.

From this pleasant picture, the author speedily turns to the consideration of one far less pure and agreeable—the bishops of the Greek Church. Preferment, he tells us, is among the rich sees of the East very seldom the reward of exalted piety, or profound knowledge. The bishops of the poorer Church in the South still pant for translation to them, for the influence of Mammon among them, as among others of their class, is sufficiently strong. When the purity of religion is mocked by its professors, it is difficult to restrain the language of our strictures; for if there be one spectacle more revolting to Christianity than another, it is to see a man professing devotion to God, and zeal in his spiritual mission upon earth, chasing wealth with ardour, panting for purple and fine linen, sighing for pomp and power, and when these have been attained, exulting in their possessions in a spirit of most unchristian pride. As such, Mr. de Vere, rather indirectly than explicitly, describes the bishops of the Eastern Church, among whom those in Greece are anxious to be transplanted.

We leave this painful subject, not to follow our author through the historical and moral reflections, in which he somewhat too copiously indulges, nor through his descriptions of the antiquities of Greece, which are, however, full of interest, but into the second volume of this narrative, which is replete with

entertainment. The description of the journey to Delphi affords opportunity for sketches of landscape, which are occasionally exquisitely drawn, for the author's pen possesses that power and grace necessary to the realization of such a picture. The glories of southern scenery, with its luxury of flowers, its rich green and exhaustless variety, require such a writer to depict them. The narrative affords, indeed, a superb idea of the natural aspect of Greece, and as such is eminently valuable. What Linton is in his unequalled painted landscapes, with all their rich colouring and magical effect, De Vere may claim to be in a literary point of view; and we regret that our limits forbid us from transferring many of these sketches to our own pages.

As we are now, however, in search of a social picture, we light with pleasure on a very admirable one supplied by the author. It is the description of a popular game played by some boatmen on the road from Delphi. The writer says:—

‘I remember thinking this sport a dangerous precedent in revolutionary times. A number of men ranged themselves in a ring, while another set clambered up, and stood on their shoulders. Matters being thus prepared, the ring below began to spin round on its own axis, with a gradually increasing velocity; the exalted personages above maintaining their position as long as they could, but being, of course, one by one, tossed from their uneasy pedestals ere long. The dethroned powers then took their places beneath, those who had previously supported them mounting their shoulders.’—Vol. ii. p. 36.

Of this opportunity the author makes use to utter a happy sneer at the petty despots of the continent, who cheat their people with the name of a constitution, and uphold their own authority by all the wretched devices of a miserable tyranny. He declares this game revolutionary and dangerous; ‘and if I were a constitutional king, I would discourage it to the utmost of my power.’

These occasional expressions of genuine feeling betray Mr. de Vere's secret convictions; but before we leave Greece and accompany him to the Golden Horn, we must observe, that though he is a pleasant traveller, he is not a politician, nor is he so well versed in the history of the manners, customs, and institutions of ancient Greece, as he presumes himself to be. He has read books, and knows much, but either his mind is not sufficiently comprehensive to grasp those splendid political theories which exalted the Athenians above all the world, or his acquaintance with the institutions of ancient Hellas is not sufficiently enlarged to enable him to appreciate them in all their splendour and brilliance. When he travels again, let him abstain from politics, and we shall welcome his work with the greatest gratifi-

cation; but his arguments against the democratic principle, as the ground of Athenian precedence, are not more puerile than they are out of place. It is remarkable how a poetical writer will flourish on the subject of liberty in one page, and deprecate its establishment with equal ardour in another.

We shall, at some future time, be brought to believe that the voyage to Constantinople is unpleasant; that lazarettos are hot and crowded places; that mendicant pilgrims are dirty and disagreeable; that the streets of Smyrna are narrow and dark; that camels bear huge loads on their backs; and that the first view of the city of Sultans is magnificent; because, in the leaves of a thousand books from the pens of a thousand travellers we find the facts confirmed, and pretty nearly in the same language. Mr. Baxter lately made the discoveries, and described them in a most lively manner. Mr. Albert Smith has also ventured out of his natural element, in the cider-cellars and saloons of London, to carry his vulgarity into Constantinople; but the scene has not been so thoroughly exhausted that we are induced to pass over a brilliant sketch of it afforded by Mr. de Vere:—

‘The view of Constantinople from the sea is the most splendid of all pageants presented to human eye by the metropolitan cities of the earth. The vulgar detail of street and alley is hidden from sight, and you are greeted, instead, by an innumerable company of mosques, minarets, palaces, dome-surmounted baths, and royal tombs—the sunny brilliancy or splendid colouring of which is in some degree mitigated by the garden-trees that cluster around them, and the cypress forests that skirt the hills, and here and there descend into the city. That city is built upon a series of hills; and so intensely is a fair prospect prized by a Turk, that, on every commanding spot, the house of some rich man is placed, with its gilded lattices gleaming through a leafy screen. So large and numerous are the gardens, that the effect is less that of trees scattered amid a city, than of a city built in a forest but partially cleared. This green veil, however, softens rather than obscures the apparition that lurks behind, the vast and countless white domes shining broadly and placidly through it, while the gilded tops of the minarets glitter on high, like the flames that hover above the tapers in Italian cathedrals. Multitudes of houses in Constantinople are painted green, red, or blue—a circumstance that added to the gorgeousness of the spectacle which met my eye, as well as the fact that spring had already breathed upon the plane-trees and the almonds, which were putting forth abundantly their fresh green leaves, and their blossoms, pure as the foam of the sea.’—*Id.* p. 107.

There are five cities, our author tells us, in Europe, whose architectural beauty is displayed amid a profusion of Nature’s unadorned graces—Naples, Venice, Genoa, Edinburgh, and Constantinople—among which the last, in position and aspect,

surpasses all the rest. Every important building it contains is distinctly visible from the water; for, as the traveller steers up towards the Golden Horn, the city rises before him in successive stages of beauty, resplendent with all the brilliant hues of Eastern magnificence. The appearance, however, is as delusive as the mirage in the desert. Enter the streets, and the illusion vanishes. They are narrow, irregular, steep, ill-paved, and dirty; composed of ruinous, badly built, and mean houses, or long sweeps of dead wall enclosing the gardens. The whole wears the aspect of poverty, glittering with a few gilded patches, indicative of the infamous distinction between rich and poor. Women glide by in white veils and robes; the more wealthy roll along in coffin-shaped chariots, gloomily draped, and drawn by oxen; men in sombre robes, with the solemn pipe between their lips, pass and repass, through the dull streets, towards the crowded and glittering bazaars, where a new world opens to view. There all is brilliance, variety, and beauty. To every trade a separate division is allotted, which increases the effect of the whole. A splendid armoury occupies a large portion of the greatest bazaar. Helmets and shields, dented with the fury of many a long-contested field, glistening spears, Indian bows, far-famed blades of Damascus, Egyptian scimitars, with every accoutrement for man and horse, often embossed with gold and crusted with gems, are displayed in dazzling array upon the walls. From these you may pass into 'a meadowy region of Cashmere shawls,' enough to drape all the beauty of Europe, or girdle all the fair forms of the East. Thence you journey into a place where, if you have any good looks, they are reflected from a thousand mirrors, of all sizes, enchased with pearls, with handles of beaten gold. These are the favourite toys of the women, who thus appreciate their own loveliness when arrayed in the riches of the department that follows. There soft muslins and shining silks are displayed, stiff brocaded stuffs, wrought in the unrivalled looms of the East, with hues of inconceivable variety and brilliance; besides gauzy mantles, light as air, almost invisible in their fragile delicacy, except where in golden tracery are woven into them the maxims of piety, or the sentiments of passion. Beyond these you enter a spot radiant with countless gems,—blazing with jewellery, 'separate or enwreathed in necklaces and rosaries, or inlaid in precious cups, rich plate hangings for horses, and head-dresses for their riders.'

But we cannot detail the wealth of these luxurious stores—the Indian spices, the gums, the drugs, the precious syrups, oils, and creams, the delicious perfumes, the preserved and dried fruits, with the delicate porcelain that adds flavour to its rich contents, and all the multitude of commodities exposed here

to tempt the passer-by. Too often do they tempt in vain, for where a sovereign like the Sultan of Turkey reigns, his people must number among themselves many of the race of the unfortunate. An anecdote of this despot will illustrate his character. It is most characteristic of an oriental tyrant—and offers a commentary on the theory of divine right in kings.

Soon after his accession to power, the new sultan entered on a career of reform, opposed to the pride and the prejudices of the Turks. To arrest him in this dangerous course was the object of the Ulemas, or religious chiefs, who resolved, if possible, to work on the young despot's mind by exciting his superstitious fears. One day, as he was on his knees, according to custom, in his father's tomb, he heard a low voice reiterating from beneath, 'I burn, I burn.' The next time he prayed there, the same terrible words were uttered in the earth, and none other. The Sultan applied to the chief of the Imaums for an interpretation of this strange thing, and was told that his father had been a great reformer, and was now probably suffering the penalty of his imprudent course.

The young sovereign scarcely crediting his own ears, then, sent his brother-in-law to pray on the same spot, and afterwards several others of his household. They went, and each time the words 'I burn,' sounded in their ears, as though from the grave of the buried king.

At length the Sultan proclaimed his intention of going in a procession of state to his father's tomb. He went with a magnificent train, accompanied by the principal doctors of Mohammedan law. Mr. de Vere shall tell the rest of the story:—

'Again, during his devotions, were heard the words, "I burn," and all except the Sultan trembled. Rising from his prayer carpet, he called in his guards, and commanded them to dig up the pavement and remove the tomb. It was in vain that the muftis interposed, reprobating so great a profanation, and uttering dreadful warnings as to its consequences. The Sultan persisted. The foundations of the tomb were laid bare, and in a cavity skilfully left among them was found, not a burning sultan, but a dervise. The young monarch regarded him for a time fixedly and in silence, and then said, without any further remark, or the slightest expression of anger, "You burn? you must cool in the Bosphorus." In a few minutes more, the dervise was in a bag, and the bag immediately after was in the Bosphorus; while the Sultan rode back to his palace, accompanied by his household and ministers, who ceased not all the way to ejaculate—"Mashallah, Allah is great—there is no God but God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God." —*Id.* p. 140.

Our author, after some further sketches of Constantinople, and a description of the far-famed Valley of Sweet Waters,

describes a personal adventure which is too long to extract, and too good to abridge. There is, perhaps, not sufficient of this kind of material in the book, but what Mr. de Vere wants in one way he makes up in another, so that his work possesses many, if not all of the features that characterise a good narrative of travel in familiar scenes. We have borrowed from it colours for a sketch in outline of Grecian and Turkish scenery and civilization, to afford the reader some conception of these curious lands. Full of beauty in themselves, they are hallowed by history and romance; while the recent events in the Dardanelles and at the Piræus, lend them a present interest of an universal character. The reader who would gain an idea of the seas and the shores lately ranged by a British squadron, in vindication of the rights of British subjects—in the one place against the ferocity of a barbarian despot, and in the other against the insolence of a petty kingling, can do no better than entertain himself with the lively and instructive travels of Mr. Aubrey de Vere.

ART. III.—*The Virgin Widow. A Play.* By Henry Taylor, Author of 'Philip Van Artevelde.' London: Longmans.

HENRY TAYLOR, if not a name that can 'start a spirit,' represents, nevertheless, a highly respectable specimen of genuine culture, supplemented by a real *touch* of genius and great artistic skill. He is the author of authors—the admired of those who are admired partially themselves—not the favourite of our young and rising generation, nor ever likely to give the 'form and pressure' of his mind to the general age. His mind is calm, simple, yet elaborate—'chastised' with *whips*, not with *scorpions*—elegant and artistic—cool, and yet not devoid of poetical feeling and freshness. His fine things are sown somewhat sparingly over his pages; whether from taste or from penury, we will not venture to say. Hence, they go a *great way*. One passage, for example, in 'Edwin the Fair,' describing the various voices of the wind in various *trees*, has been paraded in all sorts and sizes of periodicals, from the 'Edinburgh Review' downwards. It is certainly very beautiful, but we are very much mistaken if any one page of 'Festus' do not contain ten things equally fine. And here let us glance at one of the many ridiculous delusions of the criticism of the day. How often do we

hear the critic saying of such and such a work, 'It is very brilliant; but it is too brilliant—there are too many fine things in it;' and close by quoting the hackneyed words,

'We doubt, because so thick they lie,
If they be stars that paint the galaxy?'

Now the secret of this sophistry seems to lie in the confusion between the truly and the falsely fine. Can *too many really new and beautiful* things ever be said on *any* subject? Can there be too many stars in an unbounded universe? If artistic perfection is to be sought at the price even of one consummate pearl—perhaps the seed-pearl of a system of truth—were it not better lost? Even were it only a truly beautiful image, should it be permitted to perish?—for does not every beautiful image represent at least the bright edge or corner of a truth? No fear that books, all beautiful and full of meaning, shall be unduly multiplied. As well be alarmed for the advent of perfect men in thousands. The finest writers in the world have ever been the richest. Witness Jeremy Taylor, Shakspeare, Milton, and Burke. It is the age of barren thinkers that finds out that the past has been too tropical and luxuriant; and wishes that Job had clipped his Behemoths and Leviathans, and Isaiah let blood ere he uttered his terrible rhapsodies against Babylon and Egypt. Our age, encouraged by the example of Germany, and by its own small endowment of originality, in seeking to crown Art is fast dethroning Nature. Not only is a book, in general, more admired because its faults are few, than because its beauties are many; but the thick glories which God may have dropped upon it are treated as blemishes, its 'many crowns' are regarded as proud and putrid ulcers. And, with regard to the vaunted couplet quoted above, we must just remember that the nebular hypothesis is exploded; they *are* stars which paint the galaxy, and let those who have had 'doubts' on the subject carry those doubts home, and warm with them their beds or bosoms, if they can.

False finery we abhor—of it we cannot have too little; but too much truth or beauty, why let us complain of it when we have had a spring day too delightful, a sunbeam too delicately spun, an autumn too abundant. Why are chaste and chary writers praised? Not because they keep back anything that is good, but because they do not seek to supply its place by what is false and elaborately bad. They have few genuine gems, but they place and they wear them well.

The 'Virgin Widow' does not labour under a redundancy of beauties, nor shine with a deep glow of genius. It displays little metaphysical depth or tendency, and no unity or concentration of purpose. But it is cool and fresh, as the shadowy side

of a cherry-leaf—it breathes a healthy, manly, cheerful spirit; it tells an interesting tale in a clear and intelligible manner; its characters, with no outstanding originality, are all marked—human, well-defined; its language is classic, yet tinged with the hues of ‘old romance;’ and now and then there springs up a fine gushing well of pure poetry.

In comparing it with the two finest of recent dramatic poems—‘Galileo Galilei,’ and the ‘Roman’—we find that ‘Galileo’ displays a subtler reflection; a reflection almost *diseasedly* subtle, without much more proper poetry, and with less interest and intelligibility of story. The ‘Roman’ has a world more of earnestness, eloquence, and genius; but the ‘Virgin Widow’ is superior to both in point of sweetness, maturity, sustained interest, and artistic skill. Taylor never could, however, at any period of his life, have written the better passages of ‘Galileo,’ or the worse passages in the ‘Roman;’ and when these young writers have reached their perfect day, they are likely to produce works as ripe, and infinitely more rich and profound, than the ‘Virgin Widow.’

We have not room to analyze the story. It is very interesting, but seldom exciting, and harrowing never. His object, as avowed in the preface, is not to sting, but to please; and he has in this completely succeeded. You have pleasure less in degree, but alike in kind, to that derived from some of Shakspeare’s mild secondary plays, such as, ‘As you like it,’ ‘Two Gentlemen of Verona,’ &c., which range like moons around the ardent splendours of his principal and sun-like tragedies.

We recommend, then, the ‘Virgin Widow’ to all lovers of poetry, and may close by quoting a few lines descriptive of the heroine:—

‘In the soft fulness of a rounded grace,
Noble of stature, with an inward life
Of secret joy sedate, Rosalba stands,
As seeing and not knowing, she is seen,
Like a majestic child, without a want,
She speaks not often, but her presence speaks,
And is itself an eloquence, which withdrawn.
It seems as though some strain of music ceased.

When she speaks, indeed,
’Tis like some one voice eminent in the choir,
Heard from the midst of many harmonies,
With thrilling singleness yet clear accord.
So heard, so seen, she moves upon the earth,
Unknowing that the joy she ministers
Is aught but Nature’s sunshine.’

ART. IV.—*Diary and Correspondence of Samuel Pepys, F.R.S., Secretary to the Admiralty in the Reigns of Charles II. and James II. The Diary deciphered by the Rev. J. Smith, A.M., from the original Shorthand Manuscript in the Pepysian Library. With Life and Notes.* By Richard Lord Braybrooke. The New Edition, considerably enlarged. London: Colburn. 1849.

THE concluding volumes of the Diary of Samuel Pepys being now before us, we return to a brief review of the events therein narrated, in order to present to our readers a rapid outline of the life of this, in some respects, remarkable man. In his career, subsequently to the period to which we formerly brought down our remarks, there is little of a stirring nature to relate; no great or glorious achievements distinguished him from his contemporaries. His services to the community were of a character pre-eminently useful, without being very remarkable. A steady determination to discharge his duties, a constant attendance at office, in the midst of participation in the most trivial amusements, and surrounded by the fascination of continual gaiety, constitute his highest public merit. The times in which he lived were as different in their tone to that now prevalent, as can be well imagined. The manners of all classes were directly opposed to habits of application and business; those, therefore, who combined full capabilities for joining in the frivolities of the times with great willingness in the discharge of their duties, were to be regarded as deserving no little commendation.

To reject or stand aloof from the manners of the times, and view them with a cool, philosophical, or averted eye, was no easy task. The pursuit of pleasure formed the most important object of existence—from the monarch himself, down to ‘Orange Moll’ in the playhouse.

The affairs of the country, in the midst of a Dutch war, were carried on in the height of court intrigue and gallantries more debasing in their character, perhaps, than those of any former period. The whims of a favourite were suffered to interfere with the highest purposes of State, and the most important resolves were determined on in the chamber of my Lady Castlemaine. To expect, in this general fever of frivolity, that Pepys should have abstained from mingling in it, would be to expect a miracle. He followed in the wake of the mass, but it is by no means improbable that the dissipation of each morning, which rendered it necessary for him to work so late at night, assisted

greatly that premature blindness which robbed him of the pleasure of continuing his Diary, and deprived us of the many valuable and interesting details it would have contained.

No better mirror indeed could possibly be found of the period than in this Diary, which frankly and peculiarly exposes so many of the intrigues and follies of the day. Of the practical utility of recalling to life such scenes there may, reasonably, in some minds, exist a doubt—a doubt, however, which will vanish when it is remembered that it can never be an un instructive lesson to investigate the history of the past, whether in a moral or political sense. The interest, too, awakened by this revival of old scenes, is, of itself, a sufficient inducement to make us wish that many more such records had been preserved. There is so much of *piquante* anecdote, so much domestic narrative, that we are transported completely back into the times, and seem to be on intimate terms of fellowship with many of the most remarkable characters of the day.

To give the reader a perfect outline of all that the volume contains, would be impossible; we must, therefore, be contented with viewing Pepys under several of the most interesting aspects in which he comes before us. In the early portion of his life, we cannot but confess that he occupies a more amiable position, and challenges more of our respect. We then behold him making his way, surmounting obstacles, clearing away obstructions, and laboriously eager in the pursuit of his duties. Even his avarice was then pardonable, for it seemed only natural to expect that what he had so hardly earned should be a matter of sorrow for him to part with. Yet that it was a fault inherent in his character to hoard up money, is evident from the painful intrusion of his miserly thoughts, in the midst sometimes of enjoyments suggested and carried out by himself, and for his own personal gratification. Sometimes he manifests the most reckless profusion, but scarcely ever without afterwards reproaching himself with it. He is occasionally surprised to reflect upon the rapid growth of his wealth; and, indeed, it cannot but be noticed that Pepys's was a most fortunate career. Few men have risen from poverty to wealth so rapidly. His hopes were few; and if in the later years of his life he experienced poverty, it was only the natural reward of the extravagance and fondness for show which he at length displayed. The rise from the garret to the court; from the homely dinner cooked by his wife's own hands, to the sumptuous entertainment prepared by hired professors of the culinary art; from the cloth cloak to the brocaded doublet; from the hired vehicle to the gaily caparisoned horses and gilded coach, was rapid—far more rapid than he had any

right to expect, and can only be accounted for by a series of propitious accidents which seldom assemble round the path of a single individual.

In reading the Pepysian Diary, very many reflections, highly unfavourable to the writer, are apt to intrude themselves upon us, since there are so many traits of character detailed of a petty nature. But it must be borne in mind that we are, as it were, viewing the worst phases of his character, since he sets down in his private records all his most evil actions—actions of which the world knew nothing, and motives at which the world could not guess. Amongst his private friends and acquaintances, he seems to have been universally esteemed, and was ever a welcome guest. With women too he was a great favourite.

From these circumstances, we are induced to believe that his manners were to a certain extent fascinating and polished for the age in which he lived. Much of good is found mingled with the evil in his disposition, many instances of benevolence and charity are related, and from the anecdotes in the Diary we judge him to have been kind hearted. His chief faults were avarice and an innate selfishness, which rendered it, to a certain extent, painful to assist those in need, even while he commiserated their misfortunes. This apparent contradiction is easy to be understood, if properly reflected on. As he grew older, his fondness for pleasure increased in proportion, and was the frequent cause of unpleasantness with his wife, whom he loved as a companion, and esteemed as a friend; but for whom he could not be said to profess an all-engrossing attachment. He bore her jealousy with infinite forbearance, and was rarely induced to retaliate the hard words she bestowed upon him, often with the greatest justice. It is a highly edifying study to watch his character develop itself before us, to perceive his virtues increase, and his faults at the same time expand with greater vigour; and to see how little meannesses obtrude themselves into his mind on many occasions. It is unjust, however, to be too severe upon Pepys for the reflections we sometimes meet with, since it behoves us to remember, that though he perhaps only has had the frankness to confess it, similar exultations and petty notions have obtruded themselves at times upon our own hearts.

‘ Home, and there found all things in readiness for a grand dinner. By and by come my guests, Dr. Clerke and his wife, and Mrs. Worshipp and her daughter; and then Mr. Reeve and his wife, and boy and Betty; and then I sent for Mercer; so that we had, with my wife and I, twelve at table, and very good and pleasant company; and a most neat and excellent, but dear dinner. But, Lord! to see with what way they looked upon all my fine plate, was pleasant, for I made

the best show I could to let them understand me and my condition, to take down the pride of Mrs. Clerke, who thought herself very great.'—Vol. iv. p. 11.

'Coming home, saw my door and latch open, left so by Suse our cook-maid, which so vexed me, that I did give her a kick in our entry, and offered a blow at her, and was seen doing so by Sir W. Pen's foot-boy, which did vex me to the heart, because I know he will be telling their family of it.'—*Ib.* p. 15.

An English gentleman so resenting a trifling inadvertence on the part of one of his servants, is by no means an ennobling picture. It proves, however, the great irritability of Pepys's temper. His increasing love of pleasure was beginning to be the talk of every one; so that his wife, who takes care to tell him of it, informs him that it is the topic of discourse with the servants. Not having strength of mind to moderate his indulgence altogether, he inflicts upon himself certain fasts and abstinences from pleasure for a few days, and when that is over, plunges still further into the pursuit of gaiety. His wife was herself of a somewhat volatile turn of mind, and was ever ready to accompany him in any excursion of pleasure. What she condemned was, his extreme fondness for enjoying himself without her, which roused her jealousy, and kept her in a constant state of irritation. That her suspicions with respect to Mistress Knipp, the actress, were in some measure well founded, there cannot exist a doubt; and that he was conscious of its being deserved is proved by the fact of his frequently concealing his visits to the playhouse, where Knipp performed.

'My wife being dressed this day in false hair, did make me so mad that I spoke not one word to her, though I was ready to burst with anger. After that dinner, and I unto the park, and walked a most pleasant evening, and so took coach, and took up my wife, and in my way home discovered my trouble to my wife for her white locks, swearing several times, which I pray God forgive me, and bending my fist, that I would not endure it. She, poor wretch, was surprised with it, and made me no answer all the way home, but there we parted, and I to the office late, and then home, and without supper to bed vexed.

'*Lord's Day.*—Up and to my chamber to settle some accounts there, and by and by down comes my wife to me in her nightgown, and she begun calmly, that upon having money to lace her gown for second mourning, she would promise to wear white locks no more in my sight, which I, like a severe fool, thinking not enough, began to except against, and made her fly out to very high terms and cry, and in her heat, told me of keeping company with Mrs. Knipp, saying, that if I would promise never to see her more, of whom she hath more reason to suspect than I had heretofore of Pembleton, she would never wear white locks more. This vexed me, but I restrained myself from saying anything, but do think never to see this woman, at least to have her here more, and so all very good friends as ever.'—*Ib.* p. 40.

The taste for theatricals never, perhaps, ran so high as at this period, when morning representations took place, which were well attended by all the nobility and fashion of the day, and every other kind of amusements in proportion was followed up.

About this time, London was kept in a continued state of excitement through the Dutch, who were rapidly approaching our shores. It was the universal topic of conversation; but in spite of the prospect of invasion, the people danced, intrigued, frequented the theatres, and plunged into every kind of dissipation. Provisions rose in price, and we find Pepys glorying in having procured a supply of coals cheap. The general mode of spending the day may be guessed from one of Pepys's own. He rose early in the morning, and, along with his wife, went round to the tailor and dressmaker, to give orders, and to pay his tradesmen's bills; they then proceeded to the play-house, whence, after passing a few hours in contemplating the performances, they went to the park, where all the *élite* of London assembled, to wile away a little time. The general place of *rendezvous* was where Lady Castlemaine and Lady Newcastle, surrounded by a crowd of admirers, rode to and fro. It was a brilliant spectacle to behold the coaches covered with gold and silver trappings, and the splendidly attired ladies and gentlemen flocking up and down, assembling under the trees, commenting and gossiping upon the events of the day.

Pepys was very fond of being seen with his grand acquaintance attired in his fine clothes, and is ashamed to be beheld walking about with any of his poorer friends, especially if they cannot outwardly keep up the same state as himself. He had long meditated making an excursion in the country, but he suffers his temper to deprive him of the promised treat. His wife had gone to Woolwich, and came home in time to dress against the evening to go to Mrs. Pierce's to be merry, 'where,' he says, 'we are to have Knipp and Harris, and other good people. I at my accounts. Anon comes down my wife, dressed in her second mourning, with her black moyre waistcoat, and short petticoat laced with silver lace so basely, that I could not endure to see her, and with laced lining; which is so soon, that I was horrid angry, and would not go to our intended meeting, which vexed me to the blood, and my wife sent twice or thrice to me to say she was willing any way to dress her, but to put on her cloth gown, which she would not venture, which made me mad; and so in the evening to my chamber, home and to my accounts.'

The state of our defences at this time was the subject of much animadversion. Many charged the king with being too much occupied with his pleasure to attend to the affairs of the nation.

The Dutch were abroad with eighty sail of ships of war, and twenty fire-ships, the French hovered in the channel with twenty sail of men of war and five fire-ships, while we had not a ship at sea capable of resisting them. Pepys, in going to deliver up his report of accounts, animadverts strongly on the conduct of men in office having leisure and opportunity to see how affairs were managed. Preparations were indeed making along the coast to receive the Dutch when they should come, and they speedily advanced up to the Nore, when a demand was eagerly made for fire-ships. Pepys, while exclaiming at the backwardness of the Government, was himself on the alert, and doing his best to assist in taking measures for the defence of the country. He posted down to Greenwich, and found that the Dutch had advanced as far as Sheerness. In the night the place was lost. More earnest exertions were now set on foot, and an order was issued from the Council to take any man's ships that it should be judged necessary to make use of. The metropolis was in the greatest state of alarm. All night the drums were beating an order for the train-bands, upon pain of death, to appear in arms in the morning with bullets and powder, and money to supply themselves with victuals for a fortnight. The next day, affairs promised so ill, that Pepys did not like to be seen going to any place of amusement, but went, nevertheless, though his mind was heavy with fears lest the country should be lost, but says that he is himself conscious of having done his duty. In the evening he retires into his closet with his wife and father, and there consulted upon what should be done. They resolved that Pepys's possessions in money should be collected and sent into the country until all fear of seizure was over. In the morning, with a heavy heart, Pepys rises and hears the sad news of the taking of the *Royal Charles*. The commands now received were to sail the ships already prepared to prevent the enemy from advancing further up the river. These circumstances filled Pepys with so much apprehension, that he immediately determined upon sending his wife and father into the country. After two hours' hasty preparation, they were ready with £1,300 in their possession in gold. He found some difficulty in drawing his money from the hands of his bankers, even by offering silver in exchange, and continued in a state of apprehension the whole day. In the afternoon, he resolved to send Mr. Gibson away after his wife with 1000 pieces more, under cover of an express to Sir Jeremy Smith, who was with some ships at Newcastle, and not being easy about the safe arrival of his gold at Brampton, he sent a messenger to overtake his wife and father before night. His evenings he employed in scattering his valuables about among his friends, so that he might run the greater chance of saving some

portion of them. He also had a girdle made in which he was able to carry £300 in gold in case of a surprisal. The public mind was no less uneasy; people convened openly in the streets concerning the supposed mismanagement of affairs. The cry was, 'We are betrayed by people about the king, bought and sold, and are to be delivered up to the French.'

The gold of which Mrs. Pepys and her father-in-law took charge arrived safely at its destination, but that under the care of Mr. Gibson fared not so well. One of the bags broke and several of the gold pieces escaped, but how many in number Pepys could not tell, which considerably aggravated his distress. His wife, in a day or two, returned home, and told how, on Sunday morning, when the rest of the family were gone to church, and the neighbours also, she and her father-in-law went out in the midst of the garden to bury the gold. The time they chose displeased Pepys much, for he feared that other eyes might have been upon them.

Meanwhile Pepys, undeterred by the public excitement, prosecutes his amusements with much vigour, taking his wife and servant to Epsom, where they had a delightful day. Walking out upon the downs, he says he beheld

'The most pleasant and innocent sight that I saw in my life. We found a shepherd, and his little boy reading, far from any houses and sight of people, the Bible to him, so I made the boy read to me, which he did, with the forced tone that children do usually read, that was mighty pretty, and then I did give him something, and went to the father and talked with him, and I find he had been a servant in my cousin Pepys's house, and told me what was become of the old servants. He did content himself mightily in my liking his boy's reading, and did bless God for him, the most like one of the old patriarchs that ever I saw in my life, and it brought those thoughts of the old age of the world for two or three days after. We took notice of his woollen-knit stockings, of two colours mixed; and of his shoes, shod with iron both at the toe and heels, with great nails in the soles of his feet, which was mighty pretty; and taking notice of them, "Why," says the poor man, "the downs, you see, are full of stones, and we are fain to shoe ourselves thus; and these," says he, "will make the stones fly till they break before me." I did give the poor man something, for which he was mighty thankful.'—*Id.* p. 112

For some time Pepys was closely employed at his office during the greater portion of the day; and his Diary at this time consists, for the most part, of accounts of the Dutch, and our defences against them. Such notices our readers will readily dispense with, and follow us into more interesting details. Lady Castlemaine had for some time been diminishing in favour with the king, and had several rivals in his affection. She was a

proud, imperious woman, and lost her position chiefly by her own meddling in affairs in which she had no business to interfere. Though dismissed from court, she continued now and then still to patch up a temporary peace with his majesty, so as to return for a while to favour. Jealous of losing her position, she sought to keep on good terms with the king; but carried on various other intrigues, which it was not to be expected could be tolerated. The fashion of the day was intrigue, and Pepys took his full share of it whenever his wife was out of the way. His forcing her into the company of Knipp, the actress, whom he knew she abhorred, was by no means in good taste, and we cannot wonder that she resented it as she did. Not content with Knipp, he turns his admiring gaze upon every pretty face that chances to meet his eye. Going into St. Dunstan's Church one Sunday, he says:—

'I heard an able sermon of the minister of the place; and stood by a pretty, modest maid, whom I did labour to take by the hand, but she would not, but got further and further from me; and at last I could perceive her to take pins out of her pocket to prick me if I should touch her again—which seeing, I did forbear, and was glad I did spy her designs. And then I fell to gaze upon another pretty maid, in a pew close by me; and I did go about to take her by the hand, which she suffered a little, and then withdrew. So, the sermon ended, and the church broke up, and my amour also.'—*Ib.* p. 159.

The time was now arrived when Pepys thought he might with safety fetch back his money to town; so, due preparation being made, early on the 7th of October, 1667, he and his wife and maid set out in a coach-and-four, with two friends on horseback at the side; and passing through Aldgate, by the Green Man, on to Enfield, they pursued their day's journey, singing and telling tales on the way, staying at night at Stortford, and continuing their expedition the next day; stopping by the way to visit a friend's house, to drink wine in the cellar and gather grapes in the garden, about noon next day they arrived at Brampton, over which Pepys wanders with considerable satisfaction, contemplating the pretty, simple rooms, the garden, and summer-house—looking forward with pleasure to the time when, the care of official duties over, he should retire thither to pass the remainder of his days. Talking over domestic matters with his father, he is concerned to find that, during his wife's late visit there, she has behaved proudly to both him and his sister, for whom it now becomes necessary to provide a husband, since, he says, she is growing old and ugly. The chief object of Pepys's visit was, however, to recover his dearly-loved gold; accordingly, the day over, and the company assembled to

welcome him gone, he, with his wife and father, and a dark lantern, went to dig up the gold.

'But, Lord! what a take I was for some time in, that they could not justly tell where it was; that I begun heartily to sweat and be angry, that they could not come better upon the place, and at last to fear that it was gone; but by and by, poking with a spit, we found it, and then begun with a spade to lift up the ground. But, good God! to see how sillily they did it. Not half a foot under ground, and in the sight of the world from a hundred places, if anybody by accident were near at hand; and within sight of a neighbour's window—only my father says that he saw them all gone to church before he began the work, when he laid the money.'—*Ib.* p. 222.

The greedy haste with which he sought to recover his treasure caused him to scatter the pieces round about the ground among the grass and loose earth, which had got mixed with the gold, the damp having rotted away the bags. Much to his distress he finds them in this condition and resolves to take them up, dirt and all, into his brother's chamber. Accordingly, after partaking of a slight supper, the rest of the family having retired to bed, Pepys, with William Hewer, carried up pails of water and carefully washed the mud from off the money, but after they had accomplished this, by comparing the quantity with a note he had in his pocket, he found missing a hundred pieces; exceedingly late as it was, lest some one should perform the work for them, they sallied forth at midnight, and searching, found forty pieces more, with which success he was satisfied for the night. By daylight the next day, he was up with pails and sieve in the garden washing the earth as though searching for diamonds, and by dint of great perseverance succeeded in recovering all but about twenty pieces, at which he expresses great content, and that very day takes leave of his father, gives twenty shillings to his sister as a parting gift, and with his gold stowed away in a basket under the carriage seat, travels to London, looking at it every quarter of an hour to see that it was all right.

The Parliament were now occupied in making a short investigation into the management of public affairs during the late war, and many feared that they would not come off with any honour, as the inquiry was carried on with great severity, and a stout determination to discover fault where there was fault. Every body believed that Pepys would come off free, but he was not quite so easy himself, though conscious of having to the utmost of his power performed his duty. With some uneasiness, therefore, he attended at the Parliament house all day until seven in the evening, waiting to be called into the committee, but was not called in until the evening of the next day, when

calling for a chair to lean his book on, and candles, owing to his shortness of sight, he gave so clear and lucid account of the whole business that had passed in the office concerning the Chatham affairs that they were perfectly satisfied with his behaviour. Upon the manner in which he conducted himself during the investigation he was greatly complimented, and he felt not a little proud of the issue, though, at the same time, fearing that a back blow might be dealt. His success, however, was eventually complete, and he returned with honour from the investigation, though others escaped not so easily.

It is amusing to find in the course of the Diary, an attempt at criticism on Shakspeare's play:—

'At noon, resolved with Sir William Pen to go and see "the Tempest," an old play of Shakspeare, acted I hear the first day, and so my wife and girl and William Hewer by themselves, and Sir W. Pen and I afterwards by ourselves . . . The house mighty full, the king and court there, and the most innocent play that ever I saw; and a curious piece of music in an echo of half sentences, the echo repeating the former half while the man goes on to the latter, which is pretty. *The play has no great wit, but yet good, above ordinary plays.*'—*Ib.* p. 258.

Amongst his cares of office, Pepys finds leisure to attend to a variety of domestic affairs. Amongst others, the marriage of his sister and the arrangement of the love affairs of James and Jane, his two servants, who had been quarrelling. These things completed, he shortly after despatches his wife into the country, while in her absence he commences a gay career which he could not prosecute while she was in town. He now is out every day—now to the playhouse, now to dinner, and spends his whole time in gaiety and amusement. Some days the entries in his journal are brief in the extreme. To be sure he does go to his office, but then that was business which could not be set aside; that done, he deemed he was free to revel and carouse, as his inclination prompted him. This time of irresponsibility, of freedom from a wife's dominion, could not last for ever, and so he at last set out to fetch her back again, and after spending a day or so with her father, returns to town. Busy friends were only too eager to whisper in her ears the scenes of gaiety enacted in her absence, and she nurses her grief for some time in her bosom, only waiting for a proper opportunity to explode.

'Somewhat out of humour all day, reflecting on my wife's neglect of things, and impertinent humour got by this liberty of being from me, which she is never to be trusted with, for she is a fool . . . Home, and there with my people to supper all in pretty good humour, though I found my wife hath something in her gizzard that only waits an op-

portunity of being provoked to bring it up, but I will not for my content sake take it . . . At noon home to dinner, where my wife she in a melancholy humour and crying, and do not tell me plainly what it is, but I by little words find that she hath heard of my going to plays and carrying people abroad every day in her absence; and that I cannot help but the storm will break out in a little time . . . At night home, where supped Mr. Miller and his wife, and Betty Mercer and sister, as merry as the ill melancholy humour that my wife was in would let us, which vexed me, but I took no notice of it, thinking that will be the best way, and let it wear itself away. After supper, parted and to bed, my wife troubled all night, and about one o'clock, goes out of the bed into the girl's bed, which did trouble me, she crying and sobbing without telling the cause. By and bye, she comes back to me, and still crying; I then rose and would have set up all night, but she would have me to come to bed again, and being pretty well satisfied, me to sleep.'—*Ib.* p. 76.

These scenes, however, became of more frequent occurrence in after years. The next night the same almost was enacted, and eventually we find constant reference to little domestic *fracas*, which were healed up, and broken almost as soon as healed. Pepys, though outwardly evincing an interest in her welfare, could not make up his mind wholly to reject the acquaintance of those persons to whom she so strongly objected. Had he possessed for her the affection he professed, he could not have thought his acquaintance with Knipp, as worthy one moment to be held in the scale; but the truth was, that the excitement attending the frequenting of such society at last became almost a necessary of his existence:—

'This evening I observed my wife mighty dull, and I myself was not mighty fond, because of some hard words she did give me at noon, out of a jealousy at my being abroad this morning, which, God knows, it was upon the business of the office unexpectedly, but I to bed, not thinking but she would come after me. But waking by and bye out of a slumber, which I usually fall into presently after my coming into the bed, I found she did not prepare to come to bed, but got fresh candle and more wood for her fire, it being mighty cold too. At this being troubled, I after awhile prayed her to come to bed: so after an hour or two she silent, and I now and then praying her to come to bed, she fell out into a fury, that I was a rogue and false to her. I did, as I might truly, deny it, and was regularly troubled, but all would not serve. At last, about one o'clock, she came to the side of the bed, and drew my curtains open, and with the tongs red hot at the end, made as if she did design to pinch me with them. At which in dismay, I rose up, and with a few words she laid them down, and did by little and little very softly let all the discourse fall; and about two, but with much seeming difficulty, come to bed, and there lay well all night, and long in bed talking together with much pleasure. I knew nothing but her doubt of my going out yesterday without telling her of my

going, which did vex her, poor wretch! last night, and I cannot blame her jealousy, though it do vex me to the heart.'—Vol. v. p. 82.

One instance more of the kind will be sufficient :—

'I to the 'Change, and so home, where my wife mighty dogged, and I vexed to see it, being mightily troubled of late at her being out of humour, for fear of her discovering any new matter of offence against me, though I am conscious of none, but do hate to be unquiet at home. So late up, silent, and not supping, but hearing her utter some words of discontent to me with silence, and so to bed, weeping to myself for grief, which she discerning, come to bed mighty kind.'—*Ib.* p. 91.

Mrs. Pepys, though doubtless a very amiable woman, seems to have been of an irritable disposition, for we find her continually on bad terms with some one, dismissing her servants constantly in a hurry, and ever on the alert to have a dispute with her husband. In her general behaviour to him she was exceedingly kind and attentive. During the gradual progress of the loss of his sight, she employed herself constantly in reading to him in the evenings in order at once to amuse him and save him the trouble of studying for himself. Fond of dress and amusement in the extreme, her conduct appears to have been generally blameless. Once or twice in the course of the Diary, we find him giving expression to a jealous feeling when her beauty attracted the notice of any one, and is much displeased with her, and her partiality for a gentleman who for a short time visited constantly at their house, and accompanied them to every place of amusement. Beyond admiration for his public talents and pleasant conversation, this connexion appears not to have gone. In spite of the peace with his wife, and his promises that he would confine all his attention to her, we soon find him wandering and continually seeking to get into adventures with other women. Much of all this must, of course, have been concealed from his wife, otherwise there would have been no peace for Pepys inside his own doors.

In the year 1669, Pepys set up a coach—his long-cherished plan being at last carried into effect, of being seen riding in his own coach; and the sensations of his wife—her eagerness to be seen in her new vehicle, are described with infinite closeness to nature. The first time they go out in it is chronicled with all due precision, and it is some time before they get perfectly used to it :—

'*May 1st.*—Up betimes; called at my tailor's, and there put on a summer suit for this year; but not my fine one of flowered tabby vest, and coloured camelott tunic, because it was too fine, with the gold lace on the bands, that I was afraid to be seen in it, but put on the stuff suit I had made last year, which is now repaired, and so did go to

the office in it, and sat all the morning, the day looking as if it were foul. At noon, home to dinner, and there find my wife extraordinary fine, with her flowered tabby gown that she made two years now laced exceeding pretty, and indeed, was fine all over; and I earnest to go, though the day was very showery; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went a through the rain with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' man and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards gilt with varnish all clean, and green reins, that people did mightily look upon us, the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay ours, all the day.'—*Id.* p. 193.

With the end of May 1669, the Diary comes abruptly to close, and it is with considerable regret that we find it saying:—

'And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my journal, I being not able to do it longer, having done so now so long, as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take my pen in hand, and, therefore, whatever comes I must forbear, and therefore resolve, from this time forward, to let it kept by my people in long hand, and must be contented to set down no more than is fit for them, and all the world may know.'—*Id.* p. 193.

This blindness had been gradually creeping upon him, was accelerated by his own neglect and working late at night, and comes to its height at the age of thirty-six. The remaining portion of his life presents few shining details. His wife died many years before he did, and he appears to have retired at a comparatively early age to the retreat at Brampton, where he passed the remainder of his days. Here we take leave of him, and it is for our readers to follow up the partial investigation we have made into the interesting details of the volumes.

In a critical point of view, we have little to remark, having in our former paper expressed our high opinion of the able manner in which Lord Braybrooke has performed his task, an opinion confirmed by the perusal of the present volume. Everything that great skill and patient investigation and research could do to throw fresh light upon the Diary has been performed by the accomplished editor.

ART. V.—*The Life of Hugh Heugh, D.D. With a Selection from his Discourses.* By his Son-in-law, Hanneson M. McGill. Two Vols. Edinburgh: Fullarton and Co.

THE biography of a pre-eminently good man, especially if he have occupied a position not unattainable by the many, and if the arena on which his virtues were displayed was such as every man may enter, and in it as honourably, although not so conspicuously, act his part, is one of the most valuable contributions to public happiness. Goodness, when exhibited as a principle, enforced by argument, or even commended by eloquence and poetry, is too distant, and, to common perception, too impalpable, to gain many votaries; but when embodied in a man like ourselves, whom we knew, who walked the same streets, partook in the same counsels, and was involved in the same interests as ourselves, we admire and love it. It becomes impersonate. We are taught without the effort of learning; we are improved without the pain of conviction and reformation. Gloriously does divine wisdom shine out in its method of teaching and sanctifying depraved humanity! The religion of the gospel is for the most part a biography; and if we note its potent transforming influence upon men's minds, we shall find it is the influence of a personal life—a spotless example; it is the assimilative power of human virtue in 'the man Christ Jesus'—the friend and companion, as well as the Saviour of sinners.

Biography is the life and power, if it be not the very highest development of history. How broad soever the field of inquiry, or complicated the events that are recorded, the historical interest, in general, gathers around a few conspicuous men, whose purposes and principles, whose character and career, gave form to the destinies of a nation or a continent.

But the times of peace must have their record, as well as the more eventful periods of war. And in no way so happily and truly can the progress of society, in the arts of civilization, and in the rational enjoyment of freedom, be described, as by the opinions and hopes, the counsels and schemes, the arguments and efforts, of leading minds, which were the moving-springs from which this progress took its rise.

It has often been to us matter of regret that biography was so limited in its range. The warrior and the statesman, the poet and the orator, the divine and the scholar, have their lives written; but theirs are not the only formative minds in the com-

munity ; and it were well if from other ranks, the public-spirited merchant and the patriotic citizen, were selected, as examples of social virtue, as models of that high-minded patriotism, which, far from the honours and emoluments of office, seeks the public good under no other impulse than the rectitude of its purpose, and the happiness of doing good.

Were the life of Dr. Heugh that of a pious and faithful minister, a highly spiritual Christian, a respected and revered leader of a religious denomination, it would have its value ; only, however, as one of a very diversified series of such biographies, by which these particular departments of human worth have found an ampler illustration and record than perhaps any other. But the special value of this biography is derived from the extraordinary combination in the character which it portrays ;—the combination of the spiritual excellences which belong to the minister, the Christian, and the religious leader, with the social abilities and worth of an exemplary citizen and of an honourable and useful public man. There is not one part of Dr. Heugh's character which we should fear to hold up for imitation and admiration. But what constitutes its peculiar and extraordinary excellence is this, that those who have no predilection for his christian and spiritual virtues, cannot refrain from doing homage to the merely moral and social qualities of this good man.

Any time during the last twenty years might have been seen in Glasgow—in almost every assembly called to denounce oppression, vindicate injured humanity, advocate freedom, or maintain truth—a man short in stature, handsomely but rather lightly made ; the image of healthy vigour, with an exact, methodical, business-like demeanour ; his countenance possessing a rotund and hearty chubbiness, which made his snow-white hair look rather as a protest against his being counted young, than a proof that he was growing old. The genuine goodness of his character shone in the entire man, and was reflected from every countenance. Hearty plaudits greeted his entrance, and hailed his rising as a general favour and advantage. When he spoke, it was with the air of a man whom truth had taught to look with hope upon human condition, and with gladness at the brightening prospects of the world. His words were the utterance of firm conviction, more than of deep earnestness. His pithy, concise, and telling arguments, were poured forth with no passionate fervour ; and yet no one could doubt his sincerity, or escape the conviction that there was a subdued flame of passion under that well-disciplined manner. He was like a soldier, in whom habit and discipline had become second nature—so that the strongest impulses of his heart never disordered the military exactness of

his movements. There was a merry satisfaction withal in his tones, as if anticipating the effect of his appeals—‘I have no fear of the reception that this shall meet with.’ His appeals were to common sense and the higher moral principles—seldom to the passions, never to the prejudices of his hearers. Whoever was backward in a good cause, Dr. Heugh was not. He might now and then be missed, when some good seemed to be in hand; but you might be sure that, in the movement from which he held back, there was some taint of illiberality or weakness with which he could not condescend to ally himself. Yet, while thus forward in every good work, he was no mere *hack*, at the call of every cause which put on a good name, or gloried in a good intention. His work was in *right-doing*—not in *right-seeming*. Beautifully judicious were his principles, and consistent was his conduct, in this respect. As a minister of the gospel, and pastor of a large and growing congregation, he was understood to say, ‘This (my ministry) is my work. *Here* I will always, and with my whole strength, be found. But I am also a citizen, as I am a husband and father. I cannot neglect the duties of home, under pretext of occupying myself with those of my church. As little can I neglect my duties as a citizen. I have influence as a man. My judgment (no matter how it comes about) has weight with it—it shall be thrown into the scale of righteousness and truth.’ He was not afraid of politics. He never was guilty of the weak and pernicious folly of counting politics a blighting curse, and at the same time speaking of *society*, of which politics is the life and regulation, as a divine blessing. He never cowered in timid seclusion when good men and true were wanted to say or do the right, under the mean pretence that his sacred office forbade his meddling with secular matters. As long as his Christianity and ministerial office left him under the appetites and necessities of flesh and blood, subject to taxation, in the possession of feelings that could and must ally themselves with those of men of like passions, he felt that his human nature imparted rights and imposed duties with which Christianity would in no wise interfere. He exerted an influence in his denomination, and, in general society, as great, perhaps, as any man of his time. Dick’s theological learning, and Brown’s biblical criticism and eloquent energy, were weapons which he could not wield, and never sought to handle. But Heugh’s diversified parts brought him into contact with a larger number of minds; his less rare attainments gave him access to the multitude on the week-day as well as on the Sabbath. He was the leader in no controversy, and the potent originator of no great movement; but his part in controversy was that practical part which brought it to a settlement. His

part in public affairs was the judicious, wise, persevering conduct of them to a desirable and practicable issue. Nothing of importance during his public life occupied general attention in which he did not bear a part—and that always the part of enlightened liberal sentiment, wise moderation, and stern principle. Christian union, Free Communion, and the Abolition of Covenanting tests, Parliamentary Reform, Christian Missions, Anti-state-church Agitation, City Mission and Christian Instruction Agency—all found in him an earnest and a successful promoter.

Of the two volumes which compose this work, one contains certain expository lectures, and a selection from the numerous MSS. discourses which Dr. Heugh left behind him. His expositions are distinguished by clearness and solidity. Originality of thought or illustration they do not display. Perhaps a mind of so practical a mould could not be expected to strike out new paths of thought, or elaborate uncommon processes of reasoning. Whatever power of originality he possessed, he was likely to restrain. His admiration was a *sound* theologian—one who never traversed the line of well-ascertained orthodoxy. He commends certain of his brethren for this conservative excellence in a divine. A mind so practical as Dr. Heugh's never allowed itself to go in search of original or uncommon illustrations. What clear, solid, practical expositions of divine truth can be, they are, and will be especially valuable to those who, having enjoyed his personal ministrations, can by this means recall the precious privileges of which the hand of death has deprived them.

Of the Life, which has been prepared with much labour and great judgment, the principal part is an autobiography, at least journals and letters, of Dr. Heugh. And a singular insight this private journal gives of the workings of an active, conscientious, and deeply pious mind.

To the personal friends and adherents of Dr. Heugh, such a biography is invaluable; not more from what it contains, than from what it suggests. The veritable tone and manner and mind of the venerated pastor must be present to many a reader, and will open up the treasures of memory—recalling many a salutary lesson, and many a forgotten privilege. As the delineation of a deeply pious mind, we think this Life is invaluable. A Brainerd, Martyn, and M'Cheyne, seem now and then raised up to exemplify spiritual religion, and keep up the standard of vital Christianity; but in our judgment the piety of Dr. Heugh, although of a less exalted sentimentalism than that of these sainted men, is of more wholesome influence, and open to more general imitation. It must do a Christian mind good to witness the flame of devotion in these tender bodily frames consuming the vessel in which it is kept, until it is absorbed in God, from

whose presence it was kindled. It must persuade every one that there is a vital reality in the regeneration and sanctification of the soul. Yet how far off from *their* attainments the generality of minds, even Christian and spiritual minds, are; their temperament is a bar to any approximation to the form of the others' experience. The impossibility discourages the attempt to imitate, and diminishes the practical worth of the example. But with a conscientiousness lively as any man's of whom we ever read, a piety deep, solicitous, and scrutinising, a watchfulness and self-discipline almost morbidly active, there is no deep or strong current of emotion. Conscience as a spiritual faculty is in exercise, but always under the check of a practical understanding. It is a sort of piety which will shine and flourish in the shop, the counting-house, and the market, as much as in the closet, the sanctuary, or the mission-field. It exemplifies the great desideratum of the world—a piety that will pervade the daily life of Christians, and subdue the world by meeting, reproving, warning, and inviting the sinner in every turn and moment of his ordinary life. As a living portraiture of this form of piety, this is one of the most spiritual and spiritualizing of biographies.

As a book for ministers, it is beyond price. His entire consecration to his work—the importance assigned to every degree and form of discipline that may contribute to the successful discharge of his ministry—his efforts to improve and perfect his manner—his conscientiousness in preparing his sermons—his continuous and indefatigable labour—his keen observation of every thing that could instruct or guide him—his study of the human heart and conscience, in all the cases that came before him as a pastor—his cultivation of intercourse with his ministerial brethren—his cultivation of the *heart*, as an indispensable guide and helper to the understanding of the preacher—render his example one of the most fruitful of benefits to those who are entering, or are engaged in, the work of the ministry.

His views of a natural delivery are most correct, and worthy of consideration by the entire body of the ministry: to avoid the monotonous bellow of some—the sanctimonious and pedantic whine of others—the drivelling simper and drawl of others—and so to regulate and modulate the voice, that the *thing spoken*, not the *speaking* of it, shall occupy the mind of both speaker and hearer. It may seem unnecessary to say that, in our judgment, Dr. Heugh did *not* attain to a natural manner of speech. This is no discredit to his name; he honestly sought it, and was pre-eminent above his brethren in the natural style of his pulpit, and especially his platform speech. But it was far from a simply *natural* style. We never could hear Dr. Heugh with-

out the sensation that he was *recollecting*—i. e. speaking from a manuscript which he had committed to memory. His speech was natural enough in tone, except that it was speech with a certain amount of the free, spontaneous passion it expressed suppressed, lest the indulgence of the emotion too strongly should carry the memory away from its moorings. We advert to this, more because it seems to be implied in the work that Dr. Heugh's manner was natural, and, therefore, to be imitated. We are persuaded, on the contrary, that an imitation of it would be something obviously unnatural and ineffective.

To the ministerial class the example of Dr. Heugh is pregnant with the most necessary instruction as to how they ought to demean themselves in the part which they will be certainly called to take in public questions of a secular or mixed character. The seclusion with which many are satisfied, *seems* to be a homage to the spirituality and awful responsibility of their office. But it is too indulgent to indolence and selfish timidity to be held as self-evidently right. And, for our part, we dread the growth of that spirit not more for the pernicious influence upon the ministerial mind and character, than from the injurious influence upon their reputation, and the endangering of their hold upon the affections and deference of the people. The popular mind is ready enough in its thoughtlessness to count the position and calling of the minister one of ease and personal indulgence. They can form a very imperfect conception of other cares than those arising from the struggles and vicissitudes of secular business; and of other toils than those which are directly performed by bodily labour. If, in addition to those misconceptions attaching to his position, they find him always sheltering himself in the storm to which other right-hearted men expose themselves—retiring from reproach and misrepresentation, which his patriotic fellow-citizens are content to bear, so as they may, under all risks, 'defend the right'—what will they think of him as an instructor and counsellor? With what power will the word of admonition come from his lips? Buffeted and perplexed, and tempted in the toil and broil of life, they will answer the reproof of the recluse, 'If we were in thy stead, we also could speak as thou dost.' He will become a mere prater and theorist in practical religion; and will be instrumental in doing the very reverse of that which is the call and obligation of his office—he will be doing all in his power to divorce religion from the ordinary concerns of life, in which it has its main sphere for development and power. From this anti-christian error Dr. Heugh was, as we have already remarked, conspicuously exempt.

But there is, undoubtedly, an error in the opposite extreme, which is not only an inroad upon the time and energy which

the Christian minister should devote to his proper work, but produces the secularization of his spirit and life, and degrades him from the position of a teacher to that of a political brawler and partisan. Experience shows that there is a class of minds so unstable and undisciplined—so much more capable of excited action and fervent speech, than of calm reflection and high-principled stedfastness in a right course—that they are almost certain to err in the extreme we are now discussing. For minds of this temperament we should almost say, in reference to every thing but the proper ministerial work, ‘Touch not, taste not, handle not.’ But the counsel is addressed to their weakness and disqualification for the honourable post which they occupy; and it were better either that they did not occupy a ‘chief place among the brethren,’ or that they would give diligence to bring their mind up to the pitch of their vocation.

Now, upon no part of Dr. Heugh’s character do we look with more unmingled satisfaction than upon the discretion and dignity which he displayed in taking part in public affairs. His opinion was seldom or never a secret. Few men were more candid and bold than he in the avowal of his views. Yet no one could suppose him to be immersed in politics. No party could claim him as their man, still less as their servant. Unreasonable faction would, no doubt, fret and rage at his interposition, when his powerful influence was employed in the scale opposite to its own. But it was passion and factiousness, not sense and reason, that censured him. It is worth inquiry how the man who was conspicuous in his adherence to liberal politics, and was a leader in some of the most exciting agitations of his day, such as the Voluntary Church and Church-extension movements, should have escaped the injury and the reproach incident to his position. It was not from backwardness; it was not from indecisive trimming, or remarkable moderation in the utterance of his opinions. How then? It arose from the general solidity and maturity of his views. They were evidently the result of deep thought and lengthened examination. He was engaged in the cause itself, not concerned about the party by whom it was promoted. When he appeared, it was as a man doing homage to the truth; yielding, not reluctantly, yet unavoidably, to the claims of his country, his kind, or of his God upon him. He was thus free from all defences of himself to others. He needed none in the court of conscience and of God, but the rectitude of his cause; and he would demean himself to give no other. When we say he was not remarkably moderate, we mean, that separating the question or the cause from all personalities, either on one side or another, he had to deal with *it*, not with *them*. He, therefore, could and did use all freedom of speech. His *reductio ad absurdum*, a favourite form of argument

in his more popular harangues, in which the weaker points of the opposite cause were handled with a merry rather than a wicked familiarity and freedom, was like tickling an adversary to death. Yet there was nothing cynical, nothing to wound; no venomous arrow left to rankle. Then he was pre-eminently wise in the amount of co-operation which he gave to any extra-ministerial engagements; he would not let men forget that this was a mere occasional service; that, as the merchant must not neglect his business in seeking the common weal, still less must the minister of Christ, who has to watch for souls. What he could spare from this highest of all claims, he was ready, he was under necessity to give to promote the social well-being of his species; he did it heartily—as his duty. He conferred no favour, he dispensed no patronage. On the platform, among his fellow-citizens, he was *par inter pares*—no more than they. There, not as a minister, but as a man, as a citizen. But we must not enlarge. It is an example for study—it breathes a noble, generous, manly spirit—it is the embodiment withal of a clear, and manly, and liberal judgment—it solves difficulties without arguing against them—it dissipates ecclesiastical questions by showing how, in the career of active and useful living, a man should treat the webs of the gossamer-spider which run athwart his path.

Not less worthy of imitation was Dr. Heugh as a controversialist; and if the ministerial class need practical instruction and example in anything, it is in this. To avoid the asperity of controversy, without impairing the strength of argument or the sternness of principle—to be gentlemanly, courteous, and charitable, without simpler and sentimentalism—to follow hard after truth, and not be irritated with those that miss the way themselves, or would inadvertently mislead others—were things in which many have done virtuously, and, perhaps, Dr. Heugh excelled them all.

In such fiery controversies as the *Apocryphal*, when the Scottish *ingenium fervidum* shone out in its pristine intensity—the *Voluntary Church Controversy*, when all the selfishness and malignity which the State-church system could infuse into minds otherwise good and generous had to be borne without retaliation—in the *Church Extension Movement*, when the motives and designs of an exclusive and dominant party had to be unravelled from the apparently excellent and Christian scheme under which they had concealed themselves—in the *Anti-slavery Agitation*, when, in a city of West India traders, a man had to meet the most powerful and concentrated opposition to which any movement was ever subjected—in the *Atonement Controversy*, when cherished friends were unhappily arrayed in too obstinate antipathy on both sides—and when his ‘Irenicum’ (beautiful embodi-

ment of the spirit and principles of his whole life!) was thrown upon the troubled waters, and contributed to save the Church to which he belonged from being driven back into the pernicious mysticism of hyper-Calvinism, or driven loose into semi-Pelagian licentiousness—in all these Dr. Heugh bore a most important part—uttered distinct and decided views, with the frank plainness of speech which he could not modify. Yet in not one or all of them could it be said, his judgment is beclouded by evil temper, his persistence is obstinacy, his argument is personal, or his triumph boastful.

Every thoughtful reader will perceive that such a man, with so diversified and symmetrical parts, was not likely to leave any *one* work, or originate and perfect any one scheme by which his memory should live. But whether or not his name may be often repeated by coming generations, his memory, as that of the eminently just, will be for a blessing. He has left one great work—a congregation raised by his labours into greatness, and led by his teaching into the ways of godliness, trained to a remarkable liberality in works of charity, and multiplying itself by friendly division, so as to become two bands, zealous to stem, by Christian influence, the rising tide of corruption and vice in the midst of which it is placed.

We know no character more worthy of study and imitation—no biographical work that may be more generally useful; and we desire for ourselves no other memorial than to have lived a godly, useful, honourable life, and to have died triumphing in Christ, as did Dr. Heugh.

ART. VI.—1. *Debate in the House of Commons, July 11, 1850.*

2. *The Law Magazine. August, 1850. 'The Bill in behalf of Murder.'*

AFTER many vexatious and disheartening delays, the gallows was once again put on its trial before the House of Commons, on Thursday evening, the eleventh of July last; and on that occasion it escaped a hostile vote by a majority of six!—a result which, if the 'Law Magazine' may be believed, has filled the advocates of capital punishment with 'great surprise' and 'alarm.' We had not intended to devote any more of our space to this topic, for we conceive that all argument upon it is ended; but the debate which arose, upon the question was in every

respect so remarkable, that we feel it to be our duty to draw attention to it.

Before we do so, however, we pause to express the sense of indignant sorrow which we feel at the lukewarmness of those who call themselves the friends of the cause in Parliament. Out of a hundred and ten pledged supporters of Mr. Ewart's motion, only forty chose to attend the debate. We have stated above that, as it was, Mr. Ewart was in a very small minority: now, had but half of the avowed abolitionists been present, as they undoubtedly ought to have been, the cause would have achieved an actual, as well as a virtual, triumph. We will only express our hope that the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishments will not fail to remind the constituencies of these defaulters of the ease and unconcern with which they can break their promises. Another election is certainly impending—'let them look to their bond.'

The debate itself was not a long one. Mr. Ewart opened the discussion in a temperate and able speech, and Mr. Hume seconded the motion with characteristic terseness and common-sense. The Home Secretary spoke next, in what we are bound to call one of the most feeble and faltering addresses ever delivered by a minister in behalf of an abuse; and then followed Mr. Bright, with a speech of wonderful power and ability. A few sensible words from Mr. Adair, the member for Cambridge, and a brief reply on the whole question, by Mr. Ewart, closed the debate.

As we have on past occasions presented the case of the abolitionists so fully, it is unnecessary for us to enter at any length, on the present opportunity, into the arguments of Mr. Ewart and his supporters. Our main purpose is to sift the speech of the Home Secretary, who was the only man that could be found to defend in the House of Commons the practice of judicial murder, and to show the flimsiness of the grounds on which Sir George Grey claims the right to continue it.

But we have a preliminary word or two to say to some one else. Before we address ourselves to the easy task of encountering the Home Secretary, we would briefly dispose of a far less dignified and scrupulous antagonist. We allude to the writer, in the 'Law Magazine,' of an article entitled, 'The Bill in behalf of Murder.' This production is so uncandid, so impertinent, and so illogical, that we can scarcely command our patience whilst we reply to it; and we promise its author that we shall consume but little time in rebuking him.

He first accuses the abolitionists of 'falsifying the statistics, which incontrovertibly establish the fact that all the grave crimes have enormously increased of which the punishment has ceased

to be capital—whilst of murder, which alone continues to be capitally punished, the number has scarcely increased at all.' Now this charge is utterly untrue, and the writer knew that it was untrue when he made it. The crimes relieved of capital punishment have *not* increased; and murder *has* increased, very terribly. He further alludes to a correspondence between Mr. Rowton, and Mr. Symons, the barrister, in the 'Morning Chronicle,' last spring; and has the coolness to say that a final blow was therein given to the misrepresentations of the abolitionists. That correspondence we perfectly remember; and we particularly recollect that the chief result of it was to demonstrate the utter worthlessness of Mr. Redgrave's tables, inasmuch as, on the one hand, they include, in their comparisons of capital offences, offences which were never capital at all—and, on the other hand, classify, under 'Attempts to murder,' attempts which never had killing in view. As, however, both Sir George Grey and Mr. Ewart abandon the statistical argument altogether (doubtless because they have both discovered the gross inaccuracy of the criminal returns), and as, moreover, we have heretofore said so much upon this branch of the subject, we shall decline to re-enter upon it further. We will simply direct the attention of the writer in the 'Law Magazine' to the criminal records for the year 1849, which completely contradict his conclusions, and refute his arguments.

To proceed. The writer under review next goes on to deny that public opinion is opposed to the gallows: and he attempts to prove his point by saying that the number of either meetings or petitions against death-punishment has been very slight. The hardihood of such an assertion is astounding. Why, there is not a town of note in Great Britain which has not protested, both by public meeting and by petition, in the most earnest and emphatic manner, against the practice of judicial homicide. The great champion of the abolitionists, Mr. Gilpin, has, to our knowledge, been invited to meetings in every part of the kingdom—from Brighton to Edinburgh, and from Yarmouth to the Land's End—at every one of which crowded and enthusiastic assemblages have unanimously demanded the total and immediate abolition of the pain of death. And as to petitions, what the 'Law Magazine' may call 'a slight number' we do not know; but *this* we know, that the petitions against death-punishments presented to the legislature during the last few years, are not to be numbered by hundreds, nor the signatures to them by hundreds of thousands. For the 'Law Magazine' to talk of '*flagrant* falsehoods,' after this demonstration of its own mendacity or ignorance, is, indeed, 'too bad.'

Following this display of wilful misrepresentation, comes a re-

suggestion of private executions instead of public ones. Upon this point, however, we do not intend to offer more than we have already advanced; believing, with Mr. Cobden, that Englishmen would never permit a punishment which could not bear the light of open day. As to excluding the press from private executions, the idea is too preposterous to require refutation. The press finds its way everywhere; and justly so, too—for the people of England have a right to know what is done by their rulers.

And here we quit the 'Law Magazine,' and return to the Home Secretary.

The only grounds on which Sir George Grey claims the exclusive right and monopoly of homicide, are, that 'he believes the continuance of the punishment of death as a part of the penal law necessary for the interests of society, and strongly demanded by that regard for the protection and security of life which government is bound to afford.' This is all. Life is to be invaded, crime is to be increased, the feelings of society are to be outraged and lacerated, and homicide is to be taught to our people, merely because the Home Secretary, in the teeth of all evidence and experience, persists in entertaining 'an opinion that the abolition of the law would lead to the increased destruction of life.' Now let us not be misunderstood. For conscientious opinion and honest conviction we have the sincerest respect; and we highly honour the man who, in spite of all opposition and odium, maintains his ground where he knows himself to be right;—where, however, the determination is obstinate, we have at least a right to require that the proof be unquestionable; but, in the Home Secretary's case, we have not only no evidence to support his position, not only no rational ground on which his belief is based, but positive proof from actual and frequent experience, that his opinion is erroneous—and, in addition to this, we have Sir George Grey's own confession that the necessity which he pleads is 'not demonstrable.' We therefore put it to the practical people of England whether they will any longer permit, or countenance, this absurdity. Their chief officer of state kills human beings—because in his 'opinion' it is strictly and inevitably necessary; yet, when he is asked to prove the necessity which he pleads, he says he cannot do it!

The simple fact seems to be, that Sir George Grey, instead of forming an opinion for himself, arrives at his conclusion by looking through other people's spectacles. 'From the statements of those,' he says, 'who are most competent to form an opinion, I believe that the punishment of death is the most dreaded of all punishments.' So that instead of judging by facts, he prefers to be guided by statements which are opposed to facts. Here are

some plain questions for the right honourable gentleman; and until they are answered, it is ridiculous for him to talk about 'opinions.' Is it not a fact that the experiment of discontinuing the punishment of death for murder, has been tried at many times and in many places, and has always succeeded? Is it not a fact that Tuscany abolished death for murder, and found murder diminish directly? Is it not a fact that Russia, Prussia, Austria, Holland, Germany, Naples, India, and some of the States of America, have proved, by direct experiment, that the less they kill for murder, the fewer murders there are? Is it not a fact that in Great Britain itself, it is found that when you hang for murder most relentlessly, murders increase; and that as commutations, or acquittals on the ground of insanity, are allowed to prevail, murders diminish? These truths have repeatedly been established, here and in other publications; and they are now so patent that the Home Secretary dare not attempt to deny them—yet he expresses his 'opinion' that the abolition of our death-law would lead to the increased destruction of life; and that this punishment, which evidently does not deter from crime, but, on the contrary, incites to its commission, is, 'in the judgment of those most competent to form an opinion, the punishment most dreaded by criminals.'

We should exceedingly like to know from the Home Secretary who these 'most competent persons' are. Will he tell us that they are the judges of the land? Why we find from Mr. Ewart's speech that five of these august personages have expressed strong objections to capital punishments, and that three of them have avowed their readiness to discontinue them. Further, we find from Mr. Bright's speech that a judge of the land said to him, 'Never take the opinions of judges on capital punishment, for if you had done so, you would be still hanging for sheepstealing and forgery.' Indeed, we well know what insane folly Lords Eldon, Ellenborough, and others put forth from time to time, when various modifications of the death-law were propounded in Parliament. So it cannot be the judges to whom we are to give heed on this question. Who, then, are the oracles? Probably gaolers, turnkeys, magistrates, and other officials, interested in the present institutions of the country; men who, as Mr. Bright most aptly said, are 'the mere creatures of a system; who think that what they have seen done at every assize, *must* be just and necessary.' Or, more probably still, the 'most competent persons' dimly and mysteriously alluded to by the Home Secretary, are the Newgate ordinary and the hangman, the one of whom gets paid for reading the burial service over a living man, and the other of whom gets paid for killing him. We trust that when Sir George Grey next refers to the

'most competent persons' from whom he imbibes his opinions, he will let us know their names, that we may pay them all possible respect.

The single and ultimate point to which we are at length brought in reference to the whole topic, is the correctness or incorrectness of the Home Secretary's opinion, that the punishment of death is the penalty most dreaded by criminals; and although we have considered this assertion at some length on past occasions, we will here devote another page or two to its final demolition. We will argue first from reason, and afterwards from fact.

Reasoning upon this matter, then, we argue that inasmuch as the fear of death is just the only fear which we cannot distinctly realize and bring home to our minds, any punishment based upon it must necessarily fail in its effect. The fact is undeniable. From the moment when the serpent persuaded our first parents to taste the forbidden fruit, the belief that 'we shall not surely die' has invariably accompanied existence. We have a faith in our own vitality which nothing can shake or alarm. Reason asserts it, consciousness confirms it, pulpits teach it, and hope clings to it above all besides. 'All men think all men mortal but themselves,' says the poet; and the statement is most true. Investigate every department of human conduct, and the result will be the same; death will be found to be practically defied and disbelieved in. The traveller, the sportsman, the soldier, the duellist, the student, the sensualist, the drunkard, the suicide, are all positive proofs that the fear of death has no restraining power; or if any, still not enough to counteract the emotions, the desires, the passions of our nature, and therefore not enough to exercise any restraint over the criminal. Lord Bacon was probably as competent a person as any of Sir George Grey's present advisers; hear what he says on the matter—'There is no passion in the mind of man so weak but it mates and masters the fear of death;' and if this be so—if the weakest passion is stronger than the dread of death, how can it be supposed or believed that the fierce, overpowering, maddening passions which lead men to commit murder are to be held in check by it?

And now having shown that murderers *cannot* be restrained by the threat of death upon the gallows, let us proceed to show that they *are not*. On this head our amount of evidence is overwhelming. From the moment when Adam plucked the forbidden fruit in spite of the penalty of death attached to the act, down to the hour in which we write, every act of every man establishes our assertion, that the fear of death is never practically realized. We turn, however, from general experience to particular fact, and confine our illustrations to the records

appertaining to the crime of murder in our own day, and especially to those cited by Mr. Bright in his masterly speech during the late debate.

We cannot do better than quote Mr. Bright's own words:—

'In 1844 (he says), at the spring assizes of Nenagh, four men were hanged for murder. Such an execution taking place in a small town should, according to the right honourable gentleman's argument, have produced a terrific sensation. But in a week, another murder took place on the high road, close to the town. Within the six months following, there were in the immediate neighbourhood sixteen murders, and sixteen attempts to murder, and fifty-two cases of firing into dwelling houses . . . In 1846 there were three men hanged at Nenagh for conspiracy to murder, and the bodies having been given to the friends of the criminals, a procession took place on the following Sunday, and the funeral was received with every demonstration of respect by the people. There was another case in 1843, in which a man of the name of Moylan was hanged, and it appeared that both his father and his grandfather had met with the same fate . . . This man, when questioned about his impending fate, said, "What matters it, in two moments all will be over." Another case occurred at the spring assizes of Limerick, in 1850. Two brothers, named Gavin, were hanged in that town, the one seventeen, the other nineteen years of age. They had murdered a man who had seized their father's goods for debt, and cast him into gaol, where he died. This was clearly a case of vindictive retaliation; one of those which the example of capital punishment was intended to prevent. I have it on the authority of the priest who attended them, that they had lived next door to a man named Fogarty, who had been hanged at the previous Limerick assizes, and they told the priest that having seen Fogarty die so resigned, they were perfectly satisfied and willing to meet the same fate.'

Now let it not be said that these are exceptional cases. From the number of such instances both in England and in Ireland, there can be no doubt that they are samples—that they fairly represent the general, if not universal, effect of the punishment of death upon the mass of mankind. Certain it is, that there is not the slightest evidence that the terror of death ever restrained a single human being from a meditated crime; and equally certain it is that every committed murder is in itself a positive and self-evident proof that the fear of death does *not* restrain.

Thus, then, the solitary plea on behalf of the gallows, urged by its sole defender in the House of Commons, vanishes into air. It has not a particle of truth in it, nor a particle of solidity. It is 'such stuff as dreams are made of;' and the sooner we reject it the better. As we have said before, so we say again—the question remains not with the parliament, but with the people. It requires but a little pressure from without to get

rid of the hideous paraphernalia of the gibbet for ever. We put it to any one of ordinary perceptions whether the feeble position which the Home Secretary has now assumed, is not tantamount to his saying, 'When the people of England are ready for the change, so am I.' To the people of England, then, we appeal in this matter. We call upon them to make their final protest against the death-law, through the press, from the platform, and in the jury-box; and we promise them that in such case they will within a very few years purge the land from the blood-stain which has rested upon it through so many generations.

ART. VII.—*A Treatise on Benefit Building Societies.* By Arthur Scratchley, M.A. London: J. W. Parker.

WHEN the number of persons interested in building societies is considered, the large amount of property invested in them, and the moral questions arising out of their management, no apology will be required for bringing forward the subject in this journal. Many of our readers are as well acquainted with the structure and working of these associations as ourselves, and would be able at once to appreciate our strictures, but probably there are others to whom our remarks will be rendered more intelligible by a brief explanation of the nature, objects, and management of the societies referred to.

A building society, then, is an association of individuals, who, by means of periodical payments, form a joint fund, to be employed from time to time in loans at interest, on the security of buildings. The loans are made to members only. A member receiving a loan, gives up thenceforth his share, or a certain portion of his share, in the society's funds. The sum lent is, indeed, an advance in lieu of his share, or a certain part of it. Those members who do not receive advances are entitled, at the dissolution of the society, or on the termination of a fixed period, to share in the profits. The whole society, therefore, is divided into two classes—borrowers and lenders. The payments of each are in some societies alike, in others unequal, but in either case the payments are continued till the profits are shared. Both parties are supposed to be benefited by the connexion—one by obtaining loans on easier terms than ordinary, and the other by securing a

higher per centage than can commonly be obtained for small savings.

We have endeavoured to include in the above brief description two classes of building societies—one terminating when the unadvanced shares have accumulated to a certain sum; and the other permanent, but dividing the profits at certain periods. Most of the societies are of the former class.

Respecting the early history of building societies, our author informs us that—

* The first building society which can be traced, was founded in 1815, under the auspices of the Earl of Selkirk. It was a village club in Kirkcudbright, in Scotland. Other institutions of a similar kind were afterwards established in the same kingdom, under the title of "Menages," and the system was soon adopted in England by societies formed in the neighbourhood of Manchester and Liverpool, and other parts of the North. After the year 1830, they increased so rapidly, that on the 14th of July, 1836, a special act (6 and 7 William IV. cap. 32), was passed for their encouragement and protection, in the provisions of which were embodied certain clauses applicable to their conduct, which were included in the statutes relating to Friendly Societies, passed in the reigns of George III. and George IV. As a proof of their numbers, it may be stated, that up to the 31st December, 1848, there had been registered in the United Kingdom upwards of 2,000 societies, of which, in England alone, 160 were added during the past year—a similar increase having taken place in Scotland and Ireland. Of these societies, there is evidence to show that from 800 to 900 are yet in existence, the total income of which is calculated at not less than £2,300,000 a year. In fact, there are two or three of them whose annual incomes are between £50,000 and £60,000 each.—Pp. 5, 6.

Among the privileges granted by the Act of Parliament above referred to, is the power of charging a higher rate of interest than was formerly allowed.

The amount of subscriptions, the value of the shares, and other particulars, have varied in different societies. 'In most of the old Liverpool and Manchester societies the shares were fixed at £150, and the monthly payments at 20s. per share. Hence many succeeded in terminating successfully.' The success of these early societies promoted the formation of others, in many of which there was an injurious departure from tried and safe arrangements. Their projectors being eager to secure a larger profit, altered the proportion between the subscription and the ultimate value of the share. According to our author, 'by far the majority' of existing societies 'are based on rates of subscription fundamentally unsound.' Societies have been formed in which the subscription is 10s. a month for investors, and 14s. a month for borrowers, the ultimate value of the shares £120;

and members have been led to expect that that amount would accrue in ten or eleven years—an expectation not to be realized except by charging an exorbitant interest, higher than is really charged, though that is sufficiently high. The announcements put forth by some of the prospectuses have been most fallacious and absurd, even to the extent of promising investing members 20 per cent., while the borrowers were to pay scarcely 2 per cent.; as if forgetful that whatever profit the investor obtains the borrower must pay.

The capital error of promising larger gains than the interest charged can possibly produce—whether it has arisen from miscalculation, or want of calculation, or a wish to deceive—is of very mischievous tendency. The lending member who depends upon receiving a certain sum at the prescribed time, will be disappointed on finding that he must continue to pay when he hoped to receive; and the borrower has still more reason to complain. In many instances, the advantages promised to the lender ought not to be realized if they could, and could not if they ought. We know that money, like all other marketable articles, must vary in its price, and that though the law may fix the maximum rate of interest, the law will be evaded, more interest will in some way be given, when it suits the convenience of the contracting parties. Still it is unjust for any individuals to avail themselves of the mystery of complicated arrangements to allure and deceive a borrower into the payment of a higher rate than is current, and than he would knowingly pay. Now let us examine the doings of a modern building society, not taking one of the worst. The lender is required to pay £6 a-year for ten or eleven years, as he is taught to expect, and he is to receive in return £120. The subscription being paid monthly, gives an advantage over yearly payments it is true, and there are also entrance fees, and fines, but these minor sources of profit will not be deemed by a cautious financier as much more than sufficient to meet the expenses of management, loss of interest from money not being always employed, and other contingencies. We may therefore put the matter thus:—What rate of interest is required that £6 a-year invested at compound interest may accumulate by the end of the tenth year to 120? Also what must be the rate if the time be eleven years? Mr. Scratchley's table (Tab. ix.), we find is not sufficiently extended to furnish an immediate answer to either question. In another part of the book, however, the rate required for ten years is given—14½ per cent. For eleven years the rate is about £11·4. Even if we make allowance for the £6 being paid by monthly instalments, by deducting about 1½ in each case, the rates would still be far too high for a loan on real security,

though the mode of repayment be accommodating. However, those usually charged are lower. Then we come to the other branch of the problem : What is the interest actually received ? A society proposing the above-mentioned profit for the investor, will charge a borrowing member 4s. a month extra—that is, £8 8s. a year. The sum advanced him for his share differs in different societies, and varies in the same society according to the time when the advance is made. We may say £63 in the first year of the society's existence. Dividing the annual payment, £8 4 by 63, we obtain £·1333, the annuity paid for every pound advanced. Using one of Mr. Scratchley's tables (Tab. xi.), we find that £·1344 is the annuity for eleven years at 7 per cent., purchasable by the outlay of £1. If then the society should terminate in eleven years, the interest paid would be 7 per cent. Had we reckoned according to monthly payments, the result would have been about 7½ per cent. But at the lowest, to produce the profit proposed, more than 10 per cent. is required. The society, therefore, cannot close at the time contemplated, for the shares will not have attained their proposed value. Both classes of members must continue their payments somewhat longer. By the aid of the tables we have referred to, it is easily found that about twelve years will be the whole time required. If that period be completed, the clear profit must be nearly 9 per cent. The interest actually paid by the borrower will exceed 9 per cent. But we would ask, did the society inform him, or did he suppose, that the interest would be so high ? When a man borrows of his neighbour a given sum, at a fixed rate of interest, and repays the principal at one payment, he clearly understands the whole transaction. If he borrows of a building society the case is very different ; repaying by more than a hundred instalments, without an exact statement of account at each payment, he does not know what interest he pays. Many of those who obtain advances are ignorant men, not likely to make very accurate calculations, and are liable to be deceived by a specious prospectus. The difference in commercial value between the loan of a given sum for a term of years, and the loan of a similar sum to be repaid by annual instalments in a like term of years, is sufficiently evident ; yet we have seen the prospectus of a building society, in which the projectors, seeming to lose sight of this difference, compare the total payments in the two cases, and then triumphantly exhibit the favourable terms on which money could be obtained from the society.

As a guide to those of our readers who are unaccustomed to this kind of calculation, we subjoin a brief table, showing the rate per cent. per annum for a few different terms of years required, in order that an annual payment should accumulate to an

amount twenty times as great; *e.g.* £6 annual payment to become £120. Small fractions are rejected:—

Per Cent.	Years.
5	14½
7	13
9	12
11·4	11
14·5	10

This supposes the payment made at the close of the year; and it is safer to reckon so. A successful society may, perhaps, gain half a year, or three quarters, in consequence of the payments being made monthly.

In all terminating societies, there must obviously be a difficulty in profitably employing the funds towards the close of the period, as the repayments must take place in so short a time. Provision is commonly made for this case by a regulation compelling members, from time to time, to withdraw some portion of the unemployed capital. This, though a needful remedy, of course deprives the investor of a part of the profit he would otherwise obtain. The only effectual way in which this difficulty can be met without loss, appears to be by making the society permanent—of this kind of society we will speak presently; but, before doing so, we wish to notice a fault or two in management which may exist in societies of either class.

The practice of leaving to the decision of the managers, who are more likely to be investors than borrowers, the amount to be advanced in respect of shares, seems objectionable. If applications are brisk, there is a temptation to deal hardly with the borrower. And the case is much worse, if, as sometimes has been done, bidding or competition is allowed; especially if biddings are made a second or third time. Members not wishing to borrow, have an opportunity of raising the discount. Even if only one bidding is allowed, and that by word of mouth, the evil is not entirely removed, for those desirous of borrowing may still offer unreasonably high discount to secure the loan. Mr. Scratchley tells us that 'cases continually occur where discounts for £120 shares are given as high as £70, and even £80 in the first year' (p. 71).

Such instances are disgraceful to any society in which they are permitted to occur. The investors who thus *hasten to be rich are not innocent*. The proper course, it appears to us, is to register in a table, with the rules of the society, the sum that will be advanced in successive periods of the society's duration. Applicants may then be taken in the order in which they have applied. This seems better than balloting, as being more certain and less exciting.

The preceding representations tend to show that many building societies are on unsound principles, and cannot realize the hopes held out by their projectors; and also that in the management of some of them there is much that is objectionable. The apparent evidence of prosperity which annual accounts present, is not to be relied on. This our author clearly shows. He adduces 'balance sheets' in which the discount on shares is entered as profit, and the society is reckoned to be a gainer by that amount, as if already received, whereas it is not actually receivable till the lapse of several years.

What may be the proportion of societies open to the foregoing strictures, we cannot say. Mr. Scratchley anticipates that the 'impartial reader' of his remarks will become satisfied:—

'That not one in twenty, or even in a greater number, can possibly realize for its members, whether investors or borrowers, the advantageous results originally promised; and that at the various epochs of their expected termination, there will be found such a deficiency of money as must deprive the possessors of unadvanced shares of a considerable portion of the accumulation which they had been led to expect. That, in many cases, so far from receiving £120 per share, they will obtain less than £75, and that, if not disposed to accept whatever sum may be then offered to them, they will be forced to continue their subscriptions for several years beyond the specified time.'—P. 48.

Whether such conclusions are more general than the facts would warrant, we have not the means of ascertaining; but that many societies must fail of fulfilling the hopes that were held out by their projectors, cannot be doubted.

We must now briefly notice the plan of permanent building societies, which our author, not without reason, regards as much to be preferred to the terminating system:—

'The members are separated, as before, into two classes—investors and borrowers.

'The investors pay a certain monthly subscription during a *fixed* number of years, calculated as sufficient for the realization of their shares, at the end of which time the amount due is paid to them, and they secede from the association as far as such shares are concerned. The investors represent the proprietors of the society. New members can enter at any time, and commence their subscriptions without paying up any arrears or any increase on the original entrance fee, whereas, in terminating societies, the fee on entering is increased without sufficient reason year by year, till from being originally only 2s. 6d., it is in some cases raised to six pounds per share.'—Pp. 51, 52.

Other advantages of permanent societies are specified. Perhaps the most important is, that

'A member can at any time become a borrower, and yet have his loan for whatever period is most suited to his means, the amount of

monthly payments required being less as the duration of the loan is extended.'—P. 54.

Rules for such a society are given at length. They appear to have been carefully drawn up—the calculations seem to be founded, the money arrangements are definite, and no exception is raised but such as may be fulfilled. To a point or two they are inclined to make some exception. Seven per cent. is rather high for loans on good security, and probably six per cent. would be found sufficient to secure five clear to the investors. It is not so plain for the borrower to plainly understand what he had to pay, nor could he judge for himself—he would not be, as in some societies he is left on in the dark. We do not quite like the arrangement that the trustees shall hold office only during the pleasure of the directors (Rule xxiv.) Responsible men acting as trustees in some circumstances, prove a useful safeguard between managers and the members. If judiciously selected, the necessity for removing a trustee could be of only very rare occurrence, and we are disposed to think would be better left to the decision of a general meeting. In permanent societies more than in terminating ones, it is important to have ample security against fraud, and we would suggest that requiring bonds from the manager and treasurer, if not from the directors, and also biennially meetings of the members, instead of yearly, might be improvements.

In concluding this imperfect notice of an important subject we commend to those who are connected, or intend to be connected with building societies, a perusal of Mr. Scratchley's book. He is well acquainted with his subject, and treats it in a thorough and luminous manner. The investigations in the Appendix respecting interest, discount, and annuities, will be interesting to the scientific, and the tables which follow will be useful to the practical man.

ART. VIII.—*In Memoriam*. Second Edition. London: Edward Moxon. 1850. Fcap. 8vo. Pp. 210.

A HIGHER contentment exists for the student of poetry, than for the enjoyment of consummate art itself. It is the revelation of greatness in the spirit of the artist. After receiving draughts of delight from the fair idealisms of the Shakspearean world, after standing face to face with nature and reality in

ized; what keener delight, what farther elevation remain for us? what, but the realization through these avenues, of the might and beauty of that imperial spirit itself, which speaks to us across the ages, in many voices, but to one intent—the expression of its own large self; vaguely, yet with growing intelligibility, commensurate to *our* growing capability of sight. ‘Dear is man to man,’ truly; above all dear, seen in such full light; through such transfiguring media; in noble represented stature, by these sovereigns of the world.

Indestructible, is the natural faith in the unity of the high poetic nature. Instinctively, we look to see the true man; wherever stands the true poet. In many, to a certain extent endowed, the gift *has* been a thing apart; the poet or artist but the vehicle of an inspiration not penetrating his being, the apostle of a reality to which his life was a stranger; the owner of a splendid talent, yet the essential inferior of crowds of unknown of high capacity of soul, who, not endued with the lesser gift, have lived a silent life in every generation. Yet does the old belief stand firm. It has animated every true age, every earnest poet speaking on the matter,—a Ben Jonson, as a Coleridge. By the greatest, it is not disappointed; above all, if we look to the inner spirit, rather than outward guise of the poet's being. Gifted narrow minds, and vitiated wills occur. But Miltons, Spensers, Schillers, Shaksperes, Goethes, occur also. The greatest heights are the fairest; the most universal minds the serenest, most healthful. Power at its fullest, and ‘gentleness’ of spirit, in the old true sense, mingle. Wisdom, mastery, sight, are but the correlatives of truth of being; their union, greatness, in the high sense. Whatever the particular seeming or actual violations, the union is by the lover of the poet, ever seen to be the general law of nature.

Such content the present volume affords. That Alfred Tennyson's was an eminently elevated, pure nature, sympathizing, genuine, refined, was recognizable by every admirer of the ‘Poems,’ and ‘Princess.’ It was felt likewise, to be a reserved and fastidious one. In the perfection of his skill, his objectiveness, the purely *artistic* character of every line and image, he seemed removed and distant. Rarely was a direct sentiment or sympathy, the central influence of a poem; as in the lyrical ballads and the nature-pieces of Wordsworth. All wants are now amply compensated by one continuous revelation of our poet in his spiritual individuality; one exclusive outlet of personal feeling and sympathies. Their expression is enlarged into relevance with universal humanity. And the evidence of personal nobility is indirect; coming as a tribute of love, animated by the self-abnegation of love.

To commemorate a holy tie, in testimony of a dear 'vanished life,' the poem was undertaken. It solaced the bereavement of the poet's youth. During after years of grief matured into calmness, it was continued; affectionately perfected, during still further years of finish. It has since been kept back, till clothed with a secure reputation, he could send it forth,—a meet honour to his friend, full satisfaction to himself.

This personal interest of the volume ranks first, in importance. We have the history of past inward life; in the poet's or thinker's case, the all significant, the large sequence of outward accident. Emerson has shown, how Shakspeare, of whom biographically we learn almost *least*, is really most fully known—in his intellectual and spiritual relations to life, and to all about which it nearly concerns us to hear,—of any, merely human, who have ennobled this earth. So, now, one of the most reserved of poets is known to us, in far deeper sense—than would apply to any external biography. Here, we have the revelation of the man himself, the picture of his soul during years of trial and aspiration; with distant glimpses of its glad past, forshadowings of its earnest future. Hereby, we are made privy to its inner truth. We learn here, its struggles, yearnings, difficulties, likings; its relations to those cardinal topics having interest for the thoughtful of all time, its views of many pertaining to the present stage of social and intellectual change.

This brings us to the second great value of the book: the expression of a cycle of experience common to thoughtful humanity, a world of universal aspiration, yearning, trial; the poetic solution of every-day problems of thought. In his large sorrow, his many sided thought, the poet speaks for others. Sincere feeling is necessarily a deep matter. On a basis of such feeling the poem developed itself. Nay, intensely earnest feeling is its superstructure. In the depth of the emotion and of the poetry, the book is eminently serious in influence. Deep poetry, depth of any kind, is inevitably serious. At the first reading, the elegies are subtilely, ineffably pathetic. We feel as our own, this loss of Tennyson's, the wasting of his youth in grief. The poetry connects itself with the deepest life of the reader. Vague cherished aspirations come flitting by; and the sense of the might of love, and the glory of Nature, and the majesty of life, and our human affinities with greatness. The poet arouses this sense of affinity with himself, by the truth of his speech. Whatever is true in our nature responds. It *has* affinity, this inarticulate part of us, whereon he casts his strong light. He brings the latent ore from its hiding place, into the region of consciousness.

The sorrow of the song is not turbulent and wild. The emotion it arouses is such as we may well cherish; stirring the depths of

, thus elevating it. At every fresh reading, delight and satisfaction in it augment. The chastening atmosphere of the poetic world masters all. A quiet joy predominates. The peak of the volume as a *poem*. Such it is, distinctively, made up of

'Short swallow flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears and skim away.'

ordered series. Each member conducts to another, and with it. An organic unity informs the whole; unity of thought and of interest. In its growth, the child of actual experience, of a special epoch of the poet's life, it has a corresponding poetic consistency of structure, and spontaneous completeness. Each feature has a relevance born of natural emotion. The history of a grief, in all its bearings; to the past, the present to the poet's being, and that of him he mourns. In the presence of the sorrow, on its wide poetic reflex, we see these whole figures defined.

'The imaginative woe,
That loved to handle spiritual strife,'

as 'diffused the shock through all his life,' introduces us to a world, at once ideal and real; of thought, of aspiration; of poetic beauty, such as spontaneously springs to the poet's mind in traversing the realms of deep and searching experience. This form the loving commemoration naturally took: a poem of after life. In the hands of Tennyson, it is as naturally of a breadth of range and varying beauty. No otherwise noble suggestion of the one lost have been given, so nobly shrine raised, to consecrate him through Time. Beyond the deeply stirred poet's being, rises glorified and enlarged that friend.

a *poem*, and distinctively an *elegiac* one, in spirit as in form, while also idyllic and thoughtful. Each piece has more of this bearing—is either tempered by, or born of, serious

It is elegy wondrously enlarged. Not less truly does it create a memory, because something *more* than lament; it is so full, self-completing; comprising much of all highest thought, feeling, imagination.

In consonance with its unity, the poem has an essential beginning, middle, and end. At first, the hushed voice, the stunned pen in 'low beginnings,' half-stifled cries. To these follows a gathering brooding over grief; with flutterings to and fro of imaginative scepticisms of loss, hovering tenderness over the dead,—the transport from a foreign shore to where,

'from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.'

Then, come yearnings toward the fair time, idealized amid the
irrevocable past, the youthful time when

‘Not a leaf was dumb,
But all the lavish hills would hum,
The murmur of happy Pan.’

They yield to deeper moods; confrontings of the future questionings, the fruitless endeavour appointed for all earnest souls in the hour of deprivation, to realize the unrealizable, to see as without eyes, to know those things ‘we cannot know’—

‘For knowledge is of things we see.’

With these, follow yearnings towards the eternal, chill fears of separation even there; now a consoling fancy, now a bright wandering dream; then, wilder, ‘bitter notes,’ faltering steps, and darkening ‘dimmer eyes:’ all self-answered. Last dawns the ‘firmer mind;’ serener onward-lookings, beginnings of content; with fair imaginings, fresh pictures from the past, and of that chief figure its central spirit,—all he was, and ‘all the glow’

‘To which his crescent would have grown.’

More and more

‘The glory of the sum of things
Will flash along the chords and go;’

mixed still with aspirations to the infinite; maturing into holier calm, clearer hearing ‘of the deeper voice across the storm.’ The song swells into fuller music, brighter hope, ‘a nobler leave.’ The voice deepens into firmer trust and truer tones. The eyes see clearer now, ‘what is, and no man understands,’ ‘the hands’ that ‘out of darkness’

‘reach, through Nature, moulding men.’

Love grows ‘vaster passion;’ ‘its place is changed’—itself the same, and *more*, though now ‘regret is dead.’ The poet dreams ‘a dream of good,’ and mingles ‘all the world’ with him ‘far off,’ but ‘ever nigh.’

Such is the scope of the poem; thus wide, and deep, and earnest. May we not well say, it speaks for many; that the poet *represents* them, in his own noble manner? We give no lengthened examples. Such have been supplied elsewhere. A few scattered notes alone, of the poet’s melody, we adopt, to leaven the monotony of our own version.

With the elegiac and speculative burthen, is interspersed much purely poetic beauty, shedding light on the rest. Familiar incident marks the progress of time and of the sorrow. The outward world and its relations to the poet are thus represented. Each

year's renewal of Christmas-tide and its household rites, darkened, then deepened by serious thought, are commemorated; the anniversaries of loss, and of the dear friend's birth; last, the poet's severance from his early home, from

‘ Meadows breathing of the past,
And woodlands holy to the dead.’

Another golden thread runs through the poem; in the objectively imaginative breaks of light; the ideal analogies to itself, the creative sorrow realizes, in familiar life. These are exquisite in feeling, still more exquisitely wrought; of entire simplicity, eloquent of a spirit of sympathy with humanity.

More than once, a penetrating poet's glance is turned on this age itself. A calmly attuned voice is raised in testimony to

‘ The mighty hopes that make us men :’

a voice of large trust, of deep-seated faith, of long prophecy; singing of that ‘crowning race,’ the ‘flower and fruit’ of that, in us the seed. This tendency is one of Tennyson's prominent characteristics.

The commemoration of a bridal having intimate connexion with the preceding elegy, forms the conclusion to the volume; pathetic in its tenderness, its beauty and truth; yet serenely cheerful in its power. A marriage lay it is, such as Tennyson alone could write. The real is steeped in the ideal of poetry. A noble sincerity of poetic speech, poetry bending like ‘the blue sky’ over all, is blended with an exquisite refinement of feeling. High earnestness is tempered by the informing subtilty of imagination,—imaginative thought, imaginative word. Written not many years since, it is a connecting link between earlier time and the Tennyson of the present; partaking much of the chastened mastery of the volume of 1842. The prelude to ‘In Memoriam,’ dated 1849, worthily represents the Tennyson of this very time; breathing a manful self-control, a wise reverence, the spirit of serene power; truly, an inspired

‘ Cry above the conquered years.’

Every piece in the volume possesses, like the whole poem, a unity, a central feeling. Each, while a part in a whole, auxiliary to the others, has a sonnet-like completeness. Each is rounded off into an independent appeal; terminating with an emphatic pause, at once satisfying and stimulative. Now, it is a glimpse of incident, now a perfected Idyl; a thought; a subtle sentiment; always, a true, organic whole. The pervading feeling is palpable throughout. Here, it is the vagueness of a dreamy influence, there, the calm of a deep-toned landscape; the varied burthen,

all to one full intent, of a loving aspiration ; the Christmas bells amid the hills, and mist of night ; the far-reaching suggestion of infinite mysteries ; the full joys, from dawn to eve of a summer's day ; a regret, a hope ; the large bearing of some idealism ; a genial picture of social delights ; here April's freshness, autumn's fulness ; there, the opposed yet kin scenes viewed by Hesper, the evening, Phosphor, the morning star.

One of the many subordinate values of the 'In Memoriam' is its evidence to the capabilities of the *Actual*. We may here learn,—if we knew it not before,—how nature contains the material of all most essential, significant poetry. Direct transcript of such is developed by the poet's clear sight and artistic mastery, into the poetic and ideal. The feeling of the poem, the thought, the idyls, the passages of familiar life, all illustrate this. It has ever been Tennyson's characteristic. It is here manifested most fully and *directly* ; a result of the subject matter.

Definiteness is with Tennyson, an unfailing and remarkable part of his power. Every image, thought, picture, is rounded off into the objective. The most spiritual matters are brought within view. There is no verbal mystery, nothing left to guess, remote as are occasional allusions, subtle as are many analogies. All is *painted*, given in light—sometimes that of a wandering sunbeam, sometimes that of the orange sunset glow. Clear is his sight of that he paints, clear and absolute the thought he records. Hence is he enabled to write it without foreign admixture. As regards words merely, Tennyson is undeniably one of the greatest of *Expressers*. His is the master's facility. His are the 'aptest words to things.' In expert 'fitting' of the one to the other, his present practice far exceeds even his original gift. Uncring is his speech, as opulent. It is ever *adequate* to the thought. The balance of the two brings about lucidness, unexampled, in thought so large, feeling so deep, poetry so subtle. It, together with his *æsthetic* attainments, has secured him his wide audience.

By none of his calibre, is so little *imperative* need left for return to his pages, after the first few readings. Yet has his speech two messages : one for him who runs, another for him who stays. Some largely imaginative word thereafter reveals itself. The deep meanings grow in fulness. The poetic light of the richly tinted expressions of the 'ocean mirrors *rounded large*,' the 'moanings of the *homeless sea*,' and the like, is not to be caught at once. The full significance of verses like the following comes with thought :—

' And all the *phantom* nature stands
A hollow form with empty hands ;'

and again :—

‘ There, where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.
The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form; and nothing stands;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.’

A passage wherein is harmonized sublimity of thought and of expression.

For instant vividness, on the contrary, take a landscape such as this :—

‘ The last red leaf is whirled away;
The rooks are blown about the sky;
The forest cracked, the waters curled,
The cattle huddled on the lea;
And wildly dashed on tower and tree,
The sunbeam strikes along the world.’

Take touches, to be told by the hundred, of direct reality, like

‘ The thousand waves of wheat
That ripple round the lonely grange ;’—
‘ The wintry wood which grides and clangs
Its leafless ribs and iron horns ;’—
The knolls at dawn, ‘ where couched at ease
The white kine glimmered, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field.’

Take this evening piece, the condensed summary of many pictures :—

‘ The team is loosened from the wain,
The boat is drawn upon the shore;
Thou listenest to the closing door,
And life is darkened in the brain.’

These are seen, as soon as painted; and their beauty fades not; nor does their delightsomeness sate. But the world of broad yet subtle reality, the imaginative unity, of nature-pieces continuous and self-completing, like that at page 98: the profound delicacy, and psychologic truth of sentiment, in the pictures of imaginative sorrow, simply pathetic, and of refined beauty, at pp. 20 and 92; not to speak of the grander bursts of thought; are only apprehended after having dwelt with us, cherished household companions. The ærial grace again, of this picture of the bride, can but grow with familiarity :—

‘ On me she bends her blissful eyes,
And then on thee: they meet thy look
And brighten, like the star that shook
Betwixt the palms of Paradise.’

In no way, is Tennyson's *definite* power more shown, than in his painting of indefiniteness itself; of those vague influences common to certain moods of the mind, and flowing from some aspects of external nature. Deep truth is reached in the accurate representation of these. Vague emotion is as real an entity, as definite. As actually existent in the human mind, thus does Tennyson suggest it. He fetches it from its hidden home, and imparts by the way a light to set it forth, enabling us to see it too. The indefinite he thus realizes; in his entire freedom from self-consciousness, that sickly east wind dispersing such moods as shadows are chased over a corn-field.

A landscape is painted not only in itself, but in its relation to the human mind—that to be felt in and through it; its very spirit. As, where singing of summer delights, he gives this evanescent reality:—

‘O sound to rout the brood of cares,
The sweep of scythe in morning dew!’

Witness this early morn:—

‘Sucked from out the distant gloom
A breeze began to tremble, . . .
And gathering freshlier overhead,
Rocked the full foliaged elms, and swung
The heavy folded rose, and flung
The lilies to and fro, and said,
“The dawn, the dawn;” and died away.’

Have we not all heard such ineffable speech? Again, how true a hand plays here:—

‘Yet oft when sun-down skirts the moor’
An inner trouble I behold.’

Mark the definite mystery, vagueness of influence embodied, of the following; sorrow it is speaks:—

‘The stars she whispers, blindly run;
A web is woven across the sky;
From out waste places comes a cry,
And murmurs from the dying sun.’

So, of this verse of the grand dream at p. 94:—

‘I dreamed there would be spring no more,
That nature’s ancient power was lost;
The streets were black with smoke and frost,
They chattered trifles at the door.’

Thus much for the spiritual part of Tennyson’s art. In all pertaining to the æsthetic and technic, his wonted matured per-

fection stands his great thoughts his elevated feeling in good stead; lending them wings for diffusion among all open to such charms; embalming them for the ages. As the last result of his art, ranks its freedom; not the characteristic of his earliest poems. The absence of all fine-spun or overloaded ornament is very noticeable in the volume. Simplicity prevails: an easy wealth. The diction is direct, self-consistent, in keeping with Nature; natural in the true sense, its use of Nature's *best*; both as to choice and flow of words. Inversion, in excess the crazy crutch of the lame, rarely occurs. The system inculcated and practised by Wordsworth is tacitly adhered to, without being pushed to extremes. The order of prose, when adequately forcible, is that adopted. But a fairer truth, more subtle reality, are added. That Promethean spirit, who shall define?—the touch which harmonizes, makes all kin; the unerring taste dictating selection, order, every part; separating poetry from prose, imagination from matter-of-fact, the ideal from the literal.

The music of the verse, deeply attuned and varied, as Tennyson's has ever been, is in kind distinct; at once flowing and self-completing, passionate and emphatic; while tender, august, and lingeringly sweet. The stanza, before employed by him, on a few minor occasions, is an uncommon and a happy one. It is especially fitted to its present elegiac purpose; its half-detached, half-continuous application; and the effective medium of earnest thought and tender feeling. But it is the use of his scale marks the musician. He is literally creator of his music: brings the informing spirit, the mastery; substantially, all. A central source of Tennyson's music, the very soul of it, is his studied modulation of vowel-sounds: always his pre-eminent attribute; even more than his *time*, his modulation of pauses. The latter has an individual and peculiarly effective character in the present poem, dictated by the stanza; vigorous, refined, simple. But the vowel-sounds, the raw material of all verbal music, he handles as the potter does his clay. His predominant choice of monosyllables, the most characteristic of pure English, and his poetic instincts, ensure him a full supply. Vowels can never in our language be numerous enough, as in Italian, to cloy:—for either excess or defect defeats their true end. But the developed, rich-toned, varied music, he draws from their consummate adjustment, is a part of his art beyond our scanning. Though of course primarily due to inborn feeling, it is, doubtless, consciously and artistically regulated by the poet.

For the most part, in his verse, it is strict rule and unvarying perfection. Now and then, lines apparently slovenly occur in the present volume: similar to those in the 'Princess,' which led some wisecracks to the fancied discovery of want of *care* in

one of the half-dozen great musicians among English poets; on which discovery they much hugged themselves, in imagined superiority. They have yet to learn, a musician does not lose his ear, a master forget his mastery, on the sudden; then resume it. These licenses are taken advisedly, to aid a particular effect, of vigour, of emotion, or what not; or, in obedience to a delicate minor law of harmony, of course demanding recognition by the reader. When there is profusion of vowel-sounds, one is sometimes run into the other. At page 5, 'given in outline,' the three central syllables, rightly thus blend. So, in the 'cataract,' at page 97. In 'bringest the sailor,' at page 14, the two central syllables are each half-tones; together making to the ear one foot. The slightly-breathed *e* in 'bringest' tempers the harshness of the consonant. Without it, there would be dissonance. 'Thy spirit should fail from off the globe,' at page 115, is, perhaps, a really licentious line; though not without its compensating effect, evidently felt by the poet. The slur demanded is a little awkward.

A flaw or two of another kind may be microscopically descried in the diction itself. Words, such as 'communicate,' 'capabilities,' foreign to Tennyson's vocabulary, too conventional and ineloquent for a poet's use, have here and there slipped in, amid the effort to represent pure thought. In other poets, where such words constitute half the store, we should not notice them. In an artist like Tennyson, all whose words ordinarily breathe a fresh, refined significance, informed with poetic life, half a dozen such in a volume become observable.

One merit of the stanza chosen, is its aptness for artistic completeness. This, with perhaps the poet's natural affection for the poem, in its theme; or the very art itself of the finishing touches, has prevented over-finish, the occasional error of this fastidiously sensitive poet.

It is, throughout, instinct with the freshness of first-feeling. The breeze of early morning plays about it. The spirit of the Dawn informs it. The strong life of those by-gone hours of emotion yet beats here, in earnest pulsations. But, though an early, it is eminently a perfected utterance. Doubtless it has matured, under his hands. Towards the close, matter and manner would indicate some substantive interweavings of late date; as especially at p. 195. In any case, the poem, whether from after maturing, or the elevation to which strong experience raised the poet in the first instance, well represents the Tennyson of to-day, as of yesterday. That experience is now recorded; *past* in all senses, save its gain. This is present in the poet's own being. Much has been solved, much mastered; for him, as for us. On this sure vantage ground of serenity and power, he stands; free for yet

nobler enterprise. In its combination of claims, its personal import, its thoughtful burthen, its art; the 'In Memoriam' ranks supreme in interest among his works. It occupies a place peculiarly its own, in its poetic and its interpretative value. It is a central member, the key-stone of the rest. By its light we may read them, and the poet too. Personally and poetically, it represents that period, previously a blank to us in his life.

ART. IX.—*Wanderings in some of the Western Republics of America, with Remarks upon the Cutting of the Great Ship Canal through Central America.* By George Byam, late of 43rd Light Infantry. 12mo. Pp. 264. London: J. W. Parker.

WE have not seen Mr. Byam's former volume, but from the reports which have reached us we conclude that it must constitute a good introduction to the one now before us. Looking back from the present to the past,—from the volume on our table to its predecessor of last year, we infer that many will be pleased to renew their acquaintance with a light-hearted, intelligent, and, on the whole, sound-minded English traveller, who went over ground not frequently visited, and is evidently more concerned to note with accuracy than to write finely. From some of Mr. Byam's opinions, as in the case of the Navigation Laws, we dissent. Occasionally he goes out of his way to sneer at 'a certain class of philanthropists,' and now and then—though very rarely we confess—he violates good taste in the ridicule with which he seeks to invest the views of his opponents. On his own ground, however, he is always entitled to respect. A shrewd observer, who has travelled over extensive regions in the manner best adapted to familiarize him with the condition and habits of their people, he speaks his mind freely, and admits us into the interior of social life, as well as informs us on various points of political interest and of scientific inquiry. Having spent six years in the Western Republics of America, he is obviously entitled to speak with confidence, and there is an air of truthfulness in his statements which commend them to confidence. 'In this small work,' he says, 'I propose to take my reader from Chili to the interior of Central America; and I promise him, as far as lies in my power, to avoid any ground that has been so trodden before as to leave a broad, beaten trail.' This promise is well fulfilled, and there is consequently a fresh-

ness in the information communicated, which, in these days of *dilettante* authorship, is specially refreshing. The volume is mainly devoted to Chili and Peru, principally the former, and treats of the character, occupations, social habits, mining operations, natural history, and political institutes of these republics. There is no attempt at system or philosophy. The author is content to give us facts, and wisely leaves to others the work of classification and inference. We need scarcely say that the people treated of, are a totally different race from that with which Pizarro and Cortes met. They are, for the most part, the offspring of Spaniards modified by the special circumstances of their American residence. The Indian tribes which first viewed with wonder, and then regarded with abhorrence, the chivalrous but blood-thirsty soldiers of Spain, have passed away from the land of their fathers. The soil they once proudly trod now contains their remains, and the record of their sufferings is a lasting witness against the people by whom their confidence was betrayed. It is impossible to look at the present degradation of Spain, without having its American atrocities recalled to the mind. Verily there 'is a God that judgeth in the earth.'

There is no continental empire whose boundaries are more clearly marked than Chili, and its climate and temperature are marvellously diversified. Its length from south to north is about 1,000 miles, but the greatest diversity of climate is experienced in travelling from west to east. 'In the latter case,' says Mr. Byam, 'sometimes one day's journey will enable the traveller to experience a transit from burning hot plains to most intense cold and never-melting snows. The change is sudden; and though I have often heard a parched-up traveller on the plains express a wish to take a good roll in the snow above him, yet, when he had arrived there, I never knew one that did not express a strong desire to be back again and get *unfrozen*.' The population of Chili is stated to be about 2,000,000, thinly scattered over a vast extent of territory. The government is nominally republican, but really an oligarchy in a few hands, and invested with much feudal power. The chief of the clergy, and the landlords, constitute in fact the ruling power, and are as really the owners of the peasantry as the feudal lord was of the serf. 'Cities and towns,' says our author, 'may be free from this influence, but in large estates it is real feudalism.' The mode adopted varies from that formerly prevalent in Europe, but the end attained is substantially the same. The following brief extract will explain the process to our readers:—

'Every landlord keeps, at his "hacienda," a shop in which is sold every article that can possibly be wanted by any *Peon*. Charque (or hung beef), candles, grease, jackets, trowsers, pouches, boots, shoes,

linen, calico, buttons, threads, needles, together with saddles, pillions, sudaderos, bits, bridles, and enormous spurs are there exhibited; and, at the same time, temptations in the shape of muslins, gauze, French imitation ear-rings and necklaces, and all those "*objets de luxe*" that may prove attractive to the fairer (only by comparison) sex.

'The first object of a Chilian guasso is to have a handsome saddle and good skins, or pillions, over his (generally speaking) good horse, with an ornamental head-piece and large spurs—silver, if possible. He goes to the above-mentioned shop, and easily gets credit for the whole turn out; and he immediately becomes a *bondsman*; he can never pay his debt, or, if he pay that one, he still remains in debt for something else—even necessary articles, that can only be bought at that shop and nowhere else. He at last arrives at that point of debt when he is as much bound to the soil, as if he lived in England in the time of our first Norman kings. It is no use flying and seeking another home and another patron; he is almost certain to be caught; sent back severely punished, and the expenses of his capture added to the original debt. He is, to all intents and purposes, *bound to the soil*;—should the estate devolve to heirs, the debt passes with it. Should the hacienda be sold (even to a stranger), the debt may be sold with it, and the man is nothing more than a respectable kind of serf. Now out of about one thousand men ready to attend my friend's bidding, there were scarcely a dozen out of debt; in fact, *they had sold themselves*.'—Pp. 10, 11.

An interesting account is given of the Chilian miners, whose numbers are considerable and their strength prodigious. 'As a race of men (physically speaking), the north of Chili miners are fine: they are very seldom above the middle height, but of immense power and strength. This great development of muscle does not proceed from the breed, nearly as much as it does from the severe training they undergo from their youth, which hard training brings on old age rather prematurely. In form and feature they are not to be compared with the Anglo-Saxon race; but in the peculiar way in which they have to exert their strength it would be difficult anywhere to meet their match.' We content ourselves with this brief allusion to the more serious business of the country, and pass on to other matters with which our author was 'more immediately acquainted.'

There are few of our readers who have not heard of the good qualities of the Chilian horse. Mr. Byam is a great admirer, and describes his points with all the *gusto* of an old friend. 'Small head with broad forehead, and well set on; wide chest, slanting shoulder, well barrelled, strong loins, and clean flat legs, short under the knee; good hard feet; plenty of courage, and a constitution of iron—these are the principal features of the breed.' The distance they travel, with no other sustenance than what they pick up, during the night on the salt-beds,

marvellous, and greatly surpasses the power of an English steed. The reason of this is obvious. We begin to work our horses before their constitution is thoroughly set, whereas in Chili, the horse usually passes his first four years on the mountains, and scarcely ever does any hard work until six years old.

‘Mares are never ridden in Chili; but roaming about half-wild impart to their foals their own hardy constitution. Thus the horse has acquired his full growth and strength before he is called upon for great exertion, and *when* he is, his good health and constitution both enable him to perform it, and after a long day's journey to defy the bitter blasts from the snowy Andes. At seven or eight years of age he is considered almost a colt. I have often asked a man the age of his horse, and have been told, ‘Oh, quite young; he is only twelve years old.’—P. 57.

The horse is in fact admirably suited to the country and to the purposes for which he is wanted. ‘The Chilian does not want a cart-horse, nor a race-horse: he wants a serviceable, useful nag; fast enough to overtake cattle or horses, strong enough to pull a bull down in his career, and of a constitution hardy enough to stand the change from a burning hot day to a cold night in the open air,—and the Chilian has *just got what he wants.*’

The proprietors of Chili possess large herds of cattle, which roam at large on the mountains, and are only annually subjected to inspection. This takes place generally in September, is designated a ‘rodeo,’ and is a time of great and universal enjoyment. Mr. Byam was present at many of these ‘rodeos,’ and our readers will be gratified at his account of one of them.

‘A party of about sixteen arrived at the hacienda the previous afternoon, each well provided with lassos, &c. As my horses were all shod, my host promised to provide me with unshod horses the next day; for a shod horse has no chance on the side of a rocky mountain, and horses kept for the hills have hoofs as hard as ebony or iron-wood. We dined about five o'clock, and a merry dinner it was; but, beforehand, most of the tenants were mustered on horseback, with the exception of those who lived too far off, and who had previously received their orders. They then divided into many separate parties, and rode off to the summits of the range of mountains that nearly surrounded us. At about eleven o'clock at night we all went out to the front of the house to see if the parties had arrived at their different posts, and on most of the mountain-tops we saw fires blazing as signals that they had taken up their positions, and also naturally to keep themselves warm. We then turned in, and turned out early the next morning to secure our horses for the day. We were told, however, not to be in a hurry, for the duty of the tenants and peons before daybreak was to thoroughly hunt and scour all the sides and gulleys of the mountains most remote

from the plains to which the cattle were to be driven, and so we had plenty of time for a hearty early breakfast.

'A little after sunrise, looking through my small telescope, I could see the various tops of the mountains swarming with cattle being driven slowly down towards the plains below, and our whole party then mounted and proceeded to the large cattle corral, erected in a very wild spot, about five miles from the house. We went rather fast, and found a 'ramada,' or hut, composed of green branches with the leaves on, built for us to live and sleep in for a day or two. Our host said that he could not have a regular house or cottage built there, on account of the "benchucas," or large filthy flying bugs that infest all thatched houses in that country; but that he had a fresh ramada built every year, and very pleasant it was. . . . We were called to our saddles by the news that the advanced guard of the herds was debouching on to the plains, and we went to help the herdsmen and peons in their rather arduous task of taking about five thousand half wild cattle over about six or seven miles of broken plain. The gentlemen *here* are of the greatest use, though they would not be of much service in the slow work of driving the cattle down to the plains. The peons' horses are generally rather tired with their mountain work before they get down, and the gentlemen help them on fresh horses, by keeping the wilder animals in order. When one bull dashes out, two of the gentlemen are after him, and not only lasso him, but, unless he is a very handsome animal, tame him for life, and drive him into the herd. When four or five bulls rush away at once, the peons have enough to do to prevent the remainder following them, and the gentlemen hunting in pairs do good service.

'These sort of chases are very exhilarating; for, though there is not much danger, there is just enough to be a little exciting, and I have often known severe accidents.

'Two or three steady yoke of oxen are generally sent to head the herd with long wooden yokes on their necks. They answer two purposes; for they lead the way, and persuade the herd to follow them; and also when any animal is very vicious he is lassoed, and his horns made fast to the yoke between the two tame oxen, who soon bring his spirit down and make him go quietly along. Also, if a runaway bull is particularly obstreperous, when he is thrown, one of his hind legs is made fast to his horns, and he is left on the ground until a yoke of oxen can be spared to go and fetch him.

'After many courses in pursuit of the wilder cattle, the herd at length arrives at the corral; the tame ones go in first, the horsemen form a double line, and at last they are all safe in the interior.—Pp. 70—74.

The puma lion, and two species of foxes, are the only quadrupeds which the Chilean husbandman has to fear, and the former of these does not venture to attack full grown cattle or horses. When discovered in the neighbourhood of any herd, the residents turn out in pursuit, and the unwelcome intruder is not often fortunate enough to escape. Taking refuge in some tree or

thicket, the fatal lasso commonly seals his fate. 'Ah! we have him now; he cannot escape, if he had all the lions in Chili to help him;' said the leader of the hunt on one of these occasions when Mr. Byam was present, and the result proved that he was right. 'During the chase, all the lassos had been got ready for throwing, and the major-domo himself galloped past the tree, at some little distance from the branch on which the puma was lying, and cast the lasso just round his neck. Spurring his horse, the lasso soon became taut, and pulled the lion down to the ground with tremendous violence, dragging him along half stunned, at the height of a horse's gallop. The other horsemen were close behind, and one of them lassoed him again round the neck, when both horses were pulled up, and, keeping a tight strain on both lassos, the small remains of life were soon choked out of the beast.'

Interesting notices are given of the condor and the ostrich. One specimen of the former which our author shot measured fifteen feet from tip to tip of the wings. Their voracity is great, and their habits are those of the vulture tribe. Mr. Byam is an advocate of the vision, rather than the scent, of the vulture being concerned in the detection of its prey, and his extensive observation entitles his opinion to considerable weight.

'From all I have observed,' he says, 'I think the condors, when watching for food, soar higher than the eagle; and I know that whenever one vulture is seen to fly *straight*, any person watching will see many other condors following the one who is evidently bound for some dead animal. The eagle does not do this, unless now and then the sea-eagles descry something very good, as waifs and strays on the coast.

'Just as a bee laden with honey flies straight to the hive, so does the condor, or any vulture, fly straight to the feast he has espied, *and never otherwise*—for, even when returning home at night-fall, he flies in large circles.

'When any condor *flies straight*, others soaring in the clouds immediately follow, as they know that the leader has viewed some poor horse, cow, or other animal, dying on the ground, or else bogged in some "pantana" or marsh; when they fall upon the animal, and very soon literally pull him to pieces. I have never seen an eagle mixed with them. The condor is many times more powerful than any eagle, and drives away the largest dogs that may be engaged on a carcass with the greatest ease. These birds, it is well known, watch dogs or beasts of prey, who may have discovered a carcass, and they then wing their way towards them, and soon discover where it is lying.'—Pp. 104, 105.

The following extract corrects a popular opinion respecting the ostrich, and furnishes, certainly, a more rational account of the facts of the case than the opinion commonly held. We are

not sorry to have this inhabitant of the desert vindicated from the charge which has so seriously damaged its reputation amongst all lovers of the domestic virtues:—

‘Everybody has read of the ostrich laying her eggs on the desert, and leaving them to be hatched by the heat of the sun. It is very true that a single ostrich’s egg is often found on a barren spot, and the inference is drawn that the ostrich had left the egg to take care of itself. There is nothing more unjust toward the female ostrich than to accuse her of abandoning her eggs—the truth is, that she is a careful and provident mother, which I am going to *prove*.

‘The traveller who has seen an egg of the ostrich in the desert, naturally says it is left to Providence; but, if he had reflected a little, he would have felt how utterly impossible it would be for a bird breaking the shell to provide for itself. He would have searched further, and he would have found, what any man can do who chooses to look carefully right and left, instead of right a-head.

‘The story of the ostrich’s nest is curious, and, although unconnected with Chili, I feel sure that it will be acceptable to some of my readers.

‘The ostrich makes a large nest on the ground, and, by drawing down the grass gradually, makes it imperceptible a short distance off. She lays three or four eggs; but one of them she carries out a good way from the nest and leaves it by itself. Now, it is that solitary abandoned egg, often found, that has given rise to the story of the ostrich abandoning her eggs to providence. The truth is, that she sits upon her eggs all night, and the male bird does the same a great part of the day; and the question is, what is the use of the egg so separated from the rest? The use of that egg is a beautiful instance of a bird’s foresight. A few days before the young ones are hatched, the ostrich goes and splits the cast-out egg; the blue-bottle fly immediately *bloes* it, and, by the time the young ostriches break their shell it is full of maggots; and, on the birth of the birds, the mother leads them to the egg for their first repast.

‘Every one, on reflection, must feel that a new-born ostrich could not be independent—the first hawk or vulture that passed over would soon put an end to him.’—Pp. 114, 115.

The Chilians are physically superior to the other nations on the Western coast of America. ‘The dry weather, together with the bracing night winds from the Andes, harden the frame and constitution of those who live much in the open air, in a degree not to be seen north of the great desert of Atacama.’ The education of the ladies—who are reported to be very pretty—is exceedingly superficial. A slight knowledge of the guitar, and less of the piano and dancing, is the general measure of their attainments. When a marriage is decided on, the husband elect is expected to make his intended an immense number of handsome presents—in short, to fit her out so completely as materially to cripple his own resources for some time. Mr. Byam was breakfasting one morning with a gentleman, when

a letter was delivered to the latter from the mother of his intended bride, requesting five thousand dollars to be forwarded, for articles she had bought for her daughter. Even the most scheming and mercenary of our mammas would recoil from so barefaced a request, while our young ladies would indignantly decline to be thus decked out before marriage at the cost of their future husband. The laws of dowry and succession are as contrary to our notions as this practice, and will be better understood from the following,—it being premised that, on a marriage taking place, each of the parties has to declare the amount of his or her fortune :—

‘ The two sums are united, and whatever increase arises in their joint fortune (but not by inheritance) belongs in equal parts to each. So that if both husband and wife brought equal sums, say 30,000 dollars each, and the united 60,000 dollars were increased by trade, speculation, or by parsimony to 100,000 ; on the death of one of them, 50,000 dollars would go immediately to the children of the defunct, or to the heirs ; the said defunct being only able to bequeath two-fifths of whatever property she or he may die possessed of : the said property to be paid down, without waiting for the death of the survivor. . . .

‘ A man and wife living together may speculate upon joint account, and although the law enjoins that all gains shall belong to *both*, in equal parts, yet in case of *failure*, or bankruptcy, the creditor cannot touch the wife's share, and can only seize on the husband's property. Suppose that, on marriage, the united property amounted to 100,000 dollars, the husband may trade and speculate with the whole sum, and, if he has luck, may perhaps double the amount ; in which case the wife would be entitled to half, or 100,000, for her own share ; but suppose the picture reversed, and debts amount to 100,000 dollars, the creditors in that case can only touch the 50,000 of his own, and his wife's *must be paid first* ; so that any dishonest speculator may, as is said, ‘ play upon velvet,’ for he can always retire, and fall back on his wife's resources.

‘ To an honest man, who confines his speculations and his liabilities to his own share of the joint income, this law may be a very good one, and no doubt is so, since it saves many a poor woman and family from total ruin and misery ; although it is pretty evident that it throws out a great and certain temptation to any man who has a quiet laxity of conscience to say to himself, “ Why should I not make use of all this money ? I can, perhaps, make a large fortune ; but, in case of the very worst, I cannot be ruined—I shall always have enough to live on with comfort.”

‘ In the law of succession to property, let us suppose that the testator has several children. He or she has the power to leave two-fifths of the property to the favourite ; the other three-fifths being divided equally among the remainder. No legitimate child can be disinherited, except in two cases (as a lawyer informed me) : the first one is, the case of a son or daughter being condemned by a court of law to any punishment called infamous ; the second is that of a grown-up son

striking a parent; but no other conduct can empower a parent to disinherit a child.—Pp. 119—121.

We must confine ourselves to one more extract, which we select from the notices furnished of the habits of the alligator, whose acquaintance our author frequently made. The reader will not fail to note the sagacity evinced in the former part of the following extract. Until the exercises of intellect in the brute creation are more profoundly studied, we shall fail to comprehend the philosophy of mind. We draw a hasty and indiscriminating line between instinct and reason—assigning the former to the brute creation, and the latter to man. Yet it is obvious that many of the acts of the lower animals involve the exercise of reason, and cannot possibly be understood without it. To remember, to combine, to apprehend a danger, and to devise means for its avoidance, are certainly amongst the attributes of intellect; and these are clearly visible in what our author here describes. Speaking of the river Guayaquil, he says,

‘The horses and cattle who feed near the banks of the river, have a perfect dread of going to drink, and an Indian told me it was curious to see them all go together to drink, about four o’clock in the afternoon. I pulled up in the ship’s little “dingey,” to an island where a great many cattle were feeding, and I saw the same thing that the Indian had described. The cattle and horses were all collected together close to the water’s edge, and began to make a great noise; the horses neighing, and the horned cattle lowing. The part of the river close to the cattle was soon crowded with alligators, lying close in shore, with only the tips of their noses out of the water. The horses and cattle seemed to know by instinct that if all the alligators were close to them, there would be none a few hundred yards off, for they all at once separated, took a gallop off to some little distance, and swallowed a hasty drink. When an alligator is awaiting in deep water for cattle coming to drink, he always lies close to the beach, with only an inch or two of his nose above water. When the horse or cow stoops down to drink, he seizes him by the nose, and pulls him down, making use of the tremendous tail for stunning the animal.

‘I never read any remark in natural history about the use the alligator makes of his tail; but I assure the reader, who may be fond of that science, that I am correct, having seen it myself—three times. When the animal that an alligator seizes is stunned, he is dragged to the bottom of the river and drowned. The teeth of an alligator could not *bite off* a child’s finger, but could tear large strips of flesh from a bull. I watched an alligator at work one day, on the bank of a river in Central America; and, although I knew a good deal of the animal’s habits, was surprised at the way he was devouring a large calf, that had been drowned by a flood. I saw him tear large strips of flesh that must have weighed seven or eight pounds each, with his claws and teeth, and then bolt the morsel, without much chewing.

'I have watched the habits of the alligator for a long time, and believe that any man with ordinary presence of mind, and with a good hunting-sword, without fire-arms, is a match for the beast.

'Much has been said and written concerning the impenetrability of the alligator's armour, and also about the crocodile's. Now, never having fired at a crocodile, I cannot give an opinion; but, having sent some hundred balls into alligators, I can fairly judge of their defences, and I must say that those defences are not so impenetrable as some very late authors have described. No doubt, if a ball is fired at a large alligator, and hits him on the back, but in a very slanting direction, the said ball would glance off, without doing the animal the slightest injury. Yet, still, I am certain that an iron cast ball fired out of a full-charged musket, at twenty or thirty yards' distance, and hitting a large alligator at right angles, in the centre of the back, which is the strongest part, would not only penetrate the armour of his back, but go out at the belly. A leaden ball would flatten if fired at the back, but that is not the place to fire at an alligator. If a rifle ball (which must be of lead, on account of the rifle grooves) is well aimed, it penetrates quite easily.

'It is not a certainty to hit an alligator in the eye (when moving) with a single ball, at only thirty yards; but if a man cannot hit him in the lower part of the neck at a much greater distance, he had better abandon his rifle and take to other shooting, with a smooth bore and small shot.

'The lower part of the side of the neck is the best place to be aimed at—rather under the centre of the neck, as the scales get smaller and thinner as they approach the throat, and yield to a stout thrust from spear or sword. A great quantity of blood issues from any wound on that spot, and soon destroys the beast. I remember once shooting an alligator on the north uninhabited coast of the lake Nicaragua, under peculiar circumstances. I saw him watching a small herd of deer that were feeding about two hundred yards off. Two or three times he crept up the bank, and went twenty or thirty yards towards them, but as often did he return, plunge his body in the lake, and, resting his head on the low bank, remain gazing on the deer. I was in a canoe about forty yards off, but perfectly hidden, and I was doubtful whether to fire at the deer or the alligator.

'Two hundred yards is too much for the best Purdey rifle *for a certainty*, and so the muzzle was turned on to the alligator's neck, and the ball hit him just in the proper place. After a struggle he was quite dead, and on my going up to him I found that the ball had gone out on the other side, and yet the beast was of a tremendous size.'—Pp. 212—215.

Our space is exhausted, and we must therefore refer such of our readers as desire further acquaintance with Mr. Byam to his volume, which is one of the most entertaining, and withal instructive, that has for some time come under our notice.

ART. X.—1. *Public General Statutes of the Realm*, 13 and 14 Vict.
2. *Hansard's Parliamentary Debate*, 1850.

THE House of Commons once on a time, as Lord Bacon relates, having sat a long time and done in effect nothing, Mr. Popham, the Speaker, meeting Queen Elizabeth, was asked what had passed in the lower House? To the royal question, Mr. Speaker sententiously replied—‘If it please your majesty, seven weeks!’ Our august parliament hath enlarged the rule; for though the bulky tomes which stand for our text forbid a literal construction of the moral, we cannot see that in respect of productive labour, the thirteenth of Victoria is much in advance of any year of good queen Bess. In naming the first characteristic of the legislative year lately departed, albeit the latest addition to the statute book is of that bulk which fable ascribes to civic dignity, and senatorial eloquence may be measured by the mile, this is the most that can be said for the delegated wisdom presently disporting itself on the Caledonian hills—it sat in St. Stephen’s for five and twenty weeks. But in the comparison, let us be just to our stout old ancestors. If they quailed at times under the fiery temper of the virago queen, they never failed to assert the rights of the commonalty against the arbitrary encroachments of the royal prerogative. Can as much be said for the enlightened legislators of this century? If we have no iron-willed Tudor to overawe and deter timid knights and bashful burgesses, from spending too much time in long speeches and in devising new laws and statutes to the neglect of the supplies, it must nevertheless be confessed that the people have gained little by the constitutional changes which have come over or affected their lawgivers and rulers. We have exchanged the arbitrary encroachments of a sovereign for the lawless tyranny of six hundred and fifty-six irresponsible crotchet dealers.

No thoughtful person who devotes attention to the history and character of English legislation during the last few years—not the hasty gossiping regard of newspaper perusal, but by calm critical reading in the statute books, can fail to be painfully convinced of the fact, that our law-making is year by year growing worse—more unprincipled in substance—cruder in form. It is losing all character of science and art—for science and art imply a knowledge of first principles; the master science which it should be, is degraded into the vulgar labour, as profitless as unskilful labour is and always must be, of mere statute accumulation. We have become habituated to a system of legis-

lation, by hap-hazard, puzzling analysis to discover a wholesome or constitutional principle, and in its result is as injurious to material interests, as it is to the political morals of the community. A recent writer, who has given some charming pictures of Eastern life, relates a curious anecdote of Mohammed Ali, the much lauded practical reformer. An Italian adventurer having announced the discovery of a perpetual motion which would give rest to all the buffaloes and oxen of Egypt, our great reformer took this magician of science under his immediate patronage. A huge machine which was to be set in motion by a bucket of water, and was to go on moving for ever, was forthwith erected at vast cost and great profit to ruler and schemer. The day of trial came, when, lo, the wheel which was to move all the world, and give rest to the Egyptian buffaloes, took half a turn and sank into as quiet a repose as a Whig conscience. The story of Mohammed's machine is much like the principle of our modern legislation, only that the results of the latter are very much more disastrous. Is there a charlatan adventurer in search of fortune, or a nostrummonger thirsty for notoriety, with a plausible scheme, he is sure to find some echo in the houses of congregated wisdom, to be developed in time like Mr. Blake's echo; and poor John Bull pays his money and discovers his mistake, when the wheel will no longer move. 'It all comes from hasty, inconsiderate legislation,' says a practical philosopher, and the world murmurs 'hasty legislation,' proving sincerity by cheering on hasty legislators to the top of speed. But no man summoned by Fate to enact Deucalion to the universe—no man nor woman either, entrusted with a mission, has deigned to inquire the cause of haste: at least history is silent thereupon. There is, however, one consolation, amidst much to excite lamentation, that we are getting nearer and nearer a popular start in search of the real politic practical philosophies.

The popular standard of legislative perfectability, if we might trust platform men and leading journalists, who follow the eccentricities of opinion, seems now a days to be quantity, not quality. In the last days of the departed session, a very popular member complained that they could only boast of 58 bills, achieved by 1,041 hours of talk, against 89 bills and 982 hours' in the more prolific and less loquacious sederunts of 1849. In the few days that remained of the session, the House manfully pulled up the lee-way, and despite some merciless slaughter of the innocents, fully sustained its reputation for speed. We propose, in strict consistency with the character of our theme, to take a hasty review of the principal events of the session. Between seventy and eighty bills of a public character have survived the session, and now claim our respect as laws. Of the

killed, mangled, and missing, it is more difficult to render strict account. It would puzzle ingenuity to reduce the new laws to an easy classification and avoid cross-division; but as the major part relate to details of administration, and as we seek only those of more prominent importance, they may be stated under four heads—constitutional, administrative, social, including regulations affecting the rights of persons and property, and last, though not least in the regard of tax-payers—financial measures.

The legislative year dawned with some promise of hope for the sanguine few who retained faith in Whig liberalism. Mysterious club rumours were early afloat of some gigantic scheme of electoral reform, which was to surprise the whole liberal world; and it was known to every one that the Premier was this year prepared, for the sake of his party, to throw himself and finality into the Irish gulph, where once flourished a constituency. The hope was very forlorn; rumour, barren as ever, brought forth nothing; and Curtius the little only sacrificed the last remnant of his popularity. We are as little disposed as is Dr. Lingard himself to indulge in over-speculative inquiries into the motives of historic men; but this is a case too common-place to require the intuition of history. The Parliamentary Voters' (Ireland) Bill was as mean, and withal as unprincipled, a measure as the Whigs ever presented to Parliament; and supported by obviously mean and selfish motives of party interest. It contains not one shadow of constitutional principle—no acknowledgment of popular right, but is a gross sacrifice to expediency and oligarchism. In a word, it was a Whig preparation for the possibilities of a coming election—a stop-gap against the probabilities of an Irish protectionist and anti-Whig majority. Ireland loses her constituency because she is too poor and miserable to retain anything; and Lord John, by way of making matters better, proposes another, which pre-supposes a nation with countless abundance. His magnificently liberal proposal of an £8 franchise, at the lowest calculation, is only equal to £30 in England. The hereditary house of Incapables heightened the joke by increasing electoral virtue and purity to nearly £50; and the House of Commons, to show its independence and public spirit, split the difference, and accepted £40, or, in other words, the £12 clause. They, however, insisted on the retention of the compulsory registration clause, and thus preserved the best feature of the measure. Such is the great Irish Reform Bill of 1850. The Elections (Ireland) Bill, requiring no statesmanship, was tolerably secure from blunders; it contains some useful provisions for increasing the facilities of exercising the franchise—such as it is, or is to be.

The Australian Colonies Government Act will be a monument to the legislative and administrative incapacity of the Whig Government. It has been fondly described as 'the great measure' of the session; and if greatness is to be measured by want of principle, common political foresight, and ministerial honour, the Australian Magna Charta is great exceedingly. Early in the session, the Premier unfolded the views of his Cabinet on the general system of colonial policy which he was prepared to recommend. After warning Canadian annexationists of the 'determined will' of the Sovereign and her advisers, he proceeded to inform the House that it was resolved that the Cape colony should have representative institutions by way of legislative council and legislative assembly. Here the favourite policy of uniformity *à la* Procrustes halted. New South Wales was only to have a single assembly (one-third of its members to be elected by Government), but was hereafter to have the power of demanding two chambers if it wished them. Port Phillip to be separated from New South Wales, and to be called Victoria; and Van Dieman's Land, and South and Western Australia, were also to share in the blessings of these free institutions. Poor New Zealand to rest content, in hope for the famous constitution *octroyé* of Lord Grey. With the largest admission of the right to self-government, Mrs. Mother-Country was still to be permitted to hold her heavy hands over her wandering sons. Perhaps the most remarkable feature of the bill 'for the better government of her Majesty's Australian colonies,' which has alone fructified, is the geographical discovery that Van Dieman's Land is in Australia. Our constitution-makers proposed, in the first place, to establish a federal assembly, to be called 'The General Assembly of Australia.' Two members to be returned for each of the Legislative Councils, and for every additional 15,000 inhabitants an additional member. The equity and wisdom of this proposal will be manifest by a glance at the map. The federal principle is doubtless a very admirable one, as the United States of America prove; but it is a result and the consequence of independent, free, and self-governing states. It will come in time, as the supreme authority in the great antipodal commonwealth which Anglo-Saxon enterprise is founding; but the Whigs sapiently began to make the roof before they laid the constitutional foundations. That the measure is almost as unreadable as it is politically unworkable, a glance will show. In New South Wales the Chamber is to consist of 36 members, 24 of whom are to be elected by the people: the remainder to be nominated by the Crown, which is virtually giving all authority and influence to the Crown. True, the colonists are empowered to alter, if they see fit; but this is only to create heart-burnings

and divisions, and strife, when a hearty unanimity of sentiment and action is essential as the first step to success. Why not, as Mr. Hume pertinently suggested, give the colonies the option of one or two Chambers? All, however, that was said, and very forcibly said, on this point, was resisted by the Government assertion, supported by some very petty equivocation from the red-tapists, that the proposal was in accordance with the wishes of the colonists. And this was said in opposition to the recorded opinion of Sir William Denison, in favour of two Chambers; of Sir C. Fitzroy to the like effect; and by the preference declared by the existing Legislative Council of New South Wales, composed as it is of government nominees. This has been unanswerably confirmed by the subsequent public testimony of Mr. Lowe, a distinguished member of the Legislative Council at Sydney. 'I am enabled to state,' said Mr. Lowe, in his able address to the Colonial Reform Society, on the 3rd of June last, while the bill was still in progress—'I am enabled to state, without the slightest fear of contradiction, that, notwithstanding all that has been alleged to the contrary in the House of Commons, there is no feeling whatever in the Australian colonies against the existence of two Chambers as such. Though there have been disputes as to whether there should be one or two Councils or Chambers, those disputes have always been raised, and the arguments always conducted, upon matters totally irrespective of the real and practical, or even the abstract merits of the case.' On the other hand, Mr. Lowe showed that there was the most indisputably complete feeling against the system of nomination. In this respect the Whigs have not advanced beyond the political blunders of Pitt—in oppressing the Canadas with the bureaucratic weight of a nominated council. The talk about preserving the power of the Crown—in other words, the irresponsible misgovernment of the Colonial Office—is the most nauseous cant, coming from the lips of men who profess the principles of self-government. If the Whigs are really anxious to grant self-government, and, as their act asserts, to give the colonists a right to choose for themselves, why not resort to the natural order of things, and empower the existing colonial authorities to convene constituent assemblies for the free discussion of these vital points. Looking at the whole question, unbiassed by any views of interest in the matter, we cannot see that this great Whig measure has done more for the colonies than to weaken the ties of affection which bind them to the mother country; for, sooner or later, they must exercise their inalienable right of choosing for themselves. We need not enlarge on the details of a measure as pregnant with colonial and inter-colonial contentions, as it is devoid of sound political expediency,

makers, unless they apply early and firmly a large weight of that moral force termed the pressure from without.

From the same stagnant source has sprung that monstrous production, the Metropolitan Interments Act, which, though it stands in bold letters on the statute book, we can hardly believe to be seriously meant as a law. The care which Government and the Board have taken to provide for a large staff of well-paid officials, however, shows that mischief is meant. Sidney Smith had a theory that Lord Ashley would one day supersede the law of nature, and never stop till he had placed the suckling of all the babies in the hands of the legislature. The witty canon never imagined that under the influence of that noble busy-body her Majesty's Government, by authority of act of parliament, would set up business in the cheap undertaker line. Yet so it is, Carlisle and Company have set up business, and defied competition. Government is now empowered to shut up all the graveyards of the metropolis, and to put down the undertakers. The scandals of the graveyard desecration, which all men admitted and all deplored, are only exceeded by this scandalous measure. The act goes far to abrogate every constitutional safeguard to our liberties, reared by the toil and blood of our forefathers. Why did John Hampden and the brave spirits of the seventeenth century struggle against ship-money? It was a folly of our ancestors! In the nineteenth century, Parliament tells the Crown, you may, under your sign manual, appoint a power to tax the people at discretion, and without their consent.* Boldly it defies every constitutional

* 'And be it enacted, that the General Board of Health shall act in the execution of this act; and it shall be lawful for her Majesty, from time to time, by warrant under the royal sign manual, to appoint one member of such Board in addition to the members of such Board which her Majesty may be authorized to appoint under any other act or acts, and *at pleasure* to remove the member so appointed; and such Board shall for the purposes of this act be one body politic and corporate, by the name of the "General Board of Health," and by that name shall have *perpetual succession* and a common seal, &c.'—Section 2. Contrast this with the 54th section, which *inter alia* provides that after interment has been ordered to be discontinued within the district, or any part thereof, in case it appear to the said Board that the fees and sums received by them under this act will be insufficient in any year to defray their expenses, it shall be lawful for the said Board to issue a warrant to the overseers of the poor, by which they shall command them, out of the money collected for the relief of the poor, to pay the amount mentioned in the warrant within forty days of the delivery thereof! If the money in hand is insufficient for the purpose, they are to levy a special rate of one penny in the pound, with the same '*powers, remedies, and privileges*,' as for levying money for the relief of the poor, with provisions for the distress and sale of goods, &c. By Section 59, in places where there is no poor-rate the Board are empowered to assess! We entreat the reader to procure and study this act. It may be purchased of the Queen's printer for 1s. 1½d.

eral opposition was chiefly confined to vague insolencies on rights of property against the rights of men, and the motion rejected by 242 to 96. Mr. M'Gregor's claim for the transfer of the forfeited privileges of Sudbury to the metropolitan districts around Chelsea and Kensington, obviously proposed without due consideration to the rights of other places, was rejected early in the session. At a later period Mr. Locke King made a moderate demand for the assimilation of the county franchise in England and Wales to that of the boroughs. No one could foresee any 'constitutional' objection; and Lord John, who generally objects that reformers ask too soon, now objected because they asked too late, in the session. This motion was rejected by 159 to 100. The ballot-box had an airing under the guardianship of Mr. Henry Berkeley, but was soon shut up again by 176 to 121. It seems to us bad policy to isolate this question. If fate should render it coexistent with our limited electoral system, the ballot would shut out the non-freemen from the asserted possibility which Russelite philosophers allege is due to them by the freemen. Under the true old English system, to which we must come again in a developed form, when every man shall be a free man, it is as much opposed to the fundamental principles of popular institutions as it is to healthy morals. With true freedom of election, the ballot, we submit, would not be a social necessity, as the Virginian republic has freely and honourably justified. A matter of parliamentary form deserves a word of advice. In resolutions passed by the House of Commons, the House has generally the opportunity of reconsideration; but in addresses to the Crown the action is immediately operative, and the Crown must obey, or place itself in antagonism to the people. Lord John Russell sees inconvenience in it, and proposes to end by referring all such addresses to a committee, a report from which would afford the desired opportunity for rediscussion. This is a small matter, unquestionably, as the antagonist elements of the State are now so quietly settled; but for times of hostility between kings and people the utility of the rule is obvious. The question only claims notice as an indication of insatiable desire to tinker away old rights.

The next class of measures relates to public administration. There are upwards of forty in number, but as the larger portion consist of routine and other formal matters of detail, the subjects of comment may be reduced to easy statement. The most notable reforms of the session are some of those which relate to the administration of the law. We are chiefly indebted, well directly as through good example, to the talents and humanitarian spirit of the learned gentleman, who in the early part

of the session was Solicitor-General, but who now fills the highest forensic office. If any man be more peculiarly fitted than another to render the office of Attorney-General popular, it is Sir John Romilly. But while we join in paying respect to his high character, talents, and legal attainments, we must express some regret that he has not always exhibited a sacred regard for the foundation stone of our liberties—trial by jury. This may arise from his education as a chancery lawyer; his new office will afford him better opportunities of judging of the practical worth of our admirable and too little studied jury system. If he is to achieve success in the great task he has undertaken of carrying out legal reforms, it can only be by clearing away the rubbish which has grown on our noble common-law. An excellent beginning has been made by the reform introduced into the Irish Court of Chancery, which must facilitate and cheapen justice. The first improvement is that which enables the suitor to proceed by petition instead of bill. The non-professional reader will hardly comprehend the distinction, but every one who has tasted of the excitement of a Chancery suit will understand the magnitude of the change in cutting down costs and delay. The power to take *visá voce* evidence is not only an important change for the facility of proceedings, but for the right administration of justice. A summary machinery is provided in certain cases of common occurrence, which will get rid of a most expensive and utterly useless system of preliminary procedure. Other details, too technical for popular description, will hardly prove less important in practice. The only regret we feel is, that Government did not immediately propose the same system for our own Chancery-courts. The act for the regulation of process and practice in the superior courts of common law in Ireland is also a valuable measure, embodying the uniformity of the English system, and guarding against dishonest disposal of property during process. It introduces some simplification into the system of pleading, and renders the sittings at Nisi Prius continuous. Another act transfers the equity jurisdiction of the Court of Exchequer to Chancery, as has for some time been the case in England. In connexion with these reforms, we may mention two valuable acts for which Ireland is indebted to Sir John Romilly. The first, regulating the registration of deeds, is designed to facilitate and cheapen the sale of real property, by providing a land index, drawn up on the ordnance map, particularizing the locality, names, and titles of possessors of Irish estates; the other relates to judgment claims upon property, which will remove the difficulties so frequently interposed to an unquestionable title. The Crime and Outrages

Act has been continued from the 31st of December until the end of next session; and an important measure has been passed, designed to put an end to the outrages committed by party processions. We may remark in reference to the first, as an illustration of the carelessness of popular rights, that the Government permitted the bill to pass the House of Lords before they discovered that it contained money clauses, consequently the work had to be commenced *de novo*! Scotland, too, has shared in the benefits by some reforms connected with the Court of Session. As regards the English courts, we have to mention a partial reform of Chancery abuses, under the auspices of Mr. Turner. An act 'to diminish the delay and expense of proceedings in the High Court of Chancery in England,' introduces a very valuable system of procedure, which has been attended with marked good results in the common law courts—namely, of submitting 'special cases' for the opinion of the Court. Another provision will enable executors or administrators of deceased persons to ascertain whether there are any outstanding debts or liabilities affecting the personal estates of such persons, without the delay and expense of suits to administer. This act will come into operation at the commencement of Michaelmas term. Lord Brougham has evidently been too much occupied with the weight of judicial duty unexpectedly thrown on him this session to make much progress. But his views as to the importance of consolidating particular branches of our statute law are gaining ground. A codification of laws would be a labour worthy of the century. A Hungarian lawyer compiled the *Urbarium* of Maria Theresa in thirteen years, for a supply of Tokay from the royal cellars. We have surely amongst our learned lawyers, who cultivate that noble learning as a science, men able and sufficient to digest our statute book in half the time.

The improvement of the science of special pleading has not escaped notice, but, as usual with Whig reformers, a parliamentary bill has degenerated into a royal commission. The labour is a delicate one. It would be difficult, if not impossible, to substitute a more logically perfect system of statement to bring parties to issue; but time and pettifoggery have introduced many abuses which still remain to be cut away. Unfortunately this is a question which can only be understood by lawyers, and there is a professional bias amongst the heads of the bar for things as they are; thanks to our degenerate system, or no system, of legal education, which teaches men from the time they eat their commons till they mount the bench to treat law as a 'collection of recollections,' not as a great and liberal science.

The minor legal reforms will excite less respect. Foremost in this group is the County Courts Extension Act, introduced by

Col. Fitzroy. This is an act, to say the least, of very hasty legislation. The principle of local tribunals for the administration of justice in a cheap and speedy form, is undoubtedly an admirable one; but there is another principle of equal importance, and that is, the efficient administration of justice, coincident with the preservation of our rights and liberties. The county courts, in strict consistency with the modern principle of action, were avowedly established as experiments; and have not yet been sufficiently tested. It is no argument to say that so many thousand complaints have been disposed of in so many months; Haynau and his butcher associates might make the same parade of their disposals. We have to look at the character of the justice dealt out. Now though rumour is not always trustworthy, there is proof to support a very common rumour that strange freaks are at times played in some of these county courts. 'County-court justice' is becoming as much a proverb as 'judge-made law' has long been. To some extent these tribunals have already succeeded in destroying the certainty of the law as affects the commonest affairs of life. This is a natural result of destroying, or discouraging the jury system, and leaving judges, in a multitude of cases, to decide according to their own notions of right and wrong, with little responsibility to any power, and with no appeal from their judgment. To make the system work with any regard to uniformity and certainty of legal administration, it is clear that the first requisite was a digested code of laws applicable to these courts. At present, what is law in one county, is not law in the adjoining jurisdiction. The limitation of jurisdiction to a particular sum is a palpable absurdity; for, if a judge is qualified to determine rightly and justly in a debt for £20, why not in £200 or £2,000? Legal principles do not depend on the amounts involved. Colonel Fitzroy's extension only increases the absurdity. There was a shadow of reason in the argument for £20, that the right of arrest stopped there; why did Colonel Fitzroy, in his fast career, stop short at £50? Surely the plaintiff for £100 has as much right to cheap law and bad justice as the happy creditor for £50. The system is radically bad. The public, in its insatiate thirst for cheapness, would have the courts; and the Whigs were only too ready to give a covert blow to the jury system, and provide for a numerous family of Whiggishly disposed lawyers, who had grown grey in waiting for briefs. The public have now to thank Parliament for giving them a right of appeal to tribunals where some certainty of legal administration prevails. County-court justice will meet the public gaze, and we venture to predict that before many years roll on, there will be a reaction in public feeling, which must lead to a complete reform of the county-court system, on some legal and

common-sense principle. By another act, Parliament has given these courts jurisdiction over charities individually small, but presenting an aggregate of large amount.

But the Larceny Summary Jurisdiction Act is a measure of a more obnoxious and unconstitutional character. It is the most direct blow given in modern times to trial by jury. As is usual in measures of this character, the tyrannic provisions are skilfully disguised under plausible pretences. Parliament waxed so sentimental in the beginning of the dog-days, that it forthwith abolished fair trial for all juvenile offenders, and handed them over to the tender mercies of the squirarchy. Fortunately the act was much crippled before it reached the Throne; but enough remains to rouse all men who have the souls of freemen. It is not very often that we can compliment the Tories for liberality; but to their honour be it said, they have rescued young men from the torture of the whip at the discretion of any two fox-hunting justices sitting in a back parlour. Sir John Pakington, a model M.P., was the legislative father of this precious bantling; may his name live for ever as the man that proposed that Justice Shallow should flog posterity! Mr. Richard Monkton Milnes was distinguished amongst the whip-school of reformers; but the honourable gentleman had a whole crotchet to himself—the ‘Juvenile Offenders Bill,’ which was, however, too much of a good thing, even with its ‘moderate degree of corporal punishment,’ for the House of Commons to get over in one session.

Mr. Ewart was again unsuccessful in his motion for the Abolition of Death Punishments; it was rejected in a listless House by 46 to 40. The morality of the question has since been painfully enforced by the double suicide in Newgate. Mr. Page Wood was soon after refused permission to introduce a measure for the relief of those conscientious persons who refuse to take an oath. The Old lights of Parliament think it is better that justice should suffer than for our dear Mother Church to endure one pang from the enlargement of liberty of conscience.

Apropos of Mother Church, she has received some little legislative regard in the past session. The Bishop of London modestly, but unsuccessfully, endeavoured to subvert the royal authority as head of the Church, by the proposal of a new tribunal for heretics. The Ecclesiastical Commission received some attention, and it is to be hoped, for the future, that secretaries will not be permitted to abscond with £7,000 or £8,000 of the public money. Mr. Frewen's Benefices in Plurality Act may perchance restrain too worldly divines from self-seeking; but the partial character of the act may be determined by the refusal of Mr. Hume's amendment to prohibit all pluralities. The bishops, we are told, are so dreadfully hard worked, that a wit has pre-

dicted an early strike in the Right Reverend bench. Mr. Gladstone, possibly apprehensive of that dire calamity, suggested the enrolment of a corps of working or suffragan bishops for all places of 100,000 inhabitants. Lord John Russell has promised to consider the matter during the intervals of grouse-shooting.

Of other questions affecting men in their religious belief, we need only name the refusal of leave to Mr. Anstey to bring in a bill to repeal the penal laws against Roman Catholics; the rejection of the motion to abolish the Irish ministers' money; and the continued infliction of the *Regium Donum*. Mr. Peto's Titles of Religious Congregations Bill, and a similar measure affecting Scotland, passed early in the session, and will confer large relief on the parties concerned.

The Viceroyalty (so called, says a joker, from the vices of royalty) of Ireland Abolition Bill was well received, and stands for future enrolment in the statute-book. It has been stigmatized as a centralizing job; but any one who will spare the trouble to distinguish between the essentials and accidentals of principles, will readily perceive the mistake. In truth, the Castle was the central point of Irish jobbery and abuse. The strongest opposition, of course, comes from the Dublin shopkeepers, a moral force not very formidable. The proposal is to give a permissive power to abolish the office, and create a new Secretary of State; the establishment in the Phoenix-park to be kept up for the use of real royalty. Lord John Russell contemplates votes in supply to defray the costs of the royal visits, and to 'endear her Majesty still more to the hearts of her subjects.'

That monstrous specimen of hasty and inconsiderate legislation, the 11 and 12 of Vict. c. 62, entitled, 'An Act for promoting the Public Health,' is beginning to attract public attention now that the public feel the effects of its despotic provisions. Two acts have been passed this session—hurried with indecent haste—bringing several unfortunate towns under the arbitrary rule of the oligarchy of Gwydr-house. All the centralizing efforts of the Emperor Joseph of Austria, of which we have lately heard so much, were nothing compared with the sweeping inroads on self-government, which this Board are making in England, unheeded by the mass of the people. Some curious facts have been brought to light in reference to these bills. So reckless were the Procrustean framers of this public-health scheme, that they not only abrogated the rights of towns, but they have, by a side blow, broken down the law of Parliament itself. It has always been required, prior to legislation on matters of local interest, that the assent of the majority of the people should be signified in the most formal manner. But to bring any town

within the grasp of this Crown-appointed board, it is only necessary that one-tenth of the ratepayers should make a demand by petition. As the adult male population does not exceed one-fifth of the whole, an entire community may now be coerced by less than two per cent. of the inhabitants, in defiance of the common law, and the standing orders of Parliament. Verily we live in times of great progress. Newspaper readers may perchance have seen, in some of the Parliamentary reports, in the latter part of the session, mention made of 'General Board of Health' Bills, respectively numbered 1 and 2. Our daily journals, with their usual care for the public interest, allowed them to pass as matters altogether unworthy of their notice. These measures demand the gravest consideration, for they have made a grievous inroad on the liberties of the people. Certain towns are thereby brought under the despotic rule of the Board of Health merely by the insertion of their names in the schedules to the act; the towns are subject to provisional orders of the Board, which have the force and operation of so many private Acts of Parliament severally applicable to those places. But neither have the provisions which the standing orders of Parliament require in the case of private acts been complied with as to any one of those places, nor have the clauses of any one of those provisional orders been submitted to the consideration of any committee of either House of Parliament! Worse even than this, they give the full force of acts of Parliament to provisions and regulations not included in the acts; in other words, Parliament has ordained that the people must obey some other law, or laws, made by another body. Nero's invisible inscription of the law was not more atrocious than this. The Earl of Lonsdale made an indignant, but unsuccessful, protest in the House of Lords against these most illegal and tyrannic acts, and, will it be credited, not a syllable of his able speech was reported by the newspapers? Is there an organized conspiracy against our liberties? Happily the true character of this Board is becoming known, and, looking at the agitation which has commenced in different towns, we are not without hope that it may be brought to a strict account next session. With all its mighty promises of sanitary reform, the Board has yet done nothing in fulfilment of its mission but pay salaries and impose taxes. We beg pardon—it has succeeded, through its influence in Parliament, in checking all efforts at self-improvement. But for this charlatan Board, the metropolis might now feel assured of a copious supply of water, by the only safe and reliable means of private enterprise. The Procrustean are now preparing to monopolize all the water and gas supply of the kingdom. Let the public be warned in time; they have no hope of safety from their irresponsible law-

makers, unless they apply early and firmly a large weight of that moral force termed the pressure from without.

From the same stagnant source has sprung that monstrous production, the Metropolitan Interments Act, which, though it stands in bold letters on the statute book, we can hardly believe to be seriously meant as a law. The care which Government and the Board have taken to provide for a large staff of well-paid officials, however, shows that mischief is meant. Sidney Smith had a theory that Lord Ashley would one day supersede the law of nature, and never stop till he had placed the suckling of all the babies in the hands of the legislature. The witty canon never imagined that under the influence of that noble busy-body her Majesty's Government, by authority of act of parliament, would set up business in the cheap undertaker line. Yet so it is, Carlisle and Company have set up business, and defied competition. Government is now empowered to shut up all the graveyards of the metropolis, and to put down the undertakers. The scandals of the graveyard desecration, which all men admitted and all deplored, are only exceeded by this scandalous measure. The act goes far to abrogate every constitutional safeguard to our liberties, reared by the toil and blood of our forefathers. Why did John Hampden and the brave spirits of the seventeenth century struggle against ship-money? It was a folly of our ancestors! In the nineteenth century, Parliament tells the Crown, you may, under your sign manual, appoint a power to tax the people at discretion, and without their consent.* Boldly it defies every constitutional

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laration of the people's prerogative, not only of self-government, but of self-taxation. It is a step towards the repeal of the laws of nature; for it declares the inutility of, and destroys all pretence at, self-improvement. Government is secured in a profitable monopoly of the grave. No man can be buried except by the order of parliament. Our progress is boundless; we have outstripped the sumptuary laws of republican Rome. The *Æmilia* only regulated the quantity and quality of meats for the emperor's table, and the *Lex Oppia* the colour of the ladies' gowns; the *Ashleys* and *Carlises* of England now direct the making of coffins and the form of coffins.* Next year we shall probably have a supplementary act, with a pattern for grave-clothes. With no respect for the rights of the people in the matter of taxation, it was not to be expected that Parliament would show much regard for economy of expenditure. It has been reckless provisions for compensation. There is to be compensation to railway companies; compensation to incumbents, clerks, and sextons; compensation in respect of non-parochial burial-grounds, as also for fees payable for parochial purposes; in short, there is no end to compensation, and prospective plunder. The provision respecting the 'Burial Service and Incumbents Compensation Fund,' is a nice example of the way in which our well-mouthed liberal reformers deal with the public purse. To compensate incumbents, the Board is to pay for loss of fees the sum of 6s. 2d., where a body is buried in a ground provided for this act, and a sum not exceeding one shilling when it is a pauper's funeral. This fund is to pay the salaries of the chaplains, and an annuity to the incumbent of every parish, where the curate is discontinued under this act. It is solemnly ordained that a hundred successors of the Apostles shall fatten like ghouls on the graves of paupers. This is only the beginning of our social reforms. The act is a metropolitan act; next session we may expect one for the United Kingdom. And where are the people of England while their irresponsible delegates are thus robbing them and fixing a grinding monopoly in favour of the dead? Shut up in measureless content or hounded on the fast men of legislation to the work of liberty destruction. For not worse encroachments than these on the rights of the people, Charles the First lost his head, and his son was driven from the throne.

In passing one of the routine Poor Law Continuance Acts,

*The said Board may make regulations, from time to time, as to the depth of formation of graves and places of interment, the *nature of the coffins* to be received in the burial-grounds, the *time and mode* of removing bodies, generally as to all matters connected with the good order of such burial-grounds.—*Section 23.*

the Poor Law Commissioner informed Parliament that it is his intention to bring forward a measure next session on the law of settlement. The hint should not be lost by the public. Under this head we have to mention an unconstitutional act passed under the care of Mr. Halsey, for charging rates on small tenements on landlords. It contains, of course, a plausible preamble, embodying every good wish for the welfare and better lodgment of the humbler classes; but the only result will be to convert rating from the healthy system of direct to indirect taxation. The landlords will, of course, not fail to charge the rates in the quarterly bills. Truly infinitesimal is the amount of wisdom with which the world is now-a-days governed!

Mr. Milner Gibson's project for the establishment of a series of county boards analogous to the borough councils, to fix and control the county rates, was brought forward as a bill, and referred to a select committee. We shall probably hear more of it next year. One of the best points urged in favour of the measure came from a Tory member. Mr. Frewen remarked that the constitution restrains peers, in their legislative capacity, from interfering with money bills; yet our county taxation is imposed and managed by an irresponsible magistracy appointed through the lords-lieutenant, who are, for the most part, peers. This is one of the most desirable of constitutional reforms; but not on the empirical principle of Mr. Gibson's measure. It must be constitutional renovation; not reform, in the modern sense of that much-abused word. The subject is, however, too large and important to be summarily discussed.

The treatment of criminals received some discussion. The Convict Prison Bill provides for the separate confinement of convicts for eighteen months prior to exile, on the system so much censured lately by Mr. Carlyle. Early in the session Mr. Adderley proposed a repeal of the acts which give the determination of the places to which convicts should be sent to the Privy Council. He wisely and calmly urged that the direct control should be placed in the hands of Parliament. The Attorney-General of the day exhibited his profound constitutional learning by declaring that it was an attack on the royal prerogative, and the House rejected the measure by 110 to 78. Of course it could not consistently act otherwise, and pursue its system of delegating all its power to Crown commissioners.

The Government proposal for the reform of the administration of the Woods and Forests is postponed till next session. Some jobbing or self-seeking is meditated, under the plea of better management. The House of Commons refused even to listen to a proposal to inquire into the extravagant mismanagement of

the affairs of the Duchies of Cornwall and Lancaster. Parliament, which deals just as it pleases with the property of the people, of course had no right to ask anything concerning lands in which that mysterious abstraction, the Crown, has an interest!

There is a considerable group of routine acts relating to the army and navy. Thanks to the massacres of Rajah Brooke, we have got partially rid—by the Pirates' Head-money Act—of the disgraceful practice of paying blood-money to the slayers of pirates. We have no sympathy for sea-attorneys, as Byron says; but we object to pay bribes to our navy to do its duty. But this is the Government principle. Virtue and the sense of duty are so rare and small in public officers, that we must prompt them by bribes. Mr. Hume's proposed inquiry into the Borneo slaughter was, as a matter of course, signally rejected. The rajah—the great moral conqueror of the age—the hero of Exeter-hall, has done more for the exposure of the 'Borneo humbug' than all the motions that could occupy the House from Easter to Whitsuntide. The mighty man has fallen from his heroship to the vulgar level of the Hudsons. Rajah Brooke, by his own letter, puts Exeter-hall to shame; antimony monopoly and a baronetcy he admits were the moving causes, not moral glory or conquest. Oh, what a falling off was there, my countrymen! In connexion with naval administration, Parliament has insisted on a tardy act of justice to the assistant-surgeons, in giving them proper accommodation at sea. The indignity with which these valuable officers have been treated, is accounted for by the fact, that they do not spring from the aristocracy.

Social schemes and motions were plentiful as Whig promises. The adjustment of the factory question, stirred up by Mr. Baron Parke's judgment on the relay system, was taken up by Lord Ashley with the gravest declarations against compromise. But his lordship, with all the ease of a practised expediency doctor, came into the views of the Government. The mighty war has terminated by a compromise. Labour is to be for sixty instead of fifty-eight hours per week. We have seen nothing to alter the opinion long held by sound thinkers, that legislative interference of this character was not only unprincipled, but useless; but, if there is to be legislation, it is only consistent and decent that the enactments should be real. The projects of the baby-suckling class do not seem quite so numerous as in past years. Still, the list before us, and the attendant speechification, is somewhat appalling. The journeymen bakers of the metropolis were again plaintiffs at the bar of the House. Doubtless, their lot is a hard one; but why do not they trust like the drapers' assistants, who have so successfully trusted in the generosity of the public; or, like the journeymen tailors, look to their own exertions

in self-improvement and for self-dependence. Mr. Slaney, a man of great practical benevolence, but of very 'fast' principles, had two motions, one for a committee 'to consider on the plans not connected with political changes, which might be devised for the social improvement of the labouring classes,' negatived; the other, for a select committee to consider the means of removing obstacles and giving facilities to safe investments of savings—granted. There have been loud lamentations in the sentimental-humanitarian camp on the apathy of Parliament thereupon. But, to our humble apprehension, it seems that until juster notions prevail with respect to the measure and office of legislation, such motions are only idle and mischievous word-wasting.

The Government act with respect to savings' banks will do good by introducing the element of responsibility into their management; and Mr. Sotheron's bill relating to the affairs of friendly societies is calculated to check fraud and mismanagement.

Mr. Stuart Wortley's bill for permitting marriages with a deceased wife's sister was better appreciated this session. It has reached the House of Lords with some prospect of success. The question has been so fully and repeatedly discussed in these pages, that we need only advert slightly to the state of opinion exhibited in Parliament. The subject was ably argued on both sides, and with tolerable fairness by all parties. The theological ground of opposition was hardly so dogmatically maintained as on former occasions; and considering that the opinion of the Christian Church has been so fluctuating, and that our prohibitory statute has attained the venerable age of fifteen years, it was not surprising even in a Parliament of Church and State men, that it should have been confined, with the exception of some 'mystification of Leviticus,' by Chancery barristers, to the sturdy opponents of all freedom, religious and social. The argument was practically kept to the issue of social expediency. In support of the allegation of inexpediency, it was contended that it would chill and restrict the pure and warm sympathy which exists between brothers and sisters in law; that a wife would regard her sister with suspicion or jealousy as the possible successor in her husband's affections; and lastly, as regards the offspring of the first marriage, the second wife would be changed from the affectionate aunt into the jealous step-mother. The assumption in the first point is very obvious, and the conclusion as illegitimate. No mere human ordinance can have the effect implied; purity of feeling under such relations cannot be regulated by Act of Parliament. And is it not a monstrous imputation on the character of a large proportion of the women of England? The second assertion is equally illogical. It is dis-

proved by facts precedent to the enactment of the law and by many dying requests. We could speak of several within our personal knowledge. To justify the last objection, one must take a very low estimate of human nature, and depart altogether from the opinions entertained from the earliest times concerning the character of woman. Is it not more reasonable to suppose that the natural affections of the aunt will be increased in the new relation of parent? All observation tends to support this liberal and common sense view of the case. This grievous restriction on freedom and human happiness requires stronger arguments in justification than any urged in the late debates. On the other hand, it is proved beyond dispute that the restriction is not only destructive to the happiness of thousands, but is a great social evil. The law may declare such connexions unlawful, but cannot prevent them. The State, in its over anxiety to prevent that which dogma declares to be sin, forces the commission of another of which there is no question; for all the casuistry of High-Churchism cannot disprove the fact, that this new civil law has encouraged much sin against the law of God.

The legislative attempts at the better observance of the Sabbath are only remarkable for want of consistency and unthinking wrath. Great efforts were made to prevent the old applewomen of Lambeth from competing with the established shopocracy. When we see more exertion made to begin the good work at home we shall be ready to applaud the motives of the reformers. The resolutions with respect to the Post-office are more worthy of respect. Men cannot be too much impressed with the value of the seventh-day rest, as their birthright and best social privilege. It is fitting, therefore, that a good example of respect should be shown in all the public services. The agitation against it, got up by a few Sunday newspaper proprietors, is too contemptible in its gross materialism and selfishness to deserve serious notice. Our weather-cock Government are, however, resolved to bend to the tea-basin storm. Rare were the tirades—terrible the denunciations, from all sorts and conditions of liberal journalists, from Whiggism to democracy, against the ministers of the Crown, for not taking violent measures against the resolutions of the House of Commons! Oh, liberalism, liberalism, when wilt thou be consistent?

Education, too, was a feature in the parliamentary socialism of the session. Our views on the great subject have been so often expressed, that we need only say, with all respect for Mr. Fox's talents, that his modified system of state drill was properly rejected. Lord Melgund, a new candidate for senatorial honours, was signally defeated in his maiden effort to centralize Scottish education in a government board. Mr. G. A. Hamilton's zealous

attempt at Church national education in Ireland, was rejected by 225 to 142. In the Lords, that meek man, the Earl of Harrowby, broke a lance with the Privy Council. Considering that Mother Church has had 80 per cent. of the funds, we cannot sufficiently admire the modest valour of her champion.

The subject of university reform received much discussion, which may assist the public in properly directing its efforts. It is a delicate question, involving the adjustment of many subsidiary points of right, and, therefore, can only be dealt with by Parliament after the gravest consideration. The corporations of the universities require much improvement in the way of removal of encroachments on public right, to bring them back into that wholesome state of educational utility in which they were anterior to the Reformation,

‘ When learning, like a stranger come from far,
Sounding through Christian lands her trumpet, roused
Peasant and king;’

and before the colleges obtained a monopoly in tuition, and assumed an unlawful and irresponsible control in the government of the universities. Lord John Russell, with large professions of zeal for reform, did the best he could to procrastinate the settlement. He has promised a Crown commission, which, whether lawful or unlawful, cannot compel one word of evidence. The information must necessarily be *ex parte*, and we apprehend that, bad as the House of Commons is, it will hardly venture to deal with the rights of property on such data.

A group of measures relating to property can only be hastily named. The Irish Incumbered Estates Act is designed as a supplement to recent Irish property legislation. A Government Landlord and Tenant Bill is postponed till next session. Mr. Pusey's long-agitated measure on the same subject got through the Commons; and Mr. Aglionby's effort to enfranchise the copyholders was defeated. The best motion of the session was Mr. Locke King's for the removal of the restrictions on the free transfer of landed property, and for distributing such property in cases of intestacy according to the same rules which prevail in respect of personal property. Government only saw a sea of troubles, and material difficulties, and the motion was lost by 110 to 58. This young member has already acquitted himself so ably in one or two questions of magnitude, that we venture to hope we see in the son of the biographer of John Locke, and the grandson of Byron, one of the future liberal statesmen of England. A better claim to public approval could not be than to work out the great social question of free-trade in the soil of England.

Finance was a very heavy department of the session, large in

perpetration, but larger in omission; and as the alarming increase of our paper warns to be as summarily dealt with as were all the reform proposals of the year. Our brilliant finance minister was so bewildered by his embarrassment of riches, in the unwonted shape of a surplus, that he was only thrice compelled to change the policy of his stamp reforms. At the fourth attempt, the measure was knocked into some kind of shape, but really it is impossible to say whether the relief to the public is to swallow up the whole or a part of the surplus, or, as some say, to add to the revenue. The right hon. gentleman does not seem to have made up his own mind on the knotty point. Then we have got off the brick duties—a very useful relief, notwithstanding all the small sneers so plentiful. How much of the National Debt is to be liquidated by the balance, remains for history to tell. With a balance in hand, Mr. Chancellor was sorely beset by long and strong pulls at the Exchequer. We can only catalogue them and their fate: Mr. Cobden's motion for a reduction of expenditure to the estimates of 1835, was rejected by 272 to 89. Mr. Disraeli's project to amend the poor-laws: in other words to protect agriculture, by 273 to 252. Mr. Grantley Berkeley's more honest protectionist move, 298 to 184. Mr. Henley's, for reduction of official salaries, another protectionist manifesto, 269 to 173. Colonel Sibthorp, for exempting farmers from income-tax, 50 to 32. Mr. Hutt, for the abolition of the African blockade, 232 to 154. Lord Duncan, for repeal of the window-tax, 80 to 77. Mr. Blackstone, repeal of the 10 per cent. addition on assessed taxes, 130 to 65. Mr. Milner Gibson, taxes on knowledge, 190 to 89. Mr. Ewart, repeal of the advertisement duty, 208 to 39. Lord R. Grosvenor's repeal of the tax on attorneys' and solicitors' certificates, was carried against Government in early stages, but defeated on the third reading by a small majority. Mr. Mitchell, ship-timber duties, 45 to 32. Lord Naas, home-made spirits in bond, 121 to 120. Mr. M'Gregor, marine assurance tax repeal, 156 to 89. Sir E. Buxton, against free importation of slave-grown sugar; and Mr. Cayley, for the repeal of the malt tax, 247 to 123. These, or some of them, may secure better treatment in 'the financial year,' which hopeful men say is coming. The proposals for reduction in official salaries is evidence that the worthy mariners at the helm of our good ship dread a change of wind.

We have advanced £300,000 to the distressed unions of Ireland, with a promise of repayment with interest. Some little mirth was excited in the discussion of this dull subject, by the profound discovery, enunciated by an Irish senator, that the best way to get out of our Irish difficulties was never to have got into them. Three millions are to be advanced to England

and Ireland for the drainage of estates, to be repaid by $6\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. per annum, so as to extinguish the debt in two-and-twenty years. The object is most desirable, but we cannot see on what principle the State can justify its embarkation in the business of money-lender. If we lend to land, why not to shipping, to manufactures, or to any other 'interest'? Last, not least, we have voted £12,000 a year to the young Duke of Cambridge, who, one might have thought, was sufficiently recompensed for his stupendous services to the State by high military rank, obtained through the accident of royal birth. Be this as it may, the Cambridge family is now endeared to the nation by £24,000 a year.

We have made so long a review of the leading events of the session, that our space is exhausted, and, perchance, too, the patience of the reader. Enough, however, has been said to point out the evil results of unprincipled, inconsiderate, and hasty legislation. A search into the causes may well be reserved for the consideration of some other day.

Brief Notices.

Murriages with a Deceased Wife's Sister. Speech delivered by W. Campbell Sleigh, Esq., at Edinburgh, Wednesday, April 10, 1850.

Report of the Proceedings in the Police Court, in the Trial of W. Campbell Sleigh, Esq., of London, Barrister-at-law, and Thomas Russell, Esq., of Hunter-square, Edinburgh, Merchant, for an alleged Breach of the Peace at the Public Meeting in the Music-hall, April 8, 1850, held with reference to the Marriage Affinity Bill. By George Gunn, Reporter. To which is added, a Report of the Speeches delivered at the Soirée given to Messrs. Sleigh and Russell, in Queen-street Hall, on Monday Evening, April 15, 1850.

Marriage with the Sister of a Deceased Wife, injurious to Morals, and unauthorized by Holy Scripture. By the Rev. George Croly, LL.D., Rector of the united Parishes of St. Stephen, Walbrook, and St. Benet. Dedicated to the Right Hon. Lord Lyndhurst.

THE controversy respecting marriage with a deceased wife's sister is, most probably, for the present at a stand, as the bill was withdrawn when it reached the House of Lords; so that, for some months at least, the one party has nothing to fear, and the other nothing to hope for. We shall merely, therefore, direct attention to the above pamphlets, without any particular exposition of their contents, or any attempt at general argument. As the people of Scotland are the most opposed to the marriage of a deceased wife's sister, in consequence of its being branded as incest in their Confession of Faith, it was thought desirable to send amongst them a gentleman of learning, character,

and ability, who, by holding public meetings, and inviting open discussion, might promote inquiry and diffuse light. Mr. Sleigh undertook this mission; and we have reason to believe that he fulfilled it in a manner at once honourable to himself and to his cause. He employed no sinister influence; he acted boldly in the face of day; he sought to convince the reason by argument, not to overwhelm his opponents by vituperation; and often called upon and requested the attendance at a proposed meeting of those who were known to be opposed to his object. He was assailed and calumniated, menaced and abused, in the most extraordinary manner; but, in spite of everything, he succeeded in obtaining, from thousands of persons, an expression of opinion decidedly favourable to Mr. Wortley's bill. Those who know Scotland will know that this was no trifling achievement. Of all people in the world, our northern friends are the most generally attached to the traditions of their fathers. The great majority are minutely alike in their religious belief, and they often visit with a terrible and trying severity of opinion any who venture to differ from them. The consequence is, that impartial observers are disposed to question whether Presbyterian uniformity is the result of the *exercice*, or of the *abeyance*, of thought, and that the proverbial prudence of the people prevents them from hastily speaking or acting on the side of any dissenting minority.

On the 8th of April last, a public meeting was advertised to be held at Edinburgh, for the purpose of petitioning Parliament *against* Mr. Wortley's bill. Mr. Sleigh attended, and wished to propose an amendment. The Lord Provost, who was in the chair, gave orders to the police to eject him—and he was ejected accordingly. *It is said*, however, that, before the police-officers could reach him, the reverend and other gentlemen on the platform treated him in a most brutal manner, although he did not offer the slightest resistance to the officers of justice. A highly-respectable and most-respected citizen, Mr. Russell, shared a like fate, for attempting to speak to a point of order.

Two days afterwards, Wednesday the 10th of April, 'Mr. Sleigh and Mr. Russell were *tried* before the police court of Edinburgh.' (We are quoting from the preface to the first of the above pamphlets.) 'The investigation occupied nearly five hours. On the part of the defendants, Maurice Lothian, Esq., the Procurator Fiscal, William Tait, Esq., the eminent publisher, Dr. Renton, Professor Dick, Thomas Buchanan, Esq., and others, gave evidence that neither Mr. Sleigh nor Mr. Russell conducted themselves illegally, nor in any way disorderly; but that, on the contrary, the confusion arose among the reverend gentlemen themselves. Notwithstanding this testimony, the presiding judge fined Mr. Sleigh two guineas, and Mr. Russell one guinea, amidst the most unequivocal marks of indignation in a crowded court. On that same evening a meeting was held, in Brighton-street church, composed 'of upwards of 2,000 persons,' at which Mr. Sleigh delivered the speech given in the first of the above pamphlets; and on the next Monday evening, April 15, Mr. Sleigh and Mr. Russell were honoured by a public *soirée*, in the Queen-street Hall, an account of which constitutes the appendix to the second pamphlet. The report of the pro-

ceedings in the police court, with the examination and cross-examination of the witnesses, are at once lightly amusing and gravely suggestive. Both pamphlets are worthy perusal.

The pamphlet of Dr. Croly, we cannot at present adequately notice. There are some things in it not without weight, but there are many strange and startling absurdities, worthy of a writer, who, in a treatise on baptism, commences with the first and second *baptisms* of the world!—‘the globe covered with water, and the Spirit of God moving upon it; the next baptism was the deluge.’ The work is distinguished, too, by such a tone of assumption, dogmatism, and contempt of every body that differs, or dares to differ, from him, as by no means to recommend Dr. Croly to sensible readers either as an author or a man. We may, perhaps, one day, return to the subject, and establish and illustrate these unfavourable intimations.

Southey's Common-Place Book. Third Series. Analytical Readings
 Edited by his Son-in-law, John Wood Warter, B.D. London
 Longman and Co.

THIS volume displays an immense range and variety of reading, and together with its predecessors, fully accounts for the vast stores of information which were possessed by Dr. Southey. After an examination of their contents, we cease to wonder at the mental affluence he displayed. A man who read so much, and analyzed so carefully, was not likely to be at fault in any matter which required illustration or enforcement. Many men have been vast readers, but Southey was evidently much more than this. He condensed and arranged what he read, so as to have it always at command, and to render it subservient to his will. The present volume is devoted to history and biography civil and ecclesiastical, to correspondence, voyages and travels, topography, natural history, divinity, literary history, and miscellaneous literature. It is not too much to say, in the words of the editor, that ‘probably since the collection of the two Zuingers—Theodore and James—no volume has contained more condensed information. It is in itself a smaller *Theatrum Humana Vita*.’

Dr. Southey's views are, of course, conspicuous throughout the volume, and more particularly in the historical and biographical portions. We find no fault with this. It is perfectly natural that it should be so, and the fact is not fairly open to exception. His references to many works, such as ‘Ivimey's History of the Baptists,’ the ‘Methodist Magazine,’ ‘Wilson's Dissenting Churches,’ and ‘Bogue and Bennett's History of the Dissenters,’ will excite a smile in intelligent and candid readers. Taken as a whole, the volume is deeply interesting. It is a book for occasional reference, not for continuous reading, and is rich in the best materials of our affluent tongue.

We look with considerable mistrust on works of this kind; yet we are free to confess—little sympathy as there is, on many points, between us and Dr. Southey—that his ‘Common-Place Book’ will be our frequent companion, and that we anticipate from it both instruction and pleasure.

Observations on the Social and Political State of the European People in 1848-9. Being the second Series of the Notes of a Traveller. By Samuel Laing. 8vo. London: Longman and Co.

WE can barely state in this brief notice the valuable character of these 'Observations.' Mr. Laing's way of looking at social questions is, we presume, well known to our readers from his former very acute volumes. The present is written with the same faculty of keen observation and extraordinary power of clear presentment (by dint of constant inculcation), of the leading impressions in which his glances result. The great points to which the author seeks to bring his readers are, first and chiefly, that the masses of the continental nations are in a far superior social state to the corresponding English class; and that this superiority is closely connected with the great diffusion of landed property in France and Germany; secondly, the growing power of functionarism instead of aristocracy, as the prop of the continental governments; thirdly, the results of the governmental education system. The relative advantages, or rather disadvantages, of a standing army, and of the conscript system, are also ably discussed. But that which gives its chief value to the volume, is the ample and satisfactory 'deliverance' on the first-named subject—the distribution of landed property as a necessary element in the comfort of the masses. This great question is pressing on England. O'Connor land schemes, and such straws, show us that; and any thoughtful man's opinions are worth studying now in our moment of quiet, before the strife comes—much more those of a gentleman so thoroughly competent to deduce principles from his observation as is the keen-sighted author of this seasonable and important book.

The Working Man's Friend. Vols. I. and II. London: John Cassell.

It is scarcely affirming too much to say that penny publications constitute the peculiar trait of the literature of the present age; and, considering the vast numbers whom they influence, it is impossible but that they should exert a most powerful control over the great mass of our population. For this new social phenomenon it is perfectly easy to account. Had those cheap publications with which the press is now teeming been issued but a single generation ago, at the cost even of a farthing instead of a penny, they would have commanded but a scanty circulation, simply because the classes for whom they are intended would, to a great extent, have been unable to read them. Within the present century, however, the progress of popular education has been such in this country, as must make the era conspicuous in its history. This has naturally created a new and immense demand for literature of a character and a cost adapted to the class of readers who have been created, and intellectually enfranchised by Sunday, British and Foreign, and National Schools. Penny publications constitute the supply which has answered to this new and copious demand. The number of rival publications which weekly issue from the metropolis we are unable to state, but we are credibly informed that one of the most worthless of

them has a circulation of not less than *a hundred and sixty thousand a-week*. It is to counteract the dissipating and frequently vicious tendency of these publications, that the work before us has been originated. We have examined it with great satisfaction, and heartily commend it to the numerous class for whom it is especially designed.

There are two features in *The Working Man's Friend* which deserve to be mentioned as distinctive. The first of these is, that in addition to the high moral tendency, by which it is consistently pervaded, it constantly brings before its readers information of directly practical and domestic utility. A tale illustrative of the advantages of temperance, industry, or good temper, is not the less acceptable in the cottage of an artisan, because it is succeeded by instructions for the economizing of food and fuel, for baking, brewing, and cookery.

The second peculiar feature to which we refer is, the monthly supplement, which is exclusively made up of original essays by working men. Some of these are admirable, and it would be well if those proud isolated aristocrats, who designate these classes as the 'canaille,' and deny their capability of exercising the common functions of citizens, would peruse these essays, and confess and correct their error. A wise and excellent part of Mr. Cassell's scheme is, the remuneration for these essays by presents of books, which the writers are allowed to choose for themselves. Some of the letters of these prize essayists have accidentally fallen under our eye, and we must confess to a feeling of pride in the age and country in which we live, when we found such works as Butler's Analogy, Milton's prose writings, and Bacon's *Novum Organon*, selected by Cornish miners, Highland peasants, and Leicester stockingers. Mr. Cassell is unostentatiously doing a great work, and one in which we trust he will be cheered on by well-merited success.

Report of the Proceedings of the Second General Peace Congress, held in Paris on the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th of August, 1849. Compiled from Authentic Documents, under the Superintendence of the Peace Congress Committee. 8vo. Pp. 120. London: Charles Gilpin.

THIS volume is somewhat tardy in its appearance, and we note the fact, not from any querulous disposition, but to urge on the parties concerned not to allow a similar delay in the case of the Congress held last month at Frankfort. The circulation of such documents as constitute this volume is of great importance, and we, therefore, regret that it should be contracted by any circumstances which are not absolutely unavoidable. In order that such papers should be read, they must be furnished to the public immediately after the event which has called attention to the subject. However, better late than never. So says the old proverb, and so we think. The volume is now before us, and we rejoice in its possession, and earnestly recommend our friends to give it an early and attentive perusal. The speeches, in nearly all cases, have been translated or copied from the manuscripts furnished by the speakers themselves: the remainder have been collated from the reports which appeared in the various French and English news-

papers. The essays are printed without abbreviation, and the letters nearly so.

The Congress of Brussels in 1848, and that of Paris last year, have gone far to arouse public attention to the *peace* question. They have utterly removed the utopian character which was supposed to invest it, and have placed it in the clear light of day, as one of the practical questions of the age. It cannot be tabooed any longer. To sneer at it is disgraceful to the sneerer only. Truth is making way, and those who cannot—amongst whom we rank—subscribe to the abstract doctrine of the Peace Society, cordially unite with its members in the practical effort to put down war. We rejoice greatly in all this, and as a means of promoting one of the best and most philanthropic schemes of the day, we advise our readers to give due heed to the facts and reasonings of this volume.

Images. By W. Weldon Champneys, M.A. Fourth Edition. London : Seeleys.

THIS is a volume of very pleasing allegories, principally designed for children. There is more propriety and correctness of taste in them than in any similar volume which we have seen for a long time—and the addition to each of the quotations from Scripture furnishes the key in the words of the Bible. The book is one which has had, and deservedly, a wide circulation.

A Manual for the Young, being an Exposition of Proverbs i.—ix. By Rev. C. Bridges, M.A. London : Seeleys.

THIS is another of the ordinary kind of practical commentaries which are made on the principle of taking the simple thought expressed in half a dozen words of Scripture, and diluting it into a paragraph by repetitions and exclamations. Such a style of writing may be useful—any instruments may be that—but that it is likely to be so is very questionable. Without expressing any opinion on that subject, we do enough when we indicate the class of exposition to which this volume belongs. The author is evidently a devout, well-meaning man.

The State and Prospects of Jamaica. By David King, LL.D. London : Johnstone and Hunter.

WE welcome from a calm, clear-sighted Christian man, this volume, on an island which is an object of painful interest to British men of benevolence and religion. It contains a temperate, unbiassed statement of the present state of Jamaica, dark enough, but not gratuitously blackened. The study of the negro character is one of the most interesting parts of the book. There are appended remarks on the advantages of the island as a resort for invalids. We earnestly recommend the work to our readers. Jamaica had once a romantically strong hold on the sympathies of English Christians—and surely we are not now going to substitute neglect for all our former interest and energy.

The Lighted Valley; or, the Closing Scenes of the Life of Abby Bolton.

By one of her Sisters. With a Preface by her Grandfather, Rev. W. Jay, of Bath. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

To those who think 'scenes' on a death-bed are fit subjects for the world's eye, this volume will present a narrative of the peaceful, glad departure of a young lady of interesting character. On ourselves, the effect of this and all its class of books is not pleasant. We doubt the wisdom, and we are sure of the indelicacy, of putting on record the details of death, however they may exhibit Christian fortitude. The biographies of Scripture men avoid carrying us into the presence of the last moments, and there is deep significance in the fact. If, however, this general objection be surmounted, this volume will exhibit (how involuntarily we drop into theatrical words, '*scenes*,' '*exhibit*'—and this about a death-bed!) a gentle, patient, young heart, welcoming, rather than enduring, death.

The Analytical Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon: consisting of an Alphabetical Arrangement of every Word and Inflection contained in the Old Testament Scriptures, precisely as they occur in the Sacred Text, with a Grammatical Analysis of each Word, and Lexicographical Illustration of the Meanings. To which is prefixed, a complete Series of Hebrew and Chaldee Paradigms, with Grammatical Remarks and Explanations. 4to. Pp. 90: 784. London: Samuel Bagster and Sons. 1848.

MORE than seven years of unremitting labour, we are informed in the preface, have been bestowed upon this work. It is especially intended and adapted for those who are obliged to prosecute the study of the original languages of the Old Testament Scriptures without the advantage of oral instruction. Such persons will find it an invaluable companion, whatever lexicon and grammar they may use, but especially those of Gesenius. The paradigms and grammatical introduction, compiled from Gesenius's *Uhrgebäude*, and Winer's *Chaldee Grammar*, exhibit, of course, the same principles as are developed in the elaborate grammar prepared by Mr. Davidson, from Professor Rodiger's edition of that of Gesenius, formerly noticed by us. The lexicon stands in the same relation to Mr. Tregelles's elaborate and revised translation of that great Hebraist's lexicon, which we noticed at the same time. The special object of the present work, as compared with those we have just named, and as a companion to them, is to assist the student in analyzing and accounting for unusual or more difficult forms. This it does, we are happy to say, not by superseding either the grammar or the lexicon, but by facilitating the use of them. It is, in fact, a help to *parsing*, and such a help as we believe will be a stimulus to diligence, by obviating the peculiar causes of perplexity which the Semetic languages, as they are called, present.

Having, on more than one occasion, expressed our views in reference to Gesenius's grammatical and lexical systems, it is unnecessary to discuss that subject again. Nothing which has since been published on the

continent detracts in any measure from the pre-eminence of Gesenius's labours as we have described them, that is, as the most judicious, inductive, synthetical exposition of the phenomena and principles of the Hebrew language. His errors belong to another department of literary labour, that of exegesis: and with them, as we have before shown, Mr. Bagster's beautiful Lexicon had nothing to do, for they were removed by the patient diligence of Mr. Tregelles. It merely remains for us, therefore, now to say, that the volume before us is, in every respect, deserving of a place by the side of those which it is intended to accompany, and that with them, and the elaborate and excellent Hebrew Concordance, which we owe to the same enterprising publishers, it leaves even the solitary student nothing to desire in the way of help, after he has acquired the pronunciation of the language.

Female Agency among the Heathen, as recorded in the History and Correspondence of the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East. London: Suter.

WE notice this volume with great pleasure, as containing most interesting records of the operations of a society far too little known. The condition of women in heathen nations, whether civilized or barbarous, presents but too unvarying depression and misery; whilst the jealous seclusion which is their lot removes them from the influence of our ordinary mission agencies. There is thus ample room for such a society as that whose operations are recorded here; and we earnestly urge on all our lady readers to study this book, that they may strengthen the hands of their sisters, whose noble exertions are detailed in it. We have met, in turning over its pages, with accounts of some of the truest heroines that have ever lived. It would be easy to say a hundred sentimental things about woman's endurance, and so forth—but instead of all that, we would only refer to the narrative itself, and press its claims, not only, nor chiefly, as a literary production, though these are high, on the earnest attention of all the Christian women of England.

India and the Gospel. By Rev. W. Clarkson. London: Snow.

THERE is more material for thought in this book, of about three hundred pages, small octavo, than in some books of fourfold its size. The material, too, is of the best kind. Were we asked by a stranger to the operations of Christian missions in India to put him in the best way of thoroughly understanding them, we should introduce him at once to Mr. Clarkson. His production is worthy a high place amongst our missionary literature: to which, unless we are greatly mistaken, he will add further contributions of yet greater value. He is just the man to observe the varying moral phenomena of British India, to estimate their bearing on the progress of the Gospel, and then to indicate the corresponding duty of the Church of God. 'India and the Gospel' is an admirable book.

*John Cassell's Library, Vols. I. and II.—Sailings over the G
The Progress of Maritime Discovery.* London: John Cas

THE object of this work is mainly similar to that of the *Y* which we have already noticed. Its cheapness is, if possible, *s* remarkable. The volume, neatly bound and lettered, contains *i* dred and eighty-eight pages, illustrated with wood-cuts, and one shilling. Perhaps a more useful and generally interesting might have been selected for the introductory volumes of such History and biography, we think, should be its staple material

*The Norwegian Sailor: a Sketch of the Life of George Nosco
by himself. With an Introductory Note by the Rev. Thoma
D.D., LL.D. New Edition. With an Account of his Deat
don: Charles Gilpin.*

IT is not often that we meet with such a narrative as this—so *t* simple, truth-like, and instructive. There is, as Dr. Raffles 'an air of truthfulness and sincerity about it, that commends confidence of the reader as *no fiction*.' George Noscoe was *w*egian, born in 1788, and the narrative of his sailor's life, his *s*ion to God, and of the hearty zeal with which he devoted his years to the religious welfare of others, is one of the most records we have ever perused. 'I have seldom, if ever,' Raffles, 'perused a narrative more adapted to be acceptable *a* to that interesting class of our fellow-men to which he belo would earnestly recommend its perusal to every sailor.' In this and recommendation, we heartily concur. A better book for purpose cannot be found.

*The Revelation of St. John—simply analyzed and briefly expoun
Delta.* London: Nisbet.

An Exposition of the Book of Revelation. By the Author of the 'of Prophecy' from Daniel. London: Green.

THE former of these volumes adopts the theory of a three-foldism in the Apocalypse—the Epistles to the Churches being represent seven states of the Church, chronologically succeeding over the period from Christ to the consummation, *w*h ground is again twice traversed in the following portions. much calm sobriety of interpretation in the volume.

The second is the production of an elderly lady, who follows the beaten track of Protestant commentators, with a luxuriance which does not commend itself to us. For instance, she puts in John's vision of the Son of Man, whose head and hairs were like wool, with the spouse in the Canticles, whose locks were like bushy, and finds in this the Saviour's condition when his people were laid on him—and the contrast when, by the shedding blood, all was purged away.

Regeneration. By Wm. Anderson. Glasgow: Jackson.

THESE transcripts of a series of pulpit discourses are not the work of a common sermonizer. Their author is too little known south of the Tweed—but wherever known is held in the highest estimation as the possessor of one of the strongest, purest, most original minds, in the whole of Scottish dissent. With many peculiarities of style and thought, that sometimes jar on a fastidious ear, there is such a mass of sterling hard thinking in this volume, as we seldom find in the same compass, in sermons at all events. And withal, there comes, in the most unexpected places, a tone of such strange beauty, a gleam of such tenderness and pathos, as marks at once the man of genius—the poet under the guise of seceder minister—and, highest of all, there is deep religious life and intense earnestness. Logic, passion, almost tears, blend in the strangest but most captivating manner, in this as in all the remarkable productions of its remarkable author.

Explanatory Notes and Comments on the New Testament. By Edward Ash, M.D. In Three Vols. London: Partridge and Oakey.

THESE volumes contain a large amount of carefully-compiled explanatory remarks. The author states his aim to be setting before the reader the true scope and meaning of the text wherever it requires explanation, and exhibiting the train of thought, with the connexion between the several parts. Of course, an exhibition of the reasons for the adoption of one view of doubtful passages in preference to another, is not contemplated in such a plan—all that can be looked for is a sufficiently clear, brief statement of the author's conception of the text—and this Dr. Ash very successfully gives. His comments are short and unambiguous, he avoids sermonizing meditation, and all other excrescences. The result is a work which is not meant for the student, but keeps steadily in view the wants of one specific class, and, to a large extent, meets them. We can honestly recommend it as judicious, laborious, and plain, the result evidently of a devout and careful study for many years of the Bible and Biblical commentators.

Windings of the River of the Water of Life. By George B. Cheever, D.D. Glasgow: Collins.

DR. CHEEVER has gained so large a reputation for a fascinating style that we can scarcely venture to hint the doubt whether good taste will not meet many things in his writings which will offend. We do not admire the sort of mawkishness that entitles a book on the development and fruits of faith by such a title as this; and should be glad if popular taste were so far elevated as to dislike it too. We willingly bear testimony, however, to the great substantial merits of Dr. Cheever's volume, and suppose that in consideration of the many successful attempts at striking and beautiful things, we must be content to accept a miss now and then, especially as there is much to benefit as well as attract in the book.

Letters on Happiness. By the Author of 'Letters to My Unknown Friends.' London: Longman and Co.

THIS volume belongs to the class of books of practical religion, but *not* to the larger division of that class—which is marked not less by the presence of deep devotional feeling than by the absence of all pretensions to literary grace. We rejoice in the great change in tone which has in this respect passed on much of our popular religious writing, and refer with pleasure to the present volume, as well as to others from the same writer, as possessing, in an eminent degree, the charms of thorough Christian principle, deep humble godliness, and cultivated taste.

Gems from Matthew Henry. London: Partridge and Oakley.

WE need not sing praises to our great English commentator; a century and a half has done that wherever there have been devout men reading our tongue. This little volume is a collection, arranged under several heads, of many of his peculiar, pithy, aphoristic sayings, which present a fair view of his piety, his knowledge of men, his thoroughly English love for proverb-like sentences, laying hold of men as with hooks. It is a very valuable gift for readers of books of what is called an experimental character; no man can look over it without lighting on some line of wisdom, or tenderness, or rebuke, that will set him to think, or reflect, and pray.

Facts in a Clergyman's Life. By the Rev. C. B. Tayler, A.M., &c. London: Seeleys.

THERE is no attempt at order or method in Mr. Tayler's confidences. He gives us a collection of facts such as we presume almost every preacher has met, and a number of reflections such as we are sure every preacher could make. The volume reflects from every page the character of an amiable, hard-working, pious clergyman. It has all the simplicity of thought, and (with all respect we say it), some of the feebleness characteristic of the estimable party to which the writer belongs. While it contains nothing remarkable, it will doubtless edify many devout persons, partly for that very reason.

Romanism in England: The Redemptorist Fathers of St. Mary's Convent, Park-road, Clapham. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.

A REPRINT of a series of letters that originally appeared in the 'Historic Times,' containing copious extracts from Roman Catholic authors, to establish the charges of idolatry and false morality. Considerable pains have been taken in the work, which may serve to enlighten some people on the invariableness of Roman Catholicism in some of its most objectionable points of doctrine and precept.

The Mnemonic Chronology of British History, &c. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

THREE hundred pages of lines, which can only be called rhymes in the exercise of the most enlarged charity, out of each of which a date is extracted by certain initial letters receiving numerical value, is a sight that reminds one of old Mr. Weller's philosophical doubt about the acquisition of the alphabet, 'whether it's worth while going through so much to learn so little is a question—I rather think it isn't!'

The Amyott's Home. London: Groombridge.

THE charm of this little child's book is its simplicity. It bears all the marks of being a study, and a loving one, from real child-life. It is a quiet sketch of the life of a family of little ones, whom half its young readers will claim as portraits of themselves, and will love accordingly.

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THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW.

OCTOBER, 1850.

ART. I.—*Latter-Day Pamphlets*. Edited by Thomas Carlyle. London : Chapman and Hall. 1850.

THE author of these pamphlets may rest assured—if it is any satisfaction to him—that neither readers nor reviewers will, knowingly, pass by any thing bearing his name. The position he occupies in the world of letters has been gradually and well earned. Although it would be a compliment to say that he has followed the advice he once gave to a young author—‘If they receive your first book ill, write the second better’—it is by no means so to affirm that, of the many books he has written, there are none that do not bear the stamp of genius.

Indeed, Mr. Carlyle’s excellences and faults lie very much upon the surface, and are therefore equally conspicuous; whether they are equally distributed over his pages, is a question which no decision of ours is likely to set at rest. His ‘Critical and Miscellaneous Essays’ sparkle with the rich ore of thought, not infrequently all massive and alloyed as in its native bed, but often also ‘curiously wrought’ into the strangest and most tasteful shapes, as if by the hands of the ‘cunning workman.’ His ‘French Revolution’—which he entitles a *history*, but which might, with greater truth, have been entitled a *drama*—transports us into the midst of that theatre of terror to which even yet, and notwithstanding the many revolutions that have followed, the stand-still and retrograde politicians of the day are wont to point, as the scenic representation of an ascendant democracy, and the

inevitable result of all measures of progress and reform. His 'Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations' evinces uncommon industry in the amassing of illustrative materials; while the commentary on the text is the noblest contribution yet made to the history of Cromwell's times, and to the memory of the great hero himself. His other works—'Sartor Resartus,' 'Past and Present,' 'Lectures on Heroes and Hero-worship,' 'Chartism,' and 'Life of Schiller'—are all evidently 'done by the same hand,' and show the same mastery. Taken as a whole, his writings constitute a real addition to the literature of the age, while, in many respects, they lay the foundation of a new school in criticism and morals. Keen insight—high generalizing—both quiet and broad humour—galling irony—scathing sarcasm—graphic delineation, mixed up with a manner of oddities, eccentricities, and drolleries—are to be found in every volume. Every method of the pen is within the compass of his pages—from the stately and periodic, down to the abrupt and ejaculatory; from the most elaborate to the most careless. In some moods, he seems to soar aloft with the bold wing and undazzled eye of the bird of Jove; in others, he screams like the crane, and chatters like the swallow. Open his page at random, and it is quite a matter of chance whether you find him stretched at length, contemplative and serene, under the shadow of the great throne, listening to 'the voices and the silences' or elbowing his way through the marts and crowded thoroughfares of life, angry and out of temper, and giving vent to his feelings in explosive comments on the imbecility or knavery of all the passers-by. At times he seems so innocent—so harmless—so much in love with everything around him—that even the village children would gambol in his presence, or take his hand all fearlessly, to stroll through fields of buttercups and daisies; at other times the humour changes, and when the fit is on him he stamps with his foot, tears the air with his voice, and puts on a countenance of terrific aspect—like that of Cromwell in his angry mood, before which not even monarchs stand unquelled.

An author in whom such qualities are to be found is sure to meet with disciples and enemies, neither of whom are likely to be very moderate in their estimate of his worth. While the one regard him as a hero, a prophet, a saint, the other decry him as a juggler and empiric; and impartial judges of his merits are not easily to be found. Though reviewers are wont to assume the chair of infallibility, we do not profess to be beyond the possibility of error in the opinion we have formed respecting them: all we have undertaken to do is to clear our conscience and give expression to our honest convictions, in the best way we can.

The present series of pamphlets exhibits most of the excellences, with more than an ordinary share of the faults, of the author. Coming home, as they do, to the evils existing around us, and running counter to the prejudices and practices of living men, it is to be expected that they should stir up bitter opposition in many quarters. We have not been unmindful of this in the perusal we have given them, and have endeavoured to clothe our souls in meekness while listening to the stern rebukes and pungent appeals of the prophet 'prophesying in sackcloth and ashes.' At the same time we have not forgotten the precept, to 'try the spirits, whether they be of God;' and have even dared to judge for ourselves whether the *afflatus* be 'from above' or 'from beneath.' We have come to the conclusion—honestly, we trust, and not without much deliberation—that our author is a man 'of like passions with ourselves;' quite as fallible, and, from the peculiarity of his temperament, quite as likely to err, as any of his brethren. Indeed, it is not without a feeling of sadness that we see so much power ill-directed, if not worse than wasted, when a little candour and calmness in the use of it might have turned it to profitable account.

The first thing that claims our attention is, the style which Mr. Carlyle has selected as the vehicle of his address to the British public;—in the present instance, that peculiarly vicious one in which he so much delights—a slip-slop, thinking-aloud style, with all the hems and haws in it, and replete with *ohs* and *ahs*, exclamations, objurgations, and a species of interjections that read very much like oaths. As we have already said, Mr. Carlyle is capable of any style he pleases, from the most dulcet and rhythmic to the most rugged. We suppose, therefore, that he has chosen the latter for the sake of effect. Neither are there wanting those who admire him on this very account—a select and idolatrous few, who render obeisance to the entire development of an original and great mind. In the opinion of such, his *poohs* and his *pishes* have a profundity all their own; and his 'no, my lord!'—his 'by no means, my flunkey friend!'—his 'courage, my brave young fellow!'—his 'O'Bulls,' 'O'Heavisides,' and 'O'Bobuses'—a charm equal to that which ordinary readers derive from a simile of Taylor's, or a metaphor of Burke's; while his 'Hesperus Fiddlestrings,' 'Honourable Felix Parvuluses,' 'Right Honourable Zeros,' 'King Augises' and 'King Hudsons,' 'Lord Tommys,' and 'Honourable Johns,' bring a relief similar to what the readers of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' enjoy in the Obstinates and Pliables, the Faithfuls and Hopefuls, of that inimitable allegory. Such felicitous creations, they think, render the pilgrimage through Mr. Carlyle's pages all the more interesting, and help to pass

away the time on the road, even though it may not terminate Beulah or Canaan.

For our part, we could have dispensed with a few, if not a lot of these eccentricities. Neither do we believe it necessary that Mr. Carlyle should draw so largely upon the dregs of his imagination, in order to give depth of shadow to his sketches of men and things. Force is not necessarily allied to coarseness. An imbecile government, for example, might have been characterised quite as efficiently without raising up under our nostrils the reeking 'carcase of the drowned ass upon the mud-deluge and the corruptions of Downing-street might have been made palpable to common observation, without steeping them in ammonia, or sending us for illustration to the dung-heap, 'highly piled with pedant exuviae, and the owl-droppings of two hundred years.' There is something to choose, we opine, between the rose-water school and that of the dung-heap.

But eccentricities of style are venial sins, in comparison with some others, chargeable on our author. Few writers expend so many pages upon truisms of the most common-place kind, ushered in with all the pomp of extended illustration. The following may be taken as a favourable, and, to judge from the frequent use made of it, favourite specimen:—

'Your ship cannot double Cape Horn by its excellent plans of voting! The ship may vote this and that, above decks and below, in the most harmonious exquisitely constitutional manner: the ship, to get round Cape Horn, will find a set of conditions already voted for, and fix it with adamant rigour, by the ancient Elemental Powers, who are entirely careless how you vote. If you can, by voting or without voting, ascertain these conditions, and valiantly conform to them, you will get round the Cape: if you cannot,—the ruffian winds will blow you ever back again; the inexorable Icebergs, dumb privy-councillors from Chaos, will nudge you with most chaotic "admonition;" you will be flung, half-frozen, on the Patagonian Cliffs, or admonished into shivers by your iceberg councillors, and sent sheer down to Davy Jones, and will never get round Cape Horn at all! Unanimity on board ship;—yes, indeed, the ship's crew may be very unanimous which, doubtless, for the time being, will be very comfortable to the ship's crew, and to their Phantasm Captain, if they have one: but, in the tack they unanimously steer upon is guiding them into the belly of the abyss, it will not profit them much! Ships, accordingly, do not use the ballot-box at all; and they reject the Phantasm species of Captains: one wishes much some other entities,—since all entities lie under the same rigorous set of laws,—could be brought to show as much wisdom, and sense at least of self-preservation, the *first* command of Nature.'—*The Present Time*, pp. 18, 19.

Whatever is advanced here respecting 'elemental powers,' 'Nature's laws,' and 'doubling Cape Horn by means of ballot

box and unanimous voting,' is true enough—so true, that none will dispute it; perhaps none, save Mr. Carlyle, imagine the discovery of it 'notable' enough to be put on record. The truism, however, is not introduced in this, nor in any similar case, without an object. The one now quoted does not fail to 'point a moral,' from which we take the liberty to dissent—namely, 'Phantasm Captains with unanimous votings: this is considered to be all the law and all the prophets, at present.' The contrary of this we believe to be the truth. In this 'present time' the general, if not universal, aim of the British public is to obtain real captains; and the voting—were it but allowable, according to law—all but 'unanimous' in favour of such, wherever they may be found. Phantasms, indeed, have managed somehow to assume the captaincy of the state-vessel, without popular voting at all, or by means of partial 'rotten-borough,' or as partial 'fifty-pound freeholder,' or 'ten-pound householder,' voting—and, in this case, anything but unanimous; while the great mass of the people are unanimous the other way. Enfranchise the millions—even as we now find them, after ages of oppression and defraudation of their political rights—and place before them on the hustings a Cromwell, a Vane, a Hampden, a Milton, and we venture to affirm that there would be unanimous voting in their favour; while, it is more than possible, that your present partial, rotten-borough, fifty-pound freeholder, ten-pound householder voters, would reject them altogether. Indeed—to borrow a little upon our author's figure—we have heard of phantasm captains appointed not by the crew, who are generally very good judges of what a captain should be, but by the owners or interested relations at home, being seized by the crew and put under hatches, on the ground of incompetency, until Cape Horn has been weathered; a real captain having meanwhile been appointed in his stead—and that, too, by means of 'unanimous voting.' So that, although it is true to a truism that ballot-boxes and phantasm captains will not take your ship round Cape Horn, it is not quite so true that an unanimous crew, and a real captain of their own choice, may not effect that object, in spite of the 'ruffian winds,' the 'inexorable icebergs,' the 'belly of the abyss,' and 'Davy Jones.'

It is a common thing, however, with Mr. Carlyle to lead on his irrelevant conclusions and false analogies by leashing them with such truisms as these—anything but a venial fault in one who professes so profound a hatred of shams and falsehoods. The following may serve as another example in point:—

'Certainly Emancipation proceeds with rapid strides among us, this good while; and has got to such a length as might give rise to reflections in men of a serious turn. West Indian Blacks are emancipated.

and, it appears, refuse to work : Irish Whites have long been entirely emancipated, and nobody asks them to work, or, on condition of finding them potatoes (which, of course, is indispensable), permits them to work. Among speculative persons, a question has sometimes risen: In the progress of Emancipation, are we to look for a time when all the horses also are to be emancipated, and brought to the supply-and-demand principle? Horses, too, have "motives;" are acted on by hunger, fear, hope, love of oats, terror of platted leather; nay, they have vanity, ambition, emulation, thankfulness, vindictiveness; some rude outline of all our human spiritualities,—a rude resemblance to us in mind and intelligence, even as they have in bodily frame. The horse, poor dumb four-footed fellow, he, too, has his private feelings, his affections, gratitudes; and deserves good usage; no human master, without crime, shall treat him unjustly either, or recklessly lay on the whip where it is not needed: I am sure, if I could make him "happy," I should be willing to grant a small vote (in addition to the late twenty millions) for that object!

'Him, too, you occasionally tyrannize over; and with bad result to yourselves, among others; using the leather in a tyrannous, unnecessary manner; withholding, or scantily furnishing, the oats, and ventilated stabling, that are due. Rugged horse-subduers, one fears they are a little tyrannous at times. "Am I not a horse, and half-brother?" To remedy which, so far as remediable, fancy—the horses all "emancipated;" restored to their primeval right of property in the grass of this globe; turned out to graze in an independent supply-and-demand manner! So long as grass lasts, I dare say they are very happy, or think themselves so. And Farmer Hodge sallying forth, on a dry spring morning, with a sieve of oats in his hand, and agony of eager expectation in his heart, is he happy? "Help me to plough this day, Black Dobbin: oats in full measure, if thou wilt?" "Hlunh, No—thank!" snorts Black Dobbin; he prefers glorious liberty and the grass. "Bay Darby, wilt not thou, perhaps?" "Hlunh!"—"Grey Joan, then, my beautiful broad-bottomed mare,"—O Heaven, she too answers "Hlunh!" Not a quadruped of them will plough a stroke for me. Corn-crops are *ended* in this "world!" For the sake, if not of Hodge, then of Hodge's horses, one prays this benevolent practice might now cease, and a new and better one try to begin. Small kindness to Hodges's horses to emancipate them! The fate of all emancipated horses is, sooner or later, inevitable. To have in this habitable Earth no grass to eat,—in Black Jamaica gradually none, as in white Connemara already none,—to roam aimless, wasting the seed-fields of the world; and be hunted home to Chaos, by the due watch-dogs and due hell-dogs, with such horrors of forsaken wretchedness as were never seen before! These things are not sport; they are terribly true, in this country at this hour.'—*The Present Time*, pp. 30—32.

It is true, we admit—true even to a truism—that it will not do to 'emancipate the horses;' but it is not quite so true that to emancipate Blacks and Whites is an equally pernicious and

utterly foolish thing. The very illustration is degrading, and unworthy of Mr. Carlyle's insight. He who can see so much in the constitution of horses, might, we should have thought, see more in the constitution of man, however obscured. What if Quashee does relish his new-born liberty all too well, and, sunning himself in the blissful beam, become somewhat too indifferent to the labours of the cane-field; have patience, and he will rise from his dreamy state, to work like a man, before long! What if the wretched Irish, oppressed by a wicked legislation and duped by priestcraft for ages, are reduced to the lowest condition of mental and physical servitude; fulfil the conditions of justice and humanity, repeal unrighteous laws, diffuse the light of truth, treat them as fellow-members of the same family and subjects of the same realm with yourselves, and they also will not be slow in responding to every claim that society may prefer! But write them down 'horses,' asses, brutes; practically deal with them as such; rule them with a strong hand, and, by the appliances of whip and spur, bit and bridle,—and their condition is hopeless indeed! Israel in Egypt was then quite as much an object of pity to the civilized world, as these Whites and Blacks, and the Carlyles of Pharaoh's court gave counsel respecting the proper method of treatment similar to that which pervades these pamphlets; but the voice of the Great and Just Ruler said, 'No!—Let my people go free!' and every child knows the result. Even to the present day, the descendants of those 'emancipated' Israelites are the regenerators and teachers of the world. We are not, therefore, amongst the number of those 'speculative persons,' with whom the question, 'Shall we emancipate the horses?' is the counterpart of the question, 'Shall we emancipate the Negroes?—Shall we give equal liberty to the Irish?' Far as our voice can reach, we will echo the Divine proclamation of 'liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound.' For 'all that are oppressed,' we know nothing better than emancipation and a real exodus.

Another grave fault observable in these 'Latter-day Pamphlets,' is that of exaggeration; amounting, not unfrequently, to positive falsehood. For example: Mr. Carlyle is not satisfied with informing us that rational liberty is beginning to be acknowledged everywhere as a desideratum—that would be a tame and unimpressive statement. Turning, therefore, the matter-of-fact into fiction, he shapes it as follows:—

'The notion everywhere prevails among us, too, and preaches itself abroad in every dialect, uncontradicted anywhere, so far as I can hear. That the panacea for social woes is what we call "enfranchisement," "emancipation;" or, translated into practical language, the cutting

asunder of human relations, wherever they are found grievous, as is like to be pretty universally the case at the rate we have been going for some generations past. Let us all be "free" of one another; we shall then be happy. Free, without bond or connexion, except that of cash payment; fair day's wages for the fair day's work, bargained for by voluntary contract and law of supply-and-demand: this is thought to be the true solution of all difficulties and injustices that have occurred between man and man.'—*Ib.* p. 29.

Again, the statement—certainly appalling enough—appears in the daily papers, that some thousands of persons in London live precariously by the needle; Mr. Carlyle exaggerates the fact in the following terms:—

'British industrial existence seems fast becoming one huge poison-swamp of reeking pestilence, physical and moral; a hideous *living* Golgotha of souls and bodies buried alive; such a Curtius' gulf communicating with the Nether Deep, as the sun never saw till now. . . . Thirty-thousand outcast Needle-women working themselves swiftly to death; three million paupers rotting in forced idleness, *helping* said Needlewomen to die: these are but items in the sad ledger of despair.'—*Ib.* pp. 32, 33.

Sometimes he ushers in a 'notable' discovery, in similar terms of exaggeration; as, for example, in the latter part of the same 'item in the ledger of despair':—

'In the meanwhile, no needlewoman, distressed or other, can be procured in London by any housewife to give, for fair wages, fair help in sewing. Ask any thrifty house-mother, high or low, and she will answer. In high houses and in low, there is the same answer: no *real* needlewoman, "distressed" or other, has been found attainable in any of the houses I frequent. Imaginary needlewomen, who demand considerable wages, and have a deepish appetite for beer and viands, I hear of everywhere; but their sewing proves too often a distracted puckering and botching; not sewing, only the fallacious hope of it—a fond imagination of the mind. Good sempstresses are to be hired in every village; and in London, with its famishing thirty-thousand, not at all, or hardly. Is not No-government beautiful in human business?'—*Ib.* pp. 33, 34.

The condition of London must be a hopeless one indeed, and that of the 'house-mothers' worse than hopeless! The only thing that puzzles us is, how this astounding state of things has been so indubitably ascertained. 'Is Saul also amongst the prophets?' was once a proverb. Is Mr. Carlyle amongst the house-mothers? seems almost as suitable just now.

The favourite topic of exaggeration, however, is that of the present condition and prospects of the country—more especially as contrasted with the past. The magnifying power of the apparatus through which these objects have been contemplated,

must be immense. In the past all is heroism—the race of men then living a race of giants—government a reality—monarchy a divine rule—and the people truly blessed; at the present time, and for some two centuries past, all has been changed for the worse. Other writers may have thought that the former times were better than these; but it has been reserved for Mr. Carlyle to assert it roundly and boldly, without the slightest hesitation. The days of feudal bondage and popular ignorance—when brute force held the millions of mankind in subjection—when the roads were all but impassable, and in the safe keeping of highwaymen—when commerce was a rude barter, or another name for piracy and spoliation, and the intercourse of nations little more than that which arose from feuds and wars—when the lamp of knowledge shed its oily beams little beyond the outer courts of the monastery, and science with unfledged wing could only flutter in the twilight to scare and terrify, and art never condescended to benefit by its appliances the masses of the people—when religion, as if in mockery of its heavenly origin and benign nature, became the mere pretence for statecraft and spiritual tyranny, the formal exponent of all the base, sordid, malevolent passions;—those are the days over which the author of these pamphlets groans and sighs as the blessed days of justice and might, when verily there were both governors and governed! Mr. Carlyle must be practising somewhat on the credulity of his readers when he thus magnifies the past at the expense of the present.

We commend to such as are in danger of being caught by these absurdities—and we understand that they are not a few—a story which for the sake of brevity we will call the story of the stone lion that wagged its tail; it will be found in Sir Walter Scott's little volume on 'Demonology and Witchcraft.' Of all lions—African, Asiatic, European—for European, and even British, lions are no longer rare—this ought to be the most celebrated. On a certain day, and under peculiar circumstances, the said lion was seen to wag its tail. The rare sight was observed by a crowd of gaping people assembled opposite Northumberland House. There could be little or no doubt of the fact, at least in *their* minds. True, it was not a common thing for stone lions to wag their tails, neither had this one been known to wag its tail before; still, the fact was indisputable. Hallucination, witchcraft, demonology, perverted vision—all were out of the question. Was it not an ascertained fact—these too credulous persons might have said, if questioned on the subject—at least to *one* of the spectators? Indeed, had not this one, of keener sight and more observant mind than the rest, been the first to detect the strange phenomenon?

Had he not been looking that way, spell-bound, for an hour or more, and thereby drawn the attention of passers-by to what would otherwise have passed unnoticed? Had they not had intimations of the fact, gradually given—first, in unmeaning mutterings to himself, then in hoarse suppressed whispers, and at last in loud explosive voice—that ‘It wagged!—yes! By Heaven! It wagged its tail!’ The story, if our memory serves, goes on to say how this prince of wags, having fairly imposed on the crowd, turned round upon them with a smile anything but complimentary, and wished them good evening for their folly! Let those who sympathize with Mr. Carlyle in his view of the past, have a care lest he turn round upon them before long with a similar ‘good evening’—a turn quite as probable as some others with which he has amused, if not astonished, the British public.

But it is time to put our readers in possession of the general plan and object of these Latter-Day Pamphlets. The first number, from which we have made several quotations, contains the germ of all that follow. It opens with a graphic, but exaggerated description of the age now passing over us—‘days of endless calamity, disruption, dislocation, confusion worse confounded.’ This state of things is traced back to its originating cause in a reforming Pope—the Papa of Christendom—proclaiming ‘the law of veracity as the rule for human things.’ The Sicilian insurrection speedily followed, then the French revolution, and then that of all Europe, ‘from Baltic to Mediterranean.’ ‘Everywhere immeasurable democracy rose monstrous, loud, blatant, inarticulate, as the voice of Chaos. Everywhere the official holy-of-holies was scandalously laid bare to dogs and the profane.’ We are then favoured with the author’s diagnosis of the prevalent social epidemic. It is the triumph of democracy, as ‘the inevitable fact of the days in which we live;’ and the question he proposes to consider, is, whether democracy, ‘furnished with ballot-boxes and such like, will make a blessed new world of us,’ or not. The ‘contrary of all this,’ is his view of the case; and hence the present series of pamphlets. It is more especially his object to ‘examine the recipe of a parliament, how fit it is for governing nations, nay, how fit it may now be, in these new times, for governing England itself, where we are used to it so long.’

Having thus stated the question, he proceeds to settle it in a rather summary manner. He affirms that democracy is not wise enough to rule, such wisdom having ever pertained to the few; hastily dismisses the examples of ancient and modern republics, including that of the United States, which he considers to be still under the test; pronounces democracy on both sides of the

Atlantic 'an impossibility,' the universe itself being a monarchy and hierarchy, in which the noble are appointed to the highest place, and the ignoble to the lowest, while there is a fatal tendency in democracy to raise the sham-noblest to the supreme place; and concludes the argument by defining as the first right of man 'the everlasting privilege of the foolish to be governed by the wise.'

Let the reader of these pamphlets understand that the subject thus propounded and presented in an argumentative form, is the *main* subject of discussion throughout. What follows in the concluding part of this, and in the succeeding numbers, is but the opening up and beating out of this one theme, in the author's peculiar way. His aim is to show, that democracy cannot rule, and that the nearer we get to the democratic form of government the worse it will be for us. 'Model Prisons,' 'Downing Street,' 'New Downing Street,' 'Stump-Orator,' 'Parliaments,' 'Hudson's Statue,' and 'Jesuitism,' are only so many phases of Mr. Carlyle's faith, or rather no-faith, in the incompetency of democracy to 'make a blessed new world of us.' Of this he informs us in so many words. If democracy, with its parliament, ballot-boxes, and universal suffrage, could introduce 'a real millennium,' he would have 'had the happiness of remaining silent.' Such being the case, it remains for us to show how the great question—for a great one it is—has been argued out; whether it has been dealt with fairly; and how much of conviction it is likely to produce on the thinking mind of England. It would be out of place to select isolated passages, however graphic or humorous, for the mere purpose of amusing, or even instructing our readers. We are prepared to admit that many such might be selected, in the author's happiest vein, and from which considerable benefit might be derived; but, when all such passages have, or ought to have, a certain measure of coherency in the general development of the author's views on a great social and political question, it would ill become us to regard them in any other light than as they bear upon it.

Following this course, then, we are constrained to pronounce Mr. Carlyle's 'Latter-day Pamphlets' a failure, and anything but a happy specimen of moral demonstration. The false analogies and exaggerations referred to in the preceding portion of this article, render a large number of the illustrations inapplicable to the 'case of England;' while the remedial suggestions offered for the first time, and we hope also for the last, afford anything but proof of the political sagacity or statesman-like abilities of the author. A reference to the contents of the successive numbers of the series will, we think, justify the opinion we have pronounced.

The concluding part of the first number opens with an exaggerated statement respecting the tendency of our British affairs to anarchy and misery, not without some heavy flings at emancipation, voluntaryism, parliament, constitutional government, and universal suffrage. The wise are invoked to come forth and take 'command of the innumerable foolish'—if necessary, to fight for pre-eminence, and, having taken, to keep it, 'at their life's peril, against all men and devils.' The Irish case again comes up, with the remedies necessarily to be used, in the shape of a strong-handed government or governor, who is to compel the 'able-bodied lack-alls' to work in the bogs and 'vacant desolations,' anywhere and everywhere, but above all to work; or, failing that, to flog and shoot them! The 'speech of the British Prime Minister, to the floods of Irish and other beggars, &c.,' concludes the number—a speech in which Mr. Carlyle endeavours a small imitation of one of those singular speeches which it was lately his good fortune to edit. We have heard of the bull-frog imitating the ox. Truly, a commentator and an author are different persons. The book of Mormon is said to be an imitation of the Bible!

The second number, entitled 'Model Prisons,' is a vigorous onslaught on the philanthropic tendencies of the age, more especially as evinced in our criminal legislation. The author gives us an excellent description of a visit that he made to 'one of the London prisons,'—'a beautiful establishment fitted up for the accommodation of the scoundrel-world, male and female.' He contrasts this establishment with others, from the Duke's to the artisan's, and gives it the preference, as more clean, pure, airy, and wholesome; and breaks out in a choler against the system that provides such palaces for such wretches as inhabit them—'miserable distorted blockheads, the generality; ape-faces, imp-faces, angry dog-faces, heavy sullen ox-faces, &c.' After telling us what he would do with these miserable men, whom he calls his 'diabolic friends,' and how sick he is of 'scoundrelism,' he indulges in a continuous tirade against the false benevolence, beneficence, and philanthropy of the day. Howard is regarded as the 'unlucky fountain of the tumultuous frothy ocean-tide of benevolent sentimentality;' the 'benevolent platform fever' is deemed 'more distressing' than the jail-fever, which he 'abated;' and his successors in every philanthropic department are sorely rated for their 'morbid sympathy instead of hearty-hatred for scoundrels.' Revenge on all scoundrels he considers a duty; and the proper end of criminal legislation to do 'God's justice' upon them; and so, by putting a collar upon some and treating them like brutes, by banishing others, and shooting or hanging the rest, he would get rid of them all in a summary way. But,

alas, as the age gets more democratic, it also gets more benevolent—a striking proof of the incompetency of the people to manage their own affairs!

There is one portion of this number against which we must enter our protest, as a libel on the spirit and tendency of New Testament Christianity. The passage is as follows:—

‘Not the least disgusting feature of this Gospel according to the Platform is its reference to religion, and even to the Christian Religion, as an authority and mandate for what it does. Christian Religion? Does the Christian or any religion prescribe love of scoundrels, then? I hope it prescribes a healthy hatred of scoundrels;—otherwise what am I, in Heaven’s name, to make of it? Me, for one, it will not serve as a religion on those strange terms. Just hatred of scoundrels, I say; fixed, irreconcilable, inexorable enmity to the enemies of God: this, and not love for them, and incessant whitewashing, and dressing and cockering of them, must, if you will look into it, be the backbone of any human religion whatsoever. Christian Religion! In what words can I address you, ye unfortunates, sunk in the slushy ooze till the worship of mud-serpents, and unutterable Pythons and poisonous slimy monstrosities, seems to you the worship of God? This is the rotten carcass of Christianity; this malodorous phosphorescence of *post-mortem* sentimentalism. O Heavens, from the Christianity of Oliver Cromwell, wrestling in grim fight with Satan and his incarnate blackguardisms, hypocrisies, injustices, and legions of human and infernal angels, to that of eloquent Mr. Hesperus Fiddlestring denouncing capital punishments, and inculcating the benevolences on platforms, what a road have we travelled!’—*Model Prisons*, p. 27.

The Christian religion, as we understand it, is something better than a formula of vengeance. If Mr. Carlyle will for once take counsel, and ‘look into it,’ he will find, we think, that the Christian Scriptures teach us, amongst other things, ‘to love our enemies, and to do good unto them that hate us;’ he will find testimony of the highest kind, that the Son of man came ‘to seek and to save that which is lost,’ ‘to save men’s lives and not to destroy them;’ he will find explicit directions to those who receive the Christian religion, not to do justice upon ‘scoundrels,’ but to seek their restoration to the ways of justice and purity, by showing them how ‘God so loved the world as to give his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him might not perish, but have everlasting life;’ he will find all methods of revenge strictly prohibited, because, ‘It is written, vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord;’ he will find one parable illustrating the compassion of God to the prodigal that repents and returns to his father’s house, and another illustrating the disgust which a Pharisaical spirit, not much unlike that manifested by our author himself, produces in the mind of infinite purity and benevolence. The Christianity of Oliver

Cromwell, indeed! That would have been little worth, if it had not more of the 'milk of human kindness' in it than Mr. Carlyle seems to suppose. We have carefully perused and reperused this portion of the pamphlet, anxious to be convinced that we have misunderstood the writer's meaning, and that it is scoundrelism and not scoundrels he would have us hate so much. But no, there is no mistake! 'Revenge, and the natural hatred of scoundrels, and the ineradicable tendency to *revancher* oneself upon them, and pay them what they have merited;' this is what he describes as 'intrinsically a correct and even a divine feeling in the mind of every man. Only the excess of it is diabolic.' To one who professes to have learnt such a lesson of tender mercy as this in the school of Him who was 'meek and lowly in heart,' we can only say in his own words—'Enough; you may go down!'

The third and fourth numbers, entitled 'Downing-street,' and 'New Downing-street,' relate to the same subject. The first is not confined, as we should have expected, to the corruptions, and the second is not exclusively devoted to the reformation, of Downing-street. The evils of our present constitutional government, and the practical remedies suggested by the author, are scattered about as the mood dictates. Certainly the faults of the present management are touched upon with no sparing hand, and, as it appears to us, with as little candour as discrimination—which is the more to be regretted, inasmuch as a calm and sober estimate of existing evils is preliminary to all real change in the right direction. Unquestionably Downing-street has, and has ever had, its corruptions; but we doubt whether, under existing circumstances, any reform worth mentioning can be effected in the Home, Colonial, and Foreign Offices themselves. The remedy will be found when Parliament itself is reformed, and not before.

Two things in these numbers deserve notice, as indicating Mr. Carlyle's idea of what is needful to be done. First, the selection of Sir Robert Peel as the Hercules of Reform in the executive; and secondly, the proposal to confer on the sovereign the power of choosing a cabinet from any quarter whatever, and the rendering it entirely independent of Parliament. Respect to the memory of the statesman, whose recent decease elicited so large an amount of public sympathy, forbids our dwelling upon the former of these points, as we should otherwise have been moved to do. Mr. Carlyle ought by this time to be convinced that the gift of the true seer is not his; since the very man selected for the task of reforming Downing-street, as Mr. Carlyle would have it reformed, has been taken away from us, as if in mockery of the unprophectic judgment passed upon him! Never did horoscope

more signally fail, and never, perhaps, did Providence, if he will heed it, teach him a more humbling lesson. The latter point—the proposed remedy for existing evils, is expressed in the following words:—

‘The Proposal is, That Secretaries under and upper, that all manner of changeable or permanent servants in the Government Offices, shall be selected *without* reference to their power of getting into Parliament;—that, in short, the Queen shall have power of nominating the half-dozen or half-score Officers of the Administration, whose presence is thought necessary in Parliament, to official seats there, without reference to any constituency but her own only, which of course will mean her Prime Minister’s. A very small encroachment on the present constitution of Parliament; offering the minimum of change in present methods, and I almost think a maximum in results to be derived therefrom. . . . The soul of his project is, That the Crown also have power to elect a few members to Parliament.’—*Downing-street*, pp. 33, 34.

This ‘project,’ Mr. Carlyle thinks, would, in the course of time, induce a great ‘accession of intellect’ to the Government offices—a ‘little’ even of which is ‘always precious;’ would cause Downing-street to attract to itself ‘the actual flower of whatever intellect the British nation’ possesses; in a word, contains the ‘beneficent germs, which the presence of one truly wise man as chief Minister, steadily fostering them for even a few years, with the sacred fidelity and vigilance that would beseech him, might ripen into living practices, and habitual facts, invaluable to us all.’

In support of these views, he argues that the kind of Ministers needed, are not such as have the gift of parliamentary eloquence, but rather of ‘working in the silent state;’ that Secretaries of State should not be ‘much troubled with addressing parliament;’ that the ‘ability of such to get elected into parliament’ has ‘no concern with’ their ability as secretaries; that there are many able secretaries to choose from in the nation at large, while there are necessarily very few in parliament; and—descending to examples by way of illustrating the working of the ‘project’—that ‘Robert Burns never had the smallest chance of getting into parliament,’ and yet ‘was a born king of men, full of valour, of intelligence, and heroic nobleness,’ and, in fact, just the kind of man to be made a Prime Minister!

Such is the famous project of our latter-day constitution-monger! We shall not reflect upon the judgment of our readers by any lengthened discussion of its merits. We should have supposed that the most superficial glance at his scheme would have sufficed to show that the essential principle of it was involved in the struggle between the Tudors and Stuarts and the people of England—that principle of independence and irresponsibility

on the part of the Crown which operated in favour of tyranny both in Church and State through so long a period, and to which the first decisive blow was given by the Long Parliament two centuries ago. It strikes us as 'passing strange,' that the elucidator of Oliver Cromwell's letters and speeches should gravely recommend a return to that miserable state of bondage which occasioned so much bloodshed in the heroic age of Pym and Hampden, Vane and Cromwell. Did it never enter into Mr. Carlyle's mind that the Queen's electing members to serve in Parliament involves the entire question of liberty or despotism; and that the power of Parliament to 'turn out the Ministry' constitutes the essence of its freedom? This 'very small encroachment on the present constitution of Parliament' would be neither more nor less than a cession of the sovereignty of the people to that of the hereditary monarch, an exchange of liberty for tyranny, the first step to inevitable degradation and ruin.

If, during the present European crisis, there be one thing in which Englishmen have just cause for congratulation, it is that they are in a fair way towards realizing, even though it be by gradual stages, the consummation of all that can be desired in the shape of a constitutional government. The people are becoming every day better prepared for *self-government*, in the full sense of the word. The Queen is a mere 'institution.' At no distant date, it will become an additional ground for satisfaction that the aristocracy constitutes only one out of many equal portions of the body politic. But convert the Ministry into an irresponsible power, and then all that has been battled for will be lost. This 'minimum of change in present methods' would suffice, like the springing of a leak, to let in the whole deluge of corruption, and the 'good ship' and her crew would go down to 'the belly of the abyss and Davy Jones,' without any 'nudging' from those 'inexorable councillors the Icebergs;' especially now that our latter-day statesman's last hope—Sir Robert Peel—is no more! Possibly Mr. Carlyle, called to the helm of affairs, and associated with a few Robert Burns in the shape of Secretaries of State, might save us for a few years; but then—when all our 'born kings of men' were exhausted, or had been supplanted and sent back to their occupation of tapping and gauging beer-barrels, by the Straffords and Pitts of a new generation—the vessel of the State would infallibly founder, and England's glory would be gone for ever. Save us from such crudities in legislation as this of Mr. Carlyle's!

The fifth number, or 'Stump-Orator,' is an attack, vigorous and homely, but somewhat out of place, considering the author of it, on the oratorical propensities of the age. The following is Mr. Carlyle's definition and valuation of the Stump-Orator:—

'The "excellent Stump-Orator," as our admiring Yankee friends define him, he who in any occurrent set of circumstances can start forth, mount upon his "stump," his rostrum, tribune, place in parliament, or other ready elevation, and pour forth from him his appropriate "excellent speech," his interpretation of the said circumstances, in such manner as poor windy mortals round him shall cry bravo to,—he is not an artist I can much admire, as matters go! Alas, he is in general merely the windiest mortal of them all; and is admired for being so, into the bargain. Not a windy blockhead there who kept silent but is better off than this excellent stump-orator. Better off, for a great many reasons; for this reason, were there no other: the silent one is *not* admired; the silent suspects, perhaps partly admits, that he is a kind of blockhead, from which salutary self-knowledge the excellent stump-orator is debarred. A mouthpiece of Chaos to poor benighted mortals that lend ear to him as to a voice from Cosmos, this excellent stump-orator fills me with amazement. Not empty these musical wind-utterances of his; they are big with prophecy; they announce, too audibly to me, that the end of many things is drawing nigh!—*Stump-Orator*, pp. 5, 6.

This is a fair specimen of the material filling the pages of this number. The march of thought is vague and hap-hazard, and defying analysis. It is an original, but loose essay on the virtues of silence and the vices of utterance—whether from the stump of the orator, or the page of the writer; and concludes with an exhortation to his imaginary 'young British man' to eschew eloquence, literature, and wit, and with a fond hope that 'future generations, acquainted again with the silences, and once more cognisant of what is noble, and faithful, and divine, may not look back on *us* with pity and incredulous astonishment.'

Many things have been suggested to our minds by the perusal of this vigorous homily. First, we have been led to entertain the question, whether the good resulting from the use of free speech and a free press does not vastly preponderate over the evil. If many foolish things are said, so are many wise and pleasant things. We look on the present state of our country as hopeful even in this respect. The remarks of Milton on the age passing over him are, in part, applicable now:—'Where there is much desire to learn, there, of necessity, will be much arguing, much writing, many opinions; for opinion in good men is but knowledge in the making. What some lament of, we should rather rejoice at, should rather praise this pious forwardness among men to re-assume the ill-deputed care of their religion into their own hands again. A little generous prudence, a little forbearance of one another, and some grain of charity, might win all these diligences to join and unite into one general and brotherly search after truth.'

Again, we have not been convinced, even by the rhetoric of
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our latter-day seer, that silence is to be taken as an index of intellect or energy. Your hard-worker is often a brisk talker, and silence is quite as often the proof of an empty or stupid mind. Sir Walter Scott's elderly fellow-traveller of the stage-coach, whose grave imperturbable countenance and sealed lips deceived him into the supposition that he was some eminently wise man, was a type of a considerable class. The old gentleman, it seemed, was too full of the sublimation of thought to open his mouth farther than by the monosyllabic 'Yes,' or 'No, sir;' but when the coach stopped at the roadside inn, and the table was spread for the hasty dinner, his true character began to develop itself; and when at last the dumplings came smoking hot upon the table, the charm was wholly broken, and Sir Walter was enabled to penetrate to the depth of this silent profundity, as he exclaimed, 'Them's the jockies for me!' We hope the effect of Mr. Carlyle's 'Stump-Orator' will not be to introduce the fashion of silence and gravity amongst our would-be geniuses, whether of younger or more advanced years!

But there is one other thing suggested by this satire on the oratorical and literary characteristics of the age. We have it on good authority, that Mr. Carlyle himself is no mean talker, but rather one of the first class, and, as might be expected, original and captivating. He talks, we understand, very much as he writes—in a varied strain; sometimes rugged and soliloquizing, after the manner of Bishop Andrews; sometimes in soft and bewitching tones, as if his soul had melted within him for the nonce—so much so, that his published works might have been phonographic repetitions of his more sustained conversational deliverances. His Lectures on 'Hero Worship' were, we believe, *bonâ fide* extempore talkments, only a little more elaborated than usual, in consideration of the fashionable audiences that listened to them, and published as they were delivered, with little or no alteration. Then, add to this the sixteen volumes already given to the world, besides translations, magazine and review articles, and the present eight 'Latter-Day Pamphlets,' and does not the question force itself upon the reader of his strictures whether they do not bear rather hard upon the author himself? Has he the vanity to exclude his own oratory, whether spoken or written, from the category in which he places that of almost all the world besides? or, if not, is he prepared to give something like practical proof of his earnestness in this matter, by retracing his own steps? When the magician bookmakers of Ephesus were converted to new opinions, they afforded indubitable evidence of the sincerity of their conversion by burning their 'books,' although the price of them amounted to 'fifty thousand pieces of silver.' Is Mr. Carlyle prepared to do the same by his voluminous works? or,

rather, is not their advertisement on the cover of each successive number of these pamphlets conclusive that he is not inclined, for the present at least, to practise as he preaches?

But Mr. Carlyle's complaint is by no means original. In the preface to Swift's 'Tale of a Tub,' we find something very like it. 'I am just come,' he says, 'from perusing some hundreds of prefaces, wherein the authors do at the very beginning address the gentle reader concerning this most enormous grievance (the multitude of writers). Of these I have preserved a few examples, and shall set them down as near as my memory has been able to retain them. One begins thus: "For a man to set up for a writer, when the press swarms with, &c." Another: "The tax upon paper does not lessen the number of scribblers, who daily pester, &c." Another: "When every little would-be-wit takes pen in hand, 'tis in vain to enter the lists, &c." Another: "To observe what trash the press swarms with, &c." Another: "Sir,—It is merely in obedience to your commands, that I venture into public; for who upon a less consideration would be of a party with such a rabble of scribblers? &c."'

Such was the facetious Dean's caricature of a common complaint amongst authors a century ago—a custom which Mr. Carlyle is attempting to revive, not in a few prefatory remarks, but in an entire pamphlet of fifty pages, the burden of which is—'Tongues, platforms, parliaments, and fourth-estates; unfettered presses, periodical and stationary literature: we are nearly all gone to tongue, I think; and our fate is very questionable!'

We commend to Mr. Carlyle's consideration the continuation of the Dean's review of this 'grievance' question. 'Now, I have two words,' he proceeds, 'in my own defence against this objection. First, I am far from granting the number of writers a nuisance to our nation. . . . Secondly, I do not well understand the justice of this proceeding; because I observe many of these polite prefaces to be not only from the same hand, but from those who are most voluminous in their several productions.' A 'short tale,' the substance of which is as follows, illustrates his view of the entire case:—A mountebank in Leicester-fields had drawn a huge assemblage about him, and among the rest a 'fat, unwieldy fellow,' who was 'half-stifled in the press.' The corpulent gentleman was excessively annoyed, and gave vent to his ill-humour by sundry exclamations directed against the 'filthy crowd.' At length a weaver, who stood near him, 'could hold no longer,' and returned the compliment in no measured language: 'Who in the name of wonder helps to make up the crowd half so much as yourself? Don't you consider that you take up more room than any five here? Is not the place as free for us as for you? Bring your own corpo-

ration to a reasonable compass, and then I'll engage we shall have room enough for us all!' We leave our readers to apply the story. If Mr. Carlyle wishes to reduce the number of stump-orators, there will be no great difficulty in making a beginning, although we shall very much regret any such necessity.

No. 6, entitled 'Parliaments,' opens as follows:—

'By this time it is sufficiently apparent the present Editor is not one of those who expect to see the Country saved by farther "reforming" the reformed Parliament we have got. On the contrary; he has the sad conviction that from such Parliament never so ingeniously reformed, there can no salvation come, but only a speedy finale far different from salvation. It is his effort and desire to teach this and the other thinking British man that said finale, the advent namely of actual open Anarchy, cannot be distant, now when virtual disguised Anarchy, long-continued, and waxing daily, has got to such a height; and that the one method of staving off that fatal consummation, and steering towards the Continents of the Future, lies not in the direction of reforming Parliament, but of what he calls reforming Downing-street a thing infinitely urgent to be begun, and to be strenuously carried on. To find a Parliament more and more the express image of the People could, unless the People chanced to be wise as well as miserable, give him no satisfaction. Not this at all; but to find some sort of *King*, made in the image of God, who could a little achieve for the People, if not their spoken wishes, yet their dumb wants, and what they would at last find to have been their instinctive *will*,—which is a far different matter usually, in this babbling world of ours.'—Pp. 1, 2.

We have not space to enter upon a full discussion—and no other would be satisfactory—of the subject of this number. We regret this the more, inasmuch as it has occasioned some of Mr. Carlyle's most original and vigorous paragraphs. His characterization of the present Parliament—his review of the kind of work performed by Parliaments generally—his discriminating estimate of the political and social condition of the United States—his severe, but we fear too truthful delineation of the mind and morals of the masses and majorities, whether of our own or other countries—his sagacious counsels to whomsoever would be king or governor of men—and the healthy influence that many portions of this searching homily is calculated to exercise on individual minds—all these are points we should have been pleased to bring out in strong relief had our limits allowed. But then, it would have been our bounden duty, at the same time, to follow him in the track of his one-sided argument; for the purpose of showing that, both theoretically and practically, his New Downing-street method of government is an impracticable thing—that it is as impossible to keep up the supply of Cromwells for a nation's need, as it is to make the many wise—that all modes of government are essen—

tially vicious, in which the people do not find their place, as consenting to the laws which bind them—that monarchies and oligarchies, however wisely sustained, are suited to the infancy of nations only—that self-government, as the Yankees style it, or the sovereignty of the people, as Englishmen generally express it, is the only resting-place for the political aims of civilized communities—and that, instead of uttering doleful complaints at the stupidity of some, the folly of others, and the wickedness of the rest, it behoves Mr. Carlyle, and all well-wishers to their race, to do all in their power to advance the general enlightenment and amelioration of the generation in which they live, thereby preparing the way for that happy consummation when all shall rule and all shall obey.

The seventh number, on 'Hudson's Statue,' affords another example of the one-sidedness of the author's views of things. When the railway mania was at its height, it was proposed by certain scrip-holders and successful speculators, to erect a statue to Mr. Hudson, the Railway King, as he was then termed, in testimony of the obligations of the nation for the energy he had thrown into the business of railway-making. Twenty-five thousand pounds, it is said, were either contributed or promised to this object. Before long, however, it became current that Mr. Hudson had been following a system of gigantic fraud—the tide of his popularity speedily turned—company after company endeavoured to shake themselves loose of him—in many instances he was brought to book, exposed, and compelled to refund what he had fraudulently obtained—his name became a bye-word, and men were ready to 'hiss him out of his place.' Of course, under these circumstances, the statue was not erected. The scrip-owners and speculators themselves, honest and dishonest, gainers and losers, all sympathized with the British public in its indignation. Undoubtedly a fine theme is here offered to the public satirist; yet not exactly the theme Mr. Carlyle has made of it. If he had dwelt, however severely, on the gullibility of the scrip-holders and speculators; if he had bantered them for falling down and worshipping a golden calf or something worse; if he had implicated them in the dishonesty of the railway monarch, and read them a lesson on the part they acted in the general drama of chicanery and consequent misery; if he had given us the moral of the whole in a trumpet-toned homily on the sin as well as folly of 'hasting to be rich' by improper and reckless methods;—we should have tendered our thanks for the seasonable infliction. Instead of this, however, we find a clever, humorous, spiteful, wrathful denunciation of the people at large, for *their* stupidity and *their* folly, as if *they* had speculated in scrip and worshipped King Hudson; and an argument, founded

on the same assumption, on the incapacity of democracy to manage its own, much less national affairs ! We admit the force and truth of many of Mr. Carlyle's hits at the mammon-worshipping propensities of the age ; but we cannot see the justice of charging a whole nation with the folly which pertained only to a miserable few who applauded the railway king to the echo, and were willing to cringe before him as his subjects—so long as they thought it possible to ride side by side with him on the road to fortune. The public satirist, in order to be a benefactor and not a pest, should 'judge the people righteously,' and 'reprove in equity.' We cannot, therefore, accept this pamphlet, whatever our opinion of its literary merits, as offering any additional confirmation of the soundness of the author's views on the general questions of popular government, or government by New Downing-street. We have read in a very old book, which Mr. Carlyle, we are happy to see, sometimes mentions with reverence, of an Old Downing-street, that set up a Hudson's Statue on the plains of Dura, and compelled the imbecile people to worship it ; we are only too fearful that New Downing-street would be the first to imitate, of course with modern improvements, the example and policy of the celebrated Nebuchadnezzar.

We have now arrived at the 'concluding' pamphlet, the longest, and in many respects, ablest of the series. Its title is 'Jesuitism,' and its aim is to show how much of the spirit of the system, so designated, is, and for a long period has been, at work amongst us. Jesuitism he defines as

'The singular gospel, or revelation of God's will ! That to please the supreme Fountain of Truth, your readiest method, now and then, was to persist in believing what your whole soul found to be doubtful or incredible. That poor human symbols were higher than the God Almighty's facts they symbolized ; that formulas, with or without the facts symbolized by them, were sacred and salutary ; that formulas, well persisted in, could still save us when the facts were all fled ! A new revelation to mankind ; not heard of in human experience, till Ignatius revealed it to us.'—*Jesuitism*, p. 2.

After describing this Jesuitism as the 'central and parent phenomenon : the great Tartarean deep, whence all our miseries, fatuities, futilities spring ;' and, after pleading urgently for a hearing from 'grouse-shooting' senators and his 'prim friend with the black serge gown, with the rosary, scapulary, and I know not what other spiritual block-and-tackle ;'—he proceeds to give a graphic and not incorrect account of Ignatius Loyola—the 'Palinurus' of the age of Jesuitism :—

'A bad man, I think ; not good by nature ; and by destiny swollen into a very Ahriman of badness. Not good by nature, I perceive. A man born greedy ; whose greatness in the beginning, and even in the

end if we will look well, is indicated chiefly by the depth of his appetite : not the recommendable kind of man ! A man full of prurient elements from the first ; which at the last, through his long course, have developed themselves over the family of mankind into an expression altogether tremendous.

* A young Spanish soldier and hidalgo, with hot Biscayan blood, distinguished, as I understand, by his fierce appetites chiefly, by his audacities and sensualities, and loud unreasonable decision, That this universe, in spite of rumours to the contrary, was a cookery-shop and bordel, wherein garlic, Jamaica pepper, unfortunate females and other spicery and garnishing awaited the bold human appetite, and the rest of it was mere rumour and moonshine : with this life-theory and practice had Ignatius lived some thirty years, a hot human Papins-digester and little other ; when, on the walls of Pampeluna, the destined cannon-shot shattered both his legs,—leaving his head, hitting only his legs, so the Destinies would have it,—and he fell at once totally prostrate, a wrecked Papins-digester ; lay many weeks horizontal, and had in that tedious posture to commence a new series of reflections. He began to perceive now that “the rest of it” was not mere rumour and moonshine ; that the rest was, in fact, the whole secret of the matter.”—*Ib.* pp. 10, 11.

He then describes the process by which Ignatius was converted from one form of ‘pruriency of appetite’ to another ; how instead of seeking ‘annihilation of self, justly reckoned the beginning of all virtue,’ he ‘flung himself before the shrine of Virgin Marys, Saints of the Romish Calendar, three-hatted Holy Fathers, and uncertain Thaumaturgic Entities ; praying that he might be healed by miracle, not by course of nature ; and that, for one most fatal item, his pruriency of appetite might, under new inverse forms, continue with him ;—how, after ‘various failures and unsatisfactory half-successes,’ he vowed and consecrated himself ‘to battle against’ and with his ‘whole strength endeavour to extinguish’ the ‘revolt against the Virgin and the Holy Father’ by the heresiarchs of the Reformation.

We deem this a much truer and more wholesome account of Ignatius Loyola and his order, than some that have recently been published—more true psychologically, and more wholesome to the men of this age. Mr. Carlyle does give us some insight into the ‘wiles of the devil’ and the ‘deceivableness of unrighteousness,’ and in a few bold lines draws the infernal portraiture with the hand of a Michael Angelo ; while the writers to whom we refer almost ignore the criminality in their admiration of the craft, and prostrate their souls before the ingenuity and sagacity displayed in the system, as if they thought it a wonderful thing that the devil should have any intellect and his ‘black militia’ any skill.

We commend this pamphlet to those who are apt to misread

the lesson which the history of Jesuitism is designed to teach us. Nor are we prepared to deal harshly with, what we must consider on the whole, an exaggerated view of the influence that Jesuitism has exerted, and still exerts on society. There is, undoubtedly, much—alas, too much of it at work, and in England as well as in other portions of the world. If our space had permitted, we should gladly have transferred to our pages some of the more striking exemplifications contained in this number—not omitting, of course, the *Schweinische Weltansicht*, or *pig philosophy*, in which we observe too much of the reflection of other philosophers current amongst us at this day. Two of the ‘propositions,’ however, we must give, as a specimen of one aspect of our modern Jesuitism. The satire is not very difficult to read:—

‘51. “What are Bishops?” Overseers of souls.—“What is a soul?” The thing that keeps the body alive.—“How do they oversee that?” They tie on a kind of apron, publish charges; I believe they pray dreadfully; macerate themselves nearly dead with continual grief, that they cannot in the least oversee it.—“And are much honoured?” By the wise very much.

‘52. “Define the Church.” I had rather not.—“Do you believe in a future state?” Yes, surely.—“What is it?” Heaven, so-called.—“To everybody?” I understand so; hope so!—“What is it thought to be?” Hrumph!—“No Hell, then, at all?”—Hrumph!’

In concluding these strictures on the volume of pamphlets now lying before us, we have only to observe, that notwithstanding the many admirable things scattered throughout, the author has entirely failed to substantiate his promise respecting the great question of Democracy or Downing-street. Even the last number, valuable as it is in many respects, comes utterly short of adding any strength to his general argument. It is in the higher and more fashionable and famous circles, and not amongst the masses of the people, that Jesuitism exerts the widest influence. Nothing has been advanced to shake our confidence in the principles for which we have been wont to contend with all sincerity and earnestness. Let the voice of the people be heard in the Senate of our country as it should be, and as an extension of the suffrage to its last point of justice would permit it to be heard, and many of those shams and falsities, against which Mr. Carlyle has been lifting up his indignant voice for many years, will be tolerated no longer. The present volume itself, wisely studied, is sufficient to show that the hope of our country lies in the people at large, and not in any of those sections of the people that have hitherto exercised exclusive privileges, and thereby occasioned so much of misgovernment and misery. Let Mr. Carlyle betake himself to a new reading of the age that is passing over

us, and we do not despair of his coming round to more righteous and practical opinions. He has given a correct interpretation of the 'ou' clo' cry that is heard in our streets, and has sent the moral of it abroad with a power which belongs to genius alone; let him bear in mind that the great sin of the ancestors of those Jews whose modern history is so fraught with warning, consisted mainly of two things which, it would appear, he is attempting to revive amongst us: first, a lusting to 'return to Egypt,' though God himself was leading them on to the 'land of promise;' and, secondly, a cry of 'Give us a king to judge us;—nay; but we will have a king over us'—although they had been sufficiently warned already what would be 'the manner of the king that should reign over them.' For our part we have no desire to return either to the Egypt of the Middle Ages on the one hand, or to the New Downing-street Kings of Tudor or Stuart eras on the other. We are content to go forward; waiting, hoping, working, for the better and brighter times that lie spread before us in the Future.

ART. II.—*The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt, with Reminiscences of Friends and Contemporaries.* Three Volumes. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1850.

THE class of compositions to which this work belongs, constitutes one of the smallest departments of literature. Few possess the moral courage to review the events of their past lives, and much fewer still record them; but, when the thing has been done circumstantially and faithfully, the amount of instruction has been in proportion to the rareness of the thing. At every page we experience surprise at the similarity presented by the lives of different men living in ages and countries far removed from each other. If disposed to profit by example, therefore, by observing the errors, faults, and failings, into which other men have fallen, and by which their lives, perhaps, have been rendered miserable, we may learn how to trace out a safer course for ourselves, and thus to enjoy a greater share of happiness.

Mr. Hunt's 'Autobiography' is an amusing and instructive, but at the same time a very imperfect, book. He lays before us, with sufficient amplitude and precision, the material events of his life, and likewise describes the manner in which his

opinions were formed, modified, or laid aside ; but, on the subject of that other life of man, the circle of his sentiments, feelings, and passions, an extraordinary reserve has been maintained throughout. Circumstanced as the writer is, this may have been absolutely necessary ; but the reader feels the omission, and rises at last from the perusal of the book with the conviction that he has been examining a remarkably incomplete picture of Mr. Hunt's life.

How the reading of the work may affect others we know not, but the impression produced on our own minds is that, if Mr. Hunt were quietly to apply himself to the task, he might yet, under the name of an autobiography, make ample amends to the world for the loss of all the books he has projected and not written, or written in a hasty and unsatisfactory way. All literary men, whose lives have been a conflict, know how hard, or perhaps impossible, it is to conquer circumstances. When their minds were fresh and full of vigour, they probably contemplated great things ; and, if fortune had proved favourable, might have been fully equal to their accomplishment ; but the *res angusta domi*—the necessity of living from hand to mouth—of writing in season and out of season, of urging the jaded faculties to exertion, or sometimes of grappling with a subject not suited to their powers—has blasted their early hopes, and caused them in age to look back on a life not spent according to the plan they had originally laid down for themselves. But, if tolerable health and leisure be allowed them, they may in age produce a faithful relation of all the passages of their lives, point out the causes of their failure, estimate what success they achieved, and thus smooth for those who are to come after them the rugged and difficult, though beautiful, track of literature.

The 'Autobiography' before us is a mere sketch, which here and there suggests what might be done, but does not do it. During the reading of the first part, which relates to the father and mother of the writer, we thought we were beginning one of the most charming books of memoirs in the world ; for scarcely in that section of the work is there anything wanting. Several of the pictures are delineated with a masterly hand, and the anecdotes in many cases delightful. In how pleasing a manner are we made acquainted with his mother ! How she grows upon us as we get along ! Improvident, in some senses, she may possibly have been ; but so kind, so good, so charitable was she, that we learn to entertain a sincere affection for her, and wish it had been possible to diffuse the glow of her character throughout the three volumes. We know not what Mr. Hunt's opinion may be, but we think that the style in this part is far more polished, easy, flexible, and full of sunshine, than in

the rest of the work. You are sensible of an airy, jaunting facility, which suggests the idea of extraordinary power over language. You fancy, for the moment, that the writer could do anything he pleased; and this idea might have been kept alive throughout, had the author given himself time to finish as he began. We give the following anecdote, not as a specimen of style, though it is related simply and naturally, but as a proof of that impulsive goodness for which Mr. Hunt's mother seems to have been distinguished.

'One holiday, in a severe winter, as she was taking me home, she was petitioned for charity by a woman sick and ill-clothed. It was in Blackfriars'-road. I think about midway. My mother, with the tears in her eyes, turned up a gateway, or some such place, and, beckoning the woman to follow, took off her flannel petticoat, and gave it her. It is supposed that a cold which ensued fixed the rheumatism upon her for life. Actions like these have doubtless been often performed, and do not of necessity imply any great virtue in the performer; but they do, if they are of a piece with the rest of the character. Saints have been made for charities no greater.'—Vol. i. pp. 32, 33.

We trust that, if in the present article we indulge a little in the practice of fault-finding, neither the reader nor the author himself will misunderstand us. Our desire is not to disparage Mr. Hunt, but the very reverse. We know of what he is capable—how active, fresh, and vigorous his mind is—and how large and accomplished an autobiography we might reasonably expect from him, if he were disposed to do himself justice. The book we have before us is not what we had expected; or, considering what books he has written, and how youthful his intellect still is, had perhaps a right to expect. One objection which we feel inclined to urge against it, is certainly uncommon, and may argue more in Mr. Hunt's favour than in ours. Let that, however, be as it may, we must still object to the extraordinary propensity he has exhibited in this book to praise almost everything and everybody. We can understand the feeling which has betrayed him into this fault. He no doubt desires, in drawing up his final reckoning with the world, to take his leave of his contemporaries in peace and good-will; and this, of course, is amiable, especially when it is considered that he has been a much-persecuted and ill-used man—that many of the rogues on whom he now bestows good words, once delighted in heaping calumny after calumny on his head—that, to a certain extent, they succeeded in blasting the prospects of his life—that his children and family have suffered from their malignity—and that, in nine cases out of ten, an author so treated would rather have imitated the conduct of Asdrubal, and bequeathed his hostilities to posterity. We do not inculcate vindictiveness, but

think that moral delinquency should never be allowed to go unpunished. Critical severity, when it confines itself within the circle of legitimate criticism, may be magnanimously pardoned by an author—nay, he may, and should, extend his forgiveness to the originators of personal invectives and slanders—but he should, at least, be careful to let the world know that he regards them as such, and that he thoroughly scorns and despises while he forgives. This is a truth which Mr. Hunt has not sufficiently kept in mind. He has been soft and indulgent towards his enemies, and much too lavish of praise towards his friends. But this failing, as the reader will probably remark, leans to virtue's side, or, at least, to the side of amiableness, which is Mr. Hunt's principal virtue.

With all the drawbacks we have mentioned, the reader will find enough in these volumes to repay a careful perusal. The life of an author is generally chequered with misfortunes; and his opportunities of becoming acquainted with mankind being numerous, he is often able to throw a strong light on parts of the interior organization of society with which other men are little familiar. In Mr. Hunt's case, the excitement of politics was once added to that of literature; but this was an unfortunate accident—for being unfitted, both by character and studies, to pursue so rough and boisterous a career, he found himself overwhelmed with the honours of martyrdom for a cause in which at bottom he took little interest. He was, of course, desirous that reforms should be effected, and abuses done away with; but when he comes to review his political notions, he perceives clearly that they were not those of a politician, but of a literary man who had wandered out of his beat, and fallen unawares into the clutches of the Attorney-General.

In illustration of what we say, we may allude to Mr. Hunt's opinions of the utility of courts, and the absence of refinement in republics. No idea could possibly be more at variance with history, which sets before us republican communities attaining the highest excellence in every department of literature and art, exhibiting the utmost refinement of manners, and grandeur of moral sentiment; while, in all monarchies which it has the fortune to record, there has been a grossness, a laxity of principle, and an imperfect theory of art, chiefly occasioned by court influence.

As, properly speaking, however, politics never constituted an object of study with Mr. Hunt—whose whole life has been devoted to music, poetry, and the cognate departments of prose—we need not enlarge on this topic. It is as a literary man he is to be viewed—and here, in our opinion, he has earned a large and lasting reputation. From peculiarities of character and

temperament, he was led from the outset to neglect severe and systematic writers, and to take up with the poets and essayists, and lighter and more elegant historians. This preference has given a colour to all his labours. When a man is free to select his own walk, he necessarily chooses that which is most analogous to his character. The impassioned, sombre, and gloomy, throw themselves into tragedy or tragic history, or narrative poetry presided over by the spirit of sadness and sorrow, and restlessness, and scepticism, and gloom; while the man of lively propensities, of wit and humour, and agreeable and social characteristics, falls naturally into comedy, or sparkling popular prose fictions, or essays. There is place in the world for all, and all are welcome to us in their turn. Occasionally we find men who seem to have an equal leaning towards the grave and the gay—who can rouse our most violent passions by pictures of suffering or calamity, and provoke our laughter by exhibitions of ludicrous follies or extravagances. But such men are extremely rare.

When a series of popular works has been produced, to whatever class they may belong, we like to know the studies and circumstances in which they originated; and, therefore, as Mr. Hunt has for many years been among the best known of our writers, both in verse and prose, we turned with much curiosity over the pages of his 'Autobiography' in which he gives an account of his works. What a man produces in literature, however, is, properly speaking, the sum of all his experience, and, thoroughly to comprehend it, we must familiarize ourselves with the events of his life. Over many of these he has no control. A man is not answerable for his organization, for his early training, for the books and studies in vogue in his time, for the characters of his contemporaries, from among whom he must of necessity choose his companions, or for many other things which exert a powerful effect on his mind.

Many of Mr. Hunt's peculiarities, both as a man and as a writer, may be traced to the circumstances of the domestic hearth, and, as he himself supposes, to the Barbadoes blood flowing in his veins. Not, however, to go back so far, it must be obvious on the face of it that his education at Christ's Church gave a peculiar tone to his mind, and tendency to his thoughts. Whether the influences then in operation were better or worse than those which now affect us, they were certainly different. The philosophy of the eighteenth century pressed with accumulated force on those who came into life toward the close of it, and gave a turn to their speculations which has now long since ceased to be popular. It was the custom then to make war on many things under the name of superstition which have now been found to belong to a different category. Philosophy has shifted its point

of view, and men, finding they had advanced too far in a particular direction, have wisely retreated, and come by degrees to regard what they once called philosophy as a popular prejudice.

It is in this way we account for the remarkable discrepancy between the notions of Mr. Hunt and those prevailing amongst the same class of thinkers of a later school. He describes the agency by which many of his opinions were moulded, and it would be absurd to deny that he holds them conscientiously, and therefore without reproach. But in as far as we hold different opinions, we may be said to condemn his, though with the most perfect toleration. Christianity is full of charity and benevolence, and embraces within its mighty circle innumerable shades and variety of opinions. But there are certain fundamental truths, without sincerely adopting which we cannot be said to belong to its school, and it is for Mr. Hunt himself to determine—for he has not sufficiently explained—whether this be the case with him or not. We trust it may be, as it is our wish to enlarge instead of narrowing the range of our sympathies.

When Mr. Hunt first made his appearance as an author, there would seem to have been a disposition in the public to do very much the reverse of what it does at present, save in some few particular instances; it ran into the excess of admiration, and did its best to spoil the young author, with whose destinies it was in some respects entrusted. It praised and fêted him, and showed itself any thing but fastidious and critical. Afterwards, when he threw himself into journalism, ridiculed the Prince Regent, and was thrown into prison for it, the interest he had excited by his first volume of poems still continued in force, and procured him numerous visitors.

On the subject of this imprisonment we have heard very different opinions, some few exaggerating the sufferings he underwent, while the far greater number are disposed very much to underrate them. What a man endures in such cases, however, is to be measured by his temperament and sensibilities. A person of calm, philosophic mind, with a contempt for appearances, who has cultivated habits of solitary meditation, will experience little inconvenience from a residence in prison, provided he can secure the advantage of being left to himself; while a person of gay and social manners, to whom perpetual excitement has become a necessary of life, who loves to be about the theatres, to shine in private circles, and to enjoy the luxury of applause, will endure intense misery under the same circumstances.

It may perhaps be objected to Mr. Hunt, that he has cultivated a morbid sensitiveness on all the little niceties of life, and

thought too much of minute sources of enjoyment. But he can probably no more help it, than he could help being of a dark complexion, and under six feet high. It is his nature. He loves, as the French say, '*à se trouver comfortable*;' and, therefore, when in Horsemonger gaol, covered his walls with gay paper, and painted the ceiling of his room to resemble the sky. He tells us also jocularly, that when he went out into the small garden behind the prison, he used to put on his gloves, as if for a long walk, and to tell Mrs. Hunt not to wait dinner for him, if he did not return in time. Such trifling idiosyncrasies may excite a smile, but ought not to be fiercely ridiculed. They are, to say the worst of them, perfectly harmless, though they may be taken to denote an epicurean disposition something like that of Sir William Temple.

Our taste differs essentially in many particulars from that of Mr. Hunt, but we are not on that account inclined to disparage his; on the contrary, we fear that in many respects he has more of nature on his side. He loves, for example, the little suburban retreats of Hampstead and Highgate, with their pretty green lanes, hedge-rows, ponds, trees, and fields sprinkled with wild flowers. When amid the grander nature of Italy, it was for these that he longed, as he had previously longed for them in prison. Now, though passionately fond of liberty, and not destitute of a partiality for the open air, we care comparatively little for fields, or trees, or lanes, or hedges. On the contrary, we regard these last as pestilent interruptions of the landscape, altogether in the way of the eye. What imparts pleasure to us is an assemblage of gigantic crags, waterfalls, glaciers, cloud-capped peaks, or vast sweeps of undulating country, suggesting ideas of immeasurable riches, or unmitigated desolation. Besides, it matters little to us whether we are in England or abroad, in the temperate or in the torrid zone. We like London, because it is the centre of great and intellectual activity, but care little or nothing for particular localities. It matters not at all to us that somebody was born here or died there, or ate beefsteaks in this or that tavern, remembering that men have been born and died and eaten beefsteaks everywhere.

But these idiosyncrasies of ours by no means make us insensible to other men's merits or peculiarities; and, therefore, when we find Mr. Hunt in the neighbourhood of Fesole and Valambrosa vehemently desirous of taking a walk through Covent-garden, or in the fields about Chelsea or Primrose-hill, we rather accuse ourselves of a want of natural sympathy, than him of bad taste. The best thing, perhaps, would be to possess a mind capable of taking the measure of town and country, scenes foreign and scenes domestic; the Alps and the Hampstead ponds,

the uplands of Tuscany, and York-street, Covent-garden ;—*sed omnes non possunt omnia*.

In considering what Mr. Hunt has felt and produced in literature, there is another remark which ought to be made, namely, that to describe small things well, and to get out of them all the pleasure and instruction they are capable of affording, it is necessary to be actuated by something like a love of them. Who has not been convinced of this by reading the 'Indicator,' the 'Tatler,' the 'Companion,' the 'London Journal,' and the 'Town.' Whatever topic the writer takes in hand, because he generally takes only those that suit him, you at once become convinced that he is master of all its capabilities. He plays with it, he fondles it, he places it in all manner of lights, he lets you now into one secret about it, now into another, until you at length feel quite at home, as with an old familiar companion. This betokens singular cleverness and ingenuity. No matter what the subject is, if it be odd, quaint, or grotesque, and susceptible of light treatment, Mr. Hunt is always able to do it justice. He does not plunge into great depths of speculation, but skims along the surface of the universe, pointing out as he goes innumerable spots replete with agreeable association.

On the subject of criticism, we often differ *toto cælo* from Mr. Hunt, who seems to possess little sympathy for the grand or classically beautiful. For example, he has no sincere or strong partiality for Milton any more than he has for Dante, though, from a sense of rectitude, he occasionally seeks to do justice to them both. Of this lurking antipathy, in which, perhaps, he unconsciously indulges, the cause must be sought for in the gloomy magnificence and austere elevation of our great Puritanical poet, who, in the adamant unity of his character, constituted the very antipodes of those Epicurean philosophers who are the beau-ideal to Mr. Hunt: Shelley, for instance, who, whatever good qualities he may have had, and however charitable he may have been in a certain sense, still regarded self-indulgence after his own fashion as supreme felicity.

Even Shakspeare seems to lie somewhat without the circle of our autobiographer's preferences; Spenser, Chaucer, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Dryden, are more germane to his sympathies for reasons which a diligent study of his criticisms would, perhaps reveal. He belongs also to the school which prefers Dryden to Pope; though if we chose to look for anything beyond the structure of the verse, and a strong current of animal spirits, we must acknowledge that the man of Twickenham was greatly superior to his rival. Pope has a philosophy, a knowledge of human nature, and an amount of deep feeling and emotion, any trace of which we should vainly look for in Dryden, but because

his verse is somewhat monotonous, many consider themselves excused by this fact from admiring what is really good in him.

In his opinions of actresses and actors, Mr. Hunt has probably more reason on his side, though, to judge from tradition, we should say he hardly does justice to John Kemble. This, however, is only setting opinion against opinion. Personally, we know nothing of that actor, and therefore we cannot pretend to say whether we agree with Mr. Hunt or not. On the subject of Madame Pasta, the greatest actress we have ever seen, and, in our opinion, by far the noblest singer of modern times, we entirely adopt Mr. Hunt's decision, and shall extract the passage in which he delivers it, partly for its truth, and partly for the able and elegant manner in which it is written:—

* About the same time Pasta made her first appearance in England, and produced no sensation. She did not seem to attempt any. Her nature was so truthful, that, having as yet no acquirements to display, it would appear that she did not pretend she had. She must either have been prematurely put forward by others, or, with an instinct of her future greatness, supposed that the instinct itself would be recognised. When she came the second time, after completing her studies, she took rank at once as the greatest genius in her line which the Italian theatre in England had witnessed. She was a great tragic actress; and her singing, in point of force, tenderness, and expression, was equal to her acting. All noble passions belonged to her; and her very scorn seemed equally noble, for it trampled only on what was mean. When she measured her enemy from head to foot, in *Trancredi*, you really felt for the man, at seeing him so reduced into nothingness. When she made her entrance on the stage, in the same character—which she did right in front of the audience, midway between the side-scenes—she waved forth her arms and drew them quietly together again over her bosom, as if she sweetly, yet modestly, embraced the whole house. And when in the part of *Medea*, she looked on the children she was about to kill, and tenderly parted their hair, and seemed to mingle her very eyes in lovingness with theirs, uttering at the same time notes of the most wandering and despairing sweetness, every gentle eye melted into tears. She wanted height, and had somewhat too much flesh; but it seemed the substance of the very health of the body, which was otherwise shapely. Her head and bust were of the finest classical mould. An occasional roughness in her lower tones did but enrich them with passion, as people grow hoarse with excess of feeling; and while her voice was in its prime, even a little incorrectness now and then in the notes would seem the consequence of a lithe boundless emotion; but latterly it argued a failure of ear, and consoled the mechanical artist who had been mystified by her success. In every other respect perfect truth, graced by idealism, was the secret of Pasta's greatness. She put truth first always; and in so noble and sweet a mind, grace followed it as a natural consequence.—Vol. i. p. 233, *et seq.*

It is almost a pity to discourage a man when he exhibits an inclination to think too favourably of persons whom he happens to have known ; and therefore we ought not, perhaps, to object to Mr. Hunt's account of Shelley, Keats, or Lamb. Of this last, however, he seems to us to entertain by far too lofty an opinion. In a philosophical point of view, Aristotle forms Mr. Hunt's *beau-ideal*, because, intending to be most complimentary, he compares Lamb's head to his. Now what could possibly have suggested the comparison is more than we can conjecture. Our facetious countryman possessed, no doubt, remarkable abilities in his way ; but that way did not at all resemble the Staggyrite's more than it did that of Lord Bacon. To compare Lamb to Aristotle is very much like comparing a smart corporal of a regiment to Hannibal. Such approximations are extremely injudicious. What Mr. Hunt could be thinking of, when he placed an intellectual pigmy like Lamb in juxtaposition with this most extraordinary, save one, of extraordinary men, is totally past our comprehension. Among all the births of time, Socrates only takes precedence of Aristotle. It is injudicious to confound great and little men together ; it is something very much worse to assist, as Lamb did, in carrying on a parallel between the characters of Christ and Voltaire, than which in this universe no two things could be more unlike. Mr. Hunt may not be willing to think so of his friend, but we fear Lamb was infected by that vulgar vanity which leads men to say startling things for the purpose of shocking those with whom they converse. What Mr. Hunt calls bearding a superstition, of which he was at the same time afraid, confirms us in this view of the matter. He wished to obtain the reputation of an *esprit fort*, though trembling inwardly at his own audacity. This is a common weakness. Few men have the courage to respect their own convictions before those of other men, or to be true to their faith, whatever it may be, in the midst of a perverse generation. To lack the courage to despise the scoffer, is to be weak indeed.

In justification of our views, we lay before our readers one or two passages of Mr. Hunt's reminiscences of Charles Lamb :—

‘ Charles Lamb had a head worthy of Aristotle, with as fine a heart as ever beat in human bosom, and limbs very fragile to sustain it. There was a caricature of him sold in the shops, which pretended to be a likeness. Procter went into the shop in a passion, and asked the man what he meant by putting forth such a libel. The man apologized, and said the artist meant no offence. There never was a true portrait of Lamb. His features were strongly, yet delicately, cut ; he had a fine eye as well as forehead ; and no face carried in it greater marks of thought and feeling. It resembled that of Bacon, with less worldly vigour, and more sensibility.

'As his frame, so was his genius. It was as fit for thought as could be, and equally as unfit for action; and this rendered him melancholy, apprehensive, humorous, and willing to make the best of anything as it was, both from tenderness of heart and abhorrence of alteration. His understanding was too great to admit an absurdity; his frame was not strong enough to deliver it from a fear. His sensibility to strong contrasts was the foundation of his humour, which was that of a wit at once melancholy and willing to be pleased. He would beard a superstition, and shudder at the old phantasm while he did it. One would have imagined him cracking a jest in the teeth of a ghost, and then melting into thin air himself, out of sympathy to the awful. His humour and his knowledge both, were those of Hamlet, of Molière, of Carlin, who shook a city with laughter, and, in order to divert his melancholy, was recommended to go and hear himself. Yet he extracted a real pleasure out of his jokes, because good-heartedness retains that privilege when it fails in everything else. I should say he condescended to be a punster, if condescension had been a word befitting wisdom like his. Being told that somebody had lampooned him, he said, "Very well, I'll Lamb-pun him!" His puns were admirable, and often contained as deep things as the wisdom of some who have greater names; such a man, for instance, as Nicole, the Frenchman, who was a baby to him. He would have cracked a score of jokes at him, worth his whole book of sentences; pelted his head with pearls. Nicole would not have understood him, but Rochefoucault would, and Pascal too; and some of our old Englishmen would have understood him still better. He would have been worthy of hearing Shakspeare read one of his scenes to him, hot from the brain. Common-place found a great comfort in him, as long as it was good-natured; it was to the ill-natured or the dictatorial only that he was startling. Willing to see society go on as it did, because he despaired of seeing it otherwise, but not at all agreeing in his interior with the common notions of crime and punishment, he "*dumb-founded*" a long tirade one evening, by taking the pipe out of his mouth, and asking the speaker, "Whether he meant to say that a thief was not a good man?" To a person abusing Voltaire, and indiscreetly opposing his character to that of Jesus Christ, he said admirably well (though he by no means overrated Voltaire, nor wanted reverence in the other quarter) that "Voltaire was a very good Jesus Christ *for the French.*"'—Vol. ii. p. 217, *et seq.*

What Mr. Hunt says of Coleridge, seems to us truer and more agreeable. In Lamb's case, he was trying to make a great man out of a middling one; in Coleridge's, he had really an extraordinary personage to deal with, and he has despatched him without any very superfluous ceremony. Both these writers were inimical to progress, because of the innate weakness of the rational and impassioned part of their minds. They were imaginative, dreamy, easy fellows, contented or discontented, as the case might be, but pre-eminently destitute of energy, and

incapable of sympathizing with every-day human nature. Mr. Hunt writes jocosely, when he talks of Coleridge having turned a political coward because he got fat. His fat may have denoted the sluggishness of his character, but the real reason of his ceasing to sympathize with the many was the preference he gave to his own ease before the good of mankind. He was too indolent and fond of comforts to be a martyr, and therefore became a renegade to the principles he once professed.

In nearly all men, save the greatest, time seems to quench the flame of enthusiasm, which leads them in youth to be, in their own particular way, tribunes of the people, fighting their battles against the powerful, and striving to give a practical development to Christianity. Mr. Hunt himself, though still entertaining liberal views, is no longer the political enthusiast he once was. Without acquiescing altogether in the perfection of things as they are, he has something to say in favour of innumerable abuses which he will not confess to be such. Once, it strikes us, he was able to contemplate the beauty and grandeur of democracy; but he has now adopted a milder set of notions, more analogous perhaps to his character, full of gentleness and suavity, but destitute of that robust sympathy which leads men to take up their portion with the multitude against courts, aristocracies, and gentilities. Coleridge, whose errors he gingerly points out, was in many respects an impostor—affecting to discover surpassing excellences in obsolete forms of civil and ecclesiastical polity. Sincere in such beliefs it is impossible he should have been, unless his understanding was far meaner than we have hitherto been accustomed to suppose. However, we are under an absolute necessity of admitting one of two things—either that he was grossly insincere, or that he was incapable of raising his mind to the level of political and moral truth. It is for his admirers to decide. As a specimen of what Mr. Hunt writes of him, we select the following passage:—

‘ Coleridge was as little fitted for action as Lamb, but on a different account. His person was of a good height, but as sluggish and solid as the other’s was light and fragile. It had, perhaps, suffered it to look old before its time, for want of exercise. His hair was white at fifty: and as he generally dressed in black, and had a very tranquil demeanour, his appearance was gentlemanly, and, for several years before his death, was reverend. Nevertheless, there was something invincibly young in the look of his face. It was round and fresh-coloured, with agreeable features, and an open, indolent, good-natured mouth. This boy-like expression was very becoming in one who dreamed and speculated as he did when he was really a boy, and who passed his life, apart from the rest of the world, with a book and his flowers. His forehead was prodigious—a great piece of placid marble;

and his fine eyes, in which all the activity of his mind seemed to concentrate, moved under it with a sprightly ease, as if it was pastime to them to carry all that thought.

* And it was pastime. Hazlitt said that Coleridge's genius appeared to him like a spirit—all head and wings, eternally floating about in etherealities. He gave me a different impression. I fancied him a good-natured wizard, very fond of earth, and conscious of reposing with weight enough in his easy chair, but able to conjure his etherealities about him in the twinkling of an eye. He could also change them by thousands, and dismiss them as easily when his dinner came. It was a mighty intellect put upon a sensual body; and the reason why he did little more with it than talk and dream was, that it is agreeable with such a body to do little else. I do not mean that Coleridge was a sensualist in an ill sense. He was capable of too many innocent pleasures to take any pleasure in the way that a man of the world would take it. The idlest things he did would have had a warrant; but, if all the senses in their time did not find lodging in that human plenitude of his, never believe that they did in Thomson, or in Boccaccio.—*Ib.* p. 222, *et seq.*

We now pass on to that portion of the work which contains an account of Mr. Hunt's visit to Italy, amusing in itself, but falling short in many respects of what we had expected from the writer. No doubt there are passages here and there graphically written and full of interest; but both mind and body would seem to have been in an unhealthy state during the whole four years of his sojourn, so that he was not in a condition properly to enjoy or to feel the inspiration of the country. Out of this department of the work we select a highly amusing passage on the fire-fly, in introducing which we may relate an anecdote connected with the same little insect. At a grand ball given at Calcutta, where the ladies had recourse to every agreeable device for outshining each other, one of the company, who happened to have more invention than diamonds, entered the room with a blaze of fire-flies in her dress. She had captured a great number of them, and enclosed them in little gauze bags sprinkled all over her skirt, which yielded forth a brilliant light as she moved to and fro, exciting the admiration of the whole party:—

* But there is one insect which is equally harmless and beautiful. It succeeds the noisy cicada of an evening, and is of so fairy-like a nature and lustre, that it would be almost worth coming into the South to look at it, if there were no other attraction—I allude to the fire-fly. Imagine thousands of flashing diamonds every night powdering the ground, the trees, and the air, especially in the darkest places, and in the corn-fields. They give at once a delicacy and brilliancy to Italian darkness inconceivable. It is the glow-worm winged and flying in crowds. In England, it is the female alone that can be said to give light: that of the male, who is the exclusive possessor of the wings, is hardly per-

ceptible. "Worm" is a wrong word, the creature being a real insect. The Tuscan name is *lucciola*, little light. In Genoa, they call them *caee-belle* (*chiare-belle*), clear and pretty. When held in the hand the little creature is discovered to be a dark-coloured beetle, but without the hardness or sluggish look of the beetle tribe. The light is contained in the under part of the extremity of the abdomen, exhibiting a dull golden partition by day, and flashing occasionally by daylight, especially when the hand is shaken. At night the flashing is that of the purest and most lucid fire, spangling the vineyards and olive trees, and their dark avenues, with innumerable stars. Its use is not known in England; and I believe here the supposition is that it is a signal of love. It affords no perceptible heat, but is supposed to be phosphoric. In a dark room, a single one is sufficient to flash a light against the wall. I have read of a lady in the West Indies, who could see to read by the help of three under a glass, as long as they chose to accommodate her. During our abode in Genoa a few of them were commonly in our rooms all night, going about like little sparkling elves. It is impossible not to think of something spiritual in seeing the progress of one of them through a dark room. You only know it by the flashing of its lamp, which takes place every three or four inches apart, sometimes oftener, thus making its track in and out of the apartment, or about it; it is like a little fairy taking its rounds. These insects remind us of the lines in Herrick inviting his mistress to come to him at night-time, and they suit them still better than his English ones:—

"Their lights the glow-worms lend thee;
The shooting stars attend thee;
And the elves also
Whose little eyes glow,
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee."

To me, who when I was in Italy passed more of my time even than usual in the ideal world, the spiritual looking little creatures were more than commonly interesting. Shelley used to watch them for hours. I looked at them, and wondered whether any of the particles he left upon earth helped to animate their loving and lovely light. The last fragment he wrote, which was welcome to me on my arrival from England, began with a simile taken from their dusk look and the fire underneath it, in which he found a likeness to his friend. They had then just made their appearance for the season. There is one circumstance respecting these fire-flies quite as extraordinary as any; there is no mention of them in the ancient poets. Now of all insects, even southern, they are perhaps most obvious to poetical notice. It is difficult to conceive how any poet, much less a pastoral or an amatory poet, could help speaking of them; and yet they make their appearance neither in Greek nor Latin verse, neither in Homer nor Virgil, nor Ovid nor Anacreon, nor Theocritus. The earliest mention of them with which I am acquainted is in Dante (*Inferno*, canto 21), where he compares the spirits in the eighth circle of hell, who go about swathed in fire, to the "*lucciole*" in a rural valley of an evening. A truly saturnine perversion of a beautiful object. Does nature put forth

a new production now and then like an author? Or has the glow-worm been exalted into the fire-fly by the greater heat of the modern Italian soil, which appears indisputable? The supposition is, I believe, that the fire-fly was brought into Europe from the New World.'—Vol. iii. p. 140, *et seq.*

As the fire-fly is mentioned in Dante, who died long before the discovery of the New World, the supposition that it was brought from America of course falls to the ground. There is no explaining the silence of the ancients, if they really were silent on the subject—but they may have celebrated it in a thousand works that have not come down to us, though it is no doubt very extraordinary it should not be mentioned in the extant fragments of classical literature.

On his return to England, Mr. Hunt applied himself vigorously to composition, and produced rapidly one after another a great number of works. Of that in which he attacked the memory of Byron we shall not speak, as he himself now disapproves of it, and in the present Autobiography has endeavoured to make amends for what he wrote there. The very attempt is creditable to him, though none can fail to feel that he does not yet entertain for Byron any of that respect which his genius would have commanded, had no blighting circumstances interfered. For such things, however, there is no accounting. It is far more easy to comprehend how Byron and Leigh Hunt should have separated with mutual dislike after having known each other, than that they should ever have conceived it possible they could live together. Their minds had no one quality in common. The love of poetry which would seem to have been possessed by both was essentially different in each, as we may infer from Mr. Hunt's speaking of Coleridge's poetry as superior to that of all his contemporaries. That it is more analogous to Mr. Hunt's mind we can very well understand; but that the mere strength of the critical faculty, which is very powerful in him, should not have revealed the truth, that in poetry one Byron would make a dozen Coleridges, we can only explain to ourselves through the philosophy of antipathies:—

‘I do not like thee Dr. Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell;
But this I know, and know full well,
I do not like thee Dr. Fell.’

Still Mr. Hunt is not what is called a good hater. Properly speaking he cannot find it in his heart to hate anybody or anything, which is the reason, we suppose, why he attempts to reconcile the world with monarchy. We are not angry, how-

ever, with him for saying pretty things about it; but when he endeavours to persuade his readers that there is something less elevated and refined in democracy, our anger would be kindled did we not call to mind, that there is a Gothic twist in his idiosyncrasies which disables him from perceiving the distinction between true and false refinement. The little republic of Athens was the parent of more taste and beauty than all the courts of the world put together. In fact, it would not be too much to say that one Athenian statue was worth all the art of monarchical times. But all Mr. Hunt's leanings are unclassical. He loves the romance of the middle ages, when knights, courts, and kings, had all the world to themselves, and never experiences one touch of genuine enthusiasm at the contemplation of anything bequeathed to us by the great democracy of antiquity. The same mental peculiarity explains his aversion for the United States, which he could fain persuade himself he dislikes, because it is a money-getting community. But Mr. Hunt himself is not averse from spending money, and should remember that people must get it before they spend it. His ideas on this subject, however, have arisen naturally enough from the course of his studies. He is exclusively a literary man, who, with a certain political bias, which has never been very intelligible or decided, has never bestowed any time on political investigations, and may therefore be said, without any disparagement, to know nothing whatever of politics.

In poetry he has produced very fine things in the form of small pieces. His larger poems are less to our taste. The fault of the whole is the display of an obvious desire to inculcate opinions rather than to awaken emotions, to school the world into particular theories, rather than by a broad and well-directed current of passion to float it irresistibly into the right way. It is as a writer of prose that Mr. Hunt will be chiefly remembered. His style is light, sparkling, and full of interest. You feel you are in the company of a pleasant person, who may shock you sometimes perhaps by his notions, but who being very tolerant himself deserves to be tolerated in his turn.

ART. III.—*Omoo: A Narrative of Adventures in the South Seas.* By Herman Melville. London: Routledge. 1850.

FALSEHOOD is a thing of almost invincible courage; overthrow it to-day, and with freshened vigour it will return to the lists to-morrow. 'Omoo' illustrates this fact. We were under the illusion that the abettors of infidelity and the partisans of popery had been put to shame by the repeated refutation and exposure of their slanders against the '*Protestant missions*' in Polynesia; but Mr. Melville's production proves that shame is a virtue with which these gentry are totally unacquainted, and that they are resharpening their missiles for another onset.

In noticing Mr. Melville's book, our object is to show that his statements respecting the Protestant Mission in Tahiti are perversions of the truth—that he is guilty of deliberate and elaborate misrepresentation, and—admitting the accuracy of the account which he gives of *himself*, and taking his own showing with regard to the opportunities he had to form a correct opinion on the subject—that he is a prejudiced, incompetent, and truthless witness. This is our object; and we intend that Mr. Melville himself shall establish the chief counts in our indictment. The conclusion is obvious: if we thus sustain our charges against him on so serious and grave a topic, it, of course, follows that his South-Sea narratives—instead of being esteemed, as some of our leading contemporaries have pronounced them to be, faithful pictures of Polynesian life—should at once take their place beside the equally veracious pages of *Baron Munchausen*!

In the Preface to '*Omoo*,' Mr. Melville says:—

'In every statement connected with missionary operations a strict adherence to facts has of course been scrupulously observed; and in some instances, it has even been deemed advisable to quote previous voyagers in corroboration of what is offered as the fruit of the author's own observations. Nothing but an earnest desire for truth and good has led him to touch upon this subject at all. And if he refrains from offering hints as to the best mode of remedying the evils which are pointed out, it is only because he thinks that after being made acquainted with the facts, others are better qualified to do so.'

This paragraph plainly manifests that Mr. Melville was perfectly aware of the nature of the task in which he engaged when he attacked the Polynesian 'missionary operations.' Whatever else he may be guilty of, none can accuse him of want of deliberation. He is not unconscious of the importance of his statements. He intimates that he has carefully weighed

every word he has penned. The passage also marks his fear, lest, in the multitude of jocularities with which his book abounds, the reader should lose sight of the 'facts' to which he here alludes. Like a dexterous 'master of fence,' he adroitly anticipates any imputation of foul play, by assuring us that he has 'scrupulously observed' the truth. He quietly insinuates that he is not the only one who has noted the same deplorable condition of things, and therefore he 'deems it advisable to quote previous voyagers' in support of what he has written. Finally, he reveals his *motive* for bringing the subject thus prominently before the public. Do not err, good reader! He is no emissary of the Propaganda, no *élève* of Father Roothan, no 'good hater' of Protestantism, but, on the contrary—if we take his own word for it—he is an earnest lover of the truth; and, if he were not, nothing could lead him 'to touch on this subject at all!' Thus our author, with no common skill, throws the reader off his guard, and prepares him to receive, without doubt, what follows.

It is, however, worthy of notice, that he refrains from suggesting any remedy for the 'evils' he describes. He knew he could consistently recommend but one, and that would be the complete abandonment of our missions in the South Seas, and the entire withdrawal of all confidence and support from the London Missionary Society. This Mr. Melville does not propose. But why does he not? The reason is as visible as light at noon-day: it would uncover the cloven foot, and betray the real object for which 'Omoo' was written! He is evidently too deeply versed in the science of human nature not to feel confident that, in whatever quarter his assertions were credited, a single penny would never be obtained to aid South Sea, or any other, 'missionary operations;' and that there, likewise, the London Missionary Society would be denounced as an 'organized hypocrisy.'

So much for the Preface. Now for the 'facts' of which it is the herald.

We begin with *Mr. Melville's* account of the rise and establishment of Christianity in Tahiti; and if it does not prove to be 'a new thing' to most well-informed persons, we are strangely mistaken. The gospel, he tells us, overthrew idolatry neither by its enlightenment of the judgment, nor by its influence on the consciences, of the natives. It obtained the mastery, not by the force of persuasion, but by the persuasion of force! Here is the narrative:—

'Every reader of "Cook's Voyages" must remember Otoo, who in that navigator's time was king of the peninsula of Tahiti. Subsequently, assisted by the muskets of the *Bounty's* men, he extended

his rule over the entire island. This Otoo before his death had his name changed into Pomaree, which has ever since been the royal patronymic. He was succeeded by his son Pomaree II., the most famous prince in the annals of Tahiti. Though a sad debauchee and drunkard, and even charged with unnatural crimes' (mark the vile insinuation), '*he was a great friend of the missionaries, and one of the very first of their proselytes.* During the religious wars *into which he was hurried by his zeal for the new faith,* he was defeated and expelled from the island. After a short exile, he returned from Imeco, with an army of eight hundred warriors, and in the battle of Naru routed the rebellious pagans with great slaughter, and re-established himself upon the throne. Thus,' exclaims Mr. Melville, '*by force of arms was Christianity finally triumphant in Tahiti.*'—P. 230.

We supposed that it became 'finally triumphant' through the influence of the 'law of the Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus.' 'Nothing more erroneous,' says Mr. Melville—'it was by the club-law of the drunken and debauched *friend of the missionaries, Pomaree II.!*' This is a fair specimen of our author's mode of dealing with the *Protestant* missions in the South Seas. It exhibits his historic fidelity and honesty of purpose. It is impossible to mistake the animus that dictated this passage—a passage that is justly entitled to take precedence in the annals of mendacity.

In the forty-eighth and forty-ninth chapters, headed 'Tahiti as it is,' Mr. Melville propounds, at length, his opinion of the character and value of the labours of the agents of the London Missionary Society in Tahiti. He commences by saying, that it is his desire 'not to leave so important a subject in a state calculated to convey erroneous impressions:' and wishes it to be 'distinctly understood' that he has no inclination to damage 'the missionaries nor their cause,' but simply seeks '*to set forth things as they actually exist.*' More effectually to make out a case against the utility of 'missionary operations,' he reminds us that the experiment of Christianizing the Tahitians has been fully tried—that the present generation have grown up under the auspices of their religious instructors—and that, although it may be urged that the labours of the missionaries have at times been more or less obstructed by unprincipled foreigners, 'still this in no wise renders Tahiti any less a fair illustration.' He proceeds to show, that the Tahitian mission has not failed owing to want of time sufficient for the results of the efforts of the missionaries to become apparent—that it has been in existence nearly sixty years—that 'it has received the unceasing prayers and contributions of its friends,' and that no enterprise of the kind has called forth more devotion on the part of those engaged in it. Still, in his estimation, it has failed, and the missionaries knew

it; but that they traded on the credulity of those who sent them forth and supported them; and to carry out the 'pious fraud' to perfection, in the reports which they transmitted to their constituents, they have suppressed the truth; and, therefore, it was for him and others to set the world right upon the matter, and to put a stop to the imposture. If his language means anything, it means this. We give his own words. After having stated that 'the earlier labourers in the work were, as a class, *ignorant, and, in many cases, deplorably bigoted,*' and assuring us that the missionaries 'now on the island, "*in zeal and disinterestedness,*" are, perhaps, inferior to their predecessors, they have, nevertheless, *in their own way at least,* laboured hard to make a Christian people of their charge.'

'Let us now glance,' he says, 'at the most obvious changes wrought in their condition. The entire system of idolatry has been done away; together with the several barbarous practices engrafted thereon. But this result is not so much to be ascribed to the missionaries, as to the civilizing effects of a long and constant intercourse with whites of all nations; to whom for many years Tahiti has been one of the principal places of resort in the South Seas. The next most striking change in the Tahitians is this. From the permanent residence among them of influential and respectable foreigners, as well as from the frequent visits of ships of war, recognising the nationality of the island, its inhabitants are no longer deemed fit subjects for the atrocities practised upon mere savages; and hence, secure from retaliation, vessels of all kinds now enter their harbours with perfect safety.'

'But let us consider what results are directly ascribable to the missionaries alone.

'In all cases they have striven hard to mitigate the evils resulting from the commerce with the whites in general. Such attempts, however, have been rather injudicious, and often ineffectual; in truth, a barrier almost insurmountable is presented in the dispositions of the people themselves. Still in this respect, the morality of the islanders is, upon the whole, improved by the presence of the missionaries.

'But the greatest achievement of the latter, and one which in itself is the most hopeful and gratifying, is, that they have translated the entire Bible into the language of the island, and I have myself known many who were able to read it with facility. They have also established churches and schools for both children and adults. . . . It were unnecessary here to enter diffusely into matters connected with the internal government of the Tahitian churches and schools. Nor upon this head is my information copious enough to warrant me in presenting details. But we do not need them. We are merely considering general results, as made apparent in the moral and religious condition of the island at large.

'Upon a subject like this, however, it would be altogether too assuming for a single individual to decide: and so, in place of my own random observations, which may be found elsewhere, I will here present

those of several known authors, made under various circumstances, at different periods, and down to a comparative late date. A few very brief extracts will enable the reader to mark for himself what progressive improvement, *if any*, has taken place.

'After alluding to the manifold evils entailed upon the natives by foreigners, and their singularly inert condition, and after somewhat too severely denouncing the undeniable errors of the mission, Kotzebue, the Russian navigator, says, "A religion like this, which forbids every innocent pleasure, and cramps or annihilates every mental power, is a libel on the Divine Founder of Christianity. It is true, that the religion of the missionaries has, with a great deal of evil, effected some good. It has restrained the vices of theft and incontinence; but it has given birth to ignorance, hypocrisy, and a hatred of all other modes of faith which was once foreign to the open and benevolent character of the Tahitians." Captain Beechy says, "that while at Tahiti he saw scenes which must have convinced the greatest sceptic of the thoroughly immoral condition of the people, and which would force him to conclude, as Turnbull did many years before, that their intercourse with the Europeans had tended to debase rather than exalt their condition."

'About the year 1834, Daniel Wheeler, an honest-hearted Quaker, prompted by motives of the purest philanthropy, visited, in a vessel of his own, most of the missionary settlements of the South Seas. He remained some time at Tahiti, receiving the hospitality of the missionaries there, and, from time to time, exhorting the natives. After bewailing their social condition, he frankly says of their religious state, "certainly, appearances are unpromising; and, however unwilling to adopt such a conclusion, there is reason to apprehend that Christian principle is a great rarity."

'Such then,' says Mr. Melville, 'is the testimony of good and unbiassed men who have been on the spot; but how comes it to differ so widely from impressions of others at home? Simply thus: instead of estimating the result of missionary labours by the number of heathens, who have been actually made to understand and practise (in some measure at least), the precepts of Christianity, this result has been unwarrantably inferred from the number of those, who, without any understanding of these things, have, *in any way*, been induced to abandon idolatry, and to conform to certain outward observances. By authority of some kind or other, exerted upon the natives through their chiefs, and prompted by the hope of some worldly benefit to the latter, and not by appeals to the reason, have conversions in Polynesia been in most cases brought about. —Pp. 139—142.

This is plain speaking. Here there is nothing ambiguous, or puzzling, but an outspoken, clearly defined and unsparing attack. And we do not hesitate to confess, that were the Tahitian missions and missionaries what this author states them to be, we should join him in holding them up to the scorn of the world. But we know them to be the very reverse. Voyagers and others of the most spotless integrity, and in possession of the amplest and most accurate information, have attributed the abolition of idolatry,

with its attendant train of horrors, in the South Seas, to the instruction communicated to the natives by the Protestant missionaries. To the same self-denying and indefatigable labourers they ascribe the present safety of ports and islands in the Pacific, which, at one time, could not be approached by European vessels, without the most imminent peril. Even Captain Beechy, who, by the way, is no friend to missions, undesignedly proves this by the accounts which he gives of his intercourse with the inhabitants of Easter and Gambier islands. But these facts, known and attested by every mariner of reputation that ever sailed the Pacific Ocean, are flatly contradicted by Mr. Melville. He says—and we have only *his* word for it, and what that is worth, will be seen hereafter—that idolatry was abolished by the civilizing effects of a long and constant intercourse with whites of all nations; and that to the same cause we may refer the security of the ships that enter the harbours of Polynesia. The merit of a new discovery certainly belongs to Mr. Melville. It has one drawback, however—he does not attempt to substantiate his statements by quoting the testimony of any individual who has ever visited the islands,—no, not even by that of his Russian friend, that wholesale dealer in the marvellous—Kotzebue!

But for what does Mr. Melville give the missionaries credit? Why, he admits—simply because he could not possibly deny it—that those ‘ignorant and deplorably bigoted’ men, who found the Polynesians savage and debased, and without any written form of thought, actually translated the Bible into the language of the islanders; and what is more, did not, after the example of a certain ecclesiastical chief, to whom, we believe, Mr. Melville looks up with the most devout reverence, prohibit its use, but placed it in the hands of those wretched creatures, and taught them, as our author is obliged to confess, to ‘read it with facility.’ We imagine it will strike most persons that the history of mankind has not another instance in which ‘ignorant and deplorably bigoted’ men ever undertook and successfully completed such a task! And we may safely affirm that if the missionaries accomplished nothing more, they deserve the gratitude and admiration of the human race. They created a written language, and this not by the aid of the ‘eye from observation and comparison,’ but by descending to the loathsome level of savage life, and there, by the toil of the *ear* and of the memory, they ‘at length’ gave a representative sign to each of the sounds with which they had become familiar; compiled a vocabulary, a spelling-book, a grammar, a catechism; and then translated the word of God! This they gave to the people, having taught them to read, and it led them not only to comprehend the folly and wickedness of their idolatrous practices, but when won from them by the record

1st of November, 1836, a small vessel from Gambier's Island brought to Tahiti two Frenchmen who were Roman Catholic priests. They were not put on shore at the usual anchorage, *they were landed clandestinely at the opposite side of the island.* They were detected by the native police, and their conduct being a contravention of *a long-established law*, which stated that 'No master or commander of a vessel is allowed to land any passenger without special permission from the Queen and Governors'—the strangers were requested to leave the island. This, however, they refused to do, and were, consequently, conveyed back to their vessel, but without the slightest injury either to their persons or property. There was no occasion, therefore, for the authority or the speeches of the missionaries—even if they had the one, or were base enough to make the other—to send away Messieurs Laval and Caret. They violated the law—of the distance of which their secret landing proves them to have been ignorant—and for that violation they were removed from the land by the proper authorities. We trust that Mr. Melville will bear this in mind, should 'Omoo' reach another edition. As the matter stands we cannot acquit him of having wilfully oppressed and perverted the truth.

In dealing with evidence, we cannot be too careful in the investigation of the character and competency of the deponent. Knowing this, our readers may ask, who is Mr. Herman Melville? and what opportunities had he of forming a judgment on the 'missionary operations' in Tahiti? Before replying to these questions, we beg to premise it as our opinion, that whatever object Mr. Melville had in view when he sought to damage or injure the character of the Protestant missionaries, we have no reason to suspect him of giving an unfair description of himself. Our information respecting him is solely derived from his own works—so he cannot take exception to our authority—and we are bound to admit the force of the supposition that *his own* account of himself is most likely to be the *best* that could possibly be given. But if so, the best is exceedingly *bad*!

In his Preface, he speaks of the advantageous position which he occupied as an observer of the 'operations' of the missionaries, and of the state of the native population. These are his words: *As a roving sailor, the author spent about three months in various parts of the islands of Tahiti and Imeco, and under circumstances most favourable for correct observations on the social condition of the natives.* What the character of this 'roving sailor' is, and how he spent the 'three months' in Tahiti and 'Imeco,' he allows himself to inform us. We derive the following statements from the volume before us, and from another work by him, titled 'Typee; a Peep at Polynesian Life,' &c., of which

'Omoo' professes to be a continuation. According to these, Mr. Herman Melville, 'as a sailor before the mast,' visited the Marquesas in an American 'South-Seaman,' in the summer of 1842. After being six months at sea, the vessel put into the harbour of Nukuheva, where a portion of the French fleet was then lying under the command of Rear-Admiral Du Petit Thouars. The anchor was dropped within a convenient distance from the shore, a number of native women came on board, and our self-elected censor-general of the Protestant missions in Polynesia, the 'fore-mast man,' Mr. Herman Melville, and his shipmates, threw the reins on the neck of their lusts, and abandoned themselves to their control. To quote his own words, the 'ship was now wholly given up to every species of riot and debauchery. The grossest licentiousness, and the most shameful inebriety, prevailed, with occasional, and but short-lived interruptions through the whole period of her stay.'*

Enamoured with the island and the ladies thereof, and disgusted in the same ratio with the whaler and its hard work, accompanied by another seaman, who sympathized both in his likings and dislikings, Melville deserted from the ship. After many mishaps in endeavouring to avoid being captured and brought back, when wandering in the interior, he fell in with 'a tribe of primitive savages.' They dwelt in the valley which he calls 'Typee.' With this tribe he remained about four months, during which he cohabited with a native girl, named Fayaway. We shall not pollute our pages by transferring to them the scenes in which this wretched profligate appears, self-portrayed, as the chief actor. Suffice it to say, that about the expiration of the period above mentioned, a whaler, in want of hands, appeared in the offing,—a boat came ashore, and, satiated to the full with the pleasures of the vale of Typee, he bade adieu to his 'indulgent captivity,' and 'shipped himself' on board the *Julia*. In this vessel he remained several months, cruising about in the Pacific. At length the captain steered for Tahiti, to obtain provisions. When the vessel entered Papeetee harbour, Melville and the rest of the crew mutinied. The captain sought the assistance of the English consul, Mr. Wilson, then acting for Mr. Pritchard, who at that time was in Europe. The English squadron being at Valparaiso, Mr. Wilson solicited the aid of the commander of the French frigate, the *Reine Blanche*, then in the harbour, which was at once accorded. The cutter was manned by about eighteen or twenty armed men, who proceeded on board the *Julia*. Mr. Herman Melville and the rest of the mutincers were put in irons and conveyed to the

* Typee, p. 10, Routledge's Edition.

frigate, where they were kept for five days. On the afternoon of the fifth day, as the *Reine Blanche* was about to sail for Valparaiso, they were sent ashore to the English prison under a guard of the Tahitian police. As they still refused to return to their duty on board the *Julia*, they remained in confinement for nearly a month, when the whaler, having obtained a fresh crew, left the harbour, and, consequently, Melville and his companions were liberated. Thus the author of 'Omoo' made his acquaintance with Tahiti and its people, and spent his first month among them!

When they left the jail, no captain in the harbour would have anything to do with them on account of their desperate character. They were leagued with a reckless gang of seamen, known in the Pacific as 'Beachcombers.' These fellows derive their name from never attaching themselves permanently to any vessel, but 'ship' now and then for short voyages, on the sole condition that they shall receive their pay, and be put ashore the first time the anchor touches the ground after they embark. They are a terror to the respectable residents in the ports where they congregate, and, by their example and appalling licentiousness, they oppose a formidable barrier to the progress of the gospel among the natives, by disseminating the worst of European vices and the most dreadful of European diseases. With such companions, Melville prowled about Papeete for a few weeks, living on the contributions of the seamen on board the vessels in the harbour—upon the 'stores' which they stole for them, and dropped into a small canoe which Melville and another were wont to 'bring alongside' at night, and upon such fruit as they could gather in the groves. He was then engaged by two seamen who had settled down as planters in the neighbouring island, Imeco. With them he remained for a short time, and then, with an equally dissolute companion, who was hired by the planters at the same time with himself, Melville left the plantation to ramble about the island among the natives in quest of adventures. These he describes in a manner exceedingly attractive to every devotee of the sensual. At length, under the influence of similar feelings to those which led him to forego the pleasures of Typee, our hero prevailed upon a captain to 'ship' him, and soon after he had signed the ship's articles, he bid a final farewell to the scenes of the 'missionary operations,' which he so eloquently denounces!

Our task is done. We have permitted Mr. Melville to paint his own picture, and to describe his own practices. By doing so, we have fulfilled our promise, and have proved him to be a prejudiced, incompetent, and *truthless* witness. We have thus contributed our quota towards the formation of a correct estimate

of his character ; and we trust that our brethren of the press in North America—where he at present resides, and where his volumes have had an extensive circulation—will do justice to the Protestant missionaries and missions in Polynesia, by unmasking their maligner—MR. HERMAN MELVILLE.

ART. IV.—*The Lyrical Dramas of Æschylus, from the Greek. Translated into English Verse.* By John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Latin Literature in Marischal College, Aberdeen. Two Vols., small 8vo. London: J. W. Parker. 1850.

FOR a long time past, the English public has shown great apathy towards all attempts to reproduce Greek or Latin poetry in the English language ; nor can we blame them for it. Any man of taste, who passes from the perusal of Spenser or Shakspeare, Scott or Byron, Crabbe or Wordsworth, to the current translations of old classical poets, is at once sensible that he has lost all the raciness of nature. In Sotheby's or Pope's Homer, in Dryden's or Pitt's Virgil, in Potter's Greek Tragedians, even in Carey's Pindar, the reader finds little that he can imagine *characteristic* of the original. It may seem that the great object of translators has been to smooth away and conceal precisely that which the English student most desires to detect, till they have superinduced lassitude on a public which was once curious and eager. It is difficult to renew our ancient zest for good translations ; yet we trust it will be renewed. A most faithful, and generally very spirited, translation of Virgil has lately appeared, from the hand of Messrs. Kennedy (father and son) ; but we fear it is little known, since it is in no publisher's hands, and (we suspect) is never advertised. Perhaps, also, the type is too expensive for a wide circulation. Indeed, perfect of its kind as is the beauty of Virgil, his poems have too little variety, and too little human interest, to be adapted to revive a slumbering passion. A more powerful and stimulating poet is wanted.

Such a poet is Æschylus. In him the English reader may discern how the creed of Homer underwent incipient purification, deepening every moral element, while retaining, and even amplifying, its fantastic legends. In him we see the manly thought of Greece superinduced on its childish faith, before scepticism and doubt were awakened ; while the glorious attitude of self-devoting but triumphant Athens, who had not yet learnt to abuse her sudden exaltation, filled the patriot poet's

soul with a pure ambition and a virtuous pride. But Æschylus, though influenced by the atmosphere of his nation's history, had a deeply-marked character of his own. Imagination and tender feeling, bold invention, pious reverence, and sober morality, combined in him with a musical ear and the full command of a most musical language. His taste is somewhat gorgeous, and (as might be expected from such a mind) his metaphors are occasionally overstrained. But even these blemishes the English reader has a right to know: they will not, in the long run, lessen his pleasure in the perusal, any more than in Shakspeare; and every such proof of faithfulness in the translator increases the reader's confidence that he is obtaining a real insight into the heart of the old Grecian. The importance of this must never be forgotten. No translator can hope to rival the melody and equal the beauty of his original; but, to make up for this inevitable defect, his work borrows interest from another side, being intrinsically *historical* in character. Only, to make good this interest, it must be felt to be faithful.

Professor Blackie has approached his self-imposed task with great zeal, vigour, and long preparation. We judge, by some papers of his in the Classical Museum, that he would in theory agree with all that we have been urging; but it is probable that he would desire to interpret the term *faithfulness*, so as to save it from the idolatry of the letter. He would remind us, that, not only do Greek and English words, when seemingly identical, often involve different collateral associations, or present the same thought in different prominence; but a metaphor, which was barely unusual in Greek, may be most offensively harsh, or even unintelligible, in English; and that, to translate such a metaphor literally, is not always a 'faithfulness.' There are such cases, no doubt. When Æschylus says, that 'plunderings are near-kinwomen to runnings about,' Blackie judiciously and cleverly approximates to it, by the phrase, 'Plunder, daughter of Confusion:' which entirely fulfils our notion of faithfulness in such matters. More delicate questions, however, arise out of metrical peculiarities; and, in some parts of the question, we find ourselves more in agreement with Blackie's former views, as expressed in some earlier numbers of the 'Classical Museum,' than with those at which he appears finally to have arrived. But we must commence with the principles as to which we have entire harmony with him.

How mighty an influence on the whole spirit of a poem is exerted by metre, all thoughtful critics are aware; and those who have never before thought of it, will probably at once feel, that Milton himself could not have changed his 'Paradise Lost' into a *four-foot* measure, without seriously altering the tone of

his work. Of all preliminary questions, therefore, there is none more anxious for a translator than the metres which he shall adopt; especially since, if his metre is ill-proportioned to that of the original, it will induce him to amplify and weaken. But (Mr. Blackie has truly urged) the Germans, and Germanizers among ourselves, far too hastily infer that we should, in translating, conform strictly to the metres of the original. In literal truth, it is impossible; and the most elaborate attempts have been founded on misconception (we allude, especially, to the pretended dactylic hexameters by which some would Anglify Homer). But, as the Greek dactyls were dactyls of *quantity*,* and the English dactyls are dactyls of *accent*, the two are not identical, but at best an analogy; against which Blackie further urges, what is to us a decisive remark, that the Greek dactylic metre was in common (or duplicate) time, while English dactyls yield generally triplicate time. The one is the measure of a march, the other of a dance; so that, in a fruitless aim at what on the surface looks like the ancient metre, we lose the deeper essence. Out of this seems to rise the inference that, in all cases, we are to seek for a metre, which, being of suitable compass, possesses also the *æsthetic spirit* of that which we imitate; and this, when found, is to be adopted, whether it *have* or *have not* closer analogies in the number of syllables, and in the relation of our accentual feet to its musical bars.

In regard to the common measure of the Greek tragedians, it is matter of universal consent that the English blank verse is its proper analogue; and the circumstance is instructive. The consent of which we speak is not founded on metrical or musical theory, but on poetical taste and feeling: at the same time, there is found so much likeness between the two metres, that both are *called* iambic, though differing as quantity from accent. The unlikeness consists in there being six feet in the Greek, and only five in the English; and it is notable that, if we here attempt a closer identity, we defeat our object. The English Alexandrine (or six-foot iambic) wants the variety of pause found in both the other metres; and it is decidedly less suited for the translator's purpose. This, we say, is an instructive fact. Meanwhile, the existing consent concerning the appropriate metre in itself implies a conviction that the problem of good translation is a feasible one; and that, if it has hitherto miscarried, our language is not so much to blame as those who applied it unskilfully. In point of fact, the best known translator of these poets—we mean Potter—often has succeeded so

* We are informed, that the only living language in Europe which retains the musical principle of constructing metre by *quantity* alone, is the Magyar, or Hungarian.

well in *this* part of his task, that, if he were always equal to his best, there would here be no strong call for a new version.

A question of principle, which cannot be stifled, underlies all these attempts. When a close translation sounds tame (which often happens), what is to be done? Most translators then endeavour to ornament and elevate; since, if they cast the fault on the original, they do not expect to be believed; or they fear to depreciate their own choice of a task, if they blame their author. Yet, to attain the right theory does not here seem difficult. The best Greek and Latin models of style are very apt to appear to a modern bald and naked—nearly as the Doric and Ionic architecture by the side of our florid Gothic. In many cases, so far from adorning the original with beauties not its own, we must claim of the reader to judge it by another law, and, perhaps, even to remodel his own taste. To endeavour to pass off an ancient classic as a modern, is as unprofitable, and as absurd, as to be ashamed of the simplicity of Greek architecture. We do not say that it is so rich, deep, and magnificent, as its younger rival; but it is what it is, and must be judged of for itself.

At the same time, it is most necessary to ascertain whether *the Greek* is likely to have seemed to a *Greek* at all flat and prosaic. If not, we must ask, wherein was it elevated above prose? By metaphor? or by rare diction? or by the mere order of words, or composition of the phrase? Should we have neglected any of these points, our translation is *not* so faithful as we have fancied; and its flatness is our own defect. And, undoubtedly, herein our language is, in comparison with Greek, so inflexible, that the difficulty is sometimes extreme. The elegant compounds and poetical forms which serve to elevate the Greek style, without even the expenditure of a metaphor, are often by us inimitable; and we are driven to some analogous artifice of diction. Waiving this, there is also a certain *sprightliness* in the simplicity of native language, hard for the foreigner to hit, which saves it from tameness when it has no high poetry. Imagine the task which a Frenchman would find it to translate Wordsworth's poems! To have a chance of success, when the original is simple, the translator must have a power of throwing his heart into the same state in which the author wrote; or, what is akin to this, he must have imbibed the forms of expression familiar to those English poets who have had a spirit very congenial to that of the foreign poet before him. This is, in fact, Mr. Blackie's strength. The idiom of Shakspeare breathes through the whole of his dialogue; not merely in the lighter parts, where it might seem a most advantageous aid against tameness, but in the pure and strong Æschylean portions, where we think him often a Shakspearian to a fault.

It may be thought a paradox to imagine that Æschylus can ever have been like Wordsworth; but, if it be considered how large a part of the lyrical songs were helped out by gesture or dancing, as well as by music, the comparison may no longer seem far-fetched. Mr. Blackie has elaborately enforced the doctrine, that Æschylus did not write tragedies, in the modern sense; but *lyrical dramas*, or *sacred operas*—in which the dialogue often became secondary; and, in fact, the large mass of the lyrical effusions at once speaks for itself on this head. In a funereal wail, consisting mainly of very short utterances, high poetry is not to be looked for; but utterances of feeling, in which no fresh and active imagination enters, but that only which has been consecrated by old habit. Indeed, in proportion to the excitement, whether of grief, terror, or anger, the purely poetical element declines, and the oratorical rises, though always modified by metrical forms and usages. In any passages where the feelings act acutely and directly, natural and simple forms of speech appear to be essential: nor must the translator here be too fearful of being thought tame; but let him remind the reader how much liveliness was added by music and gesticulation.

This peculiarity of all the short *interjectional* utterances has been vividly realized by Mr. Blackie, who (in spite of the difficulties entailed by rhyme) has been very successful in the dirges both in the 'Persians' and in the 'Seven Chiefs.' We shall dwell a moment on this, as showing that he works better under heavier pressure than when left too free. In the following lament of the two sisters, Antigone and Ismene, over their two slain brothers, the translator is *forced* to render line by line. So long as the compulsion continues, he goes on well; but the moment he is set at liberty by the occurrence of a longer sentence, he is tempted to amplify, and injures the work.

- '*Ant.* Wounded, thou didst wound again.
Ism. Thou didst slay, and yet wert* slain.
A. Thou didst pierce him with the spear.
I. Deadly pierced thou liest here.
A. Sons of sorrow! *I.* Sons of pain!
A. Break out grief! *I.* Flow tears amain!
A. Weep the slayer— *I.* And the slain.
A. Ah, my soul is mad with moaning.
I. And my heart within is groaning.
A. O thrice wretched, wretched brother!
I. Thou more wretched than the other.

* Modern poets often say, *Thou wert*, for *Thou wast*. Is not this an error? Ought we not to say only, *If thou wert*, as, *If I were*?

A. Thine own kindred pierced thee thorough.*

I. And thy kin was pierced with thee.

A. Sight of sadness! *I.* Tale of sorrow.

A. *Deadly* to say. *I.* *Deadly* to see.

A. We with you the sorrow bear.

I. And twin woes twin sisters share.

Chorus. Alas! alas!

Mœra, baneful gifts dispensing

To the toilsome race of mortals,

Now prevails thy murky hour;

Shade of *Oedipus* thrice sacred,

Night-clad Fury, dread *Erinnys*,

Mighty, mighty is thy power.

In the same spirit it continues for several pages more. We have only to remark, first, that the word *deadly* ought to be *double*; the poet afterwards says *deadly* (ὀλοῦ), and there also Mr. Blackie has it; but here he chose to say *δειλᾶ*: and, secondly, that the words in italics in the last speech quoted should all be omitted. It may seem that despotic monarchs will as soon learn to rule wisely, as irresponsible translators not to abuse the opportunity of amplifying. Perhaps, we may venture to add our dislike to the foreign words *Mœra*, *Erinnys*, when we have the good English and poetical ones—Fate and Fury.

One other case remains of style so simple, as to seem tame; namely, when the poet himself intended it. Such appears to us decidedly the case, for instance, with the first speech of *OCEAN*, in the 'Prometheus,' where Mr. Blackie has entirely failed, and has become stiff and affected, by trying to elevate what ought to be left flat. *OCEAN* is to us manifestly intended by the poet as the type of a time-server; and although he begins with some grandiloquence, yet his prosaic, selfish, courtly character peeps out; and we see that he is trying to keep up the appearance of friendship and self-devotion, while in fact he is heartless. His words, rendered as closely as we are able, stand thus:—

'Careering from a goal remote,
To thee, Prometheus, have I sped;
While by my will, not needing bit,
I curb this airsteed, swift of wing.
But (know) I with thy lot condole.
For this (I trow) my kindred blood
Itself constrains: and waiving kin,
There's none whom I with more devoir
Observe, than thee.
How true this is, thou soon shalt learn;

* Mr. Blackie ordinarily uses *thorough* to mean *through*, and to rhyme with *sorrow*. We do not know his pronunciation of it.

For not in vain tongue-blandishment
 'Tis mine to deal. But come, denote,
 Wherein may I assist thy ends?
 For never shalt thou say, thou hast
 A friend than OCEAN firmer.'

The argumentative tone in which the old god *proves* that he must sympathize with Prometheus, (also, *ἰσθι*, 'be assured that' I sympathize!) is strikingly contrasted with the unaffected outpouring of grief from the nymphs his daughters; and in the result it is clear that he only wants an excuse to withdraw. But here,—if we may deviate from general considerations to a particular drama,—Mr. Blackie appears to us to have overlooked one feature of the Prometheus, namely, that while there is every possible variety of character presented in it, one and all agree in regarding Jupiter as a tyrant. This is to us irreconcilable with Mr. Blackie's theory, who believes such a view to be only accidentally impressed upon us by our having lost the Fire-bringing Prometheus, and the Prometheus Unbound, so as to receive only the view of Jupiter enforced by his enemy. Had the poet intended to represent Jupiter (in this play) as a righteous ruler, we cannot but think that he would have made either Ocean, or at least Mercury, drop some words to this effect. But now, we find Prometheus the betrayed ally of Jupiter,—the Oceanides the tender and brave condolers,—Oceanus the cautious and selfish worshipper of power, Io the wronged maiden, Vulcan the unwilling servant of Jupiter, Might and Force his brutal tools, and Mercury his accomplished minister,—one and all agree in the sentiment, that Jupiter trusts entirely to force, and does not condescend to care about right or reason. The poet does not throw in a single mysterious phrase, such as abound in his other plays, to suggest that in the long run righteousness and wisdom will be found to have been on the side of supreme force. Even superior knowledge is conceded by Mercury to reside in Prometheus, and Jupiter's great rage is excited by his consciousness that Prometheus is master of a secret which he cannot wrest from him. We cannot, in the face of these facts, adopt any other theory than the popular one, which Mr. Blackie thinks superficial. But (perhaps in consequence) he seems to us not rightly to have discerned OCEAN's character, and to give a wrong turn to several expressions.

But before laying any further remarks before the reader, it may be well to make some extracts which will enable him to judge of Mr. Blackie's poetical vigour. Hear the description of Tydeus in the Seven Chiefs.

'First at the Prælian portal Tydeus stands.
 Storming against the seer, who wise forbids

To pass Ismenus' wave, before the sacrifice
 Auspicious smiles. But he, for battle burning,
 Fumes like a fretful snake in the sultry noon;
 Lashing with gibes the wise Oiclidan seer,
 Whose prudence he interprets dastardy,
 Cajoling death away. Thus fierce he raves,
 And shakes the overshadowing crest sublime,
 His helmet's triple mane, while 'neath his shield
 The brazen bells ring fear. On his shield's face
 A sign he bears as haughty as himself,
 The welkin flaming with a thousand lights:
 And in its centre the full moon shines forth,
 Eye of the night and regent of the stars.
 So speaks his vaunting shield. On the stream's bank
 He stands loud roaring, eager for the fight,
 As some fierce steed that frets against the bit,
 And waits with ruffling neck and ears erect,
 To catch the trumpet's blare.'

Eteocles replies:

'No blows I fear from the trim dress of war,
 No wounds from blazoned terrors. Triple crests
 And ringing bells bite not without the spear.
 And for this braggart shield, with starry night
 Studded, too soon for the fool's wit that owns it
 The scutcheon may prove seer. When death's dark night
 Shall settle on his eyes, and the blithe day
 Beams joy on him no more, hath not the shield
 Spoken significant, and pictured borne
 A boast against its bearer? I, to match
 This Tydeus, will set forth the son of Astacus,
 A noble youth not rich in boasts, who bows
 Before the sacred throne of Modesty;
 In base things cowardly, in high virtue bold.'

The messenger afterwards describes Polynices, which occasions the following burst from his brother:—

'O god-detested, god-bemaddened race!
 Woe-worthy sons of woe-worn Ædipus!
 Your father's curse is ripe: but tears are vain,
 And weeping might but mother worser woe.
 O Polynices! thy prophetic name
 Speaks more than all the emblems of thy shield.
 Soon shall we see if gold-bossed words can save thee,
 Babbling vain madness in a proud device.
 If Jove-born Justice, maid divine, might be
 Of thoughts and deeds like thine participant,
 Thou mightst have hope: but Polynices, never,
 Or when the darkness of thy mother's womb
 Thou first didst leave, or in thy nursing prime.

Or in thy bloom of youth, or in the gathering
 Of beard on manhood's chin, hath Justice owned thee,
 Or known thy name: and shall she know thee, now
 Thou leadst a stranger host against thy country?
 Her nature were a mockery of her name,
 If she could fight for knaves, and still be Justice.
 In this faith strong, this traitor I will meet
 Myself: the cause is mine, and I will fight it.
 For equal prince to prince, to brother brother,
 Fell foe to foe, suits well. And now to arms!
 Bring me my spear and shield, hauberk and greaves.'

Let us next take a passage of totally different spirit, from the
 'Persians.' The speaker is Atossa, mother of Xerxes, and
 daughter of Cyrus the Great.

' Good friends, whoso hath knowledge of mishap,
 Knows this, that men, when swelling ills surge o'er them,
 Brood o'er the harm, till all things catch the hue
 Of apprehension: but when Fortune's stream
 Runs smooth, the same with confidence elate
 Hope the boon god will blow fair breezes ever.
 Thus to my soul all things are full of fear;
 The adverse gods from all sides strike my eye,
 And in my ear, with ominous-ringing peal,
 Fate prophesies. Such terror scares my wits.
 No royal car to-day, no queenly pomp
 Is mine: the brodered state would ill become
 My present mission, bringing, as thou seest,
 These simple offerings to appease the Shades:—
 From the chaste cow, this white and healthful milk;
 This clearest juice, by the flower-working bee
 Distilled; this pure wave from the virgin spring;
 This draught of joyaunce from the unmingled grape,
 Of a wild mother born; this fragrant fruit
 Of the pale-green olive, ever leafy fair,
 And those wreathed flow'rs, of all-producing Earth
 Fair children.'

We selected these passages, *only* because we knew them to
 be noble and beautiful in the original; and we think they will
 suffice to exhibit the raciness, richness, and Shaksperian vigour
 of Mr. Blackie's common dialect. But we are tempted to
 adduce (again at random) a fine passage from the Agamemnon,
 where Clytæmnestra hypocritically welcomes her husband home,
 and in over-wrought language publicly tells her fondness for him.

' Men, citizens, ye reverend Argive senators,
 No shame feel I, ev'n in your face, to tell
 My husband-loving ways. Long converse lends
 Boldness to bashfulness. No foreign griefs,

Mine own self-suffered woes I tell. While he
 Was camping far at Ilium, I at home
 Sat all forlorn, uncherish'd by the mate
 Whom I had chosen. * * *

* * * * Myself the while
 So woe-worn lived, the fountains of my grief
 To their last drop were with much weeping drained :
 And far into the night my watch I've kept
 With weary eyes, while in my lonely room
 The night-torch faintly glimmered. In my dream
 The buzzing gnat, with its light brushing wing,
 Startled the fretful sleeper. Thou hast been
 In waking hours, as in sleep's fitful turns,
 My only thought. But having bravely borne
 This weight of woe, now with blithe heart I greet
 Thee, my heart's lord, the watchdog of the fold,
 The ship's sure mainstay, pillar'd shaft whereon
 Rests the high roof, fond parent's only child,
 Land seen by sailors past all hope, a day
 Lovely to look on when the storm hath broken,
 And to the thirsty wayfarer the flow
 Of gushing rill. O sweet it is, how sweet
 To see an end of the harsh yoke that galled us.
 These greetings to my lord !'

These passages, we trust, will excite a desire to make fuller acquaintance with Mr. Blackie's volumes ; but we must proceed to speak on a characteristic feature in them. That Mr. Blackie is a deep scholar, in the Porsonian sense of the word, we certainly will not undertake to assert ; indeed we suspect he a little under-rates the importance of a good text ; his tendency is to seize the general thought of a sentence, and care too little for details. But if there be any deficiency on this head, it is more than atoned for by the great zeal and learning with which he has mastered, or at least striven after, a higher sort of criticism ; which aims, on the one hand, to reproduce to the imagination the whole feeling which animated intelligent Greek auditors and spectators ; on the other, to set forth the conception which filled and guided the author's mind in writing. Besides a Preface of some interest to all scholars, his first volume has a preliminary essay on the genius and character of the Greek tragedy, in which we admire the freshness of feeling with which he handles a hackneyed subject. This is followed by a life of Æschylus. But, besides, each play has its own Introduction, generally rather elaborate, but what is far better, always bearing the stamp of an original and thoughtful mind. Nor has Mr. Blackie, with all his admiration for Æschylus, any of that fanaticism which refuses

to acknowledge his faults.* So healthy a love of truth seems to pervade his pages, as to give double weight to his eulogies; indeed, the reader is impressed all through with the sense that the translator never tires of his author. The same sprightliness pervades every page of the book; the same unabated effort to penetrate to his author's heart is seen in the most corrupt and puzzling, as in the clearest passages. In some sense, indeed, Mr. Blackie may seem to revel in the corrupt choruses, because they allow most freedom to his own original writing; and this, we imagine, is his weak point as a translator. It is dangerous for such a one to have much power of invention; for it needs a proportionably higher control over the propensity to enlarge and invent. But we must proceed to speak more in detail concerning the choruses, not only because they are so large a part of the dramas, but because hitherto the attempts at translating them have been on the whole undoubtedly failures, and also because Mr. Blackie has exerted himself so peculiarly and often so successfully upon them.

Some notice is first demanded by the anapæstic systems. These Mr. Blackie has expressed by a trochaic metre, with an occasional rhyme. We confess that to us *occasional* rhymes are vexatious, by exciting expectation which is perpetually disappointed; and we prefer no rhymes to very rare and uncertain ones. As a favourable specimen we exhibit the following from the 'Furies':—

'Defly, defly weave the dance!
Sisters, lift the dismal strain!
Sing the Furies, justly dealing
Dooms deserved to guilty mortals:
Defly, defly lift the strain.

'Whoso lifted hands untainted,
Him no Furies' wrath shall follow;
He shall live unharmed by me.
But who sinned, as this offender,
Hiding foul ensanguined hands,
We with him are present, bearing
Unhired witness for the dead.
We will tread his heels, exacting
Blood for blood, ev'n to the end.'

* We do not acquiesce in his censure of the undecided behaviour of the Chorus in the Agamemnon. The poet seems to us to have represented them as divinely paralyzed, as indeed all hearers of Cassandra were. Hence they are more and more gloomy in their songs, in spite of the happy exterior of events. The gloom increases and becomes more perplexing, until the murder is complete. [Since writing thus, we find Potter to say much the same.]

The first five lines deviate too far from the form of the original to please us; we cannot see what is gained by it; but we at present confine our remark to the metre. Mr. Blackie informs us (and we are persuaded by him), that the anapæsts of the tragedians were in *march-time*, and therefore ought not to be translated by English anapæsts, which are triple time. But we think this is equally an objection to the English trochees, which are too tripping a metre,—a dance, rather than a march. It is remarkable that Aristotle says this very thing of the Greek trochee ('it is κορδακικώτερον'), but as this is only an analogy, we appeal to Milton, who in writing,

‘Come, and trip it as you go,
On the light fantastic toe,’

certainly thought he was using a tripping metre. To us it appears that the English anapæsts *may* be a minuet, but the trochees are liable to be a jig. Surely the inference to be drawn from our author’s doctrine is, that the four foot iambic is our proper representative of the Greek anapæstic. Lastly, Mr. Blackie appears to us most undesirably to reverse the endings in the common anapæsts, and in their closing line. In Greek, Latin, or English, the ending is generally characteristic of a metre; and we would carefully retain the position of the closing accent or *ictus*. For instance, in the *Agamemnon*, we would translate in the opening anapæsts, thus:—

‘And when the foliage now is scár,
Spent Age on three feet wends his way;
For war no mightier than a child,
And as a daydream doúting.’

We have a most distinct realization that this corresponds to the Greek rhythm; but this is no matter for proof.

Mr. Blackie sometimes rhymes, even in the systems which represent anapæsts, as we have said. In the opening of the ‘*Persians*,’ he surprises us by having not only rhyme, but an English anapæstic measure! What is more, it is very effective and spirited; we wish we had space to quote much:—

‘We are the Persian watchmen old,
The guardians true of the palace of gold,
Left to defend the Asian land,
When the army marched to Hellas’ strand.
Elders chosen by Xerxes the king,
The son of Darius, to hold the reins,
Till he the conquering host shall bring
Back to Susa’s sunny plains.
But the spirit within me is troubled and tossed,
When I think of the king and the Persian host,’ &c.

When the anapæsts end, the chorus break out into 'Ionic a Minori,' that is, into a *Bacchic* strain. This we had always supposed to be a very stirring metre, and we still suspect that it is; but, nevertheless, Mr. Blackie has tuned it to a sort of 'God-save-the-Queen,' with excellent effect; as also in his very spirited termination of the Suppliants.

' Proudly the kingly host,
City-destroying, crossed
Hence to the neighbouring
Contrary coast;
Paving the sea with planks,
Marched he his serried ranks:
Helle's swift rushing stream
Binding with cord and chain,
Forging a yoke,
For the neck of the main,' &c.

There are so many choruses admirably executed, that we should overfill our pages if we attempted to denote all that best pleases us. Yet when we call them admirable, we do not mean that they fulfil our best idea of faithfulness. Very frequently far from it—*rhyme forbids!* Nevertheless, they are at worst general similarities, and, more or less, in Æschylean spirit. To make one general criticism, we think Mr. Blackie is far too fond of the trochaic metre; and our notion of what is a *good* trochaic line is more severe than his; we do not like what is called an initial trochee* to be in fact a better iamb than trochee. Nor are we without many questionings of his interpretations of the text. But we must restrict our remarks, in order to observe reasonable limits, to a single drama, and in it shall avoid minute scholarship. We select the Choephori (Choephoræ, he calls it), as very corrupt, and therefore giving Mr. Blackie much scope, besides that it is less hacknied; and we must be satisfied to remark on his execution of the lyrical parts.

In the first chorus, he has not succeeded in making the personification of Terror very clear. The poet says, 'for clear-speaking Terror, with hair erect, the dream-seer [*i.e.* dream-interpreter] of the house, breathing wrath out of sleep, spake from the recesses an utterance in the untimely night.' But hear Mr. Blackie:

' Breathing wrath through nightly slumbers,
By a dream-encompassed lair,
Prophet of the house of Pelops,
Terror stands with bristling hair.

* As: 'My vex'd heart on grief is feeding;' where we know not how to get the accent on *my*, which properly belongs to *res'd*.

Through the dark night fitful yelling,
He within our inmost dwelling
Did the sleeper scare.'

Many readers will have to peruse this twice, and even three times, before they understand it. *TERROR* is not made prominent in the beginning of the sentence, as by Æschylus: the second line is hardly intelligible,—(the desire to get a rhyme as foisted in *the lair*)—the ambiguous preposition *by* so perplexes the reader, that he cannot at first tell whether *prophet* is vocative or nominative. Altogether, it wants directness, and therefore power. In the end of the chorus, we cannot at all find in the Greek his sense;

'I for my *mistress*' woes must wail,
And for *my own* beneath the veil.'

The poet merely makes the leader of the chorus say: 'I weep beneath my veil at the undeserved calamities of *my lords*' (Agamemnon and Orestes)—with nothing at all about *her own* woes.*

The second is a short chorus, rather difficult, but not in the last sentence. The poet there wrote: 'Where is the spear-strong man to disentangle the house, a Scythian and a war-god, brandishing in fight back-stretched [or back-bent] weapons, and hand-on-hilt wielding arms for close combat?' Mr. Blackie expresses it:

'O that *some god* from Scythia far,
To my imploring,
Might send a spearman strong in war,
Our house restoring!
Come, Mars, with back-bent bow, thy hail
Of arrows pouring,
Or with the hilted sword assail.
And in the grapple close prevail
Of battle roaring.'

We are here sorry to miss the Æschylean identification of the Scythian with the war-god, and the loss of condensation is the loss both of an Æschylean, and of a classical quality. But we say not this in censure, except of adhering to rhyme; for that it is which necessitates the expansion.

There next follows an interesting and most curious Hymn of Sorrow, on the mechanism of which we hoped for some comment from the stores of Mr. Blackie's erudition. It is not a wail of fresh grief, like those before alluded to, over one recently dead, but it is an elaborate waking-up of old sorrow, and impresses

* We are not satisfied with the very first word of the hymn, 'Missioned,' from *ἡμισημένον*. 'Izallw' is rather antique and naïve, we think, than grandiloquent.

us with the fancy (which we cannot confirm by references) that the Greeks must have indulged in sacred poetical laments, artificially constructed, perhaps, on the recurring anniversaries of a parent's death. The strophes and antistrophes are not ejaculatory, but of moderate length, and are so intertwined as at first to appear in total confusion; but on closer examination we find an order that cannot have been accidental. Let the reader study the subjoined diagram:—

α β α	γ δ β δ	Mesode	ε ζ ε	γ η ζ η
O C E	C O C E	C	E C O	C E C O

After which follows:—

θ ι ι θ	κ κ λ λ
C E O E O E	O E C O E C E C

When a Greek letter is repeated, as γ and γ, we of course use them for strophe and antistrophe. C, O, E are the initial letters of the speakers, viz. Chorus, Orestes, Electra. In the first system, it will be seen that the *mesode*, or central song, is sung by the chorus; it is not antistrophic. But on each side of this are two similar systems, having each its mesode, γ, but the two *gammæ* are antistrophic. These also are sung by the chorus, and like the principal mesode, are perfect anapaestic systems. Observe, farther, that each β is a mesode in detail, yet the two *betas* are antistrophic, and are sung by the chorus; and the same applies to ζ ζ. The other songs fall to the two children, with the arrangement, however, that *before* the mesode, Orestes leads and Electra responds; which is reversed *after* the mesode. There is in the 'Edipus Coloneus,' a hymn of similar complication. but as the responses are shorter, they were not so readily discerned to be antistrophic, and the text is less perfectly preserved. It is unimaginable that Æschylus can have invented for the occasion an artificial system which would have been unintelligible and distracting to the hearers; it must have *grown up*. Was it possibly a part of the 'Arian mourning' alluded to in this chorus? where Mr. Blackie has changed *Arian* into *Persian* in order to be more popular. We conjecture that the whole depended on a scheme of dancing, and that Electra and Orestes exchanged places during the mesode, so as to reverse their parts; but the Choregus always sustains her central and presiding place. In the second system, there is doubt concerning the speakers of strophe θ, and there is a breach of analogy observable. In κ κ, the voices succeed quick, and in the former, the Chorus tell us that they sing in band.

Concerning Mr. Blackie's execution of this whole piece, we find room for both praise and blame. How much sweetness and

variety he can command, the reader will see from the following specimens:—

Electra. Hear thou our cries, O father, when for thee
The frequent tear is falling.
The wailing pair, o'er thy dear tomb, to thee
From their hearts' depths are calling;
The suppliant and the exile at one tomb
Their sorrow showering,
Helpless and hopeless, mantled round with gloom:
Woe overpowering.*

Again,

<i>Chorus.</i> Like a Persian mourner	Singing sorrow's tale,
Like a Cissian wailer	I did weep and wail.
O'er my head swifttoaring	Came arm on arm amain:
The voice of my deploring	Like the lashing rain.
Sorrow's rushing river	O'er me flooding spread,
Black misfortune's quiver	Emptied o'er my head.'

The reader may, perhaps, here see the truth with which Mr. Blackie styles the 'Dramas of Æschylus' *sacred operas*. It would be curious if the Italian Opera should ever be traced historically to the Arian, Kissian, and Mariandynian mourners!

Mr. Blackie is not quite enough on his guard against phrases which make grief ridiculous to men of German race; among whom it is honourable for 'women to weep, and men to remember;' but we forbear to quote. Occasionally, he is too indirect, or obscure, and we have some smaller questions with him, into which † we cannot enter; but we are annoyed by one ambiguity. The chorus says, that *Agamemnon* is 'In the únder-wórld revér'd,' 'a chiéftain mighty and brilliant;' out of which Mr. Blackie makes, that Agamemnon 'marched to Hades dread, the monarch of the awful dead;' giving the reader to suppose that Hades (*i.e.* Pluto) is the monarch intended. An easy and great improvement is, to write, 'a king among the awful dead;' but the word Hades should be avoided, because its personification is common. Here, as elsewhere, we feel confident that a *still* closer translation in the *unrhymed* parts (the anapestic systems) is not possible only, but easy; and might be more melodious and more Æschylean than Mr. Blackie's trochees. He too much approaches our vulgar ornamental amplifiers, when he expands, 'by Scamander's channel,' into, 'where *far* Scamander *rolls* his *swirling flood*;' and he is unfortunate in

* It is printed *overpouring*; but the Greek, as well as the rhyme suggests misprint.

† Does not θεός *χρῆμα* mean, 'God, if he will?' Is Ζεύς *ἀμείνων* anything but 'Jove, in the fulness of might?' or does he take it to mean, Patron of *children* of both sexes?

translating μετ' ἄλλῃ λαῶ 'with many *brothers*,' where it is a phrase of contempt, 'with the vulgar herd;' but *brothers* (alas!) was wanted to rhyme with *others*.

The fourth chorus is splendidly executed; at once thoroughly Æschylean and thoroughly English. Its directness and simplicity add vigour to its beauty. We object only to one phrase, 'the bristling line' for ἐχέαις 'the foe'; it *wants* simplicity and clearness, and offends even one who does not know what is the Greek (such, indeed, was our own case in reading); but here, also, *line* is wanted to rhyme with *divine*!*

The fifth chorus is dreadfully corrupt, and Mr. Blackie has taken advantage of this to launch out in his own way, producing an elegant and striking piece of poetry, far more interesting than the vexatious original, which, nevertheless, has suggested every line of the translation. We were amused with his dexterity in remoulding a line, in which Æschylus has always seemed to us to provoke the sceptic's laugh most unseasonably. As we translate, it stands: '(Apollo), if he pleases (χρηζων), will show many other secrets. When he speaks an aimless word, he brings before the eyes night and darkness; but in (his) daylight he is nowise clearer.' But hear Mr. Blackie:—

'Dark are the doings of the gods; and *we*,
When they are clearest *shown*, but dimly see:
Yet *Faith* will follow
Where Hermes leads, the leader of the dead,
And thou, Apollo.'

But we deprecate this remodelling and elevating of their religious sentiment, for it spoils the historical truth, and hinders the English reader from confiding in his translator. We do not think Mr. Blackie prone to this fault.

The last choral hymn is not quite so corrupt, and we propose finally to quote it as a specimen of Mr. Blackie's anapestic metre, and as a trial of his faithfulness. By accidental error it is marked as *not* antistrophic; indeed, we think that what is given as an epode should be antistrophically arranged. With this exception Mr. Blackie has it thus:

Str. 'Hall of old Priam, with sorrow unbearable,
Vengeance hath come on the Argive, thy foe:
A pair of grim lions, a double Mars terrible,
Comes to *his* palace that levelled *thee* low.
Chanced hath the doom of the guilty precisely.
Even as Phœbus foretold it, and wisely
Where the god pointed was levelled the blow.

* We must add: The poet regarded Skylla as actuated not by *love*, but by *avarice* and *vanity*, to sell her father's life to Minos.

Lift up the hymn of rejoicing! The lecherous
 Sin-laden tyrant shall lord it no more:
 No more shall the mistress so bloody and treacherous
 Lavish the plundered Pelopidan store.'

Ant. 'Sore chastisement came on the doomed and devoted,
 With darkbrooding purpose and fairsmiling show;
 And the daughter of Jove the Eternal was noted
 Guiding the hand that inflicted the blow;—
 Bright Justice;—of Jove the Olympian daughter:
 But blasted they fell with the breath of her slaughter
 Whose deeds of Injustice made Justice their foe.
 Her from his shrine sent the rockthroned Apollo,
 The will of her high-purposed sire to obey,
 The track of the bloodstained remorseless to follow,
 Winged with sure death, though she lag by the way.'

Epode. 'Ye rulers on Earth, fear the rulers in Heaven:
 No aid by the gods to the froward is given.
 For the bonds of our thralldom asunder are riven,
 And the day dawns clear.
 Lift up your heads! From prostration untimely
 Ye halls of the mighty be lifted sublimely!
 All-perfecting Time shall bring swift restitution,
 And cleanse the hearth pure from the gory pollution,
 Now the day dawns clear.
 And blithely shall welcome them Fortune the fairest,—
 The brother and sister,—with omens the rarest.
 Each friend of this house, show the warm love thou bearest;
 Now the day dawns clear.'

The metre of the original is dochmiac. At the end of the first antistrophe, the text is corrupt, and we deviate from the common view of its structure, which Mr. Blackie follows. At the end of the hymn is another contested place; we there agree with our author's structure, but not with his adoption of Stanley's conjectural change, out of which he seems to have hammered his penultimate line. We translate the whole (far more literally than is usual even in prose) into a metre closely analogous to the original. If the reader choose to count it prose, let him so count it; but we have found that the ear of a lady guiltless of classical lore, at once recognized it as a peculiar and effective metre. At the end of the first antistrophe we read *nostro periculo*:—

τάπερ ὁ Λοξίας μέγαν ἔχεν μύχρον
 χθονὸς ἐποχθονίᾳ, τὰδ' ἀδόλως ὁλοῖται
 Βλαπτομένην πόδ' ἐν χρόνῳ
 • τισὶν ἐπείχεται.

The τάπερ, which others change into τάνπερ, we have made τῷπερ. We have omitted ὁ Παριόσιος as a prosaic gloss redundant to the

metre, yet naturally added, because the description of Apollo might serve as well for Pluto. We have arbitrarily added *πῶς* as needed by sense and metre. We have changed the absurd *θεῖσαν* into *τίσαν*, *Vengeance*, and the portentous *ἐποχθιαῖον* into *ἐποχθοῖν*, *τῷδ'*. We suppose *ἐποχθίω* to be coined by Æschylus from the Homeric *ὀχθίω*, and to be equivalent to the later *ἐποχθίζω*, *προσοχθίζω*; but the word being new to transcribers, led to this strange corruption. We regard *Δίκη* as the nominative to *ἐποχθεῖται*. In the epode we suppose a line lost, and by a slight transposition we then find antistrophic stanzas. Otherwise, we nearly follow Scholefield's text; but, in the first line, omitting *παρὰ* as a gloss, we insert *δὲ* before *πῶς*, *metri causâ*; and afterwards keep *θρευμένοις* instead of Stanley's conjecture. With these explanations, we get the following result :*—

- Str. 1.* 'There came woe at last On old Priam's race,
Heavy and terrible meed.
And came two-fold War To Agamemnon's halls
In twain lion-form.
Announc'd clear from Pytho,—The fugitive, urg'd from high
By wise heav'nly words, Has full drawn the lots.
Utter a wild shout, Hó, O'er the lordly house,
For its escape from woe, And from a waste of weal
By a defil'd and curs'd pair;—
Sorry and doleful doom !
- Ant. 1.* 'For lo, shé to whóm Stealthy attack is dear,
Sly Retribution came.
And the resistless maid, A true child of Jove,
Her hánd strétch'd to fight :—
We mén cáll her Jústice, With happily-guided tongue :—
Whó on the énemy bréathes Á wráth chárge'd with Fáte.
Whomé'er Lóxiás Dwelling in ample dell
Of éarth spúrn's with háte, On *him* shé bestirs
Vengeance array'd with guileless guile,
Limping and alway late.
- Str. 2.* 'Suprême pów'r itsélf Forbids† pów'r suprême,
To hélp évil wórks.
Fitting it is to adóre A héav'n-rúling sway.
Visibly shines the light,

* Will the reader keep all the accents in musical time by tapping with his finger as he reads? If he will not so far humour us, then let him read slowly and steadily, according to the sense, and carefully avoiding to force the words into any known metre.

† Literally: 'Divine power is, *somehow or other*, under prohibition,' &c. The adverb, so unbearably prosaic with us, we take to have been Æschylus's way of hinting at the mysterious *law from within* to which even Godhead is subject.

And from a mighty curb The house now is freed.
 Rise from the dust, O House ! Many a weary day
 Prostrate hast thou lain too long.
 But all-fin'ishing Time Shall now speedily pass

Ant. 2. 'Thro' the ancestral porch, An'd from the hearth shall drive
 The foul pow'rs of sin'
 By pure spells that charm Ev'ery pest away,
 Visibly shines the light,
 [And from a mighty curb The house now is freed.]
 *The new lords within, In strange rights install'd,
 Groan to tell the shameless past.
 Chances again for them With fair face shall fall.'

Without assuming that any of our interpretations are more correct than Mr. Blackie's, we venture to think that a mere English reader would have, in a version like ours, *more instructive materials for study* than from any possible rhymed translation, not excepting that before us. If, indeed, a reader is perversely set against perusing what is not in rhyme, the case is closed ; but a *really* literal rendering, such as we pledge ourselves here to have presented, is matter not for mere perusal, but for actual study—for repeated contemplation. How much more *characteristic* is it ! how marked, direct, and simple ! Who does not see the grave and simple Ancient more clearly, than when his form is obscured by our modern garments ? We further remark the clearness with which the use of Guile on the side of Justice is vindicated by the poet, ('*Sly* Retribution to whom *stealthy* attack is dear'—and 'Vengeance with *guileless guile*,') which is not prominent in Blackie. See, then, the terseness and simplicity, and freedom from idle epithets or commonplace : see also the clearness with which Retribution is personified, and the strength of the metaphor 'Vengeance *limping* and alway late ;'—which, though borrowed from Homer, and adopted by Horace, Blackie softens away, fond as he really is of Æschylus's blunt and strong words. Nay, he has equally given us 'bonds of thralldom' instead of the 'curb' or 'snaffle' of the house. Nor can we approve of *inventing* for Æschylus such contrasts as 'whose deeds of *injustice* made *Justice* their foe : '—'ye rulers *on earth*, fear the rulers in *heaven*.' Yet there is no avoiding these things, if people must have rhyme ; and we believe that Mr. Blackie sins less in this way than his predecessors. We remember that Potter

* We have been forced to amplify the political metaphor *μετροίκου*. Also, literally : 'Declare with moaning, that they have seen and heard *what-not* (τὸ πᾶν).' So Schutz rightly interpreted it. The τὸ πᾶν, *nilhil-um*, or *what-not*, alludes to all that is 'shameful' : hence we have introduced this word.

expands the line, 'Man by man with spear is slain,' into following:—

'The brave, who midst these dire alarms,
For their lost country greatly dare,
And fired with vengeance rush to arms,
Fall victims to the bloodstained spear:'

where he has not even rewarded us with two good rhymes.

We did not select this chorus in order to disparage Mr. Blackie but for his rendering of Dochmiac metre. However, on review the case, we are disposed to think this is *not* a favourable aver of his faithfulness, and that the reader will not be right in judging of him by this sample. We have neglected to say, that in hymns of the 'Prometheus,' Mr. Blackie *does* dispense with rhyme and this suggests that we must, before closing this article, lay a specimen before the reader, though we have already occupied much space:—

Str. 1. 'Thy dire disasters, unexampled wrongs,
I weep, Prometheus.
From its soft founts distilled, the flowing tear
My cheek bedashes.
'Tis hard, most hard! By self-made laws Jove rules,
And 'gainst the host of primal gods he points
The lordly spear.

Ant. 1. 'With echoing groans the ambient waste bewails
Thy fate, Prometheus!
The neighbouring tribes of holy Asia weep
For thee, Prometheus;
For thee and thine! names mighty and revered
Of yore, now shamed, dishonoured, and cast down,
And chained with thee.

Str. 2. 'And Colchis, with her belted* daughters, weeps
For thee, Prometheus:
And Scythian tribes, on earth's remotest verge,
Where lone Mæotis spreads her wintry waters,
Do weep for thee.

Ant. 2. 'The flower of Araby's wandering warriors weep
For thee, Prometheus:
And they, who high their airy holds have perched
On Caucasus' ridge, with pointed lances bristling,
Do weep for thee.

*Æschylus does not say *belted*, but *intrepid in battle*. We fear that he will not be so understood.

Epode. * One only vexed like thee, and even as thou
 In adamant bound,
 A Titan and a god scorned by the gods,
 Atlas I knew.
 He, on his shoulders the surpassing weight
 Of the celestial pole stontly upbore,
 And groaned beneath.
 Roars billowy ocean, and the deep sucks back
 Its waters when he sobs ; from earth's dark caves
 Deep hell resounds ;
 The fountains of the holy-streaming rivers
 Do moan with him.'

The hymns in the 'Prometheus' were judged by Mr. Blackie peculiarly able to dispense with rhyme, and he will protest against our inferring from his success in them that he might have succeeded as well in all. It is too much now to expect him to burn and recompose the others, on which he has bestowed such labour ; yet we shall not believe that the task of translating Æschylus literally into an unrhymed version, acceptable to the English public, is impossible, until it has been tried, and has failed, by one who possesses Mr. Blackie's enthusiasm for Æschylus, his metrical skill, musical ear, command of pure mother English, familiarity with English poets, new and old, and classical lore.

Till then, we have before us a version which will give English readers a far better* idea of Æschylus than was before attainable ; which is generally excellent, often admirable, and indicative of genius, even in the liberties which it takes with the original. We do hope that the public will take care to give the opportunity of improvement, in a second edition, to one who has devoted so much time, effort, and rare power, to the unpretending and unhonoured task of translation.

* We have thought it invidious and useless to compare Mr. Blackie with contemporary translators of a single play. As for good old Potter, his lyrics have so little to distinguish Æschylus, as to prevent our murmuring when he renders whole masses of choral poetry in blank verse. He undertook a vast task, to translate the whole of the three great tragedians,—and did not adequately feel what was to be aimed at.

ART. V.—*The Clans of the Highlands of Scotland; being an Account of their Annals, separately and collectively; with Delineations of their Tartans and Family Arms.* Edited by Thomas Smibert. Esq. Edinburgh: James Hogg. London: Groombridge and Sons. 1850. 8vo. Pp. 340.

THIS is truly a splendid volume. Whether we look to its exterior or its interior—to the pink cover, decorated with the golden thistle to ‘Scotia dear’—or to the many beautiful specimens of tartan, which add a rainbow of lustre to its pages—or to the plain, clear type—or to the interesting, varied, and richly anecdotal letter-press—we have seen few ornamental books, for years, which can vie with it. No book, assuredly, since Stewart of Garth, on the ‘History of the Highland Regiments,’ has appeared, one-half so attractive to Highlanders, or to any, whether in Scotland or England, who have the Highland blood flowing in their veins, or any admiration for the scenery of the Highlands. We feel ourselves, on the double wings of this elegant history, and on the rich sunshine of an August afternoon, wafted away to the mountains of Scotland. The land, which in maps seems to blacken into massive grandeur as one casts his eye northwards, opens before us its dark barriers, and we pass, as permitted guests, amid its wild and primitive scenery. There arise, first of all, its unplanted places, the dwellings of the storm and the eagle—its old granite rocks—its clefts of everlasting snow—its heathy wildernesses lying grim around, as if they had long ago forgotten to mourn for their desolation, but were cherishing it, as a solitary source of pride—its bold barren peaks, which seem aimed like arrows against the far-off sky, sharp, fixed, and silent as death. Then there are the thousand lakes of the mountain land, spotting its sterility with peace: some like large drops of silver—others like still, bright plates—others like abortive rivers, struggling in vain against their barriers—and others pulsing in correspondence and reply to the pulse of the everlasting ocean. Then there are its woodlands—from the coppice of the glen to the great pines of the forests—feathering the sides of the mountain, and casting the shadows of their round tops upon the precipices which tower above them. Then there are the green vales, winding onwards through the dark hills, and, as they run, expanding like rivers into the clear, broad, sunny straths, which lie along the landscape, like friths of verdure and beauty. Then there are the streams and the cataracts, the noisy tenants of a silent land: here gliding with

peaceful murmur, there fretted into childish fury by the opposition of rocks, or by the coercion of channels—here sunk in sycophantish woods, and there rushing lonely through the solitary moor—here forming narrow channels, over which the hunter springs with disdain, and there wide streams, or sounding waterfalls, the voice of which becomes the poetry and the devotion of adjacent glens. Then there are the regions where the mountains sink down upon the vales, and the vales rise towards the mountains—where the rivers wed each other, and the little wooded hills stand up as witnesses beside the nuptials, and the beauties of the Highlands and the Lowlands are peacefully harmonized. Then, either set in the silvery lakes, or placed

‘far amid the melancholy main,’

there are the ISLES—those fairy children of the great mother—some green as emerald, others black in their moss and heather; some decorated with hallowed ruins, others naked and desolate; some forming columned portals to the sea, and others, which, like Arran, in the awful size, the rugged grandeur, and uniqueness of their scenery, seem repining at the destiny which keeps them subordinate, from mating with their proud neighbours—Goatfell looking with envious eye to Ben Lomond! And then, spread around all, there is the waste of ocean, with its waves speaking in thunder up the iron-bound cliffs of the unconquered and unconquerable land.

Such is our *ideal geography* of the Highlands. But the landscape is also populous with figures, dead or living, fictitious or real. It is sprinkled with the habitations of men—with the shielings of shepherds, lying at the base of high rocks, or at the side of dark lochs, or in the ferny hollows of moors—with farm-houses, standing half-way up the braes, and shadowed by large plane-trees or birches—with castles, frowning, in feudal dignity, over lands which bend before them no more, save for the beauty and grandeur which still gather around their walls—with far-seen and solitary churches of God, set in the midst of lonely burying-places, where, amid thick grass and nettles, and beneath a canopy of trees, whispering ‘Resurrection,’

‘The rude forefathers of the hamlet lie’

—with humble huts, which seem seeking for deeper obscurity in the earth which is rising around them like a wave—with whitewashed wayside inns, offering rest and refreshment to the wayfaring man—and with villages and towns—some pierced by arrowy streams, others looking down upon a ‘meeting of the waters,’ others washed by lakes, others marking the verge and

steeped in the shadow of great tracts of woodland, and other listening all the year long to the heaving and panting prayer which ascends from the ocean billow. Above these living or solitary scenes, there appear the traditionary heroes of the past, meet inhabitants of a region so sublime. There are the skin-clad and painted Caledonians, like red-scarred pine-trees in motion—the great Galgacus at their head. There are the heroes of Ossian: Fingal, retiring to his hill, or smiting at the spirit of Loda: Cuchullin, seated at Tura's well, 'neath the tree of the rustling sound; Fillan, dying in his glorious youth; Ossian himself, the last of his race, answering the plaints of the wilderness—the plover's shriek, the hiss of the homeless stream, the bee in the heather bloom, the rustle in the birch above his head, the roar of the cataract behind—in a voice of kindred freedom and kindred melancholy, and conversing less with the little men around him than with the giant spirits of his fathers. There are the Culdees, nestling, like the conies, in their rocks, or praying in their mountain oratories, or changing Iona into the Eye of the Western Isles. Then follow down the after-ages, in shadowy march, the Clans, with their airy tartans fluttering in the breeze, and blood staining all their raiment. Mixing with, or looking over them, there appear the imaginary peoples of the haunted land,—here dance the fairies, and there gibber the ghosts—here screams the water-kelpie from his pool, and there the brownie swelters his invisible sweat under his burden. And, before civilization has completed its work in the Highlands, they seem, for a century and more, little else than one dark defile down which pour Gothic invasions in miniature; army after army of fierce and half-savage soldiers, all sworn to crush civil and religious freedom—from the Highland host, which tortured the Ayrshire Covenanters, to the 'reapers,' who descended with Charles Edward to that 'harvest of death,' the last red sheaf of which was gathered on the field of Culloden.

The history of such a people, inhabiting such a land, inevitably teems with romantic incident—incident which no one desires, and which, perhaps, now no one can sift with sufficient severity. Every imagination, indeed, delights in seeking to stereotype the magic circle of the Highlands. We cry, in our enthusiasm, still let the witch element reign there, and in it let all congenial beings be free to revel! Let the Fairies trip on along the soft sward of the south-lying fells, while the moon is blending her own bright yellow with their delicate green! Let ghosts sail on amid the mists of the darkening twilight of Glencoe! Let seers of the second sight continue to fall down as dead men, in the terrible trance of their

vision, which might prostrate the mountains instead of the men ! Let voices, mystic and premonitory, descend the long, deep glens at midnight, or blend mournfully with the wail of the waterfall ! Let schoolboys still tremble lest, falling into some forest pit, they should find it to be the mouth of Hell ! Let the shadow of the Cross still lie over the feared name of Friday ! Let every one, on passing the line of the mountains, be prepared to bid doubt and philosophy farewell, and to say,

‘ O Fear ! O frantic Fear !
I see, I see thee near !’

as he surrenders his spirit to the sublime superstitions of the land ! And still, to imagination, let droves of lifted cattle pour up the passes ; Caterans lurk amid the woods ; Roderick Dhu whistle in the gorge of Loch Vennachar ; Rob Roy stand, with eagle feather in his bonnet and gun in his hand, upon a promontory of Loch Lomond ; and the ‘ Camerons’ men’ rush yelling against the front rank of the Southron foemen on the woeful plain of Drum Mossie, for evermore ! ‘ A thing of beauty is a joy for ever ;’ so a thing of terror and mystery is for ever ‘ a fear.’

To supplant such associations, we know only one magic which could prevail ; and that were the power of genius, native to the region, and capable of eclipsing the old by a new glory, and supplanting the superstitions of the past by the poetic miracles of the present. Such genius has not yet—strange to tell—arisen from the most poetical tract in Britain. Switzerland and the Highlands have not yet produced a really great poet, nor perhaps a really great thinker in any direction. The first five names in Scottish literature are all Lowland—Buchanan, Adam Smith, Hume, Burns, and Scott. Macpherson, even after Mrs. Grant, is still the real poet of the Highlands,—and, in spite of Macaulay, a poet he was, although a forger ; but his poetry, even at its best estate, does not rank with the loftiest song. Campbell was born and brought up in the Lowlands. The two MacLaurins, Colin and John, were both men of genius ; Colin a great mathematician, and John the author of one of the noblest sermons in the English language, that on ‘ Glorifying in the Cross of Christ ;’ but their names are now little known, and their works little read. The man who, a century after death, requires to be introduced to the general public, is not, in the highest sense, a great man. Macintosh is the greatest name the Highlands have hitherto produced. We do not mean to detract from his well-earned renown as an acute metaphysician, a profound politician, an accomplished scholar, a brilliant converser, and the most candid and courteous of men ; but few will now pretend

that he has made any enduring or massive contribution to either the philosophy, or the jurisprudence, or the history, or the literature of his country, although capable, it is certain, of having enriched all four. A man of erudition, infinite accomplishment, and vast talent, he was, but not a man of creative imagination, or of originating and suggestive thought—not a Burke, nor even a Bentham, nor even equal by nature to Foster, Hall, or Chalmers. Many a Mac have the Highlands borne, but no MacJupiter—no son of genuinc, god-like thunder.

Perhaps our readers are disposed to inquire the reason of this, and perhaps we may have some difficulty in telling it. Without ascribing it, as do some, to the inferiority of the Celtic race, we would rather seek it in the want of proper stimulus, and of free circulation of mind, among the Highland glens. Every sound has come to them deadened by distance—every impulse weakened by the vast veil of mountains through which it must penetrate. Their people have dwelt alone, not reckoned among the nations, and their position has been rather of a Pariah cast till of late. Their long feuds, and their solitary position, have tended to nurture a stiff and foolish pride altogether alien to the spirit of poetry. Then their religion has always been tinged with narrowness, from the embrace of superstition, they only passed into that of a most contracted version of the Christian faith; while many of them, in leaving their mountains, by reaction, went to an opposite extreme, and fell into the first pit of infidelity that opened. Thus a generous, cordial, and benignant belief, the grand element for all high thinking and for all high poetry, has never inspired the Highland mind. When that mind, too, was beginning to open out of barbarism, its poetical development was checked by the low tendencies of the age on which it fell. The eighteenth century cast its blighting influences over the North as well as the South, and with difficulty were the wild roses of Macpherson's genius saved from the general mildew. Indeed, he was compelled to precipitate his mind back upon the past to gather inspiration; and poems which, if issued in his own name, had been contemptuously rejected, were welcomed under the prestige of an old period, when poetry was still, the men of that age thought, a thing possible. The effect of scenery upon the production of poetry has been grievously overestimated. Where no water is, the rod even of Moses cannot extract it. Where there is no feeling of beauty or grandeur, it is beyond the magic of mountains to create it. Even when such a feeling—nay, even when genius itself exists—other influences, advantages, and inspirations, are needed fully to nurse it. We can conceive a boy of genius, wandering through the glens, and up the straths, and along the peaks of the moun-

tains, cherishing the loftiest aspirations, and feeling the celestial glow of high and holy thought visiting his brow and his heart; but feeling, too, that all adequate expression was denied him. He could read—but where were books? His heart was yearning for kindred spirits—but none such were near him. The company of sheep and of mountains would sometimes tire; and, instead of inspiration, produce deep, dull-eyed stupidity of mind. The vehemence of occasional excitation—when some passing wind, or the great shadow of a thunder-cloud, or the tongue of a cataract heard pealing through the wilderness, or the advent, rare and strange, of a new volume to the solitary vale—lifted him up toward the Empyrean, would soon subside, and leave him weak, forlorn, and panting, on the plain. On Sabbath, what could he expect, but to hear the same tame or furious feebleness uttered from pulpits where the gospel was drawled forth like a lullaby, or, worse still, poured out in a coarse and loud-mouthed torrent, where hell was talked of as if it were a vast smithy-fire, and heaven, as if it were a carse country, with well-filled barn-yards, and all the other accompaniments of Lowland plenty? If he were to leave the circle of the mountains, what prospect, with his education and circumstances, but to sink into a commercial clerk, or, perhaps, like another Michael Bruce, to win a consumption by teaching a hedge-school! The situation of the boy Burns, at Mount Oliphant or Tarbolton, was the most enviable in the world compared to that of a youth in the Highlands, of the last or the beginning of the present century—

‘ Whom Phœbus, in his ire,
Had blasted with poetic fire.’

To the truth of this picture—although of Lowland parents, and not able to speak a word of Gaelic, yet born in the throat of the Highlands—we can conscientiously testify.

From our hearts we rejoice that circumstances have fixed our present, and, we trust, permanent, abode, at a distance from mountain scenery; for, to a poetical temperament, we are convinced that constant residence in such scenes was very pernicious, however delightful and inspiring occasional visits are. Mountains, when always in sight, cast a gloom over the spirit; they start questions they cannot satisfy; they irritate, without filling, the soul; they narrow the mind, as well as the view; they bring back exploded childish notions, suspicions, and fears. They stand up, like sublime misanthropes, dark in the sunshine, and shining amid the darkness as with a light from hell. And then, the people residing amidst them are often in an inverse ratio to their dumb neighbours; they are small, sycophantish,

narrow, niggardly, bigoted, and proud, as if, because their hills rose to mountains, they might sink to less than men.

And yet, we have met in the Highlands with true poetic spirits, and cannot, indeed, travel far amid their wilds without finding the genuine poetic fire—the ‘*perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*’—shining in dark eyes, burning in warm hands, and aspiring in lofty foreheads. And now that the sealed book of the land is fairly open, and that education is abroad in its loneliest valleys, and that constant intercourse with other countries is diluting the Highlander’s pride—his master foible; and that the refinements of society are checking intemperance—his main vice; and that religion, in a lovelier form, is beginning to cast her rainbow over the gorges of his glens, and to attune his church-going bells to a softer melody; we trust that it will awaken (as the bleating of a hundred folds upon Ben An rouses the respondent voices of Benvenue) the strains of a mountain poetry worthy of the

‘Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood.’

But we must return to the book before us. Its object is ‘to give to the Gael, or Highlanders of Scotland, a succinct history of their various clans, with representations of their various tartans, correctly delineated and coloured. The books hitherto issued on the subject have been for the few and the wealthy, not for the community at large. The numberless Highland families, moreover, who have long left the region of their sires, and have disused its language, will find the present publication has been expressly drawn up to merit their acceptance. The backwoodsmen of the far Western world may recall, through it, the memory of their fathers; and the Canadian draw thence the means of reassuming the ancestral dress by his distant lakes.’

This object has been well fulfilled. Mr. Smibert, an ingenious Edinburgh gentleman, well-known from his connexion with ‘*Chambers’s Journal*,’ the ‘*Scotsman*,’ and ‘*Hogg’s Instructor*,’ has accomplished his task as ably as any Macdonald or Macpherson in the Highlands could have done. He has not, perhaps, speculated very profoundly upon the character of the Highland tribes, nor painted their scenery with much force, nor shown any great depth or novelty of antiquarian lore; but he has done what was far better for his purpose—collected a most multifarious and interesting mass of anecdote; embodied in his book a great ‘cattle’ of Scottish history; made the clans defile before him with very considerable military skill; and sprinkled everywhere modern allusions and poetical quotations, which make the past blend amicably with the present. It is such a

book, in short, as Sir Walter Scott would have read with pleasure, reviewed with gusto, and, through what he himself supplied out of his unbounded stores, he would have made the commentary more valuable than the text.

When we first opened this volume, we felt somewhat disappointed in the illustrations. We expected representations of the finer Highland scenes famous in the history of the clans—the grey plain of Culloden, in connexion with the Stewarts; Dundee rushing down the Pass of Killiecrankie, opposite the chapter on the Grahams; a view of Findlater, the last resting-place of the MacNabs; and the grim Glencoe, rearing its snowy masses as it did on that fearful morning when there was not ‘an house but there was one dead.’ Instead of this, we saw only tartan following tartan, in infinite series, as we have seen them in youth, when the pibrochs summoned a ‘gathering of the clans,’ to renew their ancient sports under the braes of St. Fillans, with the lovely Loch Earn on the west, or in the rich valley of Braemar, with Ben-y-Boord towering in the north, and dark Loch-na-gar in the south-east,—not seen by any eye, but touching every heart and mingling with every imagination throughout the motley throng. Such were our feelings at first; but as we gazed on at those ‘coats of many colours’—those painted skins of the primeval tribes, transformed into plaids and philabegs—those fine transcripts of Nature’s hues, as shining in the rainbow, and the withered fern, and the autumn ash and its bright rowan berry; as we admired the infinite blending of the original colours—here blue the deepest lying amid the glaring yellow and the rich green—there one glow of green striped with silvery streaks of white; here a glare of fiery red bedropped with blue, as with bits of sky—and there (the tartan of the Clan MacLaurin) a perfect sun of colour, *prismatized*, with the loveliest blue for the centre, and with green, and yellow, and indigo, and dark grey, and even black (no colour though it be), ranging around it—we began to feel what poetry there may be in the dress of man, as well as in the dress of Nature, and that both are children and reflectors of the same sun, and to wonder that no poet has yet adventured any distance upon this delicate and lovely field. Keats and Tennyson have given us beautiful little sketches of the dresses of their respective heroines. But who, following in their footsteps, shall write the rhymed history of dress, from the first reeking lion-hide worn by a warrior of the infant world, down through the flowing toga of the ancients, the ‘garb of old Gaul,’ the turban of the Turks, the gorgeous vestments of God’s ancient people, the picturesque attire of the American Indians, the trews and plaid of Caledonia, —the sandal, the symar, or cloak, or shawl, or head-dress, of

female beauty in various ages,—to the great coat of the modern Briton, who is, in the language of Cowper—

‘ An honest man, close-buttoned to the skin,
Broad cloth without, and a warm heart within.’

The only difficulty in the way of such an historian were the danger of allowing his history to sink altogether into the satire—not remembering that this aspect of the subject has been exhausted in the first part of the ‘Clothes-Philosophy’ of the redoubted Sartor Resartus. We propose it, in its *combination* of the serious and ludicrous, as another ‘Task’ to another Cowper. He sang the Sofa; who, O who! shall arise and sing the Surtout?

Our interest in contemplating the clan tartans does not altogether arise from the brilliancy of the colours, or from their resemblance to those of nature. Other associations add their artful aid to the effect. We see these tartans dyed in blood as they flutter over many a battle-field. A thousand battles look out from those silent pictures. The plains of Tipper and Sheriff-muirs—the rocky pass of Killiecrankie—the harvest-field of Preston, where the husbandman and Death toiled together—the marsh of Falkirk—the ‘wae fu’ muir’ of Drummossie—the heights of Abraham—the walls of Badajoz—the plains of Waterloo—and the defiles of Affghanistan—all come and pass as the hand slowly turns over those beautiful delineations. Then Fancy sees, or thinks she sees, a correspondence between the colours and the history of the clans. The Royal Clan Stewart has an exceedingly chequered pattern, and one in which the luckless White Rose of York too much predominates. Red and green overpower the blue in the Cameron Plaid, which the brave Donald of Lochiel had to carry over his shoulders to hopeless banishment, and his brother Archibald to the scaffold. The Graham Tartan, worn by Montrose and Dundee, is almost wholly green—a colour often reputed luckless. And do not the deep broad squares of red, forming the larger portion of the MacGregor Tartan seem a silent prophecy of the fate of that wild, but warlike, sept, which for centuries was tracked, like a wounded animal, by their blood? ‘Superstitious,’ will be said; but remember, we have left, as aforesaid, our incredulity at the Highland line on the south side of the Bridge of Dunkeld, and have a right to be as superstitious as we please till we return to resume it.

Mr. Smibert, in his notices, traverses a very wide field, over which we have not space or time to follow him. Suffice it to say, that every page teems with facts—that the whole forms one of the best after-dinner books of the season—and that we may

point out, as particularly entertaining, the chapters on the Clans Buchanan, Cameron, MacGregor, Comyn, and last, not least, MacNab. The details of the life of Francie MacNab are exceedingly amusing, and as rich as is consistent with modesty. The author might have made his history much more grossly and grotesquely interesting, but has very properly suppressed an account of the old scoundrel's seraglio, which was almost oriental in numbers, led to immeasurable scandal in that pastoral region, and gave occasion to some of his wittiest, though coarsest, jests.

We take leave of Clanship and the Clans with mingled emotions of regret and of pleasure. There was much in this phase of Feudalism to attract the imagination, but far more to repel the judgment and to grieve the moral sense. The clans were, after all, societies of savages—cruel, bloody, theftuous, cunning, false, and ignorant, although with wild gleams of courage, patriotism, intellect, and virtue. Their chiefs were images of their followers, made on a more colossal scale, but made after their own heart—wolf-dogs amongst curs of low degree and of smaller size. The system, with all its patriarchal features, was a falsehood, because a fixture—conserving something of the past, it ignored all the august possibilities of the future. We have walked, therefore, through Mr. Smibert's very interesting volume with the feelings of one who meets the close of a proud, beautiful, but gloomy and threatening, autumn day, in which thunder-showers and glimpses of sunshine have intermingled, sunny storms swept over half-ripened fields, and prodigious frowning mountains of cloud arisen to pour out hail and tempest. Thus appear to us the castellated mansions, and wasting feuds—the iron tempests and the bloody sunshine of the system of clanship. But it no more exists. It is abandoned to the purposes of poetry. The pennons of the festal steamship wave now where once waved the plumed bonnets of the MacGregors. The horn of the coach-guard sounds now where once sounded the shrill whistle of the chieftain. Stage-coaches (driven by the railways to the Highlands as to their *dernier resort*, like the wolves and bears of an elder day,) now penetrate the passes, where the Caterans once poured down their half-naked ranks to seize a prey. Periodicals, newspapers, books, and bibles, circulate where, not long ago, stories of ghosts, and floating fragments of ancient song, were all the literature. Still we shut Mr. Smibert's volume with a feeling of sorrow. Clanship was a rude shelter to many a brave spirit. It did create a certain wild poetry. It did nourish a certain rough devotion and unkempt courage. It was the parent of a music, the pibroch of which still, in distant lands, and heard suddenly in the

streets of evening cities, sends rushing through the veins a tide of national feeling which, says Burns, 'shall boil on till the flood-gates of life shut in eternal rest.' It has left, too, a literature of its own—for to what else are we to trace Macpherson's unequal, but often superb, forgeries; some of Burns's and Campbell's noblest poetry; much of Wilson's finest prose; and the best of the best fictions in the world—need we name the 'Waverley,' the 'Antiquary,' the 'Rob Roy,' and others of Sir Walter Scott? Let no one, then, tread contemptuously on the grave of Clanship; and no humane spirit will seek to do it.

'Men are we, and must grieve when e'en the shade
Of aught which once was great has passed away.'^{*}

ART. VI.—*Reports of the Trial and Execution of William Ross, at York, for the alleged Murder of his Wife. York Herald, and Daily News, August 15th and 17th, 1850.*

THE city of York has just been made the scene of one of those unutterably horrible and depraving exhibitions, the violent destruction of human life by the hands of a public executioner: and this particular instance of capital punishment has been rendered more than commonly frightful by the fact that there is good reason to believe that the poor victim of our barbarous law was perfectly innocent of the crime for which he suffered. The following narrative will, we fear, substantiate this statement, only, alas! too clearly.

In the spring of 1849, a young man named William Ross, then only eighteen years of age, married, at Ashton-under-Lyne, a woman named Mary Bottomley. This youth was of decent family, and of perfectly good character. His wife's relations, however, were persons of very bad reputation. The mother was a woman of most abandoned habits, the father given to drink; and more than once several members of the family had been convicted and punished for felony. So depraved, indeed, were these people found to be, that Ross's family refused to associate with them, and even declined all intimacy with Ross himself on their account. After a while, Ross and his wife went to live with the Bottomleys at Roughtown, a village about three miles from Ashton, where he and his wife, and several members of his wife's family, procured employment at a cotton-mill. The

^{*} Since writing this review, we understand that a copy of the volume was sent lately to Prince Albert, and has been acknowledged in the most gracious and flattering manner.

Bottomley family at this time consisted of the father and mother, two daughters and a son; and a married daughter, named Martha Buckley, resided within a few hundred yards of their house. The household lived very much in common; their meals seem to have been generally taken together, and were prepared in the same vessels. From all that appears in evidence, and from inquiries that have been made since the event of which we write, Ross and his wife lived as happily together as is usual with persons of their class. There was one occasion, it is true, when in a fit of anger, produced by the misconduct of his wife, Ross was heard to say to her, '*You would be worth more dead than alive;*' but his whole conduct to her, and especially in times of illness, is admitted to have been of the most affectionate kind. The father, the mother, and indeed every witness who testified on the subject, unhesitatingly acknowledged this fact.

In such a wretched household, quarrels were, of course, frequent; and it mostly happened that Ross and his wife were on one side, and the whole Bottomley family on the other. The married daughter above alluded to, Martha Buckley, was particularly bitter against Ross, and is shown to have often spoken of him in contemptuous and threatening terms. Ill-will, to a distressing extent, thus sprang up between the parties; and this angry feeling rose to a climax when on one morning in May last, William Ross gave information to the police of a robbery which his mother-in-law, and one of her sons, had perpetrated upon a neighbour. At this point of the story the tragedy begins.

It was on Monday, the 27th of May last, that Betty Bottomley and John Bottomley, were taken into custody on the charge above alluded to, and which, it is important to repeat, William Ross was to prove by his evidence. It seems, indeed it is distinctly shown, that Martha Buckley, the Bottomleys' married daughter, was very much incensed to find that Ross should have accused her relations of the offence which they had committed; and she was heard to say that '*she would do that to Bill*' (meaning Ross) '*which should prevent his appearing against them.*' Too faithfully was the dreadful promise kept!

At the time of the Bottomleys' arrest, Mary Ross was slightly out of health. On the preceding Saturday, Ross had taken her to Ashton, and had there consulted an apothecary about her health, purchased medicine for her, and said that 'he did not mind what the expense was, so as he could have her well.' Well, on this fatal Monday, and shortly after the Bottomleys were in the hands of the police, Martha Buckley went to see Mary Ross. Be it remarked, that she had not been to her sister's house for many weeks before, not having been on good terms with her; and that on being asked the question, she acknowledged that

'she had never attended on her sister before in her life.' On Tuesday afternoon, Mary Ross grew worse, and Martha Buckley had been to see her again. On the Wednesday, Martha Buckley called many times at her sister's house, and took several opportunities to prepare the victuals which the invalid was to eat. She made her some tea, peeled some potatoes for her, and was in the house alone with her for several hours. We find that she was constantly at the bedside of Mary Ross, and we also find that once, during the Wednesday evening, she was heard by more than one witness to say 'she wished Mary was dead, for she knew she would die;' for which expression, and for the manner of it, she was at the time seriously rebuked by those who heard it. During this time Ross also was in constant attendance on his wife, and was especially careful that she should take her medicine as directed. On the Thursday morning, Mary Ross became much worse, and died after some hours of severe suffering. It should be mentioned that when his wife grew decidedly worse, Ross went again for medical assistance, fetched a doctor in their immediate neighbourhood, described to him accurately the symptoms of her illness (although they showed at once that she was suffering from poison), and exhibited the utmost anxiety for her recovery. It should also be stated that Ross's demeanour after the death of his wife was of a character to prove how deeply he felt his loss. He is shown by several witnesses to have exhibited great grief, and from his entire conduct, there is no reason to suppose that this sorrow was assumed. Bitter tears are not at a hypocrite's command; and poor Ross shed these in sad abundance.

On the night of Mary Ross's death, the young man was taken into custody on suspicion of having poisoned her. What gave rise to the suspicion has not transpired; but it is more than probable that it grew out of malicious reports set afoot by the relatives of the deceased. Be that as it may, the first consequence of the incarceration of Ross was the discharge of the Bottomleys from prison, there being no evidence to go before the grand jury: and thus the expressed object of Martha Buckley was accomplished.

Ross stoutly asserted his innocence on his apprehension, and expressed his perfect readiness to answer any charge against him. So incomplete, indeed, was the evidence in support of the accusation, that Martha Buckley was arrested also; although by the way this person appears to have found favour in the eyes of her goaler, for she was permitted to act as domestic servant at the prison, while Ross was immured as closely and gloomily as if he had been already proved guilty of the murder.

When questioned on the subject of his wife's death, Ross made

the following statement. He said that while his wife lay ill on the Thursday morning, Martha Buckley administered a *white powder* to her in some treacle, mistaking it for cream of tartar; and that when she found out her error, she was frightened, and gave him the rest of the powder to put out of the way, offering him at the same time a shilling if he would say nothing about it. This story doubtless seems a strange one; but Ross, be it borne in mind, was a young man of extremely simple character, which brings the statement within the bounds of probability; and certain it is that when he was arrested he was actually parleying with Martha Buckley, and had a shilling in his hand, which she had apparently been forcing upon him. So incredible did the tale appear to the police, however, that after the coroner's inquest (at which an open verdict was returned), Martha Buckley was set at liberty, and William Ross kept in gaol to await a trial. So matters rested till the assizes.

The day of trial came; and there was great excitement at York upon the subject. The only witnesses against Ross who testified materially against him were the Bottomleys—those infamous people, of whom it was said by a magistrate who knew them well, that he would not believe them on their oath. The following facts, however, were deposed:—That Ross had purchased arsenic at Ashton some time before the death of his wife—that his wife had clearly died of the particular poison in question—that he had made use of the words to his wife, *Thou art worth more dead than alive*—and that he became entitled to £4 club-money on her decease. It was further stated in evidence, that a quantity of arsenic had been found in the prisoner's fob, some days after his apprehension—that some arsenic had also been discovered in a mattress belonging to him—and that, when he went for a doctor, he only pretended to go, and returned saying that Mr. Schofield was not at home. These facts appeared so plainly to prove the case against the accused, that the jury found him "Guilty," after a very brief consultation; and the presiding judge (Mr. Justice Cresswell) immediately sentenced him to death.

Subsequent to the trial, however, certain circumstances came to light which tended to create very serious doubts as to the prisoner's guilt; and his solicitor, aided by Mr. A. H. Dymond, Mr. Gilpin, and Mr. Barry, of Plough-court (to whose exertions in such cases we beg to offer our humble, but sincere, expressions of respect), set to work to investigate more closely than was done at the arraignment, the whole circumstances connected with the melancholy story.

The evidence which these humane gentlemen were enabled to collect established beyond question the following important

facts :—That although Ross made use of the unhappy expression above alluded to, it was in a momentary fit of anger, caused by the intemperance of his wife, and at least two months before her death—that he had been habitually kind to his wife, both before and since this little quarrel, and had been discussing plans for taking her, when she grew well, with her sister, to America ;—that when he bought the arsenic, *he did so at Martha Buckley's request*, and said so at the time to the druggist of whom he purchased it—that he affected no concealment on the occasion, but took a witness with him—that Martha Buckley had been heard to say, by more than one witness, that when Bill (the prisoner) went to Ashton again, she should get him to buy some mark'ry (arsenic) for her—and that he was seen to give her a small packet on his return from Ashton ;—that although the servant of Dr. Schofield asserted in evidence that Ross did not go, as he said he did, to her master on the day described, she had stated that he *had* done so to one of the witnesses ;—that the bed in which it had been insinuated that Ross had concealed some of the arsenic had been *last* slept in by two of the Bottomleys, and subsequently purchased by the man named Dyer, whose character was most infamous ;—that although Ross was certainly entitled to £4 club-money on the death of his wife, he was making from 10s. to 12s. a-week by her labour, and therefore could have had no pecuniary motive for destroying her ;—that the father was commissioned to see after this club-money, and did so, and got it, and spent it in drink ;—that William Bottomley and his wife had been heard to say repeatedly after the conviction, that Will (the prisoner) was certainly innocent, but that 'revenge was sweet,' and that it 'was hard to go against one's own'—alluding expressly to Martha Buckley ;—that whether Ross called on Dr. Schofield, or not, he certainly went to Dr. Halkyard, who came to see his wife, and attended her to the last : a fact which completely ignores the supposition, that the accused had an objection to fetching a doctor—a point which told much against him on his trial ;—that Ross's poverty alone prevented him from bringing forward witnesses for the defence ;—that his wife, when dying, called him to her bedside, and, after expressing perfect satisfaction with *him*, said, 'William, for what my sister Martha has given and done to me, she will wither away like a leaf on a tree' ;—that, just before the murder, *Martha Buckley applied for arsenic to two different druggists in Mossley*, who refused to let her have it, and that she subsequently told a witness she had got some, nevertheless ;—that immediately after Mary Ross's death, the impression of the whole neighbourhood was, that Martha Buckley had caused it ;—that since the trial, several of the chief witnesses against Ross had attempted various crimes,

and even threatened lives;—and that no arsenic was found in the remains of the medicine or food from which Ross had supplied his wife, or in any of the uncleaned vessels from which he had fed her.

There is one other circumstance connected with this case, which requires separate and particular notice. On the Tuesday, when Mary Ross was but slightly ill, Martha Buckley went to the mill where the invalid worked, and *fetches away her reed-hook and nippers*, the implements which she used in her labour. Now, there was a sick-club established among the operatives at this mill, and so long as the reed-hook and nippers were left there, the owner was concluded to be at work, and was entitled to pecuniary help. The fetching away of these implements was, therefore, a very significant act. It intimated, at least, that Mary Ross was not going to work at the mill any more; and even if it cannot be interpreted into a proof of a foregone determination to murder the poor creature, it at all events was a piece of wanton cruelty, having for its object the prevention of that pecuniary assistance to which, as a member of the club, she was entitled. On this point, however, we say no more, but proceed with our mournful history.

The facts above established were so important, that an application was made to the Home Secretary to re-investigate the case. Many petitions, indeed, were forwarded to Sir George Grey; and, eventually, a week's respite was ordered, so that further inquiries might take place. And this brings us to show the manner in which investigations involving life or death are carried on by our magisterial officials.

In the first place, the investigation was kept entirely secret. The prisoner's solicitor only heard of it by chance, and was not allowed to be present during the inquiry, although the police, upon whose accusation alone Ross was arraigned, were permitted to be in attendance. The conduct of the officials appears to have been shameful in the highest degree. Grisdell, the informing constable, refused even to deliver a message to the magistrates from the prisoner's solicitor. Radcliffe, the magistrates' clerk, would not so much as see that gentleman. The magistrates themselves are stated to have done all in their power to depress every person connected with the defence. Three or four times did the solicitor apply formally to be present; and every time his application was refused.

But this is not the worst part of the story. Finding that he could not be personally present on the prisoner's behalf, Mr. Darnton wrote to the magistrates to request that certain persons whom he named should be examined, whose testimony he believed would tend to the prisoner's exculpation. *Six of these witnesses the magistrates refused to hear*, although their testi-

mony was of extreme importance—alleging that they were not named in their instructions from the Home-Secretary. Thus the accused was not only unrepresented at this his second trial, but the very evidence which had led to the re-investigation was not allowed to be stated.

Nevertheless, during the inquiry, it was clearly established that Martha Buckley had directed Ross to buy the poison; that she had attended upon the deceased during her illness; that she had expressed bitter feelings towards her throughout that period; and that there was not a particle of evidence to show that Ross had given his wife poison in anything that he had administered to her. Beyond all this, there was not the slightest proof of any motive on his part for destroying her—a link which we maintain is absolutely necessary to be furnished in all cases of murder, where there is no actual witness of the deed, nor any reason for supposing that he entertained, or had entertained, the least ill-feeling against her.

The evidence thus collected was in due course forwarded to Sir George Grey; and that the right honourable baronet entertained doubts upon the matter is proved by his returning a portion of this fresh testimony to a magistrate in York, with an inquiry as to its validity. The answer returned was to the effect that the witnesses in question were to be fully relied upon. Notwithstanding this reply, however, which must clearly have left Sir George Grey's doubts still unsolved, on Friday morning a letter was received from the Home Office directing the execution of the sentence; and on Saturday morning, the unfortunate youth was hanged by the neck till he was dead, he protesting his innocence till the last moment, and the whole city of York believing him.

And now it will naturally be asked why such was the result in a case which at best was a most doubtful one, and which, in the eye of every person not hardened by official experience, was clearly favourable to the innocence of the accused. The whole tale seems so improbable, that we can well excuse the warmth with which a friend of our own assured us 'he did not believe a word of it.' But it is as true as unquestionable facts can make it: and we, pondering on it much and sorrowfully, have only to offer the following explanation:—At the trial, the judge took upon himself to say to the prisoner, on his asseveration of his innocence,—'It is of no use for you to protest that you are not guilty; for *I am as convinced that your hand administered the fatal dose as if I had seen it with these eyes.*' And after such a determined expression of opinion, it appears to us that the Secretary of State chose rather to rely upon the prejudice of the judge, than upon the facts which his own inquiry had evolved.

Let it not be said that we advance this supposition thought-

lessly. We repeat it coolly, deliberately, mournfully. The facts bear out our accusation only too well. The inquiry was a farce; for the result must have been predetermined. The investigation was not concluded till the Thursday morning, and, granting that the evidence was transmitted to the Home-Secretary by the fastest possible express, he could not have received it till the Thursday afternoon. Yet, on the Friday morning, the governor of York Gaol received Sir George Grey's final directions to hang the prisoner; and these, it is evident, must have left London on Thursday night. Now, it is palpably impossible that all the fresh evidence which was sent up could be investigated, or could even be read, and the judge communicated with, and an answer returned to York in this brief interval. The witnesses were numerous, their testimony was voluminous and contradictory, and it has taken us *several days* to go through it, and master it effectually. Are we not forced to conclude, therefore, that the final decision was arranged before the fresh evidence was read, or even received, by the Home-Secretary; and that an innocent fellow-creature has been killed out of compliment to the vanity of a judge?

We will only add, that, besides the strong presumption which facts afford in favour of the innocence of this unfortunate young man, a powerful argument to the same effect may be derived from his demeanour throughout the whole period of his accusation, trial, sentence, and execution. From the first to the last, he constantly asserted his perfect guiltlessness of the crime; and every fresh inquiry tended to confirm the statement which he originally made, and in which he never varied. We do not, of course, take his own assertions as evidence; but still we cannot help being favourably impressed with the perfect simplicity and straightforwardness of his whole conduct. Some of the circumstances connected with his fate are inexpressibly affecting. His interview with his brother, when, sobbing, he threw his arm round his neck, and exclaimed, 'Well, thank God, if I die, I die innocent,' is in itself a tragedy; and we were never more deeply moved than on learning that when left alone in his cell, after he had been finally told that he was to die, he fell into an agony of prayer, and called upon his Maker to bear witness that he was utterly free from the crime for which he was unjustly doomed to suffer. A fact like this is perfectly inconsistent with the supposition of his guilt, and to us it is a 'confirmation strong, as proofs of holy writ,' that Ross was no more the perpetrator of the deed of murder than the judge who tried him.

Here the shocking story ends. To all appearance a fellow-creature has been killed for a crime which he never committed, and there is now no help for it. He is beyond the reach of recall:

the cold grave has closed over him; the dismal tragedy has concluded; the curtain has fallen on the thrilling scene; and what remains?

This remains, only too palpably:—that, under the system which has murdered poor Ross, no one of us is safe from being murdered too. Let but suspicion weave her frightful web around us, and we have from that moment little chance of escape. There will be police, urgent, for credit's sake, to convict us; there will be guilty witnesses, glad enough to purchase their escape by our condemnation; there will be judges, as eager to affirm our guilt as if they gloated in it; and there will be Secretaries of State who will take the story of our accusers for granted, and consign us, without a pang, to the hangman. We may produce evidence upon evidence to prove that we are guiltless; our explanations will not be listened to. We may have the execution of our sentence delayed for a brief while; but it will only be to mock us with false hopes, so that the horror and terror of our situation may at the last be all the more overwhelming.

O men and women of England! how long will you permit the perpetration of these murderous butcheries? How long will you allow your fellow-creatures to suffer for no end, and oftentimes to suffer innocently? If no other consideration can move you, then think of the awful possibility that you yourselves, though guiltless of crime, may be hurled at any moment into the presence of your Eternal Judge, however unfit you may be to meet him. And if you can, however feebly, realize the dreadful possibility, then this brief reference to a case that only too sadly illustrates your peril, will not have been presented to you entirely in vain.

ART. VII.—*Five Years of a Hunter's Life in South Africa. With Notices of the Native Tribes, and Anecdotes of the Chase of the Lion, Elephant, Hippopotamus, Giraffe, Rhinoceros, &c. With Illustrations.* By Roualeyn Gordon Cumming, Esq. Two Vols. London: Murray. 1850.

THERE is no country so rich in sport as the wild region lying around the Bamangwato mountains, in the interior of South Africa. There the endless forests are still full of elephant herds; lions roam in troops over the plains; the rhinoceros, with

armed snout, turns up the earth in the woods; the hippopotamus flounders in the river; and myriads of antelopes, varying in size from that of an ox to that of a fallow-deer, swarm in a wilderness where water and pasturage abound. The poetical narratives of the 'Thousand and One Nights' describe a 'Land of Beasts,' where animal life teemed to an extent beyond the power of fancy to imagine; but this unexplored territory would seem to rival, if not to surpass, the fabulous creation of the Arabian romancer, if it be not identical with it. It is the sportsman's paradise, the happy hunting-ground, where men learn to despise deer-stalking in the Highlands, and even tiger-shooting in the jungles of India. For ourselves, we have little sympathy with the lovers of sport; delighting more in the spectacle of the antelope herd grazing on the rich green pasture, than in the idea of galloping along the line and slaughtering the animals, from a mere desire to extinguish life. Yet this feeling is uncommon. Its contrary appears an instinct; and, to those possessed of that instinct, no region offers such a field as the far interior of South Africa.

The late Sir William Harris, who carried a rifle through many districts of the great forest-covered continent, exulted in its plenitude of game, and has recorded his adventures, as well as illustrated the objects of them, in a collection of magnificent plates. Another gentleman has now come before us, with an account of his achievements, in imitation of Nimrod. He carries away the palm from his predecessor, whose trophies he has outrivalled; and the narrative of his adventures, now under review, is of unequal interest and originality. He may be said to have carried on a great war against the wild beasts of South Africa; laying the plan of his campaign, furnishing his waggons with abundance of provisions, and collecting a small number of followers, with all the necessaries for a protracted sojourn in those desolate wilds. Such scenery as there opened to his view was to him more pleasant than the fairest prospect in a civilized and peopled land—wild plains, bordered with mighty forests, full of gloom, and teeming with the elephant, the lion, the rhinoceros, the sea-horse, the gemsbok, and the brindled gnou.

No traveller had hitherto penetrated into the Bamangwato country, and our hunter enjoyed thus a double pleasure. Magnificent objects of sport abounded, and a new region continually widened to his view, as he wandered through the savage and desolate wood, climbed the blue-peaked mountains, or chased the hippopotamus down the waters of some winding stream. Such, however, was the tone of our traveller's mind, that little was attractive to him but the game he destroyed. Landscapes of beauty and grandeur were unnoticed, and few accounts are

afforded us of the tribes with the singular features of their life ; for, interesting as is the work of Mr. Cumming, it owes its charms to the adventures he fell in with, related in a lively manner, without inspiring us with respect for the hero of them. Fitted by nature to use a rifle, and kill wild beasts, he appears to have chosen the only path where his genius would shine. To some one gift is given, to some another ; and to Mr. Cumming, skill in the slaughter of the savage brute and the gentle antelope may make up for the absence of nobler qualities.

Not entering into a detail of all the coffee, brandy, meal, and the thousand other articles with which the traveller stored his capacious Cape waggons, we may glance at the armament he carried for his campaign against the denizens of the wilderness. With such provisions, aided by the courage, nerve, and skill, with which the modest narrator emphatically informs us he has been liberally blessed, the issue of the war could be little doubtful. Three double-barrelled rifles ; three stout double-barrelled guns, for rough work ; and a heavy German rifle, carrying twelve balls to the pound ; lead-ladles, bullet-moulds, loading-rods, shot belts, powder-flasks ; three hundred weight of lead ; half a hundred weight of pewter, to harden the bullets ; ten thousand prepared leaden bullets, fifty thousand percussion caps, two thousand flints, and four hundred pounds of powder. Such was the formidable equipment of the single hunter.

But, if his preparations were great, the results were equal. He shot more than a hundred large elephants, scores of lions, hippopotami, and rhinoceroses, knocked over buffaloes without end, and elands, rheinboks, rheebocks, gemsboks, and springboks, beyond calculation. The tall camel-leopard many times laid its lofty head on the grass at the bidding of his rifle ; and the mailed crocodile, struck in the nostril by a rifle-ball, found, like Achilles, that a creature, vulnerable in one part, cannot escape the skill of a determined enemy. Nearly thirty tons of skins and horns are now piled up, as the hunter's trophies, besides a more practical reward in the coinage of the realm. We may, therefore, imagine that a narrative of such a hunter's career, admirably told, must be exciting to an unusual degree. We may take an Asmodean flight over the far interior of Southern Africa, and descend to join the hunter in a few of his encounters with the four-footed inhabitants of those beautiful regions. They were not, however, the sole denizens of the country. Races of men, as wild as the lions whom they dreaded, dwelt at intervals in the provinces through which the traveller passed, especially among the Bonaugwato mountains, where a king—a personage found invariably among savage races—held his court, surrounded by the hereditary wisdom of his realm, em-

bodied in indolent vagabonds of the forest, and bartered his stores of ivory for the muskets of the white man. Mr. Cumming comes from the North, where he imbibed a love of deer-stalking, and learned also the philosophy of Iago—'Put money in thy purse.' He sold his muskets to the African king, at a profit of three thousand per cent.!

During the early part of the journey ostriches were frequently observed. Our traveller affords a curious account of them:—

'If a person discovers the nest, and does not at once remove the eggs, on returning he will, most probably, find them all smashed. This the old birds almost invariably do, even when the intruder has not handled the eggs, or so much as ridden within five yards of them. The nest is merely a hollow scooped in the sandy soil, generally among heath, or other low bushes; its diameter is about seven feet; it is believed that two hens often lay in one nest. The hatching of the eggs is not left, as is generally believed, to the sun; but, on the contrary, the cock relieves the hen in the incubation. The eggs form a considerable item in the Bushman's *cuisine*; and the shells are converted into water-flasks, cups, and dishes. I have often seen girls, who belong to the wandering tribes of the Ualahadi desert, come down to the fountains from their remote habitations, sometimes situated at an amazing distance, each carrying on her back a kaross, or a network, containing from twelve to fifteen ostrich egg-shells, which had been emptied by a small aperture at one end; these they fill with water, and cork up the hole with grass.

'A favourite method adopted by the wild Bushman for approaching the ostrich and other varieties of game, is, to clothe himself in the skin of one of these birds, in which, taking care of the wind, he stalks about the plain, cunningly imitating the gait and motions of the ostrich, until within range, when, with a well-directed poisoned arrow, from his tiny bow, he can generally seal the fate of any of the ordinary varieties of game. When a Bushman finds an ostrich's nest, he generally ensconces himself in it, and there awaits the return of the old birds, by which means he generally secures the pair. It is by means of these little arrows that the majority of the fine plumes are obtained which grace the heads of the fair throughout the civilized world.'—Vol. i. p. 114.

On the flats bordering the Vraal river, the hunter fell in with some springboks, in pursuit of which he galloped. Gradually, herd after herd appeared in view, seeming to spring out of the earth, until the whole plain was whitened, as far as eye could reach, with these animals. A herd of black gnooks occasionally mingled with them, in singular contrast of colour. Away they ran in myriads, whisking and lashing their long white tails, as the horseman sped after them: he, however, only succeeded in wounding one, which escaped. Nevertheless, he was now convinced that the rumours he had heard of the

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But, if his preparations were great, the results were equal. He shot more than a hundred large elephants, scores of lions, hippopotami, and rhinoceroses, knocked over buffaloes without end, and elands, rheinboks, rheebocks, gemsboks, and springboks, beyond calculation. The tall camel-leopard many times laid its lofty head on the grass at the bidding of his rifle ; and the mailed crocodile, struck in the nostril by a rifle-ball, found, like Achilles, that a creature, vulnerable in one part, cannot escape the skill of a determined enemy. Nearly thirty tons of skins and horns are now piled up, as the hunter's trophies, besides a more practical reward in the coinage of the realm. We may, therefore, imagine that a narrative of such a huntsman's career, admirably told, must be exciting to an unusual degree. We may take an Asmodean flight over the far interior of Southern Africa, and descend to join the hunter in a few of his encounters with the four-footed inhabitants of those beautiful regions. They were not, however, the sole denizens of the country. Races of men, as wild as the lions whom they dreaded, dwelt at intervals in the provinces through which the traveller passed, especially among the Bamangwato mountains, where a king—a personage found invariably among savage races—held his court, surrounded by the hereditary wisdom of his realm, em-

he traveller pulled up amid a labyrinth of enormous holes, the burrows of the ant-bear. The wild boar stopped opposite one of these, faced his enemy, foaming at the mouth, and glaring through his small malicious eyes, backed into it, and was lost to the sight of the disappointed hunter.

His next great encounter was more successful. A number of vultures was remarked ahead, a troop of jackals below, feeding on a dead steinbok, and a huge lioness sharing their repast. Mounted on his best horse, the huntsman started away in the direction of the game, and the splendid brute immediately charged off, carrying her tail erect, and sweeping swiftly over the bare and level plain. Presently, she pulled up, roared aloud, sat down, and gazed on the horseman as he approached, as much, says the writer, as to say, 'Does this fellow know who he is after?' Having thus rested a few moments, as though meditating a plan of operations, the lioness sprang up, moved her tail rapidly from side to side, showed her teeth, and growled fiercely. Then she made a short, forward run, as though to intimidate the huntsman, who firmly kept his ground. Uttering a loud, rumbling noise like thunder, the majestic brute stretched out her ponderous arms, and lay down on the grass. Mr. Cumming, with his two Hottentot attendants, then dismounted, and all three prepared their fire-arms. The lioness appeared to attach some significance to this movement, for she sat up and moved about uneasily, now looking backwards, as though meditating an escape, now forwards, as though calculating the chances of an assault. The Hottentots were fearfully alarmed, shaking like aspen leaves; their dark skins paled as the mighty brute advanced and stood within sixty yards of her enemies. The hunter fired; his ball crippled the lioness in the shoulder. One of the attendants pulled a trigger also, but the piece exploded in his hand; and the third 'danced about like a duck in a gale of wind.' In a moment the infuriated animal had made a leap, and inflicted a gash twelve inches long in the flesh of Mr. Cumming's horse, quitting her hold, however, instantaneously, and trotting near the dismounted sportsman. He discharged his second barrel, and, in another second, the lioness was stretched dead on the ground. In the agonies of death she turned on her back, extended her neck and fore arms convulsively, and then fell on her side; 'her lower jaw fell, blood streamed from her mouth, and she expired.'

We shall allow Mr. Cumming himself to tell our readers how he first fell in with and shot a camelopard:—

'Galloping around a thick bushy tree, under cover of which I had hidden, I suddenly beheld a sight the most astounding that a sportsman's eye can encounter. Before me stood a group of ten colossal

giraffes, the majority of which were from seventeen to eighteen feet high. On beholding me they at once made off, twisting their long tails over their backs, making a loud switching noise with them, and cantered along at an easy pace, which, however, obliged my horse to put his best foot foremost to keep up with them.

'The sensations which I felt on this occasion were different from anything I had before experienced during a long sporting career. My senses were so absorbed by the wondrous and beautiful sight before me that I rode along like one entranced, and felt inclined to disbelieve that I was hunting living things of this world. The ground was firm and favourable for riding. At every stride I gained upon the giraffes, and, after a short time, at a swinging gallop, I was in the midst of them, and turned the finest cow out of the herd. On finding herself driven from her comrades and hotly pursued, she increased her pace, and cantered along with tremendous strides, clearing an amazing extent of ground at every bound, while her neck and breast, coming in contact with the dead old branches of the trees, were continually strewing them in my path. In a few minutes I was within five yards of her stern, and, firing at the gallop, I sent a bullet into her back. Increasing my pace, I next rode alongside, and, placing the muzzle of my rifle within a few feet of her, fired my second shot behind her shoulder; the ball, however, seemed to have little effect. I then placed myself directly in front, when she came to a walk. Dismounting, I hastily loaded both barrels, putting in double charges of powder. Before this was accomplished, she was off at a canter. In a short time I brought her to a stand in the dry bed of a watercourse, where I fired, at fifteen yards, aiming where I thought the heart lay, upon which she again made off. Having loaded, I followed, and had very nearly lost her; she had turned abruptly to the left, and was far out of sight among the trees. Once more I brought her to a stand and dismounted from my horse. There we stood together, alone in the wild wood. I gazed in wonder at her extreme beauty, while her soft dark eye, with its silky fringe, looked down imploringly at me, and I really felt a pang of sorrow in this moment of triumph for the blood I was shedding. Pointing my rifle to the skies, I sent a bullet through her neck. On receiving it she reared high on her hind legs, and fell backwards with a heavy crash, making the earth shake around her. A thick stream of dark blood spouted out from the wound, her colossal limbs quivered for a moment, and she expired.'—Vol. i. p. 271.

In this way the hunter proceeded on his journey towards the elephant forests in the Bamangwato country, now chasing the giraffe, now the eland, now the gemsbok and the gnou; occasionally, also, he fell in with pleasant, and sometimes with disagreeable adventures with the natives. They wondered much at the arrival of the white man. They gazed in marvel at his waggon and his camp fire, and the stores which he displayed; but, more than all, they were astonished to see him in full chase of the wild beasts that had long shared with the human kings the sovereignty of that wild and savage land. Another source of utmost wonder

to them, was the skill of the stranger's rifle. His balls seemed guided by a miraculous power. To strike the nostril of a crocodile, to shoot a flying-bird with a single ball, to plant a bullet precisely on the desired spot in the skin of a giraffe at the gallop, were achievements which they deemed the work of magic, and more than one solemn chief sought to be inoculated with this envied power. Nor was our traveller loath to gratify their credulous fancies, while he maintained the prestige of his own preternatural skill. He, therefore, on one or two occasions consented to perform on the chief a ceremonial operation which would gift their guns with an unerring aim. Their arms were lanced, the wounds rubbed with turpentine and gunpowder, and bandaged, while the white man pronounced sentences at once pompous and meaningless, which sounded in the native ear as the powerful voice of an oracle. However, though they trusted in his incantations, they believed they could improve his gunpowder—and they paid for their presumption. The anecdote is worth relating.

Having procured a quantity of powder, with some guns, the Bechuana people began to test its qualities. They loaded loosely, placed the piece in position, looked away from the barrel, and fired. Consequently, the balls invariably went anywhere but at the animal aimed at. Not a shot ever told. The fault was ascribed to the powder. A council of great men was called at Booby Darn, to decide on the measures to be adopted, and the peers voted a want of confidence in the white man's ammunition. The convicted material was placed in the centre, and condemned to pass under a process of mysterious incantations. This was continued harmlessly enough until one of the hereditary dignitaries of the Great Booby nation declared that the presence of fire was necessary—indispensable. Accordingly, a blazing censer was passed to and fro over the pile of dry powder, a spark fell, and an explosion, as it needed no prophet to foretell, took place. The whole of the great men were knocked head over heels, as sand, and many of them died from the effects of the burns. Still the powder was to blame, for hereditary wisdom is slow to convict itself.

In the course of his campaign against the brute creation of South Africa, Mr. Cumming expended large quantities of ammunition, and the natives stole the pewter with which he had provided himself to harden the balls used against the larger game. He was now, therefore, compelled to cast his snuff-tray, spoons, candlesticks, teapots, and drinking cups, into the ladle, and they served his purpose. Thus reinforced, he was rejoiced one day to discover a herd of mighty elephants tearing, in single file, across a wide and sloping plain, dotted with thickets of thorny bushes. Riding into them, he selected the

finest, a patriarchal bull, of vast dimensions, who, as is usual with the oldest beast, brought up the rear. He was separated from his companions, and driven in the direction of the traveller's camp. Skill is required for this task. To approach too near and shoot at the brute, will bring him furiously charging upon your horse; to keep too far behind runs the risk of his escape. In the present chase, the elephant fled far away, until the traveller, putting his steed to its finest pace, closed with him, and dared him to the charge. This he did, and rushed furiously towards his enemy, who cantered to and fro, and thus perplexed the unwieldy brute, maintaining all the while a brisk fire from his rifle. Within a quarter of an hour, twelve bullets were lodged in his fore-quarters; he trembled, and gave evident signs of approaching dissolution, catching up the dust with his trunk, and flinging it in clouds above him. This is a common device with elephants even before they are seriously wounded; and they appear to do it with the object of screening themselves. It is dangerous to approach the brute when thus injured, for though nearly dead, he can charge with tremendous violence. Anxious to put an end to this scene, the hunter now dismounted, and fired two shots right and left from behind the cover of a minosa clump. The dying animal then backed among the trees, and walked slowly away. While reloading, our hunter heard a heavy fall, betokening the death of his mighty victim, at the same time that shock denoted the fracture of one of his magnificent tusks. This was a disappointment to Cumming, who loved profit as well as sport, for he collected valuable stores of ivory, and made large profits by his trading transactions.

Perhaps the most extraordinary hunting adventure described in this or any other work, is that with the hippopotamus in the Limpopo river. The sportsman shall himself relate it to our readers. He reached the banks of the stream, and saw a group of four standing in the water, which came up to their sides, in a broad part of the river.

‘I took the sea-cow next to me, and with my first ball I gave her a mortal wound, knocking loose a great plate on the top of her skull. She at once commenced plunging round and round, and then occasionally remained still, sitting for a few minutes on the same spot. On hearing the report of my rifle, two of the others took flight up stream, and the fourth dashed down the river; they trotted along like oxen, at a smart pace, as long as the water was shallow. I was now in a state of very great anxiety about my wounded sea-cow, for I feared that she would get down into deep water, and be lost like the last one; her struggles were still carrying her down stream, and the water was becoming deeper. To settle the matter, I accordingly fired a second shot from the bank, which, entering the roof of her skull, passed out

through her eye ; she then kept continually splashing round and round in a circle in the middle of the river. I had great fear of the crocodiles, and I did not know the sea-cow might not attack me. My anxiety to secure her, however, overcame all hesitation ; so, divesting myself of my leathers, and armed with a sharp knife, I dashed into the water, which at first took me up to the armpits, but in the middle was shallower.

‘ As I approached Behemoth, her eye looked very wicked. I halted for a moment, ready to dive under the water if she attacked me, but she was stunned, and did not know what she was doing ; so running in upon her, and seizing her short tail, I attempted to incline her course to land. It was extraordinary what enormous strength she still had in the water. I could not guide her in the slightest, and she continued to splash, and plunge, and blow, and make her circular course, carrying me along with her as if I was a fly on her tail. Finding her tail gave me but a poor hold, as the only means of securing my prey, I took out my knife, and cutting two deep parallel incisions in her skin, and lifting this skin from the flesh, so that I could get in my two hands, I made use of this as a handle ; and, after some desperate hard work, sometimes pushing and sometimes pulling, the sea-cow continuing her circular course all the time, and I holding on to her like grim Death, eventually I succeeded in bringing this gigantic and most powerful animal to the bank. Here the bushman quickly brought me a short buffalo’s rheim (a kind of lasso) from my horse’s neck, which I passed through the opening in the thick skin, and moored Behemoth to a tree. I then took my rifle, and sent a ball through the centre of her head, and she was numbered with the dead.’—Vol. ii. p. 173.

Proceeding through a varied and beautiful country, occasionally richly adorned with flowers, the hunter committed tremendous havoc among game of all sorts and sizes, from the springbok to the elephant, and his magnificent rival, the royal and ravenous lion. One of them he shot while the majestic brute was in the act of dragging away a wild beast recently killed by the hunter. One ball despatched him ; he lay down for a moment, rose and stumbled away, growling fearfully, but mournfully, and stretched himself out to die. His magnificent, hard, and shaggy head, terrible in its unequalled beauty, his heavy and massive paws, his clean, tawny hide, his splendid mane, his sharp yellow claws, his immense and powerful teeth, his perfect symmetry of form—all these are described by the triumphant Nimrod, with a rapture of enthusiasm, as the ‘ noblest prize that this wide world could yield to a sportsman.’ A fire was kindled on the plain for him to gaze on his victim by, as it was night. The scene, well portrayed, would make the reputation of a painter ; but Art has resumed its leading-strings, and artists are too timid to paint what has not before been painted. A scene from ‘ Don Quixote,’ between the Knight, his Squire, and the Duchess—a group from

'King Lear'—a view off the Goodwin Sands—or a landscape comprising one field, one bush, one cottage, and a country girl—these are the limits of the ambition within which the minds of our Michael Angelos move. They are sadly in want of a subject. Let us suggest it to them; and the Royal Academy, as well as those who throng, with conventional words of applause on their lips, to view its yearly show, will owe us thanks :—

A rugged plain, intersected by low ridges, and dotted by dark pools of water, with the black canopy of night above, and the gloomy woods around, while the moon throws patches of quivering light on forests, plains, and miniature lakes. A vast lion, old and powerful, extended in the rigid grandeur of death upon the ground. Close to him the bright flames of a freshly kindled fire leap up, and shed their ruddy glare over a small circle, within which a white man, with two or three Hottentot attendants, bends down to view the magnificent brute, laid low by a single shot from his rifle. All the elements of the picturesque would be here, but the scene would be novel,—a quality sufficient to condemn it before a council of the Royal Academy. A pile of horseflesh, and a patch of blue cloth, with a duke's head above it, or a hyæna-like 'gooddoggie,' form the limits of our Titian's aspiration.

Sometimes the traveller dug a deep hole near a place where the lions and elephants were wont to congregate at night to drink. This afforded him many a fair chance, and well did he avail himself of his opportunities. We have heard an anecdote of him, to which in this work he does not allude. Crouching in his covert under favour of darkness, he once fell asleep and was wakened by a terrible concert, like that which Humboldt describes in the wilds of South America, amid which the roar of the lion was pre-eminent, though the trumpet-tone of the elephant was occasionally sufficiently terrible to attract notice, even from the voice of the forest king,—so named from his preying on all the weaker races. Opening his eyes and peering from his cover, he saw six lions pacing round the top of the pit, and all of them were calmly gazing down, as though wondering what the stranger could want there. Cautiously grasping his rifle, the courageous hunter took a deliberate aim, and in an instant one of them had bounded backwards and fallen dead upon the earth. The rest, scared by the noise, took to flight.

We have in the volumes, however, an account of another nocturnal adventure with half a dozen lions, whose magnificent forms, creeping in the moonlight round the still pool, formed a picture of admirable novelty and striking character, very effectively suggested by the talented artist employed to illustrate Mr. Cumming's work.

Of a similar nature was the night adventures with the elephants, of whom our hunter shot eight in one evening. They were wont to congregate round the pools to quench their thirst. One old brute took the matter easily, approached with most stealthy caution, examined the place well, and then cooled himself before he drank, by throwing a few copious showers of water over his head upon his back. Poor wretch, it was his last draught, for the Scotchman's rifle, after pelting him with many balls, brought him to the earth dead.

Four-footed beasts were not the only victims of this dauntless Nimrod. An enormous rock-snake was one day observed gliding near where Mr. Cumming was stationed. Anxious to secure it as a trophy, but not wishing to discharge his rifle, to frighten the other game, he cut a stout cudgel, eight feet long, seized the monster by the tail, and sought to drag it from its place of retreat. In vain, the snake was too powerful. Then a lasso was thrown around its body, and assisted by his followers, the hunter tugged away in good earnest. The reptile finding this too much, relaxed his coils, and suddenly turning about his head, flung it forward with the swiftness of thought, gaping with its large mouth, and displaying its hideous fangs, which he snapped within a foot of the huntsman's naked legs. Leaping aside, and arming himself with his bludgeon, Mr. Cumming pursued the rock-snake as it glided swiftly away towards another hidingplace. With three tremendous blows he checked the monster's progress, and by a succession of similar assaults compelled him to stand. He then hanged the reptile by its neck to the branch of a tree, and in about fifteen minutes it seemed dead. When the operation of skinning, however, was commenced, it again began to writhe in every variety of contortions. But the hunter was too well inured to scenes of animal suffering to experience any sensation at this, and he apparently continued his task with undisturbed nonchalance. Another snake soon after flew up at his eye and spat its venom into it; washing the part at a fountain of clear water, he saved his sight, but endured considerable pain for several hours.

In the course of his royal progress through these hitherto untrodden wilds, where he roamed with the authority of a prince, and assumed the tone of one (flogging and knocking down his servants, as well as native chiefs, one of whom he threatened to shoot in a squabble about ivory), he frequently, nevertheless, encountered great perils, and one life was sacrificed in the course of his career of sport. The camp had been formed near a kraal. The night was dark and stormy. Gusts of wind were frequent, and howled loudly over the surrounding wilderness. By the side of a bivouac fire the hunter sipped his barley broth, and

near another his attendants disposed themselves for rest. Fuel was scarce here, and the fires burned low and dim.

Suddenly the murderous roar of a lion burst through the stillness, and called up a succession of reverberating echoes from the surrounding hills. It was followed by mingled shrieks, again succeeded by another and louder roar. Cries of 'The lion! the lion!' broke through the night, and a man rushed towards the fire wild with terror, and shrieking out, 'The lion! the lion! he has got Hendrick! He dragged him away from the fire beside me. I struck him with the burning brand, but he would not let go his hold. Hendrick is dead! O God, Hendrick is dead!' A confused clamour succeeded. All shrieked and ran wildly to and fro, until Cumming angrily bade them be quiet, let loose the dogs, and pile the billets on the fire. Then he shouted Hendrick's name; but all was still. Satisfied that the man was dead, he collected his people, who sat in an agony of terror until the dawn broke, and light, the most loved companion of the timid, gave them courage to go in search of the wild beast and his victim.

'It appeared that, when the unfortunate Hendrick rose to drive in an ox, the lion had watched him to his fireside, and he had scarcely lain down, when the brute sprang upon him and Ryter (for both lay under one blanket) with his appalling murderous roar, and, roaring as he lay, grappled him with his fearful claws, and kept biting him on the back and shoulder, all the while feeling for his neck; having got hold of which, he at once dragged him away backwards, round the bush, into the dense shade.

'As the lion lay upon the unfortunate man, he faintly cried, "Help me! help me! O God, men, help me!" After which the fearful beast got a hold of his neck, and all was still, except that his comrades heard the bones of his neck cracking between the teeth of the lion. John Stofolus (an attendant) had lain, with his back to the fire, on the other side, and on hearing the lion he sprang up, and, seizing a large flaming brand, had belaboured him on the head with the burning wood; but the brute did not take any notice of him.

'The next morning, just as the day began to dawn, we heard the lion dragging something up the river-side, under cover of the bank. We went to inspect the scene of the night's awful tragedy. In the hollow, where the lion had lain consuming his prey, we found one leg of the unfortunate Hendrick, bitten off below the knee, the shoe still on his foot: the grass and bushes were all stained with his blood, and fragments of his pea-coat lay around. Poor Hendrick! I knew the fragments of that old coat."—Vol. ii. p. 215.

The dangers of hunting in this region, indeed, are only equalled by the excitement which leads men to try them. The wounded elephant is a fearful antagonist. The wounded buffalo,

once turning upon his enemy, will never quit him. We have heard of a hunter who attacked a buffalo on a bare plain, and, failing to wound him mortally, was pursued by the maddened brute, and compelled to fly for safety. One solitary tree stood at some distance. To reach it was his only chance of life. The buffalo, bending its helmeted head to the earth, came thundering along, and rapidly nearing him. He flung down his gun, and ran for life, reaching the tree soon enough to place himself behind, but too late to climb it, he stood at bay. For five hours the bull guarded the spot, making desperate plunges at the terrified man, who avoided them by active leaps from side to side; armed only with a clasp-knife, he made continual thrusts at the head of the beast, and, after five hours of terrible fear, succeeded in blinding and killing it. The hunter's hair, in that short period, had whitened, and he had lost the power to laugh.

In another instance, a man was pursued to a tree by one of these animals. He climbed it; but it was of stunted growth, and allowed him to stand only so far above the ground as to be safe from the buffalo's horns, though not from its tongue. The brute licked at the man's legs, and, with its rough tongue, had torn away the flesh and laid bare the bone. Succour came too late, and the unhappy hunter died.

One of Mr. Cumming's own servants, riding in attendance on him, was charged by a buffalo and thrown. The brute fortunately slipped in the mud, and came over with a tremendous summersault, or its horns would have impaled the frightened Hottentot, but, as it was, the man escaped, though his horse was desperately gored. The buffalo, after receiving a shot from Mr. Cumming's rifle, took up its station in a thicket, and appeared likely to prove so terrible an enemy, that our hunter was afraid to stand the charge of its tremendous horns, and 'declined the engagement.'

Such are the dangers of a hunter's life in South Africa.

We have thus borrowed from Mr. Cumming's narrative, for the purpose of illustrating our remarks on the originality and interest of that narrative, as well as of affording to our readers, who may not enjoy an opportunity of perusing his work, an idea of this Nimrod's experience in the distant wilds of Southern Africa. Major Rogers shot two thousand elephants, and then forgot to count his victims. Cumming shot rather more than a hundred; but, taking all his adventures together, we may say that, since the day when the Nemean lion was slain by the ancient hero, not many have equalled, very few have surpassed, the achievements of our author. His is a fame no intellectual or lofty mind will envy; but it is a fame among a certain class. The adventures of Mr. Cumming were wonderful, and the narrative

of them deserves the same epithet. We have merely indicated the nature of the volumes before us, and analyzed their contents. To all who would peruse an account of wild life among savages, lions, elephants, and all the array of beasts to be found in the extraordinary region, as well as accompany a bold and enterprising man through a career of romantic adventure, we recommend the reading of the work itself. It is a startling narrative full of incident, and abounding in curious information. All who are interested in the habits of wild animals should read it; for Mr. Cumming intersperses his sporting relations with many notices of 'forest society,' well worthy the attention of the naturalist.

ART. VIII.—1. *A Treatise on the Esculent Funguses of England.* By Charles David Badham, M.D. London: Reeve and Co.

2. *Illustrations of British Mycology.* By Mrs. T. J. Hussey. London: Reeve and Co.

NOTHING grows in vain. Not a genus nor a species exists in the whole vegetable world to which some office has not been assigned by the Creator. The heath on the mountain top, the bare and scanty herbage of the rock, the moss on the hedge bank, the lichen on the forest bough, and the fungus flourishing in the darkest and dismalest recess of impenetrable woods, have each their generation to serve, their place in the scale of being to occupy, and their ordained task to fulfil. Let us take heed therefore, how we pour contempt upon the lowest organization which the Former of all things has been pleased to produce and to endow with the functions of life. What He has created says one, let not us think unworthy of investigation. Why then have we despised the humble family of the fungi? Are they without desirable form and comeliness, are they without delicacy of structure, and singularity of organization, or, finally, are they without direct and indirect value to mankind? These are questions the present article intends to deal with, and to each of which it will furnish a suitable reply.

It is not difficult to account for the popular disgust entertained towards the fungi. This will be very apparent when we add that the botanical family called by this title, includes 'mushrooms,' 'mouldiness,' and 'toad-stools.' Offensiveness of character, habits, aspect, and odour, have thus become associated with the

tribe of plants in the general estimation; and although much of a contrary nature will be adduced in the following pages, we must, on behalf of the fungi, plead largely guilty to this indictment on the whole. Our object, however, is not to represent these plants as they are not, but to contribute to a true appreciation of them as they are—as, let it be added, they have been constituted by Him who nothing made in vain, and for whose pleasure, and for the manifestation of whose glory, even the lowly fungi are, and were created.

Overcoming, therefore, every natural repugnance, let us enter upon the discussion of what, we little doubt, will prove both an entertaining and an instructive subject, for many of the marvels of creation not unfrequently lie under a repulsive exterior. Let us then put the important preliminary question upon the nature of the tribe of plants to which attention is to be called, and inquire, what is a fungus? There is its botanical diagnosis—it is, says a great fungologist, a *cellular, flowerless plant, nourished through its thallus; living in air; propagated by spores colourless or brown, and sometimes enclosed in asci destitute of green gonidia!* But as all our readers are not equally familiar with the terms of botanical science, let us state the natural idea prevailing in and characterising the fungal family, in homelier language. The fungi, then, are plants which know not the sweet adornments of flowers, along whose delicate and fragile tissues run no wooden bands to give permanence and stability to the stem, or strength to their strange fantastic forms, growing often upon the graves of their dead companions, and nourished from a couch of irregular vegetable fibres. They are maintained in the world either by means of tiny granules, shed from certain parts of the plants, and often wafted on the gentlest breeze, far from their place of origin, or by the underground part called the ‘spawn.’ Finally, they love not wholesome earth; nor delight to rest upon the green and sappy branches of trees, in full vigour, as do some plants; their dwelling-place is among the dead, and their chosen haunts are where animal and vegetable organizations are prostrate around them, and in the full process of disintegration and decay. Fungi are thus seen to differ from the general run of plants, in being destitute of flowers and woody tissue, in their reproduction by spores, and in their favourite habitat, lying among the damps and streams, and mal-odours of animal and vegetable decay. They have no structures analogous to the branches, roots, stem, and leaves of flowering plants, and consist entirely of a variously-shaped and tinted mass of cellular structure. Various other features of their physiological history will come before us in the course of this article.

It may be useful to add, that botanists call by the term *stipe* the portion of a fungus placed in the earth. The mushroom is also distinguished into a *stalk*, a *pileus*, or cap, on the under surface of which are the *gills*. Hence, the upper end of the stalk is a circular shred of membrane, called the *ring*, and when a membrane springs from the upper part of the stalk and covers the under surface of the cap, it is called the *veil*. These are the principal parts of a common fungus.

Under chemical investigation, at the hands of some of our most expert continental chemists, the following has been the result. Fungi consist of a large per centage of water, cellulose, nitrogenized principles, three in number, fatty matters, sugar, aromatic substance, sulphur, siliceous, potash, and of an undetermined substance, which turns brown on exposure to air. Behold! O epicure, what chemistry says of thy *truffles*! Housekeeper, and domestic pickler—of thy *mushrooms*! and dabbler in ink—of the mouldy islands floating on the dark bosom of thy writing fluid!

These will, perhaps, be accepted as satisfactory replies to the inquiry as to the nature of fungi. Let us now proceed to the more interesting departments of their natural history. The prevailing popular idea of these plants appears to be, that they are all comprised in the familiar class called mushrooms. Few have the remotest idea of the number and variety of the species, and of their remarkable dissimilarity from each other. While some are the pride and the glory of the market-gardener, and are displayed by him with peripheries as large as a cheese-plate, others are his unrecognised but well-known enemies in the fruit-room, and rise in fanciful elegance and of microscopic structure upon the withering dainties he has there stored up. While, again, some intrude unwelcomely upon the romance of the deep forest dell, others dwell in the wine-cellar; and not a few, to the aggravation of the housewife, revel upon the rich dainties of the preserve-closet. Lastly, while some attain a weight of several pounds, others float in the air like a thin smoke, and are wholly inappreciable by the most delicate balances. From these statements, it will be sufficiently apparent, that to suppose all fungi typified by the mushrooms, is an error well deserving an ample refutation. Few plants, in fact, exhibit such an extensive range of growth and variety of aspect.

There are, probably, no fewer than from 4,000 to 5,000 species of fungi which have a place in the records of mycological science. This immense horde of these plants appears scattered throughout almost all regions; no country or clime but has

• *Mycos*, the Greek designation for fungus.

its fungal inhabitants; and neither can art contrive, nor nature contain, any place to which they will not or may not penetrate. The first plant of this order, discovered by the eminent botanist, Withering, was found by him on the top of St. Paul's cathedral; this plant was the *Ge-astrum*. Another was found by Sir Joseph Banks in the following rather annoying position: having a cask of wine rather too sweet for immediate use, he directed that it should be placed in a cellar, that the saccharine matter it contained might be decomposed by age; at the end of three years, he directed his butler to ascertain the state of the wine, but on attempting to open the cellar door, he could not effect it in consequence of some powerful obstacle; the door was, consequently, cut down, when the cellar was found to be completely filled with a fungous production, so firm that it was necessary to use the axe for its removal. This appeared to have grown firmer, or to have been nourished, by the decomposing particles of the wine, the cask being empty, and carried up to the ceiling, where it was supported by the fungus. The vaults of the London Docks are not less the choice abodes of these creatures than are the rotting heaps of manure by the open way-side, for there they cover the walls with a dense, shaggy coating, and embrace the venerable casks with a living raiment. Some love stone, some timber, some find a congenial birth-place in the marble *detritus* of the sculptor, and some, alas! have an appetite for the vegetable fibre of our joists and frame-work, and imperil the stability of many a noble monument of architectural skill by their invincible ravages.

Strange to say, some are not only parasitic upon vegetable, but even upon animal organisms. The vegetating wasp, a species of *Polystrix*, which constitutes so remarkable a fact in the natural history of the West India Islands, is an instance where the powers of fungal life have overcome even those of animal vitality. The insect becomes filled with the filaments of the plant which thrives upon its juices, and penetrates to the minutest cavities of its body, ultimately projecting out of it, and communicating a highly singular aspect to the creature. The silkworm is subject to a similar disease, and perishes in large numbers by the ravages of a fungus, which occupies every portion of its body. Even the common house-fly is invaded by this vegetable infection; and when it is seen, as often it may be, in the autumn, sticking to the window-frame, apparently half-enveloped in a whitish cloud, it will be found that a fungal has filled its body, and now reigns victorious in the place of all the beautiful organs of the insect structure which have perished before it. The larva of a New Zealand moth is attacked also by a parasitic fungus, which enters it, perhaps, by some of the breathing pores, or

spiracles, or by the mouth, and feeding upon its fluid parts speedily replaces the whole interior by a mass of vegetable filaments. Man himself is not exempt from their invasion. On the removal of bandages from sore surfaces, says one writer, a collection of funguses has been found growing upon them, generally about the size of the finger, and on re-adjusting the wrappings, a second crop came up in the course of twenty-four hours and this for several days consecutively. Dr. Bennet informs us that a species of fungus occasionally grows within the air-tubes of the human lungs when they are in a diseased condition. They sometimes appear on the surface of the body during the occurrence of some cutaneous eruptions. Speculators in etiology have at times attributed the occurrence of epidemics to the dispersion of the spores of minute fungi in the air, which are supposed to be inhaled into the lungs, and so obtain access to the vital organ of the body. We may reasonably mention the probability of such a doctrine, and deny to the funguses the distinction of being in these cases the morbid cause. Cholera itself—that direct destroyer of the human family, which, in the course of its thirty-two years of existence, has swept away not fewer than between sixty and seventy millions of the human race—was strenuously asserted by more than one learned physician to be a fungous disease. Fungous growths have been found in the air-cells of the lungs of an eider duck and flamingo, without, we believe, the co-existence of any other class of disease. Thus much is very certain; and we may adopt the language of Fries as giving a precise expression of the fact, ‘that their spiracles are so numerous, in a single individual I have reckoned above ten millions; so subtle, they are scarce visible to the naked eye and often resemble thin smoke; so light, raised perhaps by evaporation into the atmosphere, and are dispersed in so many ways by the attraction of the sun, insects, wind, electricity, adhesion, &c., that it is difficult to conceive a place from which they can be excluded.’ There is, therefore, no impossibility in the supposition that they may obtain access to the most secret recesses of the animal structure; although, as a cause of disease, it is impossible to understand their *modus operandi*, or to give any valid reasons for assigning any such influence at all to them. Among fungi of this class, we must also not forget to mention the *Oxygena equina*, which has the odd fancy for fastening itself on the hoofs of horses and on the horns of cattle.

When we mention that several of the blights of the cereal plants, wheat and others, are due to fungous parasites upon vegetable structures, we shall sufficiently announce the alarming relation which is occupied by these despised plants to the well-being, or even the existence, of mankind. The kinds known

the *Uredos* and *Pucciniæ*, are among the most formidable visitations that can befall a corn district. Ask the farmer what he thinks of the 'smut' in his corn, or of the 'rust' and 'red-robin,' and there will be unfolded such a tale of woe, such a history of ruin and calamity, as will convey a painful impression of the enormous devastation wrought by a species or two of microscopical fungi. The researches of Mr. Hassall have demonstrated that the decay of fruit is, in a great measure, produced by them, and when the process has commenced, they then fatten upon the rotting matters.

'When our beer becomes mothery,' quaintly remarks Dr. Badham, the mother of that mischief is a fungus. If pickles acquire a bad taste, if ketchup turns ropy and putrefies, funguses have a finger in it all. Their reign stops not here—they prey upon each other; they even elect their victims. There is the *Myrothecium viride*, which will only grow upon dry agarics, preferring chiefly for this purpose the *A. edustus*; the *Mucor chrysospermus*, which attacks the flesh of a particular *Boletus*; the *Sclerotium cornutum*, which visits some other moist mushrooms in decay. There are some *Xylomas* that will spot the leaves of the maple, and some those of the willow, exclusively. The naked seeds of some are found burrowing between the opposite surfaces of leaves. The close cavities of nuts occasionally afford concealment to some species; others, like leeches, stick to the bulbs of plants and suck them dry.'—*Esculent Funguses of England*, p. 8.

These fungi, we must repeat, are excessively minute, or even microscopic in point of size. From experiment, it appears that their spores, or their fine contents, actually penetrate the stomata, or breathing orifices, of the plants, entering thus into their structure, where they rapidly become developed, and fulfil their destructive mission. They have been, on this account, called *entophyta*, just as the creatures which inhabit living animal structures have been termed *entozoa*.

Let us now spend a few moments in vindicating the character of fungals in respect of beauty of colour. Where the wind sweeps over the untilled Highlands of the North, where the soil has not strength to bear the exhaustive growth of the cereals, and rears a tribe of humble heaths or feeble mosses as its tallest children—there, at the due season, will be found a fungus whose gorgeous apparel bears comparison with that of the richest flower, and exceeds the highest efforts of the colourist's art. This fungus is the *Agaricus muscarius*, growing in a canopy of splendid scarlet, contrasted with a stalk and gills of the purest ivory. But woe to him who partakes of this inviting plant. If it does not destroy him, it will plunge him into a state of intoxication bordering upon lunacy. At the borders of the wood, particularly under the shelter of oaks, will be found another fungus, the

Cantharellus Cibarius, whose tincture might compare with of many a more conspicuous occupant of our gardens: spring-time to autumn its golden form may be seen glowing in the position described, and inviting the hand of the by-passer, nor in this case with a treacherous aspect, for it is as excellent in taste as it is beautiful in its yellow tinging. But these, like though they be, fade in the presence of some specimens of *Boletus luridus*: here is a truly splendid fungal, the summit of a snowy mound of velvet, lined with purple shaded into blue, and supported on a stalk passing from orange into the full hue of a regal purple. This, too, is a magnificent enemy to human economy. The *Agaricus violaceus* glories in being another dye: it is of a dark violet, approaching to black, glowing over with a most peculiar coppery lustre, which no art can im- render; and it, we may add, is not only an esculent, but possesses a peculiarly rich flavour.

Upon pieces of the corrugated bark of oaks, in autumn, sometimes be found a curious fungal of another variety of beauty: this looks more like pieces of orange strewed carelessly here and there over the bark, and altogether presents a singular aspect. Principally under old oaks may be found, from July to November, a fungus which is gayest of the gay. 'Agarics,' writes Mrs. Hussey, 'can boast of so excellent development as this, whether the garb it selects for the nonce be of a lovely rose-colour, or pervaded with lilac, having a charming effect, or blotched, like a striped camellia, with rich crimson and white, according to the screen it has received from neighbouring plants in its growth. Each of these various colours at various times and places, adorns the pileus, relieving it from the pure white gills below. It gives no warning by its scent, or by any other external circumstances, of its deleterious quality. The ignorant should be tempted to taste, for a few moments all appears harmless, for it is tardily acrid; but it fully makes good for the delay, as the tortured investigator, with burning lips and fauces, and tearful eyes, seeks in vain for alleviation. If swallowed, however, the effect shortly subsides.' Upon yew and plum-trees, in the summer-time, may often be seen a fungus which has all the aspect of a mass of sulphur. Another common among the sweet turf as can be, though a minute fungus, boasts a glorious garb of orange and blood-red. High up in young oaks, in September, may be seen the 'live oak'—a fungal as near like the human tongue as can well be imagined, and hence termed by M. Paulet the eloquent tongue, proclaiming its own excellence, and inviting the passenger to eat it. Says Dr. Badham, 'It is so like the tongue in shape and general appearance, that, in the day

enchanted trees, you would not have cut it off to pickle, or to eat on any account, lest the knight to whom it belonged should afterwards come to claim it of you.' But the doctor forgets that such an unhappy victim of mycological research would not be able to make his demand saving in dumb show! 'The surface is rough with elevated papillæ; the structure fibrous; the flesh softly elastic: the colour bright red, looking like the tongue in the worst forms of gastro-enteritis!'

As to shape, what geometry shall succeed in defining their ever-varying outlines?

'Some are simple threads, like the *Byssus*, and never get beyond this; some shoot out into branches, like sea-weed; some puff themselves out into puff-balls; some thrust their heads into mitres: these assume the shape of a cup; and those of a wine-funnel: some, like *Ag. mammorus*, have a teat; others, like the *Ag. Clypeolarius*, are umbonated at their centre: these are stilted upon a high leg, and those have not a leg to stand upon; some are shell-shaped, many bell-shaped; and some hang upon their stalks like a lawyer's wig; some assume the form of a horse's hoof; others of a goat's beard; in the *Clathrus cancellatus* you look into the fungus through a thick red trellis, which surrounds it. Some exhibit a nest, in which they rear their young; and not to speak of those vague shapes,

"If shapes they can be called, that shape have none
Determinate,"

of such tree-parasites as are fain to mould themselves at the will of their entertainer (the fate of parasites, whether under oak or *mahogany*), mention may be made of one exactly like an ear, of which the form is at once irregular and constant, which is given, for some good reason, to Judas (*Auricula Judeæ*), clings to several trees, and trembles when you touch it.—*Esculent Funguses*, pp. 9, 10

As to surface, fungals still exhibit the same variety which marks their colouring and form. Some, to use Mrs. Hussey's expression, look like a nest of serpents, peeping forth from the trees on which they flourish in all their scaly horrors. Others are spangled, as if with particles of broken glass. Some have a delicate feathery aspect, comparable to nothing so nearly as to the parasols of feathers, which appear in Eastern grandeurs. Some, again, are zoned with concentric circles, of different hues; some are clothed in a garb of, apparently, kid-skin, smooth and soft; and some—take, for instance, the truffle—are covered over with tubercles.

Perhaps to the unlearned in fungal history, nothing will appear more singular than what we are about to state, as to the consistence of these plants. So accustomed are we to take our general impressions of the characters of a natural family from those of a well-known type, that it becomes a constant source of

surprise to us to discover the most opposite of external characters combined in the various members of the same tribe. The fungals furnish us with some good illustrations in point. Our impressions of them, as a family, are in the main derived from the commoner sort—such as the mushroom; and here the well-known fragility of this species communicates the same idea as a characteristic of the rest. But this is far from correct. Some hang upon trees like masses of trembling jelly; some are like pulp; some are soft and mucous, others are spongy and elastic; others, again, are membranous and parchment-like; others form admirable foot-balls, both in sizes and texture; others are tough, like leather; others firm, like cork; and, lastly, some as hard as wood. Some are so delicate as to perish on being touched; the stem of some breaks with the softest breeze; the sturdy form of others stands unshaken in the tempest, and will endure the thrust of the traveller's foot almost uninjured. How unlike are all these, in their various particulars, to the characters of the mushroom tribe!

Neither have all fungals the characteristic odour and savour of the mushroom. The *Agaricus alliaceus* might cheat us into the belief that onions were at hand. The *mucors* have their own mouldy smell. Others, called by the anise-loving Linnaeus *suave-olens*, diffuse a powerful scent of that cordial; thus leading the polite reader to form no very refined notions of the great naturalist's olfactory sensibilities. The *Agaricus cinnamomeus*, in colour, and powerfully in odour, mimics the finest cinnamon. The *Boletus salicinus* has the reputation of smelling like the sweet may-bloom. The Chanterelle and the odorous Agaric are perfumed like apricots and ratafia. But, alas! many are of a positively nauseous and disgusting smell. The *Phallus impudicus* cannot be borne in the room, even for a few minutes. Dr. Badham tells us of an unlucky botanist who had, by mistake, taken it into his bed-room, and soon became awakened by the intolerable factor it diffused around; so that he was glad to open the window and get rid of it, as he hoped, and the *Phallus*, together: here he was disappointed—'sublatâ causâ non tollitur effectus'—the factor remaining nearly the same for some hours afterwards. A lady who was drawing one in a room, was obliged to take it into the open air, to complete her sketch. A fungus called the *Clathrus* becomes insupportably offensive in a short time, and its infective stench has given rise to a superstition entertained of it throughout the Landes, that it has the property of producing cancer in those who touch it; in consequence of which the inhabitants, who call it cancerous, or cancer, cover it carefully over, lest by accident some one should chance to touch it, and thus become infected with that horrible disease.

We shall speak of the variances of fungal savour when we advert to them as articles of diet; but it may be here mentioned, that they are as many as those of form, colour, consistence, and odour. Some are as fierce as fire in this respect. Capsicums are cool in comparison therewith. Mrs. Hussey tells us of a young man who, in spite of caution, insisted on tasting one species with the tip of his tongue—instantly he darted off, in a course apparently so objectless as to give painful doubts of his sanity, and was found ten minutes afterwards, his face half immersed in a brook which he had descried in the distance, vainly striving to cool the unquenchable flame communicated by the fungal to his tongue. All the varieties of the flavours understood by us under the terms sweet, sour, rich, rank, and acrid—many are quite without appreciable flavour of any kind.

It is a remarkable fact that some fungi are *phosphorescent*. Mr. Gardner* relates the following interesting circumstance in connexion with this fact. 'One dark night, about the beginning of December, while passing along the streets of the Villa de Natividade, I observed some boys amusing themselves with some luminous object, which I at first supposed to be a kind of large fire-fly; but on making inquiry, I was told that it grew abundantly in the neighbourhood on the decaying leaves of a dwarf palm. Next day I obtained a great many specimens, and found them to vary from one to two and a-half inches across. The whole plant gives out at night a bright phosphorescent light of a pale greenish hue, similar to that emitted by the larger fire-flies, or by those curious, soft-bodied marine animals, the *Pyrosomæ*; from this circumstance, and from growing on a palm, it is called by the inhabitants the "flor do coco." The light given out by a few of these fungi in a dark room was sufficient to read by. It proved to be quite a new species, and since my return from Brazil, has been described by the Rev. M. J. Berkeley under the name of *Agaricus Gardneri*, from preserved specimens which I brought home.' In the coal-mines near Dresden are fungi of another species, which are a safer source of light even than the safety-lamp of the illustrious Davy. These fungi belong to the singular genus *Rhizomorpha*. A paper in a scientific periodical, published some years since, furnishes a good account of the curious effect produced by these plants in these otherwise dark and dreary excavations. The visitor has no need of artificial illumination—the sides and roof of the black tunnels glow with pale stars of light, which fill the abyss with a soft diffusive lustre, and create the belief that some enchanting power has locked us in a fairy palace, whose walls glitter with gems of radiance. The

* Travels in Interior of Brazil. 1846.

light arising from a large number of them becomes almost dazzling to gaze upon. Might not these fungi be introduced into our mines with advantage? The spawn of the truffle is luminous, and is thus sometimes discovered with great readiness. The olive-groves of Italy are sometimes seen to be dimly illuminated with a phosphorescent agaric; and Rumphius, in Amboyna, and Mr. Drummond, at the Swan River, speak of similar phenomena. The light produced by these various species of plants is probably due, as in ordinary cases of phosphorescence, simply to the oxidation of a vegetable product containing phosphorus.

That mushrooms come up suddenly, as in a night, is a popular aphorism, older than we dare state; and certain it is, that in the rapidity, power, and size of their growth, they are wonderful plants. At the seasons of warm rains in summer, puff-balls will grow with amazing rapidity. Particularly during electrical disturbances of the atmosphere, the fungi will sometimes spring up with a swiftness of growth akin to the marvellous. Perhaps their expansive powers in growing are even more remarkable. In the 'Elements of Physiology,' by Dr. Carpenter, a curious instance of the immense force of an expanding fungus is related:—'In the neighbourhood of Basingstoke, a paving-stone, measuring twenty-one inches square, and weighing *eighty-three pounds*, was completely raised an inch and a-half out of its bed by a mass of toadstools of from six to seven inches in diameter; and nearly the whole pavement of the town suffered displacement from the same cause!' Dr. Badham says:—'I have myself recently witnessed an extensive displacement of the pegs of a wooden pavement, which had been driven nine inches into the ground, but were heaved up irregularly in several places by small bouquets of agarics, growing from below.' M. Bulliard relates, that on placing a *Phallus impudicus* within a glass vessel, the plant expanded so rapidly as to shiver its sides with an explosive detonation, as loud as that of a pistol. Of all vegetable structures, we should least expect such singular results from the expansion of the generally soft and fragile plants under consideration. We are taught by them an impressive lesson of the invincible power of the feeblest causes when their operation is constant.

Strange things are told as to fungal dimensions. Some, as we have observed, are invisible to the unassisted eye, floating perhaps in the vital air we inhale; but the dimensions of others we dare scarcely venture to state, and, making the venture, we shall only do so under the shelter of authorities. The family of the puffballs is the most prolific in the production of giant fungi. Although their usual size is small, not exceeding that of

an egg, Mrs. Hussey has figured one which fully justifies, without, as she declares, the smallest help of the pencil, the description conveyed under the Greek term *κρανιον*, from its striking resemblance in point of form and dimensions to the human skull. The nasal prominence and the frontal eminences, with the suture between them, are well mimicked in this curious fungus. This accomplished mycologist states, that the specimen was found growing among some felled timber, and in a most confined space, attaining the dimensions of a half-peck loaf. The environs of Padua produce, as it is said by Cicinelli, enormous puffballs, measuring two feet in diameter! Mr. Berkeley, whose opinions on fungal history are sterling among botanists, quotes the case of a fungus which in three weeks grew to *seven feet five inches* in circumference, and weighed thirty-four pounds! Baptist Perta speaks of a fungus which in a few days attained a weight of twelve pounds, and was too large to be embraced by both the hands. Mr. Angus informs us, that in the woods of New Zealand large funguses stand out from the parent trees so boldly and rigidly as to make commodious seats! But the giant fungus of all is one whose dimensions come down to posterity on the authority of Clusius. This monstrous plant grew in Pannonia, was discovered by a fungus-loving family, who all partook of it until they could eat no more, and there remained behind enough to fill a chariot! In the deep recesses of woods, and elsewhere, where suffered to grow unmolested, the mycological traveller may often stumble upon specimens whose enormous dimensions take away much of the apparent improbability from the last-quoted anecdote. The *vis medicatrix naturæ*, on which so much ink-shed has taken place, is remarkably exercised in the case of the fungi. Let a snail come and take his morning meal out of the summit of a splendid boletus, this power, be it what it may, immediately directs the refilling of the cavity, and it is speedily accomplished in such a manner as to render the injury almost imperceptible. This power, of course, greatly tends to the preservation of the individual, and thus indirectly contributes to its vast enlargement in size.

Those who have given most thought to mycology are still in a position of painful uncertainty, strange to say, as to the real nature of fungi! Will it be believed? it is even questioned whether they be plants at all; whether, in fact, they do not belong to some kingdom intermediate between plants and animals. And certainly, if the extraordinary and life-like movements observed in the fibres of some species, such as those described in the next sentence, were a fair argument for such a theory, its supporters are not far from the truth; but, unfortunately for their idea, equally striking movements exist in many higher plants

than fungi, upon whose vegetable nature no question can be entertained. The following movements are described in the words of their observer, Mr. Robson, who noticed their occurrence in the fibres of the fungus called the *Clathrus*. 'At first,' he says, 'I was much surprised to see a part of the fibres that had got through a rupture in the top of the *Clathrus* moving like the legs of a fly, when laid upon his back; I then touched it with the point of a pin, and was still more surprised when I saw it present the appearance of a little bundle of worms entangled together, the fibres being all alive; I next took the little bundle of fibres quite out, and the animal motion was then so strong as to turn the head half-way round, first one way, and then another, and two or three times it got out of the focus. Almost every fibre had a different motion—some of them twined round one another, and then untwined again, while others were bending, extending, coiling, waving, &c.' These movements may have been simply hygrometric. Other authors have entertained doubts of fungals being more than mere accidental developments of vegetable tissue, called into action by special conditions of light, heat, soil, and air. These doubts, to quote the thoughtful observations of Mr. Berkeley, have been caused by some remarkable circumstances connected with their development, the most material of which are the following:—'They grow with a degree of rapidity unknown in other plants, acquiring the volume of many inches in the space of a night, and are frequently meteoric; that is, springing up after storms, or only in particular states of the atmosphere. It is possible to increase particular species with certainty by an ascertained mixture of organic and inorganic materials exposed to well-known atmospheric conditions, as is formed by the process adopted by gardeners for obtaining *Agaricus campestris*—a process so certain, that no one ever knew any other kind of agaric produced in mushroom-beds, except a few of the dunghill tribe, where raw dung has been placed near the surface of the bed. This could not happen if the mushroom sprang from seeds floating in the air, as in that case many species would naturally be mixed together. Fungi are produced constantly upon the same kind of matter, and upon nothing else, such as the species that are parasitic upon leaves: all which is considered strong evidence of the production of fungi being accidental, and not analogous to that of perfect plants.' Such, however, is far from the conviction of our own minds upon the subject. M. Dutrochet has instituted some curious experiments which may be quoted: he found that he could obtain at pleasure different species of mouldiness by using different infusions; he also states that certain acid fluids constantly yield *monilias*, and that certain

alkaline mixtures produce *botrytis*. What is the conclusion to be drawn from these facts? That the fungi are mere metamorphoses of ordinary cellular tissue, without law of genus or species? Scarcely so. May we not rather bear in profitable recollection the recent discoveries of natural chemistry upon the mineral ingredients peculiar to each plant? When we mix up our compost for mushrooms, what is that we do but bring together, it may be, those mineral ingredients most favourable to the development of mushrooms from spores already floating in the air, or existing hitherto unquickened in the soil? Why does the *botrytis* select an alkaline bed, if it be not that the alkali is most favourable to its development? Wheat will not grow in a soil destitute of siliceous matter, alkalies, and nitrogen; yet other plants will grow there, and perhaps exclusively. We are not, therefore, to attach much weight to an argument drawn from the, at first sight, striking fact, that by a mixture of certain well-known ingredients we can produce mushrooms, and that, consequently, they are merely chance developments arising out of the union of certain substances. Such a conclusion is altogether unsound. It is now well known that plants have a sort of individual bill of fare upon which, and which alone, they will thrive. It appears, therefore, more probable to suppose that the seeds, it may be, of several species of fungi exist in such substances as we mix together; but the peculiar character of the mixture is favourable to the development only of one species—the common mushroom, the seeds of the others still lying dormant; rather than to suppose that they arise from no seminal germs, but, as it were, by an accident, which must be allowed to be constant in its occurrence. It is more in accordance with the principles of science to believe that the *monilia* of an acid liquid was developed from a spore which found in it the suitable pabulum it required, than to imagine that the *monilia* is the offspring of some inexplicable process of equivocal generation, which can only take place in an acid fluid. This is not the place to pursue the discussion; and, at the risk of being thought tedious, we have followed it thus far only because the argument of spontaneous generation appears in some danger of being revived in the case of these plants. Altogether, however, it must be acknowledged that the subject is a very difficult one: the more learned the mycologist, the greater his perplexity.

Dr. Badham is disposed to consider the origin of fungals from seed, as in other plants; and that, further, the seed is in most cases furnished by, or, at least, latent in, the *nidus* in which they are developed. Although the theory he advocates is defended with spirit, and although it is certain that fungi actually occur in closed fruits, and in corollas of flowers when they are

sealed up in air-tight envelopes, it may still be fairly questioned whether the atmosphere does not, in a very large number of cases, waft the light sporules to their birth-place, where they become quickened into life by the usual forces.

From this subject, which may not appear to all our readers in the interesting and important light, and in the attractive garb, it possesses for some, we may appropriately turn to the consideration of a curious part of fungal history—their artificial production. The common mushroom is cultivated to a very large extent for the supply of our markets, and its production is as certainly insured by the methods resorted to, as in the ordinary case of plants produced from seed. The following plan, by M. Roques, is recommended by its simplicity, and is said to be infallible:—

‘Having observed that all those dunghills which abounded chiefly in sheep or cow droppings, began shortly to turn mouldy on their surface, and to bear mushrooms, I collected a quantity of this manure, which, as soon as it began to turn white, I strewed lightly over some melon-beds, and some spring crops of vegetables, and obtained in either case, and as often as I repeated the experiment, a ready supply of excellent mushrooms, which came up from a month to six weeks after the dung had been so disposed of; but as an equable temperature is in all cases desirable, to render the result certain, where this cannot be secured under the protection of glass, the next best plan is to scatter a portion of the above dungs, mixed with a little earth, in a cave or cellar, to which some tan is an excellent addition; for tan, though it kills other vegetable growths, has quite an opposite effect on funguses.—*Esculent Funguses*, p. 42.

It has been recommended to throw the water in which fungi have been washed over a suitable spot, and the result is stated to be a good crop of the same species. In the Landes, on the authority of Dr. Thore, we are informed that the inhabitants are constantly successful in rearing the fungi called *Boletus edulis*, and *Agaricus procerus*, from a watery infusion of the said plants. But Dr. Badham, who carefully experimented upon the subject, was wholly unable to produce the same results; and other high authorities are given, where experiments proved equally vain.

Perhaps the most singular mode of producing funguses artificially is one which is largely resorted to by the Italian people. The fungus in this case is actually produced by a stone! This stone is called the *Pietra fungaia*. Cesalpinus has given directions for procuring it the whole year through, which, he says, is to be done either by irrigating the soil over the site of the stone, or by transferring the *Pietra fungaia* with a portion of the original mould, and watering it in our own garden. Porter

adds, that the funguses take seven days to come to perfection, and may be gathered from the naked block, if it is properly moistened, six times a-year; but, in preference to merely watering the blocks, he recommends that a light covering of garden mould should be first thrown over them. This fungus-producing stone has a very limited range of territory, and lies embedded frequently in a variety of soils, in consequence of which its fungus is very variable in flavour, much depending upon the kind of *humus* in which its matrix happens to be placed. Those that grow on the high grounds above Sorrento, and on the sides of Vesuvius, are in less esteem among the mycophagous Italians than such as are brought into the Naples market from the mountains of Apulia; most probably the spores of the fungus in question are actually contained in the porous upper surface of the stone, merely requiring heat and moisture for their development into life.

How many, of the poetical dreams of our childhood are destroyed with the advance of this cold, unspiritualizing age! No longer let the reader, as he trips homeward in the dewy evening, when the shadows of night come creeping over hill and valley, hold his breath at passing a bright and luxuriant 'Fairy Ring' in the meadow. No longer let him fear to put foot within its green circle, nor tremble at the consequences of disturbing 'the good people' in their night-dances around on those once mysterious plots of grass. Mycological science comes, and, with her steady finger, picks out a half-dozen agarics, and accuses them of thus marking out Nature's green carpet into irregular circles. Nor have they anything to say against it. But more soberly—

'To recapitulate the various fancies recorded on the subject of "Fairy Rings" would be a waste of time and paper. The fact that *Agaricus orcadus* appears shortly after thunder-storms, gave rise to an opinion that the withered grass of its circles was lightning-blasted; and in Captain Brown's notes to White's "Selborne," he quotes Mr. Johnson, of Wetherby, a correspondent of the "Philosophical Journal," to this effect:—"He attributes them to the droppings of starlings, which, when in large flights, frequently alight upon the ground in circles, and sometimes are known to sit a considerable time in these annular congregations!" If philosophy had but condescended to use a spade, the truth would then have been *scented* at least, for the earth beneath these bare rings is white with the spawn of the agaric causing them, and the peculiar smell either of *Agaricus orcadus* or *Agaricus Georgii* is detected instantly: in fact, it is many times more potent than that of the fungus itself.—*British Mycology*, part xiii.

'Fairy Rings' are of various sizes; some are as small as to possess a diameter of only a foot or so, others have a circum-

ference of ninety or a hundred feet. The phenomenon has long puzzled botanists, and although it is better understood now than formerly, it must be confessed that we are still in great ignorance about it. We must not be misunderstood. Let it be distinctly stated, there is not the least doubt in the minds of those who have paid the smallest attention to the subject that the *cause* of fairy rings is to be found in the fungi which people them—the difficulty is to account for the peculiar mode of growth which they thus adopt—the form of a circle often of the truest mathematical proportions. It is commonly accounted for by supposing that the seeds of the fungi are shed at first in a circular form, and that the plants progressively enlarge, retaining the same form by projecting their seeds to a certain distance all round.

In winter and spring these circles exhibit a luxuriant growth of grass of the most brilliant and refreshing green. In summer they are seared and dry. It has been on this account considered that the *débris* of the past year's fungi serves as manure to the grass, which is much quickened and invigorated in growth thereby during those seasons when the fungi lie dormant; but when, as in summer, the fungi are awakened to activity, they then are too vigorous for the grass, deprive it of its proper nourishment, and thrive at its expense. Sometimes they become most unsightly, particularly when a lady is solicitous of keeping her lawn as smooth and elegant in appearance as her drawing-room carpet. The Society of Arts has offered a prize for the best method of eradicating them. We believe nothing will succeed but digging up the spawn-charged soil all round, and implanting in its place fresh soil and turf free from the same infection.

Considered as an article of diet, fungi assume an importance which has hitherto never been conceded to them in this country, and which indeed it is the main object of the work before us to advocate. From statistical details, which will be mentioned further on, it is rendered positively certain that a very large source of income and sustenance is annually left to exhaust itself in vain in our woods and meadows. And while we are anxious to lay down such restrictions as shall confine the use of fungi within the limits of safety, we are equally anxious to obtain for Dr. Badham a fair hearing on this interesting and important topic. While it is certain that a large number of serious, or even fatal, accidents have taken place from the consumption of deleterious fungi, it is equally certain that the popular prejudice against them ranges far, very far, beyond the boundaries of truth, and that a large number now condemned to decay unused or even abhorred and despised, are as useful for the purposes of the table as those which enjoy the prescriptive privilege

appearing there. The rule which appears to have influenced us has been the safe, but unphilosophical, one of rather condemning many innocent fungi, than run the risk of one injurious species finding its way to the larder.

It is very certain a large number of eminent names might be set down on the other side, and those of men who are themselves, in very truth, practisers of the mycophagus doctrines they uphold. M. Roques, a French writer on the fungi, and an advocate for their introduction to a wider range of utility, with the enthusiasm of his nation, gives at the end of his treatise a long list of his mycophilous friends, including in the number many of the most eminent medical men of Paris. Another writer tells us, that in seeing the peasants at Nuremburg eating raw mushrooms, he too, for several weeks, determined to follow their example, and with a greater degree of self-denial than can be safely recommended to other and more delicate lovers of the fungi, restricted himself entirely to this diet for *several weeks*. He ate with them nothing but bread, and drank nothing but water, and the odd result of this bold experiment was, that instead of finding his health impaired and his strength diminished, he came out of his period of discipline stronger and better than before.

The truth is, the only certain method of distinguishing them is a proper moderate botanical acquaintance with their conformation, and characteristic peculiarities. For those who cannot spare the time for the attainment of such knowledge, we would strongly recommend as an invaluable companion on a fungus-hunting expedition—presuming, of course, that its object is the collection of esculent fungi for the table—this book of Dr. Badham's. So soon as autumn comes and brings the fungi in its train, it is our own intention to put the work under our arm and plunge into the woods the very first opportunity. The admirably executed plates of the work are the chief guide-marks by which we intend to 'eat or avoid,' to collect or reject, and we are satisfied that pursuing their indications a safe and valuable article of food can be obtained at a trifling cost.

We must spare room for a few extracts upon the other uses which fungi may be made to subserve, in addition to their esculent properties.

'Some, as the *Polyporus sulphureus*, furnish a useful colour for dyeing; the *Argaricus atramentarius* makes ink; divers *lycoperdons* have also been employed for stupifying bees, for staunching blood, and for making tinder. Gleditsch relates, that "*amadou* (which is a species of fungus prepared by boiling, and then beating out in sheets), is stitched together by the poorer inhabitants of Franconia, who make dresses of it; and also that the Laplanders burn it in the neighbourhood of their dwellings to secure their rein-deer from the attacks of gad-flies, which

are repelled by the smoke. The *Polyporus squamosus* makes a razor-strop (!) far superior to any of those at present patented and sold with high-sounding epithets, far beyond their deserts. To prepare the *Polyporus* for this purpose, it must be cut from the ash-tree in the autumn, when it has been dried, and its substance has become consolidated; it is then to be flattened out for twenty-four hours in a press, after which it should be carefully rubbed with pumice, sliced longitudinally, and every slip that is free from the erosions of insects should be then glued upon a wooden stretcher. Cesalpinus knew this! and the barbers in his time knew it too; and it is not a little remarkable that so useful an invention should, in an age of puffing advertisement, and improvement like our own, have been entirely lost sight of. The *Agaricus muscarius* is largely employed in Kamtschatka in decoction with the *Epilobium angustifolium*, as an intoxicating liquor."—P. 20.

The opening sentence of this article, quoting Sir John Pringle's words, declared that 'nothing grows in vain.' Yet in a great measure, up to the present time, the fungi have grown in vain, nearly so, for our fellow-countrymen. Spite of all that both Celsus and ought to be said as to the dangers attending the indiscriminate use of these plants as esculents, it cannot be too widely made known, that upon the broad fields, and in the wild woods of England, every year beholds the wasteful destruction of a enormous mass of excellent, safe, and nourishing food. Our country is richer in esculent fungi than is our own; while on four or five find their way into our markets. The gracious hand of Divine Providence has enriched us with at least thirty species which may be safely partaken of, and some of which are a most excellent article of diet. No markets might, therefore, be better supplied than the English, and yet England is the only country in Europe where this important and savoury food is, from ignorance or prejudice, left to perish ungathered. In France, Germany, and Italy, this tribe of plants not only constitutes for weeks together the sole diet of thousands, but the residue, either fresh or dried, or otherwise preserved in oil, brine, vinegar, is sold by the poor, and forms a very valuable source of income to many who have no other produce to bring into the market. Well, then, may fungi be called by M. Roques, the 'manna of the poor.'

However desirous, we must add, we may feel to extend the resources of our struggling poor, we never wish to see a fungus-market opened so long as those in authority are as negligent of the public health as they now are. Without a doubt, its first step would be the distribution of baskets full of poison to a hundred homes. Untaught by popular experience, and unguided by sufficient knowledge of botany, and of the diagnostic difference between the safe and unsafe species, the poor fungus-gatherer

would cull indiscriminately the teeming produce of the woods and fields, the moment he was informed that many more fungi than he commonly collected were good for food, and the result may be conceived. By all means, then, let us circulate the information that food in large quantities lies scattered about the country, waiting the hand of the gatherer; but at the same time, forbid its sale save at public markets, where its salubrity should be decided by competent authority. We might in this matter take example by the prudent regulations of the special committee of health at Rome, as they are communicated to us in the following summary from the pen of Professor Sanguinetti, the official inspector of the fungus market at Rome:—

‘ For forty days during the autumn, and for about half that period every spring, large quantities of funguses picked in the immediate vicinity of Rome, from Frascati, Rocca di Papa, Albana, beyond Monte Mario, towards Ostia and the neighbourhood of the cities of Veii and Gabii, are brought in at different gates. In the year 1837, the government instituted the so called *Congregazione Speciale di Sanita*, which, among other duties, was more particularly required to take into serious consideration the commerce of funguses, from the unrestricted sale of which, during some years past, cases of poisoning had not unfrequently occurred. The following were the decisions arrived at by this body:—

‘ 1. That for the future an inspector of funguses, versed in botany, should be appointed to attend the market in the place of the peasant, whose supposed practical knowledge had hitherto been held as a sufficient guarantee for the public safety.

‘ 2. That all the funguses brought into Rome by the different gates should be registered, under the surveillance of the principal officer, in whose presence also the baskets were to be sealed up, and the whole for that day’s consumption sent under escort to a central dépôt.

‘ 3. That a certain spot should be fixed upon for the fungus market, and that nobody, under penalty of fine and imprisonment, should hawk them about the streets.

‘ 4. That at seven o’clock, a.m., precisely, the inspector should pay his daily visit and examine the whole of the contents of the baskets, previously emptied on the ground by the proprietors, who were then to receive, if the funguses were approved of, a printed permission of sale from the police, and to pay for it an impost of one baioccho (a half-penny) on every ten pounds.

‘ 5. That quantities under ten pounds should not be taxed.

‘ 6. That the stale funguses of the preceding day, as well as those that were mouldy, bruised, filled with maggots, or dangerous, together with any specimen of the common mushroom (*Agaricus campestris* (!)) detected in any of the baskets, should be sent under escort and thrown into the Tiber.

‘ 7. That the inspector should be empowered to fine or imprison all those refractory to the above regulations; and finally, that he should furnish a weekly report to the tribunal of provisions of the proceeds of the sale.—Pp. 8, 9.

Such a sanitary code would scarcely in all points suit the English market; but it contains clauses which may prove valuable hints for the formation of a similar one, on the presumption that the sale of the fungus will at some future time rise to the dignity of a commerce. It would be easy to enforce the sale of fungi only at stated places, and to command the service of many versed in mycological science at stated intervals to inspect, approve, or condemn, the specimens submitted for sale. A boon of great value would be conferred upon the public by such an arrangement, and it is little questionable that an annual means of occupation for hundreds of now idle, hungering, or everstarving poor would be thus opened. We heartily sympathize with Dr. Badham in this matter. While it is doubtful whether a lasting and wide benefit would be extended to the poor by the fungus trade, it is not in the least doubtful that a very considerable addition to their means of existence would be thus made for a certain period in every year; and these are not times even when a small supply of food is to be despised, or suffered to be neglected. From the statistical returns of the Roman *Tribunale della Grascie*, it is evident, that the fungus trade is not so despicable a thing as might be imagined, when once its resources are developed, and its regularity ensured. The return of taxed mushrooms in the city of Rome during the last ten years, gives a yearly average of between *sixty and eight thousand pounds* weight; and when it is remembered that quantities under ten pounds are not taxed, that large quantities are also disposed of in bribes, fees, and presents, it may fairly be estimated at double this amount. The average price of funguses in the Roman market is about six *baiocchi*, or three pence per pound, in the *fresh* state; hence the actual commercial value of the fungi sold in this state at Rome alone equals near £2,000 a year. But the *fresh* funguses after all form only a part of the whole consumption; immense quantities are also sold in the dried, pickled, or preserved conditions, and the price of these is about 1s. 3d. per pound. Adding this to the last we should find that the fungus trade of this city falls little short of £4,000 sterling per annum! Surely here are facts enough to set the whole expedition of fungus-gatherers on the search. Would that the British Government would take a lesson for once from the Celestials, and imitating the enlightened carefulness of that power, not only provide food for the starving, but teach the how to use that which already lies decaying at their very thresholds. Let us hope to see ere long a niche in Covent-garden market for the neglected fungi, and a scientific policeman, if better may be provided, acting the part of the *Inspettore dei funghi*.

As we have felt anxious to set in prominence the economical importance of the fungi, we have made less frequent reference to Mrs. Hussey's magnificent work than would have been the case under other circumstances. The book is truly a beautiful one. The illustrations are from the lady's own portfolio; and for scientific accuracy, delicacy of colouring, and artistic elegance of arrangement, we are acquainted with few illustrated works in botany which will bear comparison with them. The letter-press is in a light, agreeable style, and he must be a cold-hearted reader who cannot catch something of the mycological passion with which this enthusiastic authoress contrives to enliven her pages. There are few other lithographic presses in England, if any, that could have turned out such a work. The copious extracts we have made from Dr. Badham's work sufficiently attest our high estimation of its merit. Most heartily do we desire for it such a circulation as will diffuse the valuable information (valuable even in a pecuniary sense) which it contains, throughout Great Britain. Although we should be sorry to see beef-steaks exchanged for diet of fungi, we should rejoice to see fungi take a superior rank to the little nutritious esculents in more common use. Dr. Badham's book, by the nature and startling character of the facts it treats of, is well calculated to awaken public sympathy with its object, and attention to its subject. What country gentleman, we ask, would be without a book on his library shelves, by the help of which he might every autumn many times more than realize twice its cost, in obtaining, for the mere trouble of collection, a savoury and excellent article of diet—not to mention the benefits he might thereby be enabled to confer on his poorer neighbours, by enlightening them upon the value and importance of what they had hitherto stigmatized as toad-stools. The illustrations to this work are by Mrs. Hussey, to whom every feature of this strange family of plants seems familiar, and are executed in the best style of art. The general merit of this work makes us unwilling to look too narrowly into the vices of its occasional style, but we may reasonably ask, why a man of Dr. Badham's attainments and practical good sense should have thought it necessary to favour us with the youthful ode to 'Eupepsia,' which appears at page 29, and commences with the following verse:—

'Happy the man whose prudent care
Plain boiled and roast discreetly bound;
Content to feed on homely fare,
On British ground.' (!)

Think too, gentle reader, of such lines as the following, which

shine in page 31, and prove how strongly the learned Doctomuse savours of the hospital :—

‘ Lies the last meal all undigested still,
Does chyle impure your poisoned lacteals fill,
Does Gastrodynia’s tiny gimlet bore,
Where the crude load obstructs the rigid door?’

Were it not for the sound, practical common sense, which forms a main ingredient in the book, we should feel tempted to speak more severely of these poetical effusions. We may hope that in the next edition, the ‘Esculent Funguses of England,’ will be introduced to the public consideration without this garnish. We must not omit to mention, that, in addition to ample directions for the diagnosis of the esculent funguses, some receipts for cooking them are given, which are likely to prove useful to the *maitre* or *maitresse de cuisine*.

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

The Year-Book of the Country; or, the Field, the Forest, and the Fenside. By William Howitt.

History of Alexander the Great. By Jacob Abbott.

Sermons on some of the Subjects of the Day. Preached at Trinity Church, Marylebone. By Gilbert Elliot, D.D., Dean of Bristol.

“It is written;” or, every Word and Expression contained in the Scriptures proved to be from God. From the French of Professor Gaussien.

Mr. Morell, and the Sources of his Information: an Investigation of the Philosophy of Religion.

Discourses on Holy Scripture, with Notes and Illustrations. By John Kelly.

Thoughts for Home, in Prose and Verse. By Mrs. Thomas Geldart.

The Wise taken in their own Craftiness; or, the Wisdom of the Clergy proved to be folly. By John Thomas, M.D., Richmond, Virginia, U.S.

Thy Past Impressions. By Rev. Wm. Clarkson, Author of “India and the Gospel.”

Notes, Explanatory and Practical, on the Gospels. By Rev. Albert Barnes. Carefully revised by Rev. Samuel Green. Part I.

Infidelity tested by Fact. A Series of Papers reprinted from ‘The Churchman’ By Rev. T. Manning.

Five Views in the Oasis of Siwah, accompanied by a map of the Libyan Desert. Designed by Bayle St. John, Author of ‘Two Years’ Residence in the Levantine Family,’ &c., and drawn on stone, by Messrs. Aumont and Housselle.

Light in the Dark Places; or, Memorials of Christian Life in the Middle Ages. Translated from the German of the late Augustus Neander.

THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1850.

ART. I.—*The History of the Romans under the Empire.* By Charles Merivale, B.D. 8vo. Vols. I. and II. London: Longman & Co. 1850.

IN bestowing a second notice on this book, we deviate from our usual practice. We are moved to this, not so much by the merit of the work, as by the importance of the undertaking, the literary claims of the writer, and our own intense dissent from his principles, representations, and judgments. The two volumes before us profess to be but an introduction to a very ample subject, and we regard it as the duty of reviewers faithfully to confess their convictions, when a historian seems to them to violate truth and to propagate error.

In our former notice of the work, we purposely reserved all consideration of its real hero, Caius Julius Cæsar, of whom, in fact, the two volumes before us might almost be called the biography. Concerning the balance of good and evil done by this distinguished man, as in the case of every one who overturns existing institutions, plenty of theories will always exist, which cannot be proved, nor yet disproved; but for this very reason they should have no place in history. When speaking of masses of men, we are totally ignorant as to what *might* and *could* have been; therefore, we do not know between what alternatives we are called to choose. What else might have happened, if Cæsar had not run his career,—if, for instance, he had been slain by

Sulla,—no human acuteness can tolerably guess. But we know very well, that his selfish ambition inflicted pangs of misery on millions of innocent bosoms, and destroyed for ever all germ of freedom in Rome. We insist on judging of men by the personal characters and direct aims, not by a theory concerning fate and might.

In all ancient history there is no man whose aims are so clearly marked and so undeniable, as those of Caius Cæsar. According to Mr. Merivale, indeed, he formed his schemes from an earlier age than we can admit; but at any rate from his ædileship in B.C. 65, to his death in 44, we see him for twenty-one years aiming directly to embroil the state, to insult the senate and to raise himself above law. No one can prove that any good came from his course, which would not have better come without him; but we disclaim all attempts to reason *pro* or *con* on such topics. They are not to the purpose, unless any one alleges that Cæsar was moved to his course by philanthropy, or at least by some unselfish and abstract ideal, as by an admiration of monarchy. But, in fact, he had no idealism and no enthusiasm in him, but was essentially prosaic, materialistic, and utilitarian; an unbeliever in every thing spiritual and every thing unappreciable by the hard and worldly politician. He believed in gold and steel. He had no love for monarchy, except on the condition that he was himself to be monarch. He did not affect to think that the end of conquest was the welfare of the conquered; or that there was any better or higher end of Cæsar's battles than that Cæsar might be great. He knew that Greece and Rome had owed all their greatness to their institutions, and that the despotism which ruined freedom in Greece had sunk her into weakness and degradation; yet he deliberately planned to inflict the same degradation on Rome, and deprive all his equals of that birthright, which he himself valued far above life, and which he knew to be equally dear to them all. He was fully aware, that the supremacy which he coveted could only be attained by slaughtering on the field of battle (if not by proscription) all Roman nobles who had spirit akin to his own; yet he did not shrink from his career on that account. So far was he from desiring good government (until he himself should be acknowledged as the sole and supreme governor), that he purposely aided the disorganizing violences, first of Catiline, next of Clodius; as we shall presently point out more distinctly. The great practical accomplishments of Cæsar, his talents in administration, his active thirst for knowledge, his amiable and engaging address, so far from being reasons for honouring, are precisely the grounds of abhorring his character and his course. Propped by these plausibilities, he counterfeited the part of a *popula*

man; declaimed against 'the oligarchs,' talked about freedom, and the rights of citizens, and rose by false pretences. He was no man of impulse and violence, like Catilina, or Clodius, or Antonius, but like Hannibal, was the most cool-headed man of his day, and even in his debauchery and lawlessness, never forgot to calculate how far he could *safely* indulge himself. His successes are notoriously due to the steadiness of his schemes, and the abnegation of all scruples concerning means and tools. If any character in political history deserves to be cursed, it is *the treacherous demagogue*, who fights a false battle for freedom, and by this hypocrisy throws suspicion on all true professions of public spirit. Such most eminently was Caius Cæsar.

When he entered public life he found Rome recovering from the dreadful feud of Sulla and Marius, and might have given valuable aid to heal its wounds. Catulus, the chief of the senate and of Sulla's aristocracy, was a mild, blameless, and universally respected man. Pompeius, by far the greatest of Sulla's generals, was popular in temperament, the darling of the soldiers and of the people; and while commanding the high respect of the aristocracy, nevertheless endeavoured to raise the depressed faction. Cæsar's three uncles, Caius, Marcus, and Lucius Cotta, had all belonged to Sulla's party; yet two of them at least were now inclining to the Marians, and they were all eminently moderate men. Crassus, the richest of the Romans, had more influence in the senate than any man but Catulus; but Crassus was not wedded to any exclusive aristocracy. He was the head of the monied interest, that is, of the knights, who had originally been the nucleus of the Marians. Nothing but the slaughter of his kinsmen had attached Crassus so intimately to Sulla; and now that an extravagant vengeance had more than quelled all harsh remembrances, Crassus was the natural leader of the middle classes. Young Cato, as quæstor, presently took the bold step of forcing Sulla's ruffians to refund monies paid to them for assassinations, and his proceeding was greatly praised. Cicero, already recognised as the ablest orator in Rome, was rising on the popular wave, yet was cautious and aristocratic in temperament, and was likely to be as efficient a helper in all moderate reforms and healing measures, as he would be averse to all violent ones. The Luculli and Hortensius, the Octavii, and Metellus Pius, the head of the Metelli, were all moderate and mild tempered men. In short, the old partisans of Sulla had split into two parts. Those who were honourable, humane, or respectable in character, alone retained any great public power; and so many of these were moving towards the Marians, that a recall of the exiles was to be hoped ere long; in fact, L. Cinna (a most offensive name) and the partisans of Sertorius, were soon

restored.* The fierce and unprincipled part of the Sullans found no place for themselves in the state, longed for new revolution and already looked to Catilina as their leader. Such was the state of things at Rome when Cæsar began to show himself as an active politician. If he had desired the welfare of his country no high genius was needed to tell him that he ought to join the party of pacification and progress. This he apparently did for a few years, so far as to derive credit with the people as Pompeius's supporter, and some aid from Pompeius himself; but as soon as this great man was withdrawn by the Mithridatic war, Cæsar during his ædileship flamed out as an avowed *Marian*. But Catilina was now the leader of the only real *Sullans*, Cæsar was no *Marian* while playing into their hands by his unprincipled attack on C. Rabirius.

What moral theory Mr. Merivale holds concerning Cæsar's conduct we cannot positively assert; but apparently it is,—that in the public life of Rome, *all* were such scoundrels that it was absurd to criticise Cæsar, who was far better than the rest in his political *administration*. On this last point he tries to concentrate attention. We cannot admit that there was any depravity in the ascendant nobles to compare to that of Cæsar; but if in this respect they had been equal, it would not palliate his treacherous turning of the public forces against the state, and subjecting to his own arbitrary will the life, estate, and honour of his countrymen and his equals. It is absurd to point to the fierce outcries of the enraged aristocracy against the partisans of the usurper as in the slightest degree aiding to justify the usurpation. Cæsar, no doubt, is fond of pretending that he is *not* an usurper; indeed, his whole history of the civil war is an elaborate attempt to make out that he was always most anxious to observe the constitution and to maintain peace. We do not think Mr. Merivale is simpleton enough to believe him, yet he often falls into language which is absurd from one who does not believe him, as if the whole controversy were between Cæsar and Pompeius, not between Cæsar and the constitution. If the senate and Pompeius take an unusual step in order to *uphold* Law and the State, this cannot justify Cæsar in some parallel step in order to *overthrow* Law and the State. Because Pompeius is to be at the head of a great army to *defend* the senate, may therefore Cæsar march into Italy to *attack* the senate? Such

* Perhaps this was a general act, concerning *all* the political exiles. It is stated in Suetonius (Cæsar, 5), but the words are obscure: 'L. Cinnæ . . . reditum in civitatem rogatione Plotia confecit.' The connexion implies that this *rogatio Plotia* was a tribunician law, carried perhaps B.C. 69; but we do not find any notice of it in books of reference. The exiles thus restored were forbidden to hold office; a very mild restriction.

Cæsar's logic, and such, as far as we can make out, is Mr. Merivale's. He again and again makes the extravagant assumption, that Cæsar was the *bonâ fide* leader of 'the popular party,' 'the middle classes,' and credulously receives Cæsar's own gratuitous assertions, that all Italy longed for his presence.

A few lines of quotation will show Mr. Merivale's sympathies.

'Cæsar watched the tide of events for many anxious years, and threw himself upon it at the moment when its current was most irresistible. Favoured on numerous occasions by *the most brilliant good fortune*, he never lost the opportunities which were thus placed within his grasp. He neither indulged himself in sloth like Lucullus, nor wavered like Pompeius, nor shifted like Cicero, nor, like Cato, wrapped himself in impracticable pride; but, equally capable of commanding men and of courting them, of yielding to events and of moulding them, he maintained his course firmly and fearlessly, *without a single false step*, till he attained the topmost summit of human power.'—Vol. i. p. 105.

'He foresaw that the genuine Roman race *would be overwhelmed by the pressure of its alien subjects*; but he conceived the *magnificent idea*, far beyond the ordinary comprehension of his time, of reducing the whole of this mighty mass, in its utmost confusion, to that obedience to the rule of a single chieftain, which it scorned to render to *an exhausted nation*. He felt, from the first, the proud conviction, that his was the genius which could fuse all its elements into a new universal people; and the more he learnt to appreciate his contemporaries, the more was he persuaded that none among them was similarly endowed. *He aimed at destroying the moral ties, the principles or prejudices, by which the existing system of society was still imperfectly held together*. But he did so from no love of destruction or pride of power, but because he felt how obsolete and insecure they had become; and *because he trusted in his own resources to create new ideas in harmony with his new institutions*.'—*Ib.* p. 107.

We must solemnly protest against such admiration as revolutionary trash, worthy only of a Parisian Socialist. Some Caussidière or Ledru Rollin considers *the moral ties* of Louis Philippe's or of Louis Napoleon's government *to be obsolete and insecure*, and aims to destroy them, 'not through love of destruction, but from a trust in his own genius to create new ideas with new institutions!' And what was this magnificent idea which only Cæsar was large-hearted enough to conceive? It was—to *cast the state under the foot of a military chief, and of a soldiery attached to him by pay and plunder*. As the various nations of the Persian or Parthian empire, so should those of Rome become a new *universal people*, all equally subject to the rule of the great king, all equally certain to suffer decay and ruin from the caprices and insults of power. Such had been hitherto the uniform history of all military despotisms; such

also was the result to Rome. Her fall was slower, only because the administration under the republic had attained so high military perfection, as to swallow up all the neighbouring civilized powers; and a very long decay was needed before the barbarians could pull it down: nevertheless, it is abundantly clear that the whole strength of Rome had grown out of the republican roots, and that when these roots were torn up, the empire lost all vital union, and became a mere dead machine held together only by disciplined and paid armies. Imperial Rome, like imperial Austria, was not, and could not be a nation, and to talk of a new universal people is to deceive us with fine words.

According to Mr. Merivale, Cæsar perceived that Rome was 'an exhausted nation,' certain to be 'overwhelmed by the pressure of its alien subjects.' What then does the sagacious statesman plan to relieve her from the pressure? Forsooth, he employs this exhausted nation in a ten years' campaign to conquer many *more* millions of aliens! Rome was not sufficient to be swamped by her barbarian subjects, so he added Gaul to the weight which was ready to drown her. The provinces, it seems, 'scorned to render obedience to this exhausted nation!' If this had been said during the career of Sertorius when Mithridates also was defying Lucullus, or when Spartacus was ravaging Italy, it might have seemed plausible. But Cæsar first comes forward with his own peculiar policy just when Mithridates is conquered, and the whole empire is in profound subjection. Surely it is worse than puerile to pretend that Cæsar made himself military dictator in order to save Rome from being overwhelmed by her provincials. Nay, *he himself* marched masses of Gauls and Illyrians against Rome, and his successors trusted in no troops more than in their German guard.

To the Romans in imperial times, it was a natural illusion to imagine that Sulla foresaw Cæsar's greatness. We believe nothing of this, nor that Cæsar ever had any inclination towards Marius or to his party; though in his 31st or 32nd year he began to put forward the *name* of Marius for a screen. When eighteen he married the youthful daughter of Cinna; in consequence of which Cinna procured him a priesthood, which Sulla took away when Cæsar refused to divorce her and marry into a house of Sulla's faction; but had the dictator imputed this to sympathy with Marius, he would have proscribed so dangerous a youth. *All* Cæsar's kinsmen were of Sulla's party,* as far as we know.

* Mr. Merivale (vol. i. p. 106) says that the father and grandfather of Cæsar are 'honourably recorded.' All that is known of the father is, that he was present in an unknown year, and did nothing that has been recorded, and that

of them. The three brothers of his mother (C., M. and L. Cotta) all appear in office while the party is in strength. The two brothers, Lucius and Caius Vopiscus Cæsar, had been massacred by the Marians; nor was there any reason for regarding young Caius as the natural avenger* of this party barely because Marius had married his aunt.

Cæsar's first distinction was as a bold and fluent accuser;† (*young men in those days so occupied themselves*;) but his first popularity was owing to his profuse expenditure, when he was a candidate for the place of military tribune. His first elevation may denote that he was then identified with the party of the Cottas; for he was elected (B.C. 74) while absent from Rome, and apparently without any struggle, into the pontiffship vacated by the death of his uncle Caius;‡ though the power of the aristocracy had received no shock at Rome. We, therefore, do not believe that Cæsar was supposed at that time to be a Marian; it is even possible that the Cottas ostentatiously proclaimed his refusal to join the insurrection of Lepidus, in proof of his political orthodoxy. Meanwhile, the formidable attitude of Sertorius inculcated moderation very effectually on all the thoughtful Sullans.

Mr. Merivale, however, conceives far otherwise of the youthful Cæsar.

‘He was deeply meditating the part which he should play in political affairs. The great popular party of the last generation lay exhausted and shattered on the ground. *He determined to revive and consolidate it; and claimed, with the generous devotion of youth, to be the organ of its passions and the centre of its affections.*’ The boldness of his

married Aurelia. All that is known of the grandfather is, that he married a Marcia. In p. 114 Mr. Merivale says, that ‘the wealth of Cæsar’s family was known.’ Perhaps he uses *family* in a wide sense, for in p. 116 he states truly that ‘his private fortune had never been large.’

* Merivale, p. 106: ‘the nephew’ Cæsar ‘inherited from his uncle’ Marius ‘the championship of the popular party.’ Marius was only his aunt’s husband; the three Cottas were his uncles by blood.

† He accused first Cn. Dolabella, late proconsul of Macedonia, and next C. Antonius, an irregular captain of horse in Sulla’s Achaian army. Both were acquitted. Mr. Merivale erroneously calls C. Antonius, *proconsul of Greece*. This is rather discreditable to a scholar, for *Greece* was not a Roman province. Perhaps he meant Achaia, though it is now disputed whether even that was yet a province. But surely he must have known that C. Antonius could not yet be proconsul. Asconius says of him (Tog. Cand., p. 84, Orelli), ‘C. Antonius multos in Achaia spoliaverat, *nactus de exercitu Syllano equitum turmas.*’

In the same place (p. 68), Mr. Merivale wrongly says, ‘we hear of *only three* cases of trial before that of Verres, viz. the two Dolabellas and C. Antonius.’ Besides, Terentius Varro was accused by young Appius Claudius, and M. Æmilius Lepidus by young Celer and Nepos Metellus.

‡ Velleius, p. 43.

demeanour in collision with the all-formidable dictator, *stamped him once as a man fit to command. He seemed to leap at once into one of the niches of fame and popularity*, in which the figures of the great men of the day were admired and courted by the multitude. His next step was *to make himself conspicuous abroad, to form connexions for himself and his party among the nations and potentates beyond Italy, who were yearning for a nearer access to the privileges or favour of Rome.*—*Ib.* p. 11

We believe all this to be simple romance; no proof is offered by Mr. Merivale in any of his references. Cæsar as yet was only known as a wilful, wild, profligate youth. He did, indeed, make himself 'conspicuous abroad,' and did 'form connexions for himself,' though not for 'his party, with a potentate beyond Italy;' namely, with Nicomedes, king of Bithynia. All the facts known to us about this, go into a small compass. Cæsar was sent by M. Thermus, the prætor, to bring a fleet from Bithynia, but instead of returning to Thermus, he stayed in the king's court, and received presents from him, no one could tell why; and after rejoining the army, he again resorted to the king without orders. These circumstances brought upon Cæsar scandalous imputations, which he could never wipe off; imputations to which, according to Suetonius* (who gives Cicero's exact words), Cicero did not hesitate to allude plainly in the senate in a direct address to Cæsar many years later, and Bibulus far more virulently in his public edicts.

This Nicomedes had been placed on his throne by C. Curio, probably with the stipulation that at his death the kingdom should become a Roman province; at any rate this king, like Attalus of Pergamus, executed a will, by which he made the Roman people heir to his kingdom.

Now will the reader retain his gravity, on learning that Mr. Merivale† imputes this act of the king to the influence gained by young Cæsar over him, and represents the Roman nobles as so angry at Cæsar's successful diplomacy, that they forged scandalous imputations against him! But the scandal seems to have arisen in the camp, from the events themselves; while the death of Nicomedes and the opening of his testament were not till some years later; nor is it possible to invent and give currency to such imputations at will, else many others beside Cæsar‡ would have been so assailed. Indeed, we cannot imagine what Mr. Merivale supposes to have been the sources of influence of this beardless youth with king Nicomedes. Did he offer him services at Rome? recommendations to the senate? introduction

* Julius Cæsar, p. 49. Cicero calls them '*Archilochia* in illum edicta Bibuli *Ad Attic.* ii. 21.

† Vol. i. p. 110, note.

‡ Mr. Merivale boldly says (vol. ii. p. 491), 'such attacks were common to Cæsar with every other man of dissipated habits.'

consuls? secret aid with the tribunes? Nay, at this very Lucius Sulla was in the height of his power, the tribunate practically silenced, the Marians were extinguished, Cæsar little short of an exile himself. Did, then, either king or kinglets or 'nations that were yearning for a nearer access to the privileges of Rome' covet young Cæsar's aid? or how was a king likely to be wheedled by him into bequeathing his dominion to the Roman people? or what had Cæsar to gain by it?

What 'nations' are intended, Mr. Merivale leaves us to conjecture; we cannot believe that there were any such in Asia. At all events, it is certain, that if Cæsar now became 'conspicuous and bold,' his notoriety was nothing that any partisan of his in those days wished to call to remembrance.

In the following, however, we read of new merits in the heroic tale:—

On his return to the city (A.U. 680),* Cæsar prepared to enter upon the career of public office, for which his extreme youth had hitherto disqualified him. He now began to pay his court to the people with systematic assiduity. . . . [Cæsar, as] candidate for the suffrages of the people, availed himself profusely of the arts of bribery and corruption, and carried out the lax morality of the day with characteristic boldness. His private fortune had never been large; his wife's dowry had been seized by Sulla, and he found himself reduced to the greatest poverty in supplying the demand of this policy. But he drew boldly on his own matchless self-confidence. He borrowed of all his friends, and even of his rivals, &c.†—*Ib.* p. 115.

We cannot but think this mode of writing history very unimpeachable: what is it, but to extol a man for impudence? In speaking of the *lax morality of the day*, Mr. Merivale induces a defence for Cæsar, to which he is not entitled. Let us carry his eye through the entire list of consuls, from Sulla's dictatorship to Cæsar's consulship, and see on how many names we could fix a charge of bribery and corruption. Such things were done in Rome, as they exist in England; but, as Cicero well says in his defence of Murena (whose case could not stand under a severer rule), there is a moral distinction between ordinary and extraordinary payments to the people,—between 'legitimate' and bribery. When a candidate gave only those bribes which he could not omit without seeming mean, we censure the system, but we cannot call the individual

corrupt. His date is meant for B.C. 74. Mr. Merivale omits that he was elected to the priesthood of his uncle Cotta. Moreover, he had begun the career of a tribune before, when he was elected tribune of the soldiers.

Those who choose may believe that his rivals lent him money—we do not. Mr. Merivale gives no reference, but we presume that he takes this from Suetonius. (Does he possibly allude by anticipation to Cæsar's alliance with Bibulus for the ædileship?—Suet. Cæs. 10.)

unprincipled. The evil of the system consists in its tendency encroach perpetually, and grow into a base purchasing of votes but so long as it retains a fixed condition, it involves no conscious degradation to the acceptor of the candidate's liberality. The voter receives 'tribute' with the air of a prince, and not less gives his vote as he pleases. Here, the difference of *degree* is precisely that in which the immorality of the bribing candidate consists: and according to our moral notions, Mr. Merivale ought rather to have said,—*Cæsar, with characteristic impudence, came into the political arena as into a market, where he meant to purchase by unblushing corruption the favour which others won by condescensions and liberalities which custom had sanctioned.* If by 'the lax morality of the day' Mr. Merivale means to compare Cæsar with the Catilinarians, with his own coadjutors Labienus, Vatinius, Clodius, Curia Antonius, and the rest, Cæsar will indisputably pass muster. But if he is to be compared with the aristocratical party, as they were before his consulship, he must surely be judged an intensely immoral man, whose very accomplishments and plausibility make his conduct more odious. The names of the consulars* who voted against the Catilinarians will certainly aid us in palliating Cæsar's bribery as 'the vice of the day.'

But Mr. Merivale is not satisfied with this; he even tries to raise Cæsar's reputation in this very point at the expense of Cato's! In speaking of Cæsar as canvassing for the consulship he says:—

'Cæsar formed a coalition with a wealthy candidate, L. Lucceius, the nobles put forth all their strength on behalf of Bibulus, and contributed an immense sum to bribe the centuries. Even Cato joined in the audacious cabal; and thus by his example set the seal to the universal acknowledgment, that law was impotent and revolution inevitable.' *Ib.* p. 190.

We are really disposed to retort the epithet *audacious* on Mr. Merivale, and call this 'an audacious misrepresentation.' He conceals the cardinal fact, that the flagitious bribery began with Cæsar and Lucceius; and that the other party imitated it only in self-defence, advising Bibulus to promise to the centuries, in case of his success, *the same amount* as Lucceius had promised for himself and Cæsar. Moreover, their motive was patriotic, not personal. It was not to push forward Bibulus, but to exclude Cæsar, whose extreme violence and contempt for law showed the danger which the state would incur if he became

* Silanus and Murena, Catulus, Servilius, the Luculli, Curio the elder, Torquatus, Mamercus, Lepidus, Gellius, Volcatius, Figulus, L. Cotta, L. Cæcilius C. Piso, M. Glabrio. Of these sixteen men, *one only* (C. Piso) was violently disposed. The rest are moderate and virtuous in comparison to Caius Cæsar.

consul. Their fears were verified by the event: from the day that he became consul, he gained an unconstitutional force, from which nothing but civil war could rescue the state. Yet Mr. Merivale is amazed at *their* audacity! Moreover, he asserts that Cato actively aided in their bribery; of which there is no proof. Of these events we have absolutely no information but from Suetonius;* who merely tells us that when the nobles had given this advice to Bibulus, 'many of them contributed money, and even Cato could not deny that such a largess (*largitio*) was for the public interest.' We have no reason to think that Cato even approved it. He might allow that they were actuated by patriotic designs, and were doing a thing of public utility, without either doing or advising it himself when he saw it to be a private immorality.

But how greedily does Mr. Merivale clutch at the idea of universal agreement that revolution was inevitable; thus paving the way to exculpate a usurper! Though, what if it *had* been so? If our parent must die, shall we therefore kill him before the time? Moreover, to effect the 'inevitable' catastrophe, needed all the energies, all the combination of moral and material resources, which Cæsar, by fifteen years of bloodshed, plunder, and universal confusion, was able to wield. In the plea before us, he is permitted to get the advantage of his own wrong. He has spent two millions sterling of borrowed money in corrupting the voters;—the other side at last begin to imitate him;—and the historian forthwith claps his hands at the confession of this 'audacious cabal,' that law is impotent and revolution inevitable! Moreover, because Dr. Arnold, in words of calm, but profound intensity, denounces the wickedness of Cæsar's career and the infinite miseries which it caused, Mr. Merivale regards him to have been 'prejudiced' against Cæsar!

But we have abandoned chronological order in following the topic of bribery. We recur to Cæsar's earlier conduct. Suetonius and Dion believe that this youth underwent a sudden change of character, from indolence and effeminacy to that of energetic ambition, while he was in Spain; and this seems every way probable. A young man of talent and energy, after trying all modes of sensuality and voluptuousness, becomes tired and sated with indulgences so finite, and begins to aspire after political greatness. But Mr. Merivale wishes to make him a politician from boyhood.

* There is really no trace of any such conversion in Cæsar's history. His morals were from the first as lax as *those of the youth of the time*

* Suet. Jul. Cæs. 19. This also is Mr. Merivale's own reference.

generally; and his devotion to sensual pleasures continued through life to be little worthy of one who had so much both within and without him to exalt and purify his character. From the very outset of his career, he placed an object of political ambition before his eyes; and it was he at any time more thoroughly in earnest than when he defied the dictation of Sulla in his earliest youth.'—*Ib.* p. 118.

No doubt he was *in earnest* when, at the age of eighteen, he refused to give up his youthful bride at Sulla's order; but we see no *politics* there: to that we have adverted already. Nor can we allow the excuse for Cæsar's vices, that his morals were (only) as lax as *those of the youth of the time generally*. We must again protest that it is not true, unless he be compared with the Catilinarians, or with his own Clodian faction. In the list of Cæsar's assassins (younger men than he), there is *not one* on whom such ill repute of licentiousness rests as on Cæsar, and if we look to the list of consuls who preceded him, we find the result of comparison equally unfavourable: had it been otherwise, the taunts of his political* adversaries could have been retorted, and, indeed, would never have been cast at him. No public man in Rome of those days, except Catilina, Clodius, and M. Antonius, appears to come near to Cæsar in the heartlessness of his amours. He cannot possibly have *loved* the numerous ladies whose homes he desolated. Mr. Merivale admits that though he had three lawful wives in succession, he seduced the wives of Pompeius,† Lucullus, Crassus, Sulpicius, and Gabinus—*five* consulars, including three most eminent names. How little would such a man spare humbler husbands! His very soldier in songs too coarse for our language, warned the Italians to beware of the 'baldheaded adulterer, who, after spending his Gaulish gold in provincial whoredoms, had been borrowing more at Rome.' So far, then, Mr. Merivale is right, that Cæsar never abandoned his youthful excesses; his 'conversion' consisted in becoming an energetic politician, who no longer made sensuality the whole *meal* of life, but only its ordinary *sauce*. Indeed, the immense risks of life and empire which Cæsar

* As when Curio the elder publicly called Cæsar *omnium mulierum vir et omnium virorum mulierem*. The last words *perhaps* meant only effeminacy, but were purposely ambiguous.

† Merivale, vol. ii. p. 491. This is opposed to vol. i. p. 187, where he gives the reader to suppose that Pompeius divorced an innocent wife for an abstract political scheme.

The English reader may need to know, that as the marriage *custom* in Rome was in revolt against the ancient *law*, a Roman husband of those days had no legal redress. One of Cæsar's mistresses, Servilia, is imagined by Mr. Merivale to have been his original corrupter (vol. ii. p. 490). But she had a good reputation in B.C. 64, when she was married by Lucullus. She began her intrigue with Cæsar only in 63, when he was *thirty-seven years old*.

the age of fifty-two ran for Cleopatra,* imply that for once his habitually pampered passions had overcome his discretion; nor do we see reason to disbelieve the statement of Helvius Cinna,† that, at Cæsar's order, he had prepared the draught of a law, which was to allow Cæsar to take for his wives 'as many ladies as he pleased, and *whomever* he pleased,' though the death of Cæsar intervened before it could be carried. To increase our abhorrence, we read that he, by his own private authority, put to death one of his freedmen for having been guilty of an adultery‡ of which the husband did not complain; and while this high priest, dictator, and consul, was ordering a tribune to prepare the law which would have made it legitimate for him to tear§ any wife he pleased from her husband, he was imagining that he could restrain public licentiousness by his severe laws against adultery! It amazes us that an amiable and respectable man, such as we understand Mr. Merivale to be, shows no hearty hatred for such conduct, and manages to protest only in that faint tone which decorum exacts from a clergyman. What it was that Cæsar had 'both within and without him' to *purify* his character, we do not know; but this we see, that whatever there was of virtue, purity, moderation, among the public men of Rome, revolved in the same circles as Catulus, Pompeius, Cicero, Cato; and all that was worst in impurity, thievishness, and atrocity, revolved round Caius Cæsar: yet Mr. Merivale loses no opportunity of throwing odium and contempt on the constitutional party—representing them as selfish, overbearing, or tyrannical and cruel oligarchs—and exerts himself to varnish and recommend to the reader's interest and admiration, as a friend (forsooth) of the middle classes and of extended freedom, a man who knew not what virtue or religion meant, and who made freedom and constitutional law impossible in Europe, until the Roman armies and Roman civilization were swept away by

* We cannot perceive that Mr. Merivale feels with us anything peculiarly revolting in Cæsar's marrying Cleopatra to a little boy, her king-brother, while keeping her as his public mistress. (Dion, 42—44.) Mr. Merivale's notion of Cleopatra's 'fatal effect' on Cæsar's moral nature, will be derided even by those who cannot discern his enormous inaccuracies of fact.—Vol. ii. p. 344.

† Sueton. Jul. Cæs. 52.—Helvius Cinna was tribune of the people, and was killed by the mob through mistake after Cæsar's funeral. But this does not make anachronism in Suetonius, as Mr. Merivale hints. Cinna outlived Cæsar by full two days.

‡ Suet. Jul. Cæs. 48.

§ If any one thinks that it is too much to build on the words of Cinna's proposed law, '*quas et quot vellet uxores*,' it is enough to say, that Cæsar's uniform conduct shows that he would (when in supreme power) assuredly have made as free with the wives and daughters of all his subjects, as did the *imperatores* who followed him, from M. Antonius and Augustus downwards.

a torrent of barbarous invaders, to the infinite suffering humanity.

It might appear that whatever the aristocracy do, or whatever law is carried, Merivale sees in it some mark of Cæsar's greatness, and some contumely put on him by his adversaries. Intriguers at Rome pretended that Ptolemy Alexander had bequeathed his kingdom to the Romans. The story is obscure and controverted.* One thing at least is clear, that Crassus and Cæsar each of them endeavoured to clutch Egypt as a Roman possession, and the aristocracy thwarted them both; yet, this seems) must have been intended as an express insult to Cæsar. Let us hear Mr. Merivale:—

'Cæsar was now anxious to reap the first fruits of the fame (!) had acquired, and relieve himself from some part of the load of immense pecuniary obligations. He solicited the appointment to extraordinary mission, for the purpose of *constituting the country* [Egypt] *a province of the empire*, and arranging its administration. The senate (?) however, in its jealousy of Pompeius (!), and of all who appeared to side with him, conceived (!) that Cæsar proposed to strengthen the hands of its general in the East, by adding to enormous powers the control of one of the granaries of the empire. Accordingly, *it peremptorily rejected the demand*,† and proceeded, in addition to *this insult* (!), *for the claim was fair and reasonable* (!!), to make another move against *its indignant enemy*. It made use of one of the tribunes, named Papius, to introduce a plebiscitum, decreeing the removal of all aliens from Rome. The pretence was, that strangers from the provinces flocked into the city and interfered with the popular elections. . . . But this blow was more particularly aimed at the Transpadane Gauls, who were anxious to exchange their Latin franchise

* To write positively on such a subject would be absurd; yet we will venture our own version of the facts. Mr. Merivale assumes that Alexander is intended by Cicero; we rather believe it was Alexander II. This young man was captured by Mithridates in B.C. 88, but escaped to Sulla, and was taken with him to Rome. When the throne of Egypt became vacant in 81, Sulla sent him thither to claim the crown. He was received by the Egyptians in the condition of marrying queen Cleopatra, but was slain by them the next year for murdering her. It was natural to Romans to assume that a kingdom was theirs, to which they had sent a king; and it is even possible that Sulla exacted a promise from Alexander, that he would bequeath the kingdom to them, if he gained it. Of course the Romans would have ignored the right of the Egyptians, if a genuine will had been produced; and they could not pretend that the king's murderers had destroyed the will. The senate actually did send ambassadors to Tyre to claim a sum of money which Alexander had there deposited, and had bequeathed to them; but though Crassus opposed it, the senate felt that to seize the kingdom of Egypt on such a pretence would be an outrage too scandalous.

† This is not what Suetonius says; but, that Cæsar could not carry a law without the people by means of a tribune, because the aristocracy opposed it. Catulus, no doubt, convinced the people that it was a scandalous wickedness.

chise for that of Rome. *Cæsar, while passing through their country on his return from Spain, had listened affably to their representations, and they had gladly connected themselves with him as their patron and political adviser (?)*. This measure, therefore, seemed *calculated to gall the popular leader, &c.*—*Ib.* p. 122.

On this we remark: 1. That Crassus, this same year, B.C. 65, as censor, desired to make Egypt tributary, but was hindered by the positive refusal of his colleague Catulus. Plutarch (Crassus, 13), calls it a *shameful and violent proposal*. 2. We see in Cæsar's Alexandrian war, that the Egyptians felt themselves to be wholly independent of Rome; nor does Cæsar then pretend anything about this will, but bases his intervention on other grounds. 3. In the debates about restoring Ptolemy Auletes, which hung over Rome for several years, it is manifest that the Romans knew they had no right to interfere with the Egyptians. 4. What kind of conscience has Mr. Merivale,* when he calls it a *fair and reasonable proposal* of Cæsar, to invade Egypt, revolutionize its institutions, eject its officers, and levy tribute from it, barely *because* a king of Egypt (if that be conceded) had chosen to bequeath it, against the will of his people, and for no public benefits done to them? 5. Where is the historian's fairness towards Catulus and the rest, when he does not know that any such will ever existed, or (if it did), that it was not made treacherously, before Alexander II. left Rome?

Then as to the Papian law, we notice: 1. There is no evidence that Papius was the tool of the senate, or that the *senate* was more unwilling than the *people* to extend the popular franchise. 2. The people were ordinarily indisposed to lessen the value of their own privileges by extending them; to attribute, therefore, the *Lex Papia* to the personal spite of the aristocracy against C. Cæsar is a gratuitous fancy. 3. It does not appear that Cæsar had as yet any patronage of the Transpadani. Crassus and Pompeius already desired to introduce them into the full franchise; and Crassus, as censor, might perhaps have effected it summarily, only that Catulus resisted. Cæsar, like other

* We are happy to add (though Mr. Merivale does not seem to be aware that he contradicts his former view), the following words from vol. ii. p. 331:—

'The whole of this episode in his eventful history,' viz. Cæsar's Alexandrian war, '*his arrogant dictation to the rulers of a foreign people, his seizing and keeping in captivity the person of the sovereign, his discharging him on purpose that he might compromise himself by engaging in direct hostilities, and his taking advantage of his death to settle the succession and intrude a foreign army on the new monarch, form altogether a pregnant example of the craft and unscrupulousness of Roman ambition.*' This is true, except that the Romans had men in plenty who abhorred such conduct. Such were not only Pompeius, Catulus, Cicero, Cato, but Lucullus, Hortensius, and the vulgar mass of the people, *whenever they were made to understand the facts.*

demagogues, seized on every question of the day, out of which he might fabricate 'political capital;' but to talk of his 'listen affably' to the Transpadanes, quite misrepresents his position. Suetonius, from whom this is taken, says merely, that '*he went to the Latin colonies, which were desirous of full citizenship [they did not come to him], and 'would have incited them to some violent deed,' only that the consuls kept a strong force in hand from fear of it.*

But we must proceed to his very characteristic attack on C. Rabirius. Thirty-six years before, the atrocious tribune Saturninus, after committing several murders on men in the name of peace, and raising civil war in Rome, was shut up in the Capitol; and at the vote of the senate, the consul C. Marius called a general levy against him. He was captured, and put to death as a public enemy. Whether such an execution was constitutionally lawful, was a controverted point. There were several laws against it, yet other decisions had justified violations of them. So long as the senate could thus arm the consuls, it was hard for insurrection to prevail. By this process the Gracchi had been iniquitously slain; yet, unless the ordinary criminal law of Rome were made far more stringent, the public peace could not be kept against desperate men *without* some special process in reserve. The conspiracy of Catilina was now pending, and it was a general belief that only accident had hindered it breaking out earlier. At this terrible moment, Cæsar employed himself to paralyze the government, by prompting a capital accusation against old C. Rabirius, for having been in the ranks of Marius against Saturninus thirty-six years before. The process, as well as the charge, is admitted by Mr. Merivale to have been 'monstrously iniquitous' (we have not room for details); but he adds—we know not whether admiringly—'its extravagance might evince in the most glaring manner the determination of the popular leaders [Cæsar and Labienus] to drive the senate to extremity.' Rabirius was defended by the consul Cicero; but Labienus, as tribune and accuser, arbitrarily forced Cicero to speak for longer than half an hour! in consequence

* We do not agree with Mr. Merivale's view of the details; but the case is a perplexed one. His notion that the prætor Metellus was secretly in concert with the prosecutors is to us unpalatable and gratuitous. But when he speaks of the excited populace 'blood-thirsty' (because it was almost tricked into condemning Rabirius by the wicked craft of Cæsar and of Labienus), and not a word of indignation and reproof for Cæsar, he tries our patience severely.

It illustrates Cæsar's hypocrisy, that while affecting to be a Marian, he attacked Rabirius for having followed the standard of Marius. But Marius was then on the side of order against a murderer and revolutionist. Cæsar was inwardly consistent in disowning Marius in such a connexion.

Rabirius is said to have been saved only by a formal artifice of the prætor Metellus. Now, while Mr. Merivale admires Cæsar for being thus 'indefatigable in harassing the aristocracy,' he omits to remark that he was playing into the hands of Catilina. In fact, *if* Rabirius had been condemned, the result of Catilina's conspiracy might have been reversed; and it was inevitable for thoughtful Romans to believe that Cæsar wished well to the conspirators, even if he had been too cautious to join them. Yet with these facts before him, Mr. Merivale treats the suspicion that fell on Cæsar as a black and wicked invention, indicative of the blind hatred entertained against him.

Soon after, the place of high priest became vacant by the death of Metellus Pius, and Catulus and Servilius, aged and honoured men, became candidates for it; but Cæsar carried it away from them by dint of enormous bribery. We refrain to express what we feel at the sympathy which Mr. Merivale shows with Cæsar for success in such a contest and by such means. ('Cæsar,' he says, 'knew his own position, and had calculated *his own resources*, &c.') But what follows is still more disgraceful to Cæsar, and to all who do not abhor his conduct. The next year, he was prætor.

* On the 1st of January, when the consuls entered upon their duties, it was customary for all the chief men, the magistrates and dignitaries of the state, to proceed to the Capitol, and there offer them their solemn greetings. Cæsar, however, instead of assisting in this act of official courtesy, took advantage of the absence of his colleagues and rivals to address the people in the forum, and to propose that *Catulus should be deprived by their vote of the honours due to him as the restorer of the temple of Jupiter*, which was now on the point of completion. That august edifice, the glory of the city and of the empire, had suffered severely in the conflagration which took place during the conflict of Sulla and Marius. The charge of restoring it in a manner worthy of the extended greatness of the Republic had been assigned to Catulus, as *prince of the senate and the most illustrious of all her citizens*. He had accepted the commission with pride, and bestowed infinite care on its execution; *nor had he shrunk from incurring vast personal expense*, that his name might deserve to be inscribed on its front by his grateful countrymen. *Cæsar brought forward a charge of peculation* against him, and demanded the production of his accounts, &c. &c.* This attack was perhaps not seriously meant† to succeed. (!) It answered the purpose of *enraging and alarming the nobles, of thwarting a personal enemy*, above all, of *menacing the aristocracy with the vengeance of the chieftain [chieftain?] they distrusted.*—*Ib.* p. 147.

* *Theft* is Dion's word.

† The process was illegal; but so was that of the Julia Lex Agraria, to which, nevertheless, Cæsar, as consul, forced the senate to take oath.

In a note, Mr. Merivale adds, that *the senate* afterwards decreed that the name of Catulus should be erased from the temple, and that of Cæsar substituted. He neglects to remark, that, as it was in B.C. 46, when the 'senate' was a mere tool for endorsing Cæsar's decrees, this fills up the measure of Cæsar's meanness. So also (Cicero complains), that as prætor, Cæsar insulted Catulus, by forcing him to speak on the flat ground and not from the platform,—a most offensive abuse of official power towards the most blameless of the aristocracy and the chief of the senate. Mr. Merivale has no right to call Catulus 'the personal enemy' of Cæsar. In the same way he would neutralize Cicero's evidence against Catiline, and Cato's against Cæsar. It was not *the persons* of Catilina and of Cæsar, but their wicked projects, which Catulus, Cicero, and Cato opposed. Catulus was old enough to be Cæsar's father, and came into no rivalry with him except for the high priesthood. It is, however, probable that Cæsar had been informed that Catulus had blamed Cicero for not proceeding against Cæsar as a Catilinarian (Plut. Cæs. 7); and this may explain the ebullitions of discreditable spite* in so very cool-headed a man.

But we must concentrate our attention on Cæsar's behaviour as prætor and as consul. The first day of his prætorship we have seen dishonoured by his malignant and shameless attack on Catulus. Simultaneously he allied himself publicly with Metellus Nepos, who, as tribune, was assailing the ex-consul Cicero for having obeyed the senate's vote against the Catilinarians.† By the courage and obstinacy of Cato, who was also tribune, Nepos was defeated, else the cause of Catilina might still have prevailed. The senate, in such a crisis, since Catilina was actually in arms, took steps which Mr. Merivale thus describes:—

'The senate . . . ventured to suspend *by main force* [*i.e.* by a decree!] both Nepos and Cæsar from the functions to which they had been *duly elected* by the people. . . . He refused to quit his tribunal *till compelled by a military force*. . . . whereupon he . . . *retired with dignity* to his private dwelling. The populace now assembled to avenge the

* If any one ask,—Who, of all Cæsar's eminent contemporaries, were the two men of greatest frankness, magnanimity, and conscientiousness? we must probably answer, Catulus and Cato. Both of these Cæsar persecuted, alive and dead, with mean insult: and why? Because they spoke truth concerning his ~~un~~reasonable intentions.

† The defence set up for Cæsar is, that though he did not sympathize with Catilina, he still could not bear to see the constitution violated in the *mode* of suppressing the conspiracy! Yet no man who ever held a magistracy in Rome threw such studied contempt on legality and the constitution as Cæsar, of which his consulship is a sufficient specimen.

insult offered to their favourite. *A riot ensued, which compelled the consuls to retrace their steps, not without the most obsequious expressions of respect and deference to him. Suet. Jul. 16.—Ib. p. 158.*

This is *not* what Suetonius says; but that, when Cæsar found that the senate were *prepared* to compel him, if he resisted, he gave way, and effectually exerted himself to tranquillize the mob which *offered* to riot in his cause; that the senate was so agreeably surprised at his conduct that they immediately passed a vote of thanks, to be conveyed to him through the first men of the state (the insulted Catulus was princeps!); sent for him into the senate to express their high approbation, and cancelled their decree against him—so anxious were they to welcome every beginning of more honourable conduct in him; so unwilling to allow a man of his family and talent to be identified with the party of disorder. Yet this, we see, is totally misquoted by Mr. Merivale. Indeed, he proceeds to fasten on ‘the chiefs of the senate’ the guilt of false accusation, through the Catilinarian deponents, Vettius and Curius, who now accused Cæsar as an accomplice.

* It is hardly to be supposed that these wretches* would have ventured to assail the champion of the people, *unless they had received some direct encouragement from some of the chiefs of the senate.* Cæsar, with his usual decision, went straightway to Cicero, and engaged him to remove any suspicion of his criminality. The late consul *declared publicly*, that it was *by Cæsar himself* that the first intimation of the *langer* had been made to him. It does not appear whether this had been really the fact; but *the testimony of Cicero could not be discredited.* Not only was Cæsar *acquitted*, but the reward assigned to Curius as the supposed discoverer of the plot was taken from him, and *handed over to the object of his calumny.* Vettius was sacrificed to the wrath of the people, and thrown into prison; nor did Novius, the quæstor, who had ventured to allow his superior magistrate to be cited before his tribunal, escape a similar chastisement. *Suet. Jul. 17.—Ib. p. 159.*

We are sorry to have so much to say on this.—1. It is not correct that the reward of discovery was ‘handed over to Cæsar;’ it was merely refused to Curius. 2. Nor is it said by Suetonius that Cicero gave any ‘testimony’ to Cæsar, but only that Cæsar *implored* Cicero to confirm his statement. If Cicero had given any distinct testimony, we should have heard of it from Sallust and Plutarch. 3. Cæsar was *not* ‘acquitted;’ there was no

* Yet Mr. Merivale does *not* call Catilina a ‘wretch!’ Curius joined the plot in its infancy, when its full wickedness may have been less clear to him. These informers ought not to be thought worse men than Nepos and Cæsar, who fostered the Catilinarians after the complete evidence had come out against them. By Mr. Merivale’s confession, *Cæsar* was a false accuser against C. Rabirius and Catulus. On the other hand, it is not at all to be assumed that Vettius and Curius did not *believe* Cæsar an accomplice of Catilina, whether they had or had not adequate legal proof.

trial, and no voting. The senate were anxious to stop the informations, as is clear in Dion's account, and were certain to catch at any formalities which enabled them to turn a deaf ear. 4. Nothing could be more embarrassing to the senate than such an accusation against the man whom they had just reinstated with extraordinary honour; and to imagine that they were maliciously planning this attack *while* so honouring him, is to suppose them downright fools. It would overstrain their power to suspend him again, and in fact on the same suspicion: they could not but leave him in office till his year expired; even then to prosecute him would be a most arduous thing, if he were ever so guilty, and not half so popular.* 5. Catulus and C. Piso had, no doubt, wished Cicero to impeach Cæsar in the preceding year, when Cicero was in office and Cæsar a private man; but the case was now reversed; to impeach him was no longer possible, and therefore they had too gladly jumped at the vain hope of reconciling him. 6. Vettius was *not* 'sacrificed to the wrath of the people,' at least by *the senate*, as a reader will imagine; it was Cæsar *himself*, by his arbitrary power as a magistrate, who made Vettius his victim. Suetonius says, 'he seized pledges from him, plundered his furniture, and cast him into prison, after he had been sadly beaten, and almost torn in pieces' [by Cæsar's bullies or partisans] 'before the rostra in the midst of the assembly,' where Cæsar brought him to his bar. All this was done far more quickly than a senate could be summoned to deliberate about it; and Cæsar knew well that he might indulge the sweets of vengeance fearlessly. 7. It was likewise Cæsar's single will which imprisoned Novius for receiving an indictment against Cæsar.

The same Vettius reappears in Cæsar's consulship, as a conspirator who pretends to reveal an extended plot against the life of Pompeius.† None had anything to gain by the plot being believed but the party of Cæsar; and there was a firm belief among the ancients that Cæsar was its author. But Vettius was so indiscreet as to overdo his part, exactly as before. He was imprisoned by the senate's order, and killed secretly. Cicero and Suetonius attribute his death to Cæsar, or to his tool Vatinius. It was Cæsar's duty, as consul, to inquire into Vettius's

* Lentulus and Cethegus had confessed their seals and letters in the senate, and the evidence was overpowering; yet the senate knew that their condemnation by the ordinary process of law would be most uncertain, and *therefore* ordered their execution. It was probably from a sense of the extreme difficulty of getting a conviction, that Cicero refused to prosecute Cæsar, whatever his own suspicions or belief of his guilt.

† Mr. Merivale follows Dion and Appian in saying, 'Pompeius and Cæsar,' but Cicero (Att. ii. 24, in Vatin. 10) omits to name Cæsar, and his omission seems to us decisive.

death, but, as Appian remarks, he refused to inquire. Yet Mr. Merivale chooses to exculpate* Cæsar, and to impute the plot to young Curio, with whom Vettius first tampered, and leaves the idea of Vettius's suicide open as a possibility, though none of the ancients believed it.

Mr. Merivale ends this dark tale with one more eccentricity, when he says that young Curio and his aristocratic section must be 'content alone to bear the suspicion of any act of unusual enormity ascribed generally to a party which reckoned among its leaders such honourable men as Lucullus, Cato, and Cicero.' By 'unusual enormity' he must mean the real attempt to assassinate Pompeius? Yet no one but Vettius 'ascribed this to the party generally.' Does Mr. Merivale mean that the plot was generally believed? It is rather hard to say that Curio and M. Antonius, barely because they were abandoned young men, must be 'content' to bear the imputation of a crime which was never committed, and in all probability was never intended. Mr. Merivale seems to wish to leave some stigma on 'the aristocrats' by this suspicion; but he overdoes his work, for this section of them is precisely the one which ere long gravitated to Caius Cæsar.

After his prætorship in Rome, Cæsar became prætor in Spain. His debts were now at their maximum, and exceeded his means by more than two millions sterling; but Crassus aided him, and he hurried irregularly to his province. Now for Mr. Merivale's idea of the right of encroaching on 'barbarians.'

'The provincial governors lived in a state of almost perpetual warfare with the petty chieftains [of Lusitania]. . . . *The crime of the officers who represented the majesty of Rome was not so much their encroachments on the rights and liberties of an IMPLACABLE ENEMY, as the hasty and INCOMPLETE method of warfare which they adopted.* They struck their blows at random, not for the ultimate security of the interests committed to their care, but for the gratification of their personal ambition or avarice, and persevered in no definite plan of conquest. Cæsar seems to have acted with a different sense of his duty as a provincial governor.'—*Ib.* p. 174.

After this follows a high eulogy on Cæsar's internal adminis-

* Because Vettius would not have accused M. Brutus *if* Cæsar had been the prompter! Why, it is one of Cicero's reasons for believing that Cæsar *was* the prompter, that Vettius withdrew Brutus's name on the second day, which denoted Servilia's influence. In young Curio (a jocund voluptuary and clever fellow) such a plot would be alike wicked and stupid: Cicero distinctly saw that *Cæsar's* policy was served by it. But when it miscarried, then it would become necessary to Cæsar's safety to make away with Vettius.

tration, which nevertheless is concluded by these significant words:—

‘At the same time he did not neglect *the main object* of his own visit to the country. *He amassed a considerable treasure for himself, and took care to satisfy the cupidity of his followers and soldiers in due proportion.*’

That no man at Rome, except Lucullus, could do more for a province, *consistently with the object of enriching himself*, than Cæsar, we fully believe; but when he went out immersed with debt, and came back rich* in a single year, we may be sure that he was still more anxious to plunder than to administer. Now let us listen to Suetonius and to Dion:—

‘When he held proconsular authority in Spain, he received money from the allies, which he *begged* of them [emendicatas] to relieve his debts: and he plundered in hostile fashion certain towns of the Lusitanians, *although they offered to obey him, and opened their gates to him when he came.*’—*Suet.* 54.

‘Cæsar might, with little trouble, have put a stop to the robberies which always went on in these countries, but he did not wish to have quiet. . . . *It being in his power, as I said, to have peace,* he turned to Mount Herminium, and ordered its inhabitants to remove to the flat country, *under pretence* that they might not sally from strongholds to plunder, but *in fact, knowing that they would refuse, and that he should so get an occasion for war, &c. &c.*’—*Dion.* 37—52. [Who then is the ‘implacable enemy,’ Cæsar or the Lusitanians?]

The reader will conjecture the rest. Cæsar acted with no greater treachery than was frequent with Roman generals (who, moreover, have plenty of imitators among the moderns); but how much more humane was Pompeius’s behaviour to foreigners! how different the result of Cicero’s provincial administration! Cicero came back from Cilicia with the blessings of the provincials, but with an empty purse, and with ill-will from those Romans whom he would not permit to ravage and peculate. On the contrary, this lucky Cæsar sends treasure to Rome, pays off his own debts, gives plunder to his troops, and returns home (comparatively) rich; and yet we are to believe he administered the province well, because he laid down the law of debtor and creditor sensibly and equitably! But we must ask, whence came this great supply of wealth? Mr. Merivale virtually replies, Not from the province, but from the ‘hungry’ mountaineers whom he wisely made tributary to Rome. If so, it is at least manifest that Cæsar and his troops were the *hungry* wolves, and that the people from whom he got spoil so ample, were rather a golden-fleeced flock than rude barbarians.

* *Plut. Cæs.* 12.

We have already exposed Mr. Merivale's misrepresentation of the bribery by which Cæsar gained his consulship. We proceed to a still worse instance of the same, in regard to the violences by which he carried his agrarian law as consul.

'*As the absence of one consul prevented the other from convoking the senate, it was hoped that this secession [of Bibulus] would cripple the power which Cæsar was threatening to use against his opponents; but he, nothing daunted, convened the popular assemblies whenever he had occasion, and proposed and carried whatever measures he chose. In this way he passed an agrarian law, similar to that of Flavius. . . . The party who met at the house of Bibulus counselled a sudden attack upon Cæsar's supporters in the comitia; and the consul of the nobles rushed sword in hand into the midst of the assembly, challenging his colleague to an appeal to arms. But his friends were outnumbered, and forced to exert all their efforts to save their champion and bear him off to a place of security. Cato distinguished himself in this unseemly riot by pushing through the crowd to the rostrum, protected by the inviolability of his office; but the harangue which he commenced enjoyed no such privilege, and was soon drowned in the uproar which it excited. Cæsar was less scrupulous than even the city populace, and ordered his lictors to seize the tribune and drag him from the place. Lucullus, old and feeble, was grievously ill-treated, and only saved his life by throwing himself at his enemy's (!) feet. When the bill had been thus passed by the people, the victorious consul required the senators to ratify it by an oath of obedience. By threatening to obtain an enactment to make refusal capital, he succeeded in forcing it down the throats of Cato and his staunchest adherents.*'—*Ib.* p. 194.

The coarse violence of Cæsar is thus admitted by Mr. Merivale; yet he writes as one sympathizing and admiring;—as if the 'unseemly riot' were Cato's fault;—and tries to put the other party in the wrong, by alleging that they began the attack. Now the fact is, that they were *unarmed*. Bibulus did not hold up 'his sword,' but *bared his throat* to the adversary. Mr. Merivale had the passage of Appian open before him. He has quoted from it, for our instruction, a bit of constitutional law (a rare thing in his volumes), which is a mere blunder of Appian's: that *one* consul could not convoke the senate! But Appian goes on to say that Bibulus ἀπεγύμνωσεν τὴν σφαγῆν, 'bared his throat,' not his 'sword;' and we prefer to impute to Mr. Merivale extreme haste, confusion, and forgetfulness of his Greek, rather than suppose that he has wilfully distorted the history. But all the narratives agree that the outrage and violence, from beginning to end, lay with Cæsar.

His partisans went to the meeting with hidden daggers (*Appian*). Bibulus came only in his dress of office, and with his rods. Several of the tribunes who were with him were wounded by the men with daggers; the rods were broken,

Bibulus's state dress was torn off, and a basket of dung emptied on his head. (*Plut. Cato.*) But he, nothing dismayed, *bared his throat*, and shouted to Cæsar's friends to come and finish their work. 'For if,' said he, 'I cannot persuade Cæsar to do justice, yet at least by my death I will cast pollution and a curse upon him.' But javelins were thrown thick, and numbers of Bibulus's friends were wounded; so that at length all ran off at speed, except Cato, who withdrew last and slowly. Thus left master of the field, Cæsar carried his law, and after it a second law, to pronounce death on every senator* who did not swear to observe the former. Well might Plutarch say, that 'men were *disgusted with the enormity* of Cæsar's consulship.'

But we have not finished Mr. Merivale's mistakes. Cato was *not* tribune; this our historian ought to have known, for he has already described him as tribune three years before. The arrest of Cato, which he here tells of, did not take place during the riot, but in the senate: the indignity to Lucullus is also gratuitously mixed up with this affair. The case of Cato was this: †—He spoke in the senate against allowing Cæsar to have Gaul and Illyricum for five years, on which Cæsar *dragged him out of the senate-house* by a lictor and sent him to prison. He went quietly, and disdained to appeal to a tribune, which at last forced Cæsar to contrive an appeal himself. Of Lucullus's affair, all that we know is from the following words of Suetonius, on which Mr. Merivale grounds his extravagantly different account:—'When [at some time in this year] L. Lucullus freely opposed Cæsar, Cæsar inspired into him so great a terror of false accusation (*calumniarum*), that Lucullus dropped on his knees before him.' No doubt he threatened to impeach Lucullus for the great fortune‡ he had accumulated in Asia; and as Lucullus's conscience was far from clear, he became greatly alarmed.

* Appian says that the people and senators had to swear; Plutarch (*Cato*, 32) that all the senators. Appian says that 'death' was the penalty; Plutarch, 'great punishments.' Cicero, indeed, appears (*Attic.* ii. 18) to limit the oath *to candidates for office*; yet it is hard to reject Plutarch's detailed account of the difficulty Cicero had to overcome Cato's reluctance to swear.

We suppose Mr. Merivale's statement, that Cæsar 'threatened to make it capital,' is his interpretation of Appian's imperfect tense, ὁ δὲ καὶ ἐπειράκει, ii. C. B. 12.

† *Plut. Cæs.*, 14; *Dion*, 38, 3; *Suet. Cæs.*, 20.—Suetonius calls it 'Catonem interpellantem.' Of course Cato was forced *egredi relationem* in order to speak on a topic on which the consul had not asked his opinion.

‡ C. Memmius attacked him on this ground when he returned from Asia, and the aristocracy with difficulty got the vote for Lucullus's triumph. *Plut. Luc.* 37. We believe Lucullus not to have been guiltless, but in comparison with Cæsar he was truly forbearing. Cæsar 'in Gaul plundered shrines and temples of their offerings; pulled down cities, oftener to get spoil

Mr. Merivale neglects to inform the reader that it was a fixed constitutional principle in Rome, that every *consular law* should first receive the *approbation of the senate*,* after which it came before the assembly of the *centuries* in the field of Mars; but Cæsar brought forward his law without this approbation, and passed it in the forum, apparently by the votes of the tribes, as if he had been a tribune of the plebs. Independently, however, of this, it is clear that in his consulship he set up mobrule, and through it exercised a despotism. In fact, few of the senators chose to expose themselves to violence by attending the senate; on which a very aged senator, Considius, told Cæsar that they stayed away through fear of his weapons and soldiers. 'Why then,' said Cæsar, 'do not *you* keep at home through fear?' Considius replied: 'My remaining years are too few to be worth saving.' This speech seems to have made Cæsar soften his methods. But, Cicero observes, they had no sooner got over the fear of murder, than a new terror arose; viz. that of slanderous accusations from such tools of Cæsar as Vettius.

A consulship thus violent and outrageous, was not likely to be in pecuniary matters much better; and we see no ground for disbelieving the details given by Suetonius (20, 54), which Mr. Merivale cautiously refrains from putting before the reader; viz. that he gave away whatever he pleased to any one, and terrified all who dared to oppose,—that he *stole* from the Capitol 3,000 pounds of gold, and replaced it by gilt brass; sold charters to companies and the name of king to foreign princes; and among others, extorted 6,000 talents as a private remuneration from Ptolemy alone on this ground. Of this we hear farther in the Alexandrian war. Such things are in perfect harmony with his whole course of privateering; and therefore it was, that to give up his armies was to yield himself to ruin.

Justly did Cicero say, that in this consulship the state perished. The democracy of Rome had for more than a century dwindled into a beggarly or ferocious mob. The senate and the aristocratic consul were now overpowered and insulted, the other consul himself heading the rabble and the soldiery against them. The highest magistracy and the highest order were thus alike dishonoured; but Cæsar proceeded to secure that this confusion should be permanent. For this he effected the election of two consuls devoted to the cabal (freedom of election there was

than for any offence; whence his abundance of gold. . . . Afterwards, by most evident rapines and sacrileges, he bore the expenses of civil wars, triumphs, and shows.' Suet. Jul. 54. He also plundered the temples of Egypt and Tyre. Dion. xlii. 34 and 49.

* Such is the received doctrine. If Mr. Merivale had any special theory of his own, this was the place to propound it.

none, but violence prevailed); and next transferred * P. Clodius to the plebs, that he might be made tribune. It was previously notorious that Clodius intended to attack Cicero for having obeyed the verdict of the senate against the Catilinarians; so here was a new Catilinarian faction let loose on the aristocracy. Henceforth bands of armed men paraded the streets of Rome, violently interfered with the elections, slew peaceable citizens, forced the aristocracy to arm a Milo against a Clodius, until a dictatorship became essential to save public order. Then the tools of Cæsar alleged, that, a dictator being essential, he was as proper a man for it as Pompeius; and perverted the constitutional into a personal question. Cæsar thus came in compassion to restore 'order' to the afflicted city, and in his extant writings gravely exerts himself to show how constitutional are his desires and proceedings, and in how *unconstitutional* a way the senate is opposing him.

So blind is Mr. Merivale to the real state of the case, that he does not even understand the proceeding of the tribune Metellus; who, until Cæsar had threatened his life, would not retire from the sacred treasury, wishing hereby to manifest the hypocrisy with which Cæsar pretended that he had invaded Rome to protect the 'sacred and inviolable rights' of the tribunes M. Antonius and Q. Cassius. In the same spirit is his simple complaint (vol ii. p. 471), that the Roman nobility were discontented at the *fact of Cæsar's pre-eminence*, rather than at his measures. He may seem not to desire any firmer security for law and justice, than the will of one profligate and mortal man. He is apparently surprised that Cæsar's 'clemency' did not reconcile Romans to hold all their rights at his mercy and that of his chance successor. But there would be no end of such criticisms; and we finally notice only his misrepresentation of Suetonius's judgment on Cæsar's death.

'Suetonius allows that Cæsar was indeed justly slain, but makes no attempt to absolve his assassins.'—Vol. ii. p. 489.

Nay, but Suetonius says, he was 'held to be legitimately slain' (*jure cæsus*) 76; and thereby *does* justify his assassins; indeed, gives this as a general sentiment. Byron has a note † remarking on this. 'We must not be so much dazzled,' says he, 'with Cæsar's surpassing glory or with his magnanimous, his amiable qualities, as to forget the decision of his *impartial countrymen* :—

HE WAS JUSTLY SLAIN.

* Suetonius (Jul. 20) says that he did this so as to mark his displeasure on Cicero, for having dared publicly to deplore the state of the times. This may not be correct; but Suetonius tells all these things simply and without animosity.

† Childe Harold, Canto IV. note 26.

Tunc cæsus existimatur, says Suetonius, after a fair estimate of his character, and making use of a phrase which was a formula in Livy's time, and was continued in the legal judgments pronounced in *justifiable homicide*, such as killing housebreakers.' So difficult does it appear to Mr. Merivale fairly to report what the ancients say. In his vocabulary, Cæsar's murderers are 'wild unprincipled men,' though Cicero looked on them as heroes of surpassing merit, and regrets that he had no personal share in the deed.

It would be natural and suitable to remark on the writer's style, on his judgment, on his power of condensation, on his grouping, and other matters of taste; on his philosophy and his religious reflections: but when we have so deep complaints against his *fidelity* and *moral soundness*, we feel that we must appear to the reader biassed judges on points of taste and feeling which cannot be brought to any certain standard. We, therefore, forbear to add a word on these matters, and so close our very irksome task.

ART. II.—*Exposition of the Gospel according to St. Luke.* By Dr. James Thomson. Vols. I and II. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.

IT has often been matter of wonder and of regret to men of piety and taste, who have had at heart the best interests of humanity, that from among the many thousands who have been pulpit-teachers, comparatively few have attained to excellence. In the present day, when we have in every village a pulpit and a preacher, it is a cause both for amazement and for sorrow, that the pulpit has so little hold on the popular mind. We have at the bar much successful speaking, and the success in all cases there is to be estimated by the power of the pleader to *convince*; but by the sacred teacher how little effect is produced! The subject of pulpit-excellence is so large, that it cannot be fully treated of within the limits of this article; and yet it is just one of those subjects which earnest religionists in the present day should diligently inquire into. Let us suppose that some one unconnected with any religious body—the occupant of a religious neutrality—should ask: Why cannot the same degree of eloquence, which is only another way of saying the same efficient speaking, which obtains in parliament and at the bar, be brought to bear on the topics which are discussed from the

pulpit? Why should there be success in the one, and almighty powerlessness in the other? There is one fact, which must strike all thoughtful men as of the most serious import at the present time—*That the pulpit has not that hold on the public mind which it once had, and that men are not so seriously affected by the great truths proclaimed from it as they once were.* This sad reality, patent to all but the wilfully unconvinced, is, that the weekly teachings from the word of God do not produce the effect on the people which, from the awful importance of the subject, we might reasonably expect them to do. We know it may justly be said, 'the pulpit-teachings so often recur with familiarity with the sublime subjects of them, on the part of the hearers, blunts the edge of appeal—we have the unwillingness and positive enmity of the human heart as a resistance to argument, however potent—there is a morbid taste among the people for mere dilations—in many cases, they prefer simple phraseologies, or anecdotal littlenesses, or effete sentimentalities, to vigorous and healthy thought—they do not like new wine in their old bottles—they hear with suspicion any departure from the routine of old technicality—and they prefer rather that their feelings should be excited, or their curiosity gratified than that their minds should be quickened by new and vigorous thought.' These objections may be partially true—there may be some classes of mind, and some few churches, where they would have place.

Now we presume not to blame the ministers of religion for the small success which attends their pulpit-labours. However faulty individuals may be, to blame the mass, among whom are men of great attainment and heavenly-mindedness, would be the last degree harsh and ungenerous. But we find fault with the system under which they are placed. Let us illustrate our position by an example:—A young man comes from one of our colleges, trained to habits of close thought, and accustomed to severe analytical processes; with some knowledge of Hebrew and of classical literature; devoted to the noble employ to which God has called him, and eager to preach 'the doctrines of the Cross.' He accepts the pastorate over one of our rural churches and becomes thus the acknowledged *teacher* of, it may be, some hundreds of people. Among his congregation it is not probable that there will be many equally taught with himself; but, perhaps, the larger portion of them shall be devourers of the weaker part of the religious literature of the day—those simple periodicals in which the state of our churches is being perpetually canvassed, and by which an unwholesome agitation and constant dissatisfaction are excited towards that among us which is invigorating and elevating to the mind—in which not doctrinal

alone, but the very phraseology in which they are expressed are stereotyped. The young pastor finds his congregation leavened by these small works, and he speedily discovers that he is a slave, not so much to unchanging dogmata, as to a fixed traditional expression of them. At once he is in chains, like an artist who must paint only after a pattern, to soar is impossible—to unleaven his congregation, who receive from the above-mentioned sources weekly or monthly supplies of fresh fermentation, is utterly out of the question—he is in vassalage to mere words—and, after a season, abandoning in despair higher aims, he sinks down to the weary monotony of oft-repeated theological formulæ; and he finds that, instead of being free to teach according to his enlightened conscience, he must do so in the set phrases of his predecessors, which may be, many of them, offensive to a refined ear and painful to a lowly heart. We have positive knowledge that there are many of our ministers, extensive in their acquirements, abundant in their piety, and capable of eloquence, who groan under this slavery to ancient forms of thought—which do not suit the present age, but for which, we candidly admit, there would be no little difficulty in finding synonymous substitutes. Surely, in the abandonment of many of these phraseologies, our theology would be unimpaired, but might still be taught, scripturally and healthily, in other modes of expression. He will do no small service to the Church, who can show us how we may safely substitute the simple terms of the word of God for the set utterances of scholastic theology.

The question returns to us: Why is the power of the British pulpit so feeble; or, why are its results so few? It is not because we are lacking able preachers; for, surely, if extended education, acquaintance with the best authors, and enlarged views, tend to successful oratory, our present ministry should be inferior to none. Nor would we hint, for a moment, that the great majority of our pastors are not thoroughly devoted to their work. There are men among the present Nonconformist ministers who would dare all in 'preaching the Cross,' and who, should the condition of the age require it, would joyfully suffer all that Baxter, Howe, or Bunyan endured of old. But it has always appeared to us, that the pulpit-power of many of our ministers is all but destroyed by the *frequency of their services*. There are many of our congregations which require from their minister three entire *sermons* on the Sunday, and an additional 'address' or two during the week. These worthy people eschew, and perhaps with propriety, 'read sermons'—every discourse among them must be both extemporaneous and remarkable for freshness and vigour: and of how many of our ministers have their resources been thus early exhausted, and

themselves worn out! No one can be a Demosthenes, a Bossi or a Massillon, four times a week; and that ministry which ever in action cannot be long successful.

Another grand reason, we conceive, for the partial failure of our pulpits, is in the narrow range of subjects which the minister is permitted for discussion. We have heard of some worthy Scotch divines, of the last century, who made it a matter of conscience—or, at least, their habit—to introduce the notes 'five points' into every sermon; and we know what dead formalism reigned in their churches, while in their creeds they were as orthodox as even Knox could have desired. Now the mission of every religious teacher is to preach 'the Cross,' a nobler theme than this no one can desire. But in such a subject do not all Divine requirements and all human duties meet. Is it not the central of all truths, in which the most philosophical mind has all it seeks as matter for lofty thought, and the pious mind for holiest breathing? And yet how often its very doctrines preached merely as *credenda*! whereas, earnest activities and charities must proceed from these. Will the zealous Christian teacher is mindful of his great mission, will not forget that his benevolence is to be all-embracing, that everything which can exalt humanity, and make less bare the desert of life, is his peculiar work; and, therefore, will the great verities of the gospel are earnestly proclaimed, faithfully applied to the consciences of the hearers, the preacher may legitimately advocate from his pulpit *everything which tends to the enlightenment and elevation of the people*. What a wide range would thus be opened for pulpit-address, and what a mighty impulse might thus be given to Christ-like activity both in the Church and the world!

Again,—we think the requirements of the present day are utterly adverse to the attainment of pulpit-eloquence, even among a small section of our pastors. As a general rule, perhaps, one is born an orator—that excellence can be reached only by certain orders of mind, and not even by them till they have studied all the avenues to the heart of man, and the manner in which those entrances have been gained by the great masters of eloquence. Even the best minds among us have not fair play. They are 'cabined, cribbed, confined,' by the *pastoral habit* common to this age. What time have they, for example, for such study, whom the circumstances of the Church call to constant secular activity? How can they be *efficient* among an educated and intelligent auditory on the Sunday—such as are found in our larger towns only—who, during more or less of the entire week, have been necessitated, often with an unwilling heart, to sit on some half-score of committees—to superintend

various agencies, some of them not very closely allied to the work of evangelism—or to spend many precious hours of each day in that oftentimes most unprofitable occupation nicknamed ‘pastoral visitation,’ which Dr. Davidson has so well termed ‘perambulatory dissipation?’

Every one will admit that the feeble and sick of his flock should have much of the pastor’s care; but how much golden time is frittered away in those visits from house to house which, especially in country towns, many congregations expect to receive from their ministers! It is a true and safe principle, that, with the blessing of God, *the diligent student will be the successful minister*—the man who is laborious in the investigation and for the defence of the great verities of Christianity, and who is well armed on all those points assailed as vulnerable by the enemies of the faith. That congregation must greatly lack common sense—the philosophy of cause and effect—who grudge the time which the student-pastor spends in his study. A minister’s success in preaching will generally be in the ratio of his laborious preparation for it; and he must prove, in the result—and speaking ‘after the manner of men’—the most efficient teacher of religious truths, who has, through all his ministerial life, accustomed himself to habitual mental training. Alas! how often in the religious magazines of the day do we read that our ministers should be *ready speakers*; which is as much as to say, that their various requirements as secretaries, committee-men, and family-visitors, withhold them from careful preparation for their pulpits—a state of things which is either regarded as a necessity or actually defended! Now we presume to assert, that that was the Augustan age of our Nonconformist pulpits, when the eager hearers wearied not at the turn of the hour-glass; when Baxter, Flavel, Bates, Philip Henry, and Howe (*instar omnium!*) took to their pulpits no hasty or jejune thoughts, but carefully written and elaborated sermons, each exhaustive of its subject, and which nurtured at once the intellectual and the spiritual in those who heard them. Gigantic minds of old, who can refuse them the palm! who, perusing their works, does not feel as the traveller when he contemplates the colossal temples of the early world, of peoples lost to time! After reading, for example, the pages of the immortal Howe—how impelled we are to nauseate our more modern divinity!—how weak and feeble, in comparison with his celestial utterances, are the pious platitudes, the worn-out sentimentalities and the silly appeals to the feelings which one finds abundantly in so many of the popular productions both from British and American pulpits! We do not blame the ministers of our own churches, if, in any case, they have been guilty of

these. Such results must follow from the requirements of day. If a congregation will have their pastor to be a secret or a travelling agent, or the editor of a periodical, or to w his six-days' life away in an itinerancy of chit-chat, they necessarily exclude him from his study; and no man, unless he an apostle, divinely taught, can without due preparation fully plain the sacred Scriptures, unfold their truths, and nourish spiritual element which ever in a good man's heart struggle after a diviner life. We conceive, then, that the very first towards a general pulpit-reform will be, when our pastors abandon secularities and all 'perambulatory dissipation,' and when they become entirely men of the study—imitative of that industrious band recently named, who 'rest from their labours,' of whom it may be both truly and gratefully said, 'their work do follow them.' 'The truth is,' wrote Dr. Chalmers, 'the minister, if he gives his whole heart to his business, finds employment for every moment of his existence.' May our congregations learn to seek for and strenuously to support *studious pastors*; and may the able and excellent men who serve Dissenting churches—and especially the industrious young men of New College, each saying, 'This one thing I do'—adopt mental habits of the theological athletes of the golden age of Nonconformity!

There is a silly cant in some quarters that *intellectual preaching* is a thing to be dreaded—a 'monstrum horrendum' breathing death to our churches. Is it intended, apparently, that a course well thought out will not be as receptive of God's blessing as a little extemporaneous talk, indicative neither of vigour nor industry of mind? Preaching full of sound thought will most resemble the Pauline epistles, in which the mind of one of the greatest of men seems to have exhausted itself on the simplest themes; and as we prefer these teachings of the Holy Spirit to any such counsel, we urge upon all pastors and teachers that they strive to manifest themselves strong thinkers and clear reasoners, whenever they appear in the pulpit for the defence of the truth. Nothing is more perilous to any good cause than weak championship in its behalf; and, perhaps, we are very far from the truth when we state that, had certain defenders of the faith among us, both from press and platform, been more conversant with the intellectual, and less with the frothy and the declamatory, our ecclesiastical state and prospects had been far other than they are now.

But, perhaps, it may be replied to our statements, that another and a mightier agency has arisen—that the Press has not merely taken the place of the pulpit, but has outdone it immensely both in range and in effect. Whatever of truth there may be

this statement, we cannot forget that the *spoken word* has a power to move and thrill, which the mere reading of it can never effect. In reading the speeches of some of our greatest orators, whose voice enraptured 'listening senates,' or awakened to passionate feeling and irresistible energy multitudes of men; how much is lost to us—the beaming eye—the melting tone—the electric impulse—the sympathy of soul! After attending one of our large public meetings, the reader can well remember what disappointment he has felt in perusing, in the well-known journal of to-day, that which, yesterday, moved him to the holiest of purposes;—what empty commonplaces, what multiplying of words, what thin matter! It is because the press is put into comparison with *the living voice*—it is the statue side by side with the breathing, animated kindled man. We remember to have been peculiarly struck with this in the speeches of the late Daniel O'Connell. In reading some of his best orations, the day after their delivery, how we lacked that flute-like voice, and those impassioned intonations so peculiarly his own, which caused 'a personal sympathy,' as Whately has it, between the speaker and the hearers! The reader will well remember the story of the ancient time. 'What would you have said,' observed Æschines, when his reading of the speech of Demosthenes 'On the Crown' was received with admiration; 'what would you have said had you heard him *speak* it!' It is not fair, therefore, to assume that the press has taken the place of the pulpit. The path of the writer is altogether distinct from that of the speaker. Their mission is to different results. The speaker influences chiefly the men of this hour only; the writer will move generations yet unborn.

Never, at any previous period in our religious history, had the British Pulpit so great a demand as at the present time. Our forefathers had, as we have now, the old warfare to wage with the animosities of the human heart against all that is holy, and they had much active hostility to encounter from the time-serving ministers of a contemptuous hierarchy; but their opponents were not so insidious, and therefore not so dangerous, as those which the religious teacher of the nineteenth century encounters. In the 17th and 18th centuries, knowledge was, to a great degree, confined to the professional classes. The squire, generally, was a mere huntsman and glutton, hardly awake to the fact of his possessing a nature nobler than that of the animal. The farmer was not much better than a serf of the squire. The tradesman, though from his mercantile pursuit necessarily of shrewder wit than the farmer, was in great mental and moral degradation. Among such a society, the Henrys, Calamys, and Tallents of the time would be almost the only

teachers ; so that much which these great men stated would be taken for granted, and that common reverence which the ignorant usually have for the well-informed, would cause the congregation of that day to regard their religious teachers almost as an infallible authority. But how changed, in this age, are the circumstances of the pulpit, and the relative conditions of pastor and people ! On the Sabbath morning, the ablest minister among us is not one whit more informed as to the events of the day—or is not necessarily so—than the poor mechanic who occupies a ‘free sitting’ in the house of prayer where both worship. That mighty leveller, the Press, has, to a great extent, swept away the distinction which formerly existed in this matter between the Nonconformist divines and their hearers. On the Saturday evening, or on the following morning, the cheap weekly newspapers, containing a full history of the seven days of the world’s life just by-gone, are in the hands of the sons of toil ; and in the columns of these cheap prints, the artisan finds not merely a nation’s story—‘the oppressor’s wrong,’—‘the insolence of office,’—and the merits of those in high places, canvassed with a freedom which would have been high treason in the reigns of the Stuarts ; but he finds often that religion is sneered at, holiness derided, the ministry of religion held up as a delusion and a snare, and Christianity itself pointed out either as the invention of a wily statecraft or the offspring of a pitiable superstition. Under such instruction the mechanic soon loses his reverence for the sanctuary, and indifference takes the place of esteem. He ceases to worship in the house of prayer. The preacher he once listened to with attention, is not a teacher on subjects either so interesting or on so extensive a scale, as his other Sunday teacher, ‘The Growler’ or the ‘Weekly Offal ;’ and the mechanic has become a convert to opinions which are at the utmost remoteness from those of truth and soberness which the Scriptures contain. The greater will be the likelihood of these evil conversions in those places where the pulpit is not a living power—where a formalism, although essentially orthodox, is found to obtain—where the *credenda* of the Gospels are clothed in dry scholasticisms unintelligible by the masses, and where the *agenda*, the practicalnesses of the Christian faith, are sleepily pointed out and enforced. Here is an evil the Puritans knew nothing of, though they strove against the *Book of Sports*—how is this evil to be encountered and overcome ? Clearly, by making the pulpit more attractive to those who have, heretofore, been led captive by the smart vulgarities and impieties of the Sunday press. We think this would not be a difficult task for our ministers to accomplish. Not for a world’s worth should they cease to preach the essential doctrines of the New Testa-

ment—those glorious truths which our sainted fathers held dearer than life, and which now-a-days it behoves us zealously to maintain; but how great the results would be, if Christianity were taught less as a dogmatical system than as a power over the life of man, to renew, and elevate, and bless it! Too much have our preachers descanted on the great ‘Topics’ of Christianity, as schoolmen in the age of darkness descanted on the Aristotelian philosophy. In our pulpits there should be nothing like Nominalist or Realist predication—a mere defence of dogmatical positions. We must purge away from us the old leaven of the schools, and give living principles—practical and practicable—to the heart of man. So we would respectfully submit it to the ministers of our churches in those places where this evil of the Sunday press is most virulent, *that they should seek to be the pastors of working-men*. How little are these masses influenced by our pulpits! There are places of worship, but not for them. There is earnest and able preaching, but not for them. The grandeur of our buildings—the air of respectability pervading them—and the fashionable display of dress and equipage among the congregations of our larger towns, deter those who are too ignorant to read the Sunday prints, from attendance on the various places of worship; and thus to these united and powerful influences, the teachers of religion have to trace their inefficiency over the masses of the people. How, we ask again, are these evils to be overcome? The first point to be gained is, to induce these people to enter the places of worship. Why should they not be invited thereto by advertisement? Easily enough, the demagogues, who lecture to the poor in halls and rooms on the Sabbath-day, collect by this means a large body of people. Why should the teachers of religion neglect so simple and effectual a method of collecting thus those who have hitherto been strangers to the faith? But, it may be objected, the people will not hear *sermons*. There is no impressed necessity for the presentation of *sermons* to the people; for, to the tutored mind, how fertile are the Scriptures in subjects for most interesting discussion!—how much may be deduced both from their history and philosophy to remove the weight of human woe, even when ‘too deep for tears.’ In skilful hands, the wondrous stories of Hebrew life—the habits of primæval times—the institutions and policy of ‘the world’s grey fathers,’ might all be made to the ignorant of our people ‘wisdom teaching by examples.’ How large is the field given for such teaching by the life of Jesus—His perfect life, which everywhere imaged God—His infinite tenderness—His constant toil—His endurance of our lot of sorrow—His prayerful vigils—His ministrations at the couch of the paralytic and the dying—

and His daily employ of shedding light on the sightless eye-ball and divine radiance on the blinder soul. What humanities and charities, what brotherly kindnesses, what reciprocal benevolences between people differing in wealth and station, might be taught by the 'tale divine' of Him 'who went about doing good.' We earnestly commend it to the attention of those excellent men who wish to gain the masses, to lay aside the sermon during at least one part of the public services of the Sabbath, and to adopt, under a more taking name, either the exposition or the lecture; because in them there is a greater range, than in the set discourse, for the discussion of subjects, which, while they are legitimately within the province of the pulpit, may be rendered far more attractive to the masses than the miserable mental food which they receive, on the day of rest, either from hungry, blustering 'stump-orators,' or from mawkish materialists.

The pulpit-address, styled exposition, is of much more frequent use in Scotland than with us in the south; and many of the Scottish clergy—as is well known—introduce it into their morning service in place of the more pointed and direct *sermon*, on the principle, we presume, that it is well the Scriptures should be explained before they are practically applied. It is often found to be of great utility, because where the exposition is judiciously handled, more matters can be introduced, and a wider range of subjects can be presented to the congregation, than it would be possible to give in a discourse made to hinge on an isolated sentence of Scripture. Some of these expounders in the north are tedious and wearisome to the last degree—men, whose meagre scholarship does not permit them to elucidate, and whose iron creed has frozen the gush of genius. But there are those, north of the Tweed, who are master-hands at this work of exposition; and the crowded congregations prove that their discourses of this nature are neither dreary verboriosities nor evangelical dilutions. We have always thought the expositions of the Scottish clergy more attractive than their sermons—perhaps, because in the former one has a little escape from the ever-recurring 'Five Points.'

The author of the two volumes mentioned at the beginning of this article is a Scottish clergyman, who has thought that his expositions may be serviceable to the Church; and he publishes them accordingly in two beautifully printed volumes. A third is to follow. There is, preceding the lectures, a long and somewhat wordy '*Introduction to the Study of the New Testament*,' the utility of which we seriously question; for while it contains many catholic and admirable sentiments (particularly at pp. 38—40), there is much that is extraneous to the general subject,

and of little value. Though it is not our intention to bestow more than a brief notice on these volumes, we may say we have been peculiarly struck with a statement in p. 62:—‘The author of this Gospel was evidently a Jew. This is proved by the numerous instances of Hebrew idioms which occur in every part;’ a conclusion by no means deducible from the premises. All the evidence we know of is quite contradictory to the assumption that Luke was a Jew. Eusebius—whom Dr. James Thomson will admit to be an authority of some weight in the question—in his *Hist. Eccles.* iii. 4, states that Luke was born at Antioch, in Syria; and, indeed, the whole style of Luke’s narrative seems to confirm that he was not a Jew, but, as Tertullian remarks, *he constantly represents Jesus as the Saviour of the Gentiles*, in whom all the desires of an outcast heathen world find a happy accomplishment.

It is worthy of our author’s attention, that whenever Luke has occasion to mention an eastern custom, he, at the same time, explains the meaning of it—which certainly he had never done, had he been a Jew writing to Jews. But we submit that the apostle has decided this question for us, in Col. iv. 14, where he seems to make a distinction between Luke and the persons mentioned in verses 10 and 11, whom he specifies as *ἐκ περιτομῆς*. Further, if our author will be at the pains to compare the style of Luke, in his introduction to his gospel, and at the close of his history of the Acts of the Apostles—a style both chaste and classical—with the Hellenistic Greek of the rest of his writings, he will find the inference to be cogent (as to the ‘Hebrew idioms, &c.’) that Luke had used narratives earlier than his own, to the writers of whom it is not unlikely he refers in his mention of *πολλοὶ*; for the Hebraisms which repeatedly occur in the bulk of the narrative, lead us to the supposition, that earlier than Luke’s history there were many little narratives—perhaps many oral traditions—of the life of Jesus, of the authenticity of which from the first he had made an accurate, logical analysis. Some of them would be simple exaggerations; others, it may be, coloured to suit certain philosophical opinions; and many of them were at fault, probably, both in fact and in chronological detail. The object of the apostle, in writing the narrative, appears to have been, that Theophilus and the Church, through him, might have a sure historical basis. For this purpose, Luke was an editor of these primal documents; indeed, from a comparison of the chaste Greek of the preface to his Gospel with the rough Hebraisms which almost immediately follow, it would seem that Luke had incorporated into his own work many of these narratives, without even refining their ruder idioms.

So much on our presumed correction of our author. It is not our purpose, however, thus to analyze these volumes, but to state, that they hold the position of a respectable mediocrity. There is, perhaps, not a great thought nor a new idea in either of them; but there is much unaffected simplicity of style, and an evident desire to make the life of our blessed Lord, with its wondrous deeds of mercy, intelligible to the untutored mind. As such, though there are not a few things to which we could make objection, we thank the author for them. Many of our rural pastors may find them useful in their village-teachings: either for the scholarly or the profound, we presume our author did not intend them.

In concluding our brief remarks upon these expositions, we remark, that Dr. Thomson's sole book of reference, in any matter of difficulty, seems to be 'Principal Campbell's Translation of the Four Gospels'—the work of an able man, and admirable so far as it goes; but, for the forthcoming volume of his expositions, we invite our author to cast his eyes towards those incomparable German writers—so much bespattered by the ignorant among us; and we venture to assure him that, without losing an iota of his orthodoxy, he may infuse a new vigour into his own mind, give a new edge to his critical acumen, and a new power both to his preachings and writings by a close acquaintance with Tholuck, Olshausen, &c. &c. Why should a man content himself with a lamp, when the stars are at his service?

ART. III.—*The Prelude, or Growth of a Poet's Mind; an Autobiographical Poem.* By William Wordsworth. 8vo. London: Moxon.

FOR well nigh thirty-four years the public curiosity has been excited by the knowledge that there existed in MS. an unfinished poem, of very high pretensions, and extraordinary magnitude, from the pen of the late—is he to be the last?—poet-laureate of Britain. At the tidings, Lord Jeffrey made himself very merry, and sought for a powerful calculus to compute the supposed magnitude of the poem. De Quincey, on the other hand, had read it, and, both in his writings and conversation, was in the habit of alluding to, quoting, and panegyricizing it as more than equal to Wordsworth's other achievements. All of it that is

publishable, or shall ever be published, now lies before us; and we approach it with curiously-mingled emotions—mingled, because although a fragment, it is so vast, and in parts so finished, and because it may be regarded as at once an early production of his genius, and its latest legacy to the world. It seems a large fossil relic—imperfect and magnificent—newly dug up, and with the fresh earth and the old dim subsoil meeting and mingling around it.

The 'Prelude' is the first *regular versified* autobiography we remember in our language. Passages, indeed, and parts of the lives of celebrated men, have been at times represented in verse, but in general a veil of fiction has been dropt over the real facts, as in the case of Don Juan; and in all the revelation made has resembled rather an escapade or a partial confession than a systematic and slowly-consolidated life. The mere circumstances, too, of life, have been more regarded than the inner current of life itself. We class the 'Prelude' at once with Sartor Resartus—although the latter wants the poetic *form*—as the two most interesting and faithful records of the individual experience of men of genius which exist.

And yet, how different the two men, and the two sets of experience. Sartor resembles the unfilled and yawning crescent moon, Wordsworth the rounded harvest orb: Sartor's cry is 'Give, give!' Wordsworth's, 'I have found it, I have found it!' Sartor cannot, amid a universe of work, find a task fit for him to do, and yet can much less be utterly idle; while to Wordsworth, basking in the sun, or loitering near an evening stream, is sufficient and satisfactory work. To Sartor, Nature is a divine tormentor—her works at once inspire and agonize him; Wordsworth loves her with the passion of a perpetual honeymoon. Both are intensely self-conscious; but Sartor's is the consciousness of disease, Wordsworth's of high health standing before a mirror. Both have 'a demon,' but Sartor's is exceedingly fierce, dwelling among the tombs—Wordsworth's a mild eremite, loving the rocks and the woods. Sartor's experience has been frightfully peculiar, and Wordsworth's peculiarly felicitous. Both have passed through the valley of the shadow of death; but the one has found it as Christian found it, dark and noisy,—the other has passed it, with Faithful, by daylight. Sartor is more of a representative man than Wordsworth, for many have had part at least of his sad experiences, whereas Wordsworth's soul dwells apart: his joys and sorrows, his virtues and his sins, are alike his own, and he can circulate his being as soon as them. Sartor is a brother-man in fury and fever—Wordsworth seems a cherub, almost chillingly pure, and whose very warmth is borrowed from another sun

than ours. We love and fear Sartor with almost equal intensity—Wordsworth we respect and wonder at with a great admiration.

Compare their different biographies. Sartor's is brief and abrupt, as a confession; the author seems hurrying away from the memory of his woe—Wordsworth lingers over his past as like a lover over the history of his courtship. Sartor is a renascence of Prometheus—the 'Prelude,' an account of the education of Pan. The agonies of Sartor are connected chiefly with his own individual history, shadowing that of innumerable individuals besides—those of Wordsworth, with the fate of nations, and the world at large. Sartor craves, but cannot find a creed—belief seems to flow in Wordsworth's blood; to see to believe with him. The lives of both are fragments, but Sartor seems to shut his so abruptly, because he dare not disclose all his struggles; and Wordsworth, because he dares not reveal all his peculiar and incommunicable joys. To Sartor's own words, applied to the poet before us, we may inscribe upon Wordsworth's grave, 'Here lies a man who did what he intended;' while over Sartor's, disappointed ages may say, 'Here lies a man whose intentions were noble, and whose powers gigantic, but who from lack of proper correspondence between them did little or nothing, said much, but only told the world his own sad story.'

To the 'Prelude' and to its author we find in the current literature of the day not a few objections urged. The sun is now set, and not a few birds of darkness are abroad, screaming at the luminary they dared not face. It is said, for instance, that his place is not fixed or permanent—that his writings are fragmentary—that his originality is all of manner—that he is too metaphysical—that to sympathize with his poetry we must be facsimiles of himself—and that he has added nothing to the great stock of literature, save an able analysis of his own idiosyncrasy.

To some of those charges, the poet himself has long since pleaded guilty. He speaks of himself, as

Retired in summer shade,
To pipe a simple song to thinking hearts;

and as gathering

The harvest of a quiet eye,
That broods and sleeps on its own heart.

He has found his mission in the task of faithfully and fully registering his own experiences, recording his own impressions and painting his own image—feeling that these are so peculiar to be worth everlasting transmission—and that they are

peculiar *because* they reflect nature, in a manner in which it was never reflected before. He loves to draw his own eye, not merely because it is bright, nor because it is *his*, but because the works of God are mirrored on it, at an angle and in colours altogether singular. His writings are all confessions of his passionate love to the material universe, and of the strange relation in which material objects stand to his mind. And if men pardon the egotism of Montaigne and Rousseau, for the sake of the frank and full disclosure their writings give of two curious and anomalous structures of mind and morale; much more should the innocent shrift of a pure and peculiar spirit like Wordsworth's, whose sole sin lies in loving nature too well, be accepted, nay, welcomed with gladness by every lover of poetry, nature, and man.

Or if the word confessions be deemed too strong, let us call them apologies. Why, it might have been asked, hast thou, endowed as thou art with such rare qualities, retired from the public world, and allowed far meaner spirits to gain a cheap and easy triumph, retired to govern colewort, loiter by streams, and slumber in noontide valleys? To this, Wordsworth has replied, by proving in his works the might of the enchantment which drew him apart—the power of the voice which came to him, saying, ‘Come hither, and I will show thee a thing,’—the glory of the mystery which was revealed to him in solitude, and the perfection of that peace which there descended upon his spirit. ‘I aspire not to rule over men, care not for the gewgaws of fashion or the vulgar prizes of power, I covet not even the popularity of authorship, or the buzz of reputation; I wish to dwell in another element, to lead a lonely life, to keep myself unspotted from the world, to cultivate that intimacy with nature which she has begun, by shedding on me some of her choicest gifts; and thus to build up for myself an enduring monument, which shall be crowned with fame.’ It is the very story of his own ‘good Lord Clifford.’ On him, the rusty armour of his fathers called in vain. Possessed of a warrior’s power and valour, he had a shepherd’s quiet and gentle spirit, and preferred to the bustle and the laurels of the battlefield—

‘The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is among the lonely hills.’

Surely, the hero and his poet both must be reckoned by the wise to have ‘chosen the better part.’

We grant, then, to Wordsworth’s detractors, that his eye was introverted, that he studied himself more profoundly than aught else but nature—that his genius was neither epic, nor lyric, nor dramatic—that he did not ‘look abroad into universality’—

that he is monotonous—and that to sympathize fully with his strains, requires a certain share both of his powers and of their peculiar training. But all this we look at as only a needful statement of his limitations; and we pity those who produce it for any other purpose. Future ages will be thankful that a formation so peculiar, has been so carefully preserved. The 'moods' of such a mind will be ranked with the dramas, lyrics, and epics of inferior poets. His monotony will be compared to that of the ocean surges, which break now on the shore to the same tune as they did the eve before the deluge. His obscurities will appear jet black ornaments. His fragments will be valued as if they were bits of the ark. Men will remember, too, that many of the poems of contemporary writers, which are apparently more finished, are really more fragmentary than his. What comparison between his 'Eclipse in Italy' and 'Lalla Rookh,' his 'Laodamia' and the 'Lady of the Lake'? His purely silly or absurd poems will, like the drunken form of the patriarch Noah, be covered under a mantle of grave oblivion;—even Peter Bell shall be decently interred. And a similar oblivion, we trust, awaits the attacks which have been made upon his growing and monumental renown, from the light piercing Pythonic shafts of Jeffery, to the blunt arrows which we notice from some quarters of late, directed against his glorious sepulchre.

It has been said, that his place is not fixed, while that of all his contemporary poets is. It takes a long time to fix the place of a great original poet. It is not easy calculating the distance of a star. Milton's place was not fixed till a century after his death—Waller's was immediately. So the age has already, if we mistake not, fixed the place of Moore, and Scott, and Rogers, as versifiers true and of a first, and poets of a second rank—of Campbell, as the most elegant of popular poets—and of Byron, as the most passionate and English of modern bards. But Keats, Shelley, and Wordsworth, as partaking so much of the infinite, and being prophets after their manner, it is handing down for full appreciation to the future, which, in all likelihood, shall rank them immediately, though at a distance, below Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, and Shakspeare.

Each great poet passes through a fourfold state in regard to the world. First, his peculiar qualities are ignored; secondly, they are acknowledged; thirdly, they are appreciated; and fourthly, they are canonized. Wordsworth has only as yet reached the second stage. His merits are generally acknowledged, but generally appreciated they are not, nor are soon likely to be. Moore, Rogers, and their like, have already received their full meed of appreciation, and apotheosis for them—there is none.

'Wordsworth,' says one of the scribes referred to, 'must always be found to be an unnatural writer.—His works are as wide of nature as an allegory.—His sentiments, compared to those in Gray's "Elegy" are "slight."' Indeed! The sternest adherer to the truth of nature, who, were Nature a book lost, could almost supply another copy, 'known to every star and every wind that blows,' free alike by birth and education, and life-long residence, of that city, the builder and maker of which is God, an unnatural writer, and his works wide of nature!! Let us next hear of the narrowness of Shakspeare and the coldness of Byron. And his thought who says—

'To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts which do often lie too deep for tears.'

'Slight!' Our thought of the writer of such malignant nonsense is, we do assure him, far from being slight. We have a strong conviction that he is very nearly related to an intimate friend of Peter *Bell's*.

Enough, however, of such puny detractors. Let us return to the 'Prelude' itself. It is a scroll of power and magic, unrolling slowly, not like that

'Banner bright which was unfurled
Before him suddenly,'

of which he elsewhere speaks. The tale it tells is such as one happy spirit might recount to another in the groves of Elysium, where the afternoon never darkens into the twilight. 'Have patience with me and I will *tell* thee all,' is the spirit of the story. Lingeringly does he walk down the deserted halls of the past, and converse with the pictures which he sees suspended there. The book reads like a long soliloquy. It contains no stirring adventures, few incidents of much interest, no passages of early love. His courtship and marriage are passed by in silence; the whole romance of the life is reflected from the beautiful country where his youth and manhood were passed, or arises from the recital of his own day-dreams, or profounder meditations upon man and nature, society and books.

In reading the 'Prelude,' we should never forget that his object is not to weave an artful and amusing story, but sternly and elaborately to trace the 'growth of a poet's mind.' This is a metaphysical more than a biographical purpose. He leads us accordingly, not so much from incident to incident, as from thought to thought, along the salient points of his mental history. Skiddaw, Cambridge, Paris, London, the Alps, are but milestones marking his progress onwards, from the measured turbulence of his youth, to the calm 'philosophic mind' brought him by the 'years' of his manhood. No object, however august,

is here described solely for its intrinsic charms, or more awkwardly to outstand from the main current of the work. Were Ossa an excrescence, he would treat it as if it were a wart—were a wart a point of interest, he would dilate on it as if it were an Ossa. His strong personal feeling bends in all that is needful to his purpose, and rejects all that is extraneous. The sun seems but the day-lamp of *his* valley—the moon coach in the leaves of the tall ash seen through *his* window—Jupiter is his 'own beloved star'—Orion, the Seven, and Sirius, when he returns from college, 'appear in their *old haunts*,' over the glittering southern crags, or resting on some particular mountain-top dear to him; and the great road to London and the world is but the footpath to his imagination, which delights most to walk along it when midnight and she can pace it undisturbed and together.

The book is thus a record of 'moods of his own mind selected from a life composed of little else, upon the principle showing how, succeeding and supplanting each other, they make 'Hyperion-like on high.' Very lofty mountains are jagged, torn, and precipitous; loftier ones still are rounded off on the summits into the smoothest of contours. Thus Wordsworth shows himself rising gradually into the measure and the state of supernal unity and peace.

The chapters of the poem might have been very properly entitled, 'Moods in Boyhood,' 'Moods in Cambridge,' 'Moods among my Books,' 'Moods among the Alps,' 'Moods in France &c. Characters, indeed, rush occasionally across those moods. Now it is his humble 'dame'—now it is his amiable sister—now it is a friend of youth, departed—and now the 'rapt one with the Godlike forehead,' the wondrous Coleridge; but they come like shadows, and like shadows depart, nor does their presence prevail for more than a moment to burst the web of the great soliloquy. Indeed, whether with them or without them, among mountains or men, with his faithful terrier, and talking to himself by the wayside, or pacing the Palais Royale, Wordsworth is equally and always alone.

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In one burning hour, and on one burning page, he could have painted London to the life in its sorrows and mirth, virtue and vice, mean miseries and giant follies; and all men had still been weeping with laughter, or bursting into tears, over a pendant to the 'Twa Dogs,' or a supplement to his 'Address to the King,' because he would have laid his strong hot hand upon this peasant's mane, whereas Wordsworth has only pointed to it faintly from afar, as if with one of those 'silver wands' with which he fills the hands of the 'saints in heaven.'

With Paris, possessed as it was for a time by the unity of a demon, wallowing in blood, and foaming in blasphemy, Wordsworth has more poetic sympathy, and his descriptions of it, of the chance, of the disappointment of his hopes, and of his joy at the fall of Robespierre, rank with the finest passages in the poem. Hear his exulting pæan over the doom of the enemy of men and others:—

'Great was my transport, deep my gratitude
To everlasting justice, by this fiat
Made manifest. "Come now, ye golden times,"
Said I, forthpouring on those open sands
A hymn of triumph: "as the morning comes
From out the bosom of the night, come ye.
Thus far our trust is verified; behold!
They who with clumsy desperation brought
A river of blood, and preached that nothing else
Could cleanse the Augean stable, by the might
Of their own helper have been swept away,
Their madness stands declared and visible;
Elsewhere will safety now be sought, and earth
March firmly toward righteousness and peace."
Then schemes I framed more calmly, when and how
The maddening factions might be tranquillized,
And how, through hardships manifold and long,
The glorious renovation would proceed.
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is here described solely for its intrinsic charms, or made awkwardly to outstand from the main current of the story. Were Ossa an excrescence, he would treat it as if it were a wart—were a wart a point of interest, he would dilate on it as if it were an Ossa. His strong personal feeling bends in all that is needful to his purpose, and rejects all that is extraneous. The sun seems but the day-lamp of *his* valley—the moon *comes* in the leaves of the tall ash seen through *his* window—Jupiter is his 'own beloved star'—Orion, the Seven, and Sirius, when he returns from college, 'appear in their *old haunts*,' over his glittering southern crags, or resting on some particular mountain-top dear to him; and the great road to London and the world is but the footpath to his imagination, which delights most to walk along it when midnight and she can pace it undisturbed and together.

The book is thus a record of 'moods of his own mind,' selected from a life composed of little else, upon the principle of showing how, succeeding and supplanting each other, they move 'Hyperion-like on high.' Very lofty mountains are jagged, torn, and precipitous; loftier ones still are rounded off on their summits into the smoothest of contours. Thus Wordsworth shows himself rising gradually into the measure and the stature of supernal unity and peace.

The chapters of the poem might have been very properly entitled, 'Moods in Boyhood,' 'Moods in Cambridge,' 'Moods among my Books,' 'Moods among the Alps,' 'Moods in France,' &c. Characters, indeed, rush occasionally across those moods. Now it is his humble 'dame'—now it is his amiable sister—now it is a friend of youth, departed—and now the 'rapt one with the Godlike forehead,' the wondrous Coleridge; but they come like shadows, and like shadows depart, nor does their presence prevail for more than a moment to burst the web of the great soliloquy. Indeed, whether with them or without them, among mountains or men, with his faithful terrier, and talking to himself by the wayside, or pacing the Palais Royale, Wordsworth is equally and always alone.

Equally alone, but not equally at home, is the poet among the crowd. He has here depicted his impressions of London, but they seem to us somewhat vague and somewhat commonplace. That ocean of man—now up in one furious surge—now heaving in million minute waves—and now sunk in dream-baunted repose (who shall write a poem, or make a painting on the 'Dreams of London?') has not the same interest to Wordsworth's eye as his Cumberland ocean of mountains. With his 'little boat' he proudly skims the one, but his movements through the other are perplexed and chartless. 'The quenchless

try mankind' is not the true source of his inspiration, or fittest subject for his song. A silent morning in London he admirably pictured—London become a desert he would have suited better still; but of the actual noonday, or evening city, he has neither given a powerful general sketch, nor marked out in it any striking individualities. How differently would the saint bard of Scotland have described a visit to the metropolis. In one burning hour, and one burning page, he could have breathed London to the life in its sorrows and mirth, virtue and vice, mean miseries and giant follies; and all men had still been weeping with laughter, or bursting into tears, over a pendant like the 'Twa Dogs,' or a supplement to his 'Address to the King,' because he would have laid his strong hot hand upon this man's mane, whereas Wordsworth has only pointed to it distantly from afar, as if with one of those 'silver wands' with which he fills the hands of the 'saints in heaven.'

With Paris, possessed as it was for a time by the unity of a nation, wallowing in blood, and foaming in blasphemy, Wordsworth has more poetic sympathy, and his descriptions of it, of the disappointment of his hopes, and of his joy at the fall of Robespierre, rank with the finest passages in the poem. His exulting pæan over the doom of the enemy of men and nations:—

'Great was my transport, deep my gratitude
To everlasting justice, by this fiat
Made manifest. "Come now, ye golden times,"
Said I, forthpouring on those open sands
A hymn of triumph: "as the morning comes
From out the bosom of the night, come ye.
Thus far our trust is verified; behold!
They who with clumsy desperation brought
A river of blood, and preached that nothing else
Could cleanse the Augean stable, by the might
Of their own helper have been swept away,
Their madness stands declared and visible;
Elsewhere will safety now be sought, and earth
March firmly toward righteousness and peace."
Then schemes I framed more calmly, when and how
The maddening factions might be tranquillized,
And how, through hardships manifold and long,
The glorious renovation would proceed.
Thus interrupted by uneasy bursts
Of exultation, I pursued my way
Along that very shore which I had skimmed
In former days; when, spurring from the vale
Of Nightshade, and St. Mary's mouldering fane
And the stone abbot, after circuit made

In wantonness of heart, a joyous band
Of schoolboys hasting to their distant home
Along the margin of the moonlight sea—
We beat with thundering hoofs the level sand.'

Perhaps the finest chapter in the 'Prelude' is that on books; at least it strikes us more, because we had expected less from it than from the rest. Books have had less share in Wordsworth's culture than in that of any great modern author. His sermons have been stones, fields his books, mountains his ancient manuscripts. To authors, books are either guides or they are law-givers, or they are sources of inspiration, or they are the avenues of mere amusement. Wordsworth has seldom submitted to their guidance, never yielded implicitly to their laws, and rarely condescended to lie down that they might tickle him into good humour, or soothe him into repose. For inspiration even, he has generally repaired to more ancient and awful fountains—to the ocean, the sky, the wells of eternal light we call the stars, or to the deep tranquil waters of his own spirit. Two classes of books alone does he seem much to relish. These are, first the old undisputed masterpieces—

'From Homer the great Thunderer, from the voice
That roars along the bed of Jewish song,
And that more varied and elaborate,
Those trumpet-tones of harmony that shake
Our shores in England.'

The second class is composed of the simple ballads and story-books of childhood, such as 'Chevy Chase,' the 'Children in the Wood,' and the 'Arabian Nights.'

And here we see the great paradox of his genius, as well as of his taste. He emulates Milton on the one hand, and a nursery rhymster on the other. He affects extremes. He now tries to write a 'Gil Morris,' and anon to add another book to the 'Paradise Lost.' And to this at least he has attained, that passages of his more adventurous style cope worthily with all but Milton's highest flights, and that many of his smaller poems, with much of the simplicity and pathos of the elder ballad, unite a depth of thought and a delicacy of sentiment to which it had no pretensions.

In this chapter on books occurs (next perhaps to his description of the Grecian Mythology) the noblest of all his blank-verse passages. It is his dream of the 'Arab seated on a Dromedary,' and riding off to hide Euclid's Elements and the Shell of the Bard,

'With the fleet waters of a drowning world
In chase of him.'

The conception of this is sublime in a very high degree, and the execution is not inferior. Never were the dim horror—the motley confusion—the wild wave-like fluctuation—the unearthly scenery of a poet's or giant's dream more faithfully represented. As in *Kubla Khan*, we fancy that the words have arisen *like images* before the slumbering eye, so entirely is the 'dream one.'

In contemplating the 'Prelude' as a whole, we feel that all our formerly-expressed notions of his poetry are confirmed. The slow motion, as of a fleet leaving the harbour—the cumbersome manner in which he relates little things—the clumsiness of the connecting links in the history—the deliberate dallies with his subject, till he has accumulated strength and breath for a great effort—the superb and elaborate architecture of particular passages—the profundity of certain individual thoughts, and the weight and strength of particular lines, which seem to lie on his page *salted in glory*, and cast a lustre all around them—the sympathy with the lowlier passages of human life, and the simpler forms of nature—his profound natural piety and almost superhuman purity, are all found written large in the 'Prelude.' We find, too, in it, what we may call his peculiar *differentia* as an artist, which seems to be his *uniform subordination of the materials of art to art itself*. Other poets worship the materials which they transmute into song, and cannot work except on a certain set of materials, which they deem poetical. Wordsworth can extract poetry from anything in the heaven above, the earth below, or the waters under the earth. His eye anoints every object it encounters. He bends and broods over things, till they tell him all the mystery and beauty which are in their hearts. Like the bee, he is equally at home in the lofty lime and in the bosom of the lowly cowslip. Flowers and stars, queen-lilies and queens, bubbles and thunder-clouds, leech-gatherers and heroes, are alike to him, because all seem to be contemplated by him from a height which diminishes their gradations of difference, and because all are seen by him, to use an expression of Coleridge, not by moonlight, sunlight, or starlight, but just by the fairy glory which is around his own head.

In connexion with this, we may notice the widely diffused, yet intensely concentrated poetical element in which he lived, moved, and had his being. Dr. Johnson said of Thomson of the 'Seasons,' that he could not look at two candles burning on the table but with a poetical eye. This is quite as true of Wordsworth. The gauzy veil of imagination was between him and the universe, and swayed gracefully to the outline of all things. Some poets carry their vein within them, like the bag of honey in the bee—it dwells apart from the rest of their

faculties, and is not diffused throughout all. Thus Byron also disclaimed being poetical, except when 'on the stool,' immediately engaged in composition. To Wordsworth, on the contrary, poetry was a life spread through his whole nature, although times, and in certain moods of inspiration, it became more concentrated and more conscious. He did not, indeed, like Goethe, make his art his faith, and his taste his conscience. He did not seek to suck out poetry from the very dregs of sin. *His* trees are never planted near church-yards, that they may be enriched by the fatness of death. But a poet was his title, to be a poet was his calling; and of that name he was never ashamed; and calling he prosecuted through good report and through ill report, as if it were a sublime religious service, in which he determined to persevere, even although his life should end with the last smoke of the burnt-offering.

Nor has he gone without his reward. The great work in which the 'Prelude' is the key-note, was never, indeed, completed. The other works he projected have never been begun. 'Mithridates,' 'Sertorius,' 'Dominique de Gourgues,' 'Wallace,' remain unsung. But need we complain, when 'Lucy' continues to dwell by the springs of Dove—'Ruth' set her little water-mills by streams and fountains wild—the 'Cumberland Beggar' to pursue his slow and solitary way—the 'White Doe,' to glide along a dream of beauty, a 'sunshin' the shady Place'—the good 'Lord Clifford,' to watch the immortal fish, as immortal himself as they—the 'Solitary,' to his strange story—poor 'Margaret,' to pine away among children—and the 'Church-yard among the Mountains,' to tell us how to live and how to die? These 'are deeds which will not pass away, and names which must not wither.'

We quote not the noble tribute paid to Milton in the first book of the 'Prelude.' It is already familiar to the most of our readers. But we cannot close this paper without rapidly comparing two bards together whose names are so often coupled.

Their points of resemblance are numerous—both were pure in spirit, and pure in life—both were intensely self-conscious—both essayed the loftiest things in poetry—both looked with considerable contempt on their contemporaries, and appealed to coming age—both preferred fame to reputation—both during their life-time met with obloquy, which crushed them not—both combined intellect with imagination in equal proportions—both were persevering and elaborate artists, as well as inspired men—both were unwieldy in their treatment of commonplace subjects—Neither possessed a particle of humour; nor much, if any, genuine wit. Both were friends of liberty, and of religion; and their genius was 'baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire.'

But there were differences and disparities as manifold. Milton was a scholar of the first magnitude; Wordsworth no more than respectable in point of learning; Milton may be called a glorious book-worm; Wordsworth an insect feeding on trees; Milton was London born, and London bred; Wordsworth from the provinces; Milton had a world more sympathy with chivalry and arms—with the power and the glory of this earth—with human and female beauty—with man and with woman, than Wordsworth. Wordsworth loved inanimate nature better than Milton, or at least, he was more intimately conversant with her features; and has depicted them with more minute accuracy, and careful finish. Milton's love for liberty was a wiser and firmer passion, and underwent little change; Wordsworth's veered and fluctuated; Milton's creed was more definite and fixed than Wordsworth's, and, perhaps, lay nearer to his heart; Wordsworth's shaded away into a vague mistiness, in which the Cross at times was lost; Milton had more devotion in his absence from church than Wordsworth in his presence there; Wordsworth was an 'idler in the land;' Milton an incessant and heroic struggler.

As writers, while Wordsworth attains to lofty heights, with an appearance of effort; Milton is great inevitably, and inhales with pleasure the proud and rare atmosphere of the sublime; Wordsworth *comes up* to the great—Milton *descends* on it; Wordsworth has little ratiocinative, or rhetorical power; Milton discovers much of both—besides being able to grind his adversaries to powder by the hoof of invective, or to toss them into the air on the tusks of a terrible scorn; Wordsworth has produced many sublime lines, but no character approaching the sublime; Milton has reared up Satan to the sky—the most magnificent structure in the intellectual world; Wordsworth's philosophic vein is more subtle, and Milton's more masculine and strong; Wordsworth has written much in the shape of poetry that is despicably mean, mistaking it all the while for the excellent; Milton trifles seldom, and knows full well when he is trifling; Wordsworth has sometimes entangled himself with a poetic system; Milton no more than Samson will permit withes, however green, or a cart-rope, however new, to imprison his giant arms; Wordsworth has borrowed nothing, but timidly and jealously saved himself from theft by flight; Milton has maintained his originality, even while he borrows—he has dared to snatch the Urim and Thummim from the high-priest's breast, and inserted them among his own native ornaments, where they shine in keeping—unbedimmed and unbedimmed; Wordsworth's prose is but a feeble counterpoise to his poetry; whereas Milton's were itself sufficient to perpetuate his name; Wordsworth's sonnets are, perhaps, equal to Milton's,

some of his 'Minor Poems' may approach 'Lycidas,' and 'Il Penseroso,' but where a whole like 'Paradise Lost'?

Thus while Wordsworth has left a name, the memory of a character and many works, which shall illustrate the age when he lived, and exalt him, on the whole, above all Britain's bards of that period, Milton is identified with the glory, not of an age, but of all ages; with the progress of liberty in the world—with the truth and grandeur of the Christian faith, and with the honour and dignity of the human species itself. Wordsworth burns like the bright star Arcturus, outshining the fainter orbs of the constellation to which it belongs. Milton is one of those solitary oceans of flame, which seem to own but a dim and far-off relationship to aught else but the Great Being, who called them into existence. So truly did the one appreciate the other when he sung

'Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.'

ART. IV.—*Germania: its Courts, Camps, and People.* By the Baroness Blazé de Bury. 2 vols. 8vo. London: Colburn. 1850.

HERE we have a couple of volumes by a lady who comes forth as the bold and uncompromising champion of all royalties and aristocracies, be they of the deepest dye of despotism, and flings down the gauntlet to revolutionists of all classes and grades. It is a book which will be received with open arms by all those who tremble at the progress of opinion, and cling convulsively to a stereotyped stage of existence. The 'Times,' the 'Morning Chronicle,' and those other journals which have done the work of Russia and Austria so zealously in this country, will glory in it. Our baroness, who is an Englishwoman, married to a foreigner, seems to have become inoculated with all the furor of a proselyte. We presume she is a spic and span new baroness, and like all *novi homines* and *novæ feminae*, is desperate for everything belonging to her order. There is nothing in the shape of a king, a prince, a queen, a princess, or grand duke or duchess, that is not perfect, noble, wise, pious, and amiable, in a most marvellous degree; nothing in the shape of a reformer that is not base, wicked, and villanous. The work is amusing from the very hardihood of its advocacy of people and things which

most thinking people have settled to be absurd and mischievous. The Emperor of Russia, in her eyes, is a sort of sublime instrument of Providence; the Emperor of Austria, the late Ferdinand, is a model of excellence. The poor idiot is painted in all the colours of a wise and parental prince. He is emphatically designated *Der Gütige*, the Good. The present emperor, the boy tool of Schwarzenberg and the Jesuit-enslaved mother, the Archduchess Sophia, is a wonder. Old Ernest of Hanover is a ruler worthy of all admiration; and even Haynau and Windischgrätz come in for her most amiable terms. Such things as imbeciles, savages, villains, and monsters, only exist amongst the Von Gagners, Kossuths, Bems, and Mazzinis.

We are glad to see such a book put out with a good share of ability, and this book is by no means deficient in that respect. The lady authoress has evidently well studied the subject; she is deeply interested in it. She is evidently at home in most countries of the continent, and professing to be familiarly acquainted with Germany, its language, its literature, and people, commits fewer errors under these heads than any author we have for some time met with. It is true she talks of Forelles, trout, for Forellen; translates *Deutschfresserthum*, Dutch-devourdom, instead of *German*; calls Arndt's celebrated national song, 'Was ist der Deutschen Vaterland?' '*Wo ist des Deutschen Vaterland?*' says every one is familiar with Anastatius Grün's 'Walks of a Viennese *Rambler*,' meaning his *Spaziergänge eines Wiener Poeten*; and universally puts a superfluous *r* at the end of her adjective following a definite article, as 'Der armer, guter Ferdinand;' 'Der alter Herr,' &c., for 'Der arme, gute Ferdinand,' 'Der alte Herr,' &c.

These facts betray no *very* profound acquaintance with the language, and must put the reader on his guard against the high tone of pretension in the work. Nevertheless, we repeat, that our baroness knows much more than most who write on this country and people, and we again say that we are glad to have a book from such a person. It enables us to perceive how many important things look from the regal and aristocratical point of view. It is very evident that our authoress has taken pains to make herself well acquainted with the *ou dits* and the current opinions in the fashionable circles of Germany. She has shown, while amongst the higher classes there, a deep sympathy with them, and has been well crammed as a person who was pretty sure to publish what she heard. When Mrs. Trollope announced her intention of visiting Vienna after she had so unmercifully quizzed the Americans, great was the consternation of the sensitive Viennese. They said, we shall be ridiculed before all Europe. But the crafty Metternich bade them not to alarm

themselves; that it should not be so; and immediately on Trollope's arrival a messenger from the cunning minister was on her, expressing the pleasure of his highness at the visit so celebrated an author, and offering her every courtesy opportunity for her observations. Mrs. Trollope was feted, most markedly noticed by the prince, and we all know the result.

We have no doubt that a similar policy has been practised in the case of Madame de Bury, and the effect has been the same. She sees everything *colour de rose*. Everything Austro-Prussian, and Russian, is admirable in her eyes. The Prince Chambord and his princess are equally wise, amiable, fascinating. They are as certainly destined to mount the ancient, recreated throne of France, as that it was burnt on the flight of poor defunct Louis Philippe. Madame de Bury looks on France as the centre of all revolutions—that its contagion really touched nothing but the surface of things in any country except Baden—and yet that France is on the very point of return to the good old monarchical system ordained of heaven.

Nothing can be more comfortable than the faith of Madame de Bury in everything that has a smack of ancient blood. There, as a matter of course, all sagacity and all goodness are inherent. That these old legitimate princes and governments have ruined both themselves and their people by their foolish wars, and their profuse expenditure, passes for nothing with her; they are still the only people, and the only governments, that can find favour with God or man. And she has a marvellous knack of leaving untouched all the nuts that are too hard to crack, of passing over disagreeable facts, and revelling in sunshiny self-gratulations and rose-pink assertions. She has a very convenient sort of logic, of that kind by which people make all look proper that is agreeable to themselves. The emperor, Franz, had a way of constantly borrowing money instead of confining himself to the legitimate sphere of taxation; but then he was so kind and paternal. It is true that a stand-still and obstructive policy prevailed during his reign in the administration of Metternich, but to the baroness it is clear that neither Franz nor Metternich were to blame for it. Franz would have his way, but then it was such a good, amiable way, and Metternich really wished things altered, but he knew that Franz would not consent, and so matters went on till the explosion came. The silly, but *gütige* son of Franz, driven from the throne, and Metternich, who had been standing still, contrary to his convictions, all his life, was obliged to conform to his inclination. Anarchy and murder horrify the pleasure-loving city of Vienna; the empire is threatened

being rent into fragments; the best blood of its people is poured out like water, and the name of Austria stands branded with the worst characters of savagery and atrocity.

In like manner the present young soldier of an emperor is 'Ein herrlicher Junge,' and his mother who rules him, 'the noblest of the mothers of Europe;' yet by these people the imbecile Windischgrätz and the bloody Haynau were employed along with the Russians to butcher the Hungarians. They did their work in such a style as awoke the execration and horror of the whole civilized world. They were in consequence dismissed; yet in Madame de Bury's eyes, they are still two particularly kind and feeling men; and she thinks *after what they have done* for Austria, their dismissal at least is strange.

But in no case does her enthusiasm reach such a height as in the case of the Ban Jellachich. It is clear that in him she is '*gang verliebt*,' quite enamoured. We will anon quote a few of her heroics in praise of this chief, who, she says, saved Austria, though all the world besides imagine that Russia did.

Of course, her abuse of the Hungarians is equally hearty with her laudation of the Austrians and Croats. Every story propagated by the Austrian court and aristocracy to defame the Hungarians, is retailed as confidently as if it had not already received the fullest refutation from the most competent quarters, or did not bear on its face the unmistakable imprint of malice and absurdity. Kossuth is a 'great actor,' cowardly and cruel; while Haynau is a lamb, he is painted as a wolf. Batthyányi is, a traitor of the deepest dye, and the instigator of the murder of Count Latour. It matters not that Madame Pulzsky, in her interesting '*Memoirs of a Hungarian Lady*,' has shown the miserable folly of these charges on the evidence of the most unquestionable documents; Madame de Bury skips over these facts, though she knows them, for she has read Madame Pulzsky's work, and refers to it. Such is the general nature of the book. Some of the limnings of her different heroes and heroines cannot but be amusing, and we therefore proceed to give a few of them.

The first idol of Madame de Bury's volumes is Frederic William IV. of Prussia.

'There is,' she says, 'perhaps, no sovereign at this hour, in all Europe, so little known and so much talked of, so abused and so misunderstood, as the King of Prussia. This,' she adds, 'is not astonishing: for there is, perhaps, in all Europe, no individual in whose character there are so many delicate shades.'—Vol. i. p. 328.

We, on the contrary, are disposed to think that there is no monarch of the present day whose character is now so well

understood. Madame de Bury goes into statements and arguments, of many pages in extent, to prove the exemplary piety, the dauntless courage, the love of the arts and of learning, and the exalted patriotism of King Frederick William. We have no doubt that Frederick William is quite as convinced of his possession of all these noble qualities as is his eulogist, for the Prussian monarch is a huge egotist—sensitive, of a most nervous temperament, and of a most determined self-will. Of his real possession of a love of art and literature we willingly concede the acknowledgment. He has attracted to his capital many men of the highest celebrity, in their different walks of art, literature, and science. The names of Humboldt, Tieck, Rückert, Savigny, the brothers Grimm, cast a lustre on his capital and his reign. Rauch, the sculptor, and Cornelius and Kaulbach, the great painters, have embellished Berlin with their works; but it would have added materially to the honour of the king had these great men been able to acknowledge that they were, under his government, as free in their liberty of speech and action as they are illustrious by their genius. No monarch of Germany, however, has put great minds so much into a painful thralldom: no monarch has so persecuted the liberal professors of literature, or has cast the press of the country into such ignominious slavery.

No doubt Frederick William deems himself truly pious, but of what avail is that piety which, while it worships in its closet, persecutes abroad the professions of other and yet kindred creeds? It is notorious that at the time that Frederick William was in England, on his knees by the side of Mrs. Fry, his orders at home were effecting the ruin and the expulsion of his Lutheran subjects, for their refusal to abandon the doctrines and rites of their own church, taught them by their forefathers, and dear to their hearts, as they were sacred to their consciences, in order to conform to a new and mongrel church, shaped out by the arbitrary will of their paternal king. His father began the shameful attempt, and he himself completed it. The ruin of many thousands of once happy families—the expatriation of 6,000 such families, are the historic testimony to the peculiar piety of Frederick William of Prussia. Nor did his desire of arbitrarily sporting with the faith and the consciences of his subjects end here. He had formed a scheme, and nothing but the coming of the late revolution would have prevented its carrying out, of moulding all the religious bodies of his kingdom, the Protestant ones, at least, into one monster church, on the model of the British Establishment, as he yearns to build up an aristocracy on the British model.

And what of his political truth and rectitude so much vaunted

by Madame de Bury? 'Does any one question his political conscientiousness? Hear him refuse the imperial crown!'

'On the 21st of March, 1848, the town of Berlin, so recently convulsed with insurrection, so soon to be plunged again into the gulf of popular misrule—the town of Berlin has but one voice, and that voice cries *instinctively* (for not a word of this had been uttered at the *Pauls-kirche*) "Long life to Frederick William, Emperor of Germany!"

"No!" replies firmly, impressively, the king, "*that I neither will nor may*. No crown! no more authority! No prince will I dethrone, no right will I usurp. *Mark it well!*" he repeats, as though fearful his hearers should mistake; "mark it well, inscribe it accurately on your memories; I will *but one thing only*—the glory and freedom of Germany! Nothing more, nothing else!"—*Ib.* p. 324.

Fine words! and such Frederick William is very much in the habit of using. But where are the proofs of a sincere desire for the glory and freedom of Germany? At his *Huldigung*, on ascending the throne, he used like language—he promised his people a free and representative government: he never gave it. They petitioned for it again and again. The landtag of the Rhenish provinces did it from year to year. The king repulsed their prayers, and insulted them by most violent and unmeasured language. He put the press into heavier fetters; he threw into prisons all those who dared to breathe a reminder of his promises. This went on till the French revolution of February 1848, and then came all those horrors, and those convulsions which the faithful maintenance of his word would have prevented.

And why did the Prussian monarch refuse the imperial crown when the deputation from the Frankfort parliament made him the offer of it in April, 1849? Madame de Bury makes it an act of the most magnanimous renunciation in him.

'He swerved,' she says, 'no more from the right than does the needle from the pole; and in the face of a deputation, who came with an appearance of loyalty to impose upon him the imperial dignity, of a people full of ambition, and panting for its own renown—of Austria, rendered by three wars nerveless for a fourth—of German governments, harassed, frightened, distracted, ready to submit to anything—and of German populations, crying out for his consent—Frederick William, the Hohenzoller, refused the crown, as did his ancestor, because his conscience forbade him to accept it.'—*Ib.* p. 326.

We believe that the simple reason which determined the king of Prussia to refuse the crown thus offered was, that the offer came from the people and not from the princes. In our great revolution of 1688, our ancestors determined that all power proceeded from the people. They inscribed this great fact on

the Bill of Rights; and William of Orange had the wisdom to acknowledge and to accept the grand truth. But William of Prussia, after more than a century and a half of European liberty and European enlightenment, can see no legitimate authority but existent in 'the crowned heads and princes.' In fact, since then, on the occasion of a deputation from his parliament, he has indulged in a high-flown strain about the divinity of kings. Such is the Prussian monarch, who draws forth strains of enthusiastic eulogy from our authoress. Had he accepted the crown offered by the united votes of a great people, Germany might now have reached the point towards which he must yet probably travel, through many sorrows and confusions; but then he would have forfeited the fervent admiration of Baroness Blazé de Bury.

From Frederick William of Prussia our authoress passes to Ernest of Hanover, and only to find topics of praise. Very appropriately she puts the compliments on the king of Hanover into the mouth of the Ban Jallachich. While she confesses that Ernest is hated at home and abroad as a despot, she finds a quality to commend him for—firmness. We believe no one can dispute the monarch's possession of this quality; we only wish that he could add to it some others which might give a grace to it in our minds; but Madame de Bury expends the greater amount of her admiration on Austria and its governors and generals, and to them we therefore turn our immediate attention. First of all, she confers on the Austrians generally admirable qualities. Many they undoubtedly possess, but cultivation of intellect is the last for which people in general give them credit.

'Talk to an Austrian peasant upon the subjects he understands for he does not burthen himself with any of the loose luggage with which the so-called "high degree of intellectual cultivation" in our country drags after it—and you will find his perceptions quick, and his judgment sure, besides which, there is a method, a regularity about all he does, which strikes you forcibly after you have come from North Germany. His intelligence is neither lofty nor dazzling, but is broad and deep, and, like most things both profound and large, presents a flat surface to the eye. Hence it is so often misjudged by those who do not care to penetrate beyond the mere surface. It is eminently practical intelligence, useful as a corn-field without plough in it; but "cuteness is a quality it quite ignores."—Vol. ii. p. 48

One naturally after this looks round for the evidence on the face and history of the nation of this 'intellect broad and deep' and of this 'practical intelligence.' But it is not worth while on such a subject to be too particular; let us hear what our baroness says of the Ban. She is in raptures with all the amiable traits

of the Croats in general, whom we are accustomed to regard as demi-savages. But we leave them for her portrait of the Ban.

‘To judge of the enthusiasm of all ranks, you must speak with the Croats and the red-mantled Sereschaners, who followed their Ban through the *Rothen-Thurm-Strasse* into the ever gay and now devastated Vienna; from Baden—the Baden near Vienna—whither all who could do so had flown, to the *Stephans-Thurm*, the progress of the faithful Croats round their heroic chief was a triumph. Wherever they camped, they were at all hours the objects of universal attention from men and women of all ranks; and it was not rare to see the fairest, noblest daughters of Austria holding intercourse, by means of little gifts, with these rude, simple men, whose language they often did not understand. As to the Ban, it was not enthusiasm—that is far too cold a term—it was frenzied adoration that followed his every step; and I doubt whether his own Croats, deeply, devotedly as they love Jellachich, could ever have more ardently expressed their admiration and their love for him than did the rescued, liberated Viennese. On the 1st of November it was not alone Vienna, nor even Austria, that was saved—it was the cause of civilization in Europe.’—*Ib.* p. 143.

That the Croats are the saviours of European civilization will, we expect, be news to our readers. But our authoress’s frenzied adoration of the Ban at least equals that of any fair Viennese, and we must show it.

‘Jellachich!—oh! how the sound of that name calls upon me imperatively to stop and tell only of him! But I must go a little farther before I speak of the man who embodies the whole of this period in South Slavonia—more, oh! far more even than that.’—*Ib.* p. 251.

“Long life to our hero, to our glorious Ban!”

‘And “glorious” is he in every sense of the term; worthy of eternal glory, of undying historic fame.

“Austria is full of heroes just now,” said to me in Munich, the fair and interesting Countess T——, herself an Austrian [by the way, if heroes are so abundant, why, we again ask, did Austria call in the Russians to enable it to deal with a single province?] “But try to see Jellachich, for rely upon it he is what is most perfectly unlike any other being of our times!” And she was right: Jellachich is unlike any one, and stands alone in the wild splendour of his proud fame. He is well formed to be the poetic idol of a poetic race; well formed to be surrounded by them with tender and superstitious reverence.

‘Think of him at the battle of Pácozd, and see whether such untought spirits may not well believe he holds a charmed life.

‘It was in the month of September, 1848; the foe was before him. The Ban, from the *chaussée* where his staff was assembled around him, gave the order to turn the enemy’s flank: it was misunderstood, and his troops rushed straight on into the very densest destruction dealt around by the cannon of the Magyars. A fearful cry rent the air, “We are betrayed!”—*Betrayed!* and Jellachich was by! There was no time for reflection; deeds must forestall thought. The Ban

snatched the standard from its bearer, and waving it on high, da on, crying, "Who is there will follow me?" *All* followed him; as, flag in hand, he spurred his headlong course direct upon enemies' batteries, a thousand "zivios"—the Croatian *vivat*—lite made the welkin ring. Death reaped a giant harvest, and the C were laid low like ripe wheat; but the Ban, ever foremost where da raged the hottest, remained unscathed, untouched. The victory gained; and the soldiers whose maimed bodies over-filled the hospitals echoed, as they resigned their limbs to the surgeon's h the cry which led them on to glory—"Zivio Ban!" It was a man, a watchword against pain. Some shouted it in triumph, murmured it in death, but the same words came from every heart—Zivio Ban!

'I defy any one, unless he be of stone, and inaccessible to all e bling emotion, to approach Jellachich unmoved. There is somet about him that inspires you with involuntary respect. You reve while you admire him. The one expression which dominates all o in the fine countenance of the Ban, is goodness: a goodness, a l ness, which draws you irresistibly towards him, and makes instantly feel that you could trust your life in his hands. On his l bare now, sits intelligence, sovereign-like; round the gently sm lips hang the peculiar cast of melancholy which is so essen Slavonian; but in the eye beams forth a brightness of intellect magnanimity which at once reveals all the treasures of the within.

'I am strongly tempted to believe that the troubles of the last years in Europe have produced but *one man*, and that he is Jellac He is a living denial of all the falseness, all the baseness, all the ruption of our times. He is an embodied protestation against loyalty; and while in every country every unworthy passion has let loose, whilst everywhere men thirsted (let no one say they *asp* for pomp, for power, for even viler gains, Jellachich has been pei the only one who, from the peculiarity of his position, has prac *renouncement*. To play the part of Waldstein *successfully*, nay, al without an obstacle, lay before him, and, as I have said, *he woul be a Waldstein*. Friedland's fame was too small, and Jellachich dained it. Friedland's honour had a stain, and Jellachich mu immaculate. Duty-worship, the enthusiasm for the *right*, thes the incentives to every action of the Ban.'—*Ib.* 264—266.

Such is the tone, such is the style, in which not only the but also every one on the side of despotism and legitimac spoken of in these volumes. Every one in his turn is da with the same lavish colouring. This may save us the tre of quoting the author's sketches of the Emperor of Aus of Windischgrätz, and Haynau. All are heroes, all ami all most able men. It matters not that the Ban w proclaimed traitor at the commencement of the Hungarian volution, seeking his own aggrandisement at the expen his loyalty, he is still actuated by *renouncement*. What

nouncement? None, certainly, but that of his allegiance. Pardoned, on condition that he ravaged the territory of his fellow-subjects, and aided in destroying the ancient constitution of Hungary, he is yet full of *duty-worship*. Always defeated when opposed to the victorious Magyars, and even in the act of flight before them when he took his course to Vienna, he is yet a hero of the first magnitude, and the saviour of the empire, as if no Russians had been in the field. No wonder that Windischgrätz, the solemn and imbecile Windischgrätz, who could bombard the undisciplined people of Prague and Vienna, but became a cypher before the brave Magyars, is still a great and humane man in Madame de Bury's eyes, and that Haynau is tenderness itself. What the people of this country think of this last hero, the rough but right-hearted men of Barclay and Perkins's brewery have proclaimed to all Europe. In vain does the 'Times,' which never uttered a word of pity for the noble women whom this monster flogged, or for the patriotic Bathányi whom he shot as a traitor, pule over the rough handling of this savage as a disgrace to this country. The fact will go out to all Europe, and will be received everywhere as the honest expression of the common people of England of the indignation with which the Austrian barbarities have been witnessed in this country. In every age the spirit of Englishmen in the ordinary classes, rough and unsophisticated, has spurned the mere expression of complaisance, and given vent to its detestation of monsters of cruelty. As the men of Wapping treated Jeffries, so have the men of Barclay and Perkins's brewery treated Haynau, the savage of the nineteenth century.

Passing, therefore, all the flattering portraitures of the rest of Madame de Bury's Austrian heroes and princes, and equally so the dirt which she flings liberally at the heads of Kossuth, Mazzini, and at all who sought to defend the liberties of their countries, as Hampden, and Cromwell, and Pym, defended theirs here, we will only say, that in one particular we perfectly agree with her—that by far the greater portion of the late European revolutionists were, unfortunately, demoralized by infidelity. This was, and must ever prove, a fatal fact for the success of republican opinions. This does not in any degree apply to the Hungarians, for they were neither republicans nor revolutionists, but were fighting for the preservation of their old and established constitution. They were, for the most part, too, men of sound Christian faith. But in France, in Germany, and in a great degree in Italy, the long practised follies and tricks of Catholicism, and the reaction of Hegelian and Straussian scepticism, have swept away every solid foundation on which to build a satisfactory system of political and social polity. Socialism

and infidelity are sands on which no enduring structure can be raised. Their advocates have cut away with the fetters of despotism all the bonds of moral principle, and no two men can agree as to the length to which they shall go, or the principle on which they shall lay their foundation. From the first we foresaw the chaos which this must produce in Germany, and nothing can have been more deplorable than the reality. Add to this the utterly undisciplined nature of the German mind in all that relates to national government on representative and moral principles, and any one acquainted with that country must have been prepared for what has taken place. In England we have been habituating ourselves to representative government ever since we had parliaments, and in the contest with Charles I. we laid that clear basement of popular right which the continental nations are but now endeavouring to lay. In doing this they have yet little conception of working out great constitutional results by anything but crime and homicide. They have learned little of that compromise which every man must make with the spirit of the times. So long as every man, however ultra be his idea, will not consent that any but that idea shall rule, there must be confusion and defeat. Till they learn that the opinion of the majority in a nation must rule so long as it *remains* the opinion of the majority, and that it is the great work of those who are in advance of that opinion to bring the multitude up to this advanced standard by moral and argumentative means, they have not learned the first rudiments of successful popular government.

A great number of the most active spirits throughout Europe are yet in this impractical condition, and what is worse, without any religious faith to give anchorage to their political theories. We must, therefore, expect yet for a long time that physical force, and the ponderous pressure of soldiery, will bear down reform, and that monarchs will find the strongest security of their arbitrary thrones in the disintegrated moral stamina, and the religious dislocation of their peoples. There we are perfectly agreed with Madame de Bury. The mental revolution of Europe has not yet completed itself; the political is, therefore, at present an impossibility.

But leaving the political and legitimist element in these volumes, we find much that is charming and true. The writer is full of talent, observation, taste, and wit. She looks about her with a penetrating glance, and describes what she sees with much spirit and vivacity; yet she sometimes gives curious proofs of her assertions. For instance, after praising the Austrian women for active kindness of heart, and saying, 'It is *in* them, they are all so,' she presents us with a sketch of her

reception in an inn at Anstellen, which certainly would favour a very different opinion, and which we should extract did space permit.

Amongst the singular historical facts which Madame de Bury digs out of the records of Germany, the following, relating to the Dukes of Brunswick, is extremely curious, and will be read with interest by all, especially as we have so long had one of this ill-fated race living amongst us.

‘A more melancholy city than Brunswick never served as a residence to a more fated race. There is somewhat funeral about the very railway station. You fancy you are entering the burying-place of dead locomotives, and the very sandwiches you buy have a look of “funereal baked meats.”

‘Bürger was a Brunswicker; I don’t wonder he wrote “*Lenore*.” Living amongst these black Jägers, I don’t see how he could do otherwise. . . . Brunswick is a *Todtengrube*, and in its still streets those black Schützen stalk about mysteriously. There is a ducal palace—and a mighty handsome one it is—but it is shut up and uninhabited. Where is the duke? At the hunt. Where? In the Harz, at his castle of Blankenburg. Why even that sounds strange, and makes one think of the *Wild Huntsman*.

‘There are two things in Brunswick—a lion and a church—both date from the time of the hero of the house of Guelph, Heinrich der Löwe. The lion is open-mouthed, and in the act of showing his teeth, which the sorely-vexed duke intended as symbolical of what he himself would do to his enemies. The bronze monster stands upon a pedestal upon the north side of the cathedral of St. Blasius, built by Henry the Lion in 1172. And this same church is the real house of the princes of Brunswick, who, to my mind, have not fulfilled their mission till they are lowered into its dark vaults. What they do down in these cold chambers when the brazen doors are closed upon them, and the upper world shut out, that none may return to tell; but that in those coffin-furnished caves there are mysteries we wot not of, of that I feel perfectly convinced. There they lie, all of them, or nearly all—the Lion, Henry, and his wife, Matilda of England,’ &c. &c.

‘In 1090 Markgraf Eckbert, of Thüringen and Saxony, and lord of Brunswick, was assassinated by his serving-men, who, at his residence of Hogueworth, near Eisenbüttel, fell upon him with axes and killed him.

‘Augustus Ferdinand, son of Ferdinand Albert I., in storming the Schellenberg, near the town of Donauwörth, with the banner of Brunswick in his hand, rushed to the assault, and fell shot by a bullet in his left temple, at twenty-seven.

‘In 1741, Prince Louis Ernest was killed at the fight of Molvitz by the troops of his brother Ferdinand, against whom he had rebelled.

‘In 1758 Frederick Francis, son of Ferdinand Albert II., was shot in the head by a cannon-ball at Hochkirchen, at twenty-six. In 1761 Albert Henry, son of Duke Charles, was shot in the neck in a skirmish

between the Brunswick and French troops, and after a six days' torture, died at nineteen. In 1770, William Adolph, son of the same Duke Charles, died of violent inflammation of the lungs in the Russian camp at Oczakow, at twenty-five. In 1785, Duke Maximilian Leopold was drowned in the Oder at the age of thirty-three. The town of Frankfort-on-the-Oder was surprised by the rushing flood, and the fear of death by inundation caused the inhabitants to fly on all sides. The duke, without a moment's hesitation, plunged into the stream, and set about the work of rescue. "I am a man like the rest," said he to those who besought him to avoid endangering his life, "and other men's lives must be cared for as well as mine."

'In 1815 we all know that Frederick William, Duke of Brunswick, was shot at Quatre Bras.'—*Id.* pp. 142—147.

Madame de Bury would have produced a work extremely agreeable to all readers had she avoided coming forth so decidedly as a partisan; as it is, it will be warmly welcomed by one party only. Those who wish to see the light in which that party regards the late revolutions and the leading characters in them, will find what they want here. In one place the authoress gives some hard hits to our own nation, by referring to our treatment of India and Ireland; but she should know that the sins of one people will not excuse those of another. She says, that for the punishment of treason we need go no further than to the Irish rebellion. We need not go so far as the rebellion she alludes to, we need only go to that of Smith O'Brien. The parallel attempted to be drawn between our Irish traitors and Count Batthyányi, is an unfortunate one. Batthyányi was shot having committed no treason, having only, and that most legally, stood by the constitution of his country; Smith O'Brien, who did rebel, and did all in his power to involve England and Ireland in civil war, was not shot, but admitted to the mild punishment of banishment. Had the clemency which has distinguished England in this last case distinguished Austria, the world would have been spared a most repulsive spectacle, and Austria a foul and indelible stain on her reputation. On this head the opinion of all civilized Europe is pretty well settled, and though Madame de Bury's work may amuse by its variety of information, and often interest by its eloquent arguments, it will fail to convince the world that legitimacy is the only legitimate thing, or that Austria is a mild and enlightened country.

ART. V.—1. *Dr. Scoffern on Refining and Improving the Manufacture of Sugar.* London: Longman & Co. 1849.

2. *Correspondence laid upon the table of the House of Commons by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in July last.*

3. *Correspondence omitted from the above, but forming a Key to it, published by Dr. Scoffern, consisting of Letters of his own, and of several Gentlemen of Scientific and Commercial Eminence, bearing upon the process.*

It rarely falls to our lot to advert to a subject involving more extensive interests or results of a more thrilling character, than that on which we now enter. In the whole range of science nothing is so calculated to arrest attention, as the startling discoveries made from time to time in the laboratory of the chemist. This department of mental investigation is so vast and so fertile, that it leaves the fabled El Dorado immeasurably in its rear. Indeed, so astounding are its gifts that to it the world may be said to owe half its present grandeur and stupendous wealth. It has enabled mankind to condense whole centuries into an hour; or, to borrow the words of an eloquent living writer, it has made 'a point inconceivably distant yesterday its goal to-day, and its starting-post to-morrow.' Men have almost ceased to wonder at seemingly inexplicable phenomena becoming every-day facts, or at shapes which were magnified by the mist of the past, and which would have startled our forefathers out of their propriety, becoming indispensable companions of our hearths and homes. These remarks but appropriately introduce a discovery made and patented by Dr. John Scoffern, an Englishman of great scientific eminence.

It has been long known to the scientific world, that the acetates of lead are the most effective means for the manufacture and refining of sugar, inasmuch as the crystallization under their influence is complete. Acetate of lead, however, in combination with the sugar, is deleterious to health; and chemists have been baffled in their efforts to combine with its use any known agent for its removal after the work of defecation is at an end. To Dr. Scoffern, at length, the honour is conceded of having demonstrated the perfect practicability of converting the lead by the application of sulphurous acid gas into the form of sulphite of lead, the latter being innocuous, and of effecting the removal of the sulphite by the mechanical contrivance of filtra-

tion. But this achievement, interesting as it is, and must the scientific man, would lack the greater part of its pr value were it not that certain results flow from the discove vast, so fraught with consequences to the prosperity of colonies and of the mother country, and so pregnant with to the great cause of humanity, that we can place it only si side with the great discoveries of an Arkwright or a Watt.

Let us look a little at the interests and the product whic invention is designed to affect. They are the prosperi 800,000 human beings in our West India Colonies, mad by vast philanthropic effort, and the expenditure of t millions sterling; the probable overthrow of slavery an slave-trade in the United States, Cuba, Porto Rico, and E in which not less than 7,000,000 of human beings are re to the condition of cattle, and compelled to wear away a mis existence denuded of every thing which makes life cherish and, finally, the increase to an amazing degree, and the g augmented purity, of an article which, though a luxury become almost a necessary of life.

It may not be generally known, that in consequence c imperfection of the ordinary process of sugar manufactu the colonies, 66 per cent. of the juice is totally lost; the planter has long regarded the redemption of this large portion as hopeless; that his aim is, therefore, to produ economically as possible, so large an excess that he shall b to bear this loss without injury; that in India, the native ccesses of sugar extraction are so rude and so destructive, t may be safely asserted that 75 per cent. of the sugar existi the juice operated upon is entirely destroyed in obtaini remainder. The amount of sugar in the cane-juice varies 17 to 23 per cent., but the average quantity extracted b ordinary process is about 7 per cent., and that in an i state. Well might Dr. Scoffern express his incredulity i like the following:—‘That there should exist any necessi the loss of two-thirds of any material in producing, com with a host of impurities, the remaining third, I coul believe, so opposed did the notion appear to every anal case, so inconsistent with all chemical harmony.’

But the loss does not end here; for so imperfect is the p of crystallization applicable to the remaining 34 per cent. not infrequently a large proportion of the sugar is lo drainage on its way to the distant market. ‘At the expi of many weeks,’ says Dr. Scoffern, ‘the drainage is so i plete, that it is not unusual for some 20 per cent. of the w of a hogshead of sugar to leak into the hold of a ship on it to Europe and to be pumped into the sea. In a recent

which came under my notice, 25 per cent. had thus been lost, and the master of a trading vessel informed Dr. Evans, as I am told by this gentleman, that his ship was often one and a half foot deeper in the water off Barbadoes than when it arrived in the Bristol Channel.' We may add to the foregoing that a further loss of from 5 to 6 per cent. takes place during the warehousing at the docks. Now the difficulty of perfect drainage under the ordinary system is not merely mechanical. Contrivances of the mechanist might be multiplied without end: they can effect only a slight modification of the evil. The difficulty is purely chemical, and it arises from the utter inefficiency of the old process to secure a perfect crystallization of the sugar. A knowledge of these facts has given rise to various efforts of a chemical nature to free the liquor so entirely from its impurities, that the work of crystallizing should be complete. The ordinary defecating agent in the colonies is lime; but this is but partially efficacious, and is, moreover, destructive to the sugar. Alumina, in various forms, has also been employed for the same purpose, suggested no doubt by its successful application in the manufacture of vegetable colouring matters; but the work of defecation is very partial. With a view of rendering it as successful as possible, the Hon. Mr. Howard, a gentleman of scientific eminence, proposed a mixture of sulphate of lime, free lime, and alumina. In France, and other countries where sugar is largely manufactured from beet root, the sulphate of alumina is employed, but its defecating properties fall far short of the justifiable demands of the chemist. 'Very far superior to all other agents as precipitants are the acetates, particularly the basic or subacetates of lead.' Of the properties of these acetates as precipitants, chemists have long been aware; their use in the laboratory for the removal of albuminous and colouring matters is common, and in the highest degree successful. Every attempt, however, to employ them for the same end in sugar even in the laboratory was unsuccessful, and on the large manufacturing scale a total failure. Dr. Scoffern says, 'the problems to be solved are these: either to use the lead salt in such exact proportion to the amount of impurity with which it is intended to combine, that both shall fall down in combination and be capable of removal; or to add a known excess of lead salt to the solution, to separate the precipitate caused by filtration, then to throw down from the filtering liquor all the remaining lead by means of some precipitating agent not productive of injury to sugar; and as a subsidiary problem, to remove the acetic acid liberated from the lead, either as an insoluble compound, or to combine it with some body that shall neither be injurious to sugar nor to

health, and separable, if possible, by the process of drain. Such are the necessities of the case.'

Now the first problem involves an impossibility, since the use of any quantity of lead, however small, invariably leaves a residuum of lead in the filtered liquor, and chemists can well account for the fact. The second problem, therefore, is the one solution of which accomplishes the desired result; for the removal of the lead, therefore, chemists usually employ hydro-sulphuric acid gas, an agent which effects the object only by spoiling the sugar. And the progress of discovery was impeded for a time by the chemical error of attributing this disaster to the wrong cause, namely, to the lead, and not to the gas. The agent employed for the purpose of removing or converting the lead, was sulphuric acid. Here the difference between the laboratory and the manufactory strikingly appears. Nothing but the exactness of the former enables the experimentalist to accomplish the result. If applied in too small quantities the result is a residuum of lead, which is both injurious to health and in boiling destructive to sugar; if in excess, a conversion of the sugar into 'glucose, glucic, melasinic, sacchulmic, saccharic acids, &c., takes place.' 'The agency of lead then seemed less. Its remarkable action was witnessed, admired, and abandoned until 1839, when Messrs. Gwynne and Young obtained a patent for the separation of the excess of lead by means of the diphosphate of lime; an agent which in the laboratory was made to succeed perfectly,' but which, on the score of expense and uncertainty, is totally inapplicable on a large scale. The result, however, of all these operations, and the experience of chemists at large, went to establish the principle that the action of lead of itself was not injurious to sugar, effected the work of defecation completely, but left unsolved the problem of abstracting the lead without spoiling their own beautiful work.

In July 1847, Dr. Scoffern mastered the problem. The agent employed is sulphurous acid gas, which has been tried on a large scale in the refinery during the intervening period, and the result is the complete removal of the lead, and the establishment of the principle, which must, if rightly and promptly applied, revolutionize the British sugar-growing colonies.

Let us now glance at the subsequent history of this discovery. The inventor put himself in communication with the proprietors of a large sugar refinery in Cork, Messrs. Evans and Thwaites, who thought so highly of the process, that they recommended it being secured to the inventor by patent. It was accordingly patented here and in every country in which one could obtain it. At a great expense the process was carried on

the premises of these gentlemen, and in January 1849, their house was especially adapted to the new operation. Here the process was carried on upon a large scale, and many scientific and commercial gentlemen, including the representative of a large refining house in London, saw it in full play, and were thoroughly satisfied of its complete success. With respect to the manufacture of sugar, a portion of cane juice was obtained from Barbadoes, and submitted to the agency of the patent, and the result was the extract of 20 per cent. of sugar against 7 per cent. obtained by the ordinary process abroad. Success having thus far attended the labours of the inventor, a model sugar laboratory, and a model refinery, was built in London, a number of intelligent men were brought together by him, and were sent with full instructions to different parts of the world, British and foreign, to extend the process. Now (will it be believed?) the real difficulties of the patentee commence. There is no chicanery in nature; conformity to her laws is all that is requisite to elicit a true and satisfactory response; she has no backstair influence at work to baffle the ingenious and persevering student in his efforts to simplify the machinery for increasing human food, clothing, or the means of locomotion. All this is the invention of man, the growth of selfishness, to be used by man against his fellow, for the aggrandizement of the unit, and the injury of the great aggregate. To the common persecution of men of genius and worth, Dr. Scoffern is no exception; the magnitude of the results of his discovery, however, may, perhaps, be taken as a measure of the magnitude of the obstructions which have been thrown in his way. In an invention of minor import it is sufficient if the craft which it is designed to affect be let loose upon the offending innovator; but in one designed to promote the welfare of millions, nothing short of the power of Government is deemed sufficient to crush the daring pretender.

In the month of May, 1849, Mr. Charles, of the firm of Messrs. Smith and Charles, of 74, Old Broad-street, the agents for the patent, thought he might be able to forward the process through the medium of Mr. Hawes, the Under-Secretary of the Colonial Department. He accordingly addressed a letter to that gentleman, requesting an interview. The interview was declined. But judge of the surprise of the parties interested in the patent to find that the note declining the interview, enclosed the copy of a despatch, which had been forwarded by the Colonial Office, under the sign manual of Earl Grey, denouncing the patent, and warning the planters against its adoption on account of its dangerous character. The paternal solicitude of the Government for the people of the colonies, however, is irreconcilable with its indifference to the people at home. Sugar had been refined

by the process, and was in common use here, yet no note of warning was sounded from the Home Office to protect the lives and health of millions in the mother country. We presume it was not deemed so safe a contest to enter into here. A thousand eyes glare down upon the doings of Government, and a thousand tongues would be voluble with denunciation were any nefarious attempts practised at home.

This step of the Colonial Government, however, had the desired effect. Was it likely the planter would risk his crop to the certainty of destruction by the employment of a defecator which *the Government* had condescended to denounce as dangerous, though without inquiry, without precedent, and without notice to the inventor? The agents of the patentee were in consequence met everywhere by the caveat of Lord Grey, and rarely could they obtain a hearing, much less an opportunity of experimentizing in defence of the process. Where they did, however, we may add, the wolf cry of the Government was falsified, and the agents were able to send home samples of moist sugar in which the work of crystallization was complete, and the extract equal to 20 per cent. in place of 7 per cent. by the time-honoured but extravagant process of the existing manufactories. After the despatch of Lord Grey's letter, the representatives of the patentee succeeded in obtaining an interview with Mr. Hawes, who, in a very guarded manner, stated to them, 1. That the resolution of the Government had not been taken unadvisedly; 2. That the affair had been first pressed upon the consideration of the Board of Trade, and that the Board of Trade had pressed it on the Colonial Office; 3. That the Colonial Office was at first averse to interfere, *seeing that there was no precedent for interfering with private industry*. Finally, he informed them that another and superior process was under the consideration of Government. The invention referred to was by M. Melsens, a foreigner. To the agent of this gentleman the Government communicated the prohibitory step which had been taken by them in reference to Dr. Scoffern's process, but kept the latter totally in the dark respecting it. Suffice it to say, that although the invention of the foreigner was thus fostered by the British Government, it has proved an utter failure; although it was asserted that it had the imprimatur of Mr. Faraday, that gentleman had never seen it; and that whatever was valuable in the patent was neither more nor less than a piracy of Dr. Scoffern's invention, demonstrated by at least a dozen witnesses, and the work of Dr. Scoffern's, published before M. Melsen's discovery was ever heard of. But it should not be untold, that this gentleman, notwithstanding the worthlessness of his discovery, has been rewarded by the Belgian

Government with a pension, decorated with an order, and loaded with praise.

Ten months passed away from the issuing of the colonial protest, when the Government was again moved to action. In the month of March of the current year Mr. Wood (chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue), acting as the avowed agent of the Government, addressed a letter to the following gentlemen; viz., Dr. Thomson, Professor of Chemistry, University of Glasgow; Thomas Graham, Esq., Professor of Chemistry, University of London; and Dr. Hofmann, Professor of Chemistry, Royal College of Chemistry, London; with instructions to obtain samples of the sugar in its various stages through Dr. Scoffern's process, with a view to ascertain whether in the sugar, bastards, and molasses, any trace of deleterious ingredients could be found. Those gentlemen obtained from Messrs. Goodhart, Patrick, & Co., of London, and Messrs. Evans, Thwaites, & Co., of Cork, duly authenticated samples of the new process. They also obtained duly authenticated samples from one other house working by the ordinary process. The result of their examinations is thus stated:—'The lead found in the refined sugar (of the new process) is *minute*, the quantity not exceeding that occasionally acquired by the bastards and treacle in the ordinary process of manufacture. In the bastards of the new process, the proportion of lead is not great, but sensibly exceeds the latter standard. The lead appears to accumulate in the treacle, but in no case that we have had an opportunity of observing to such an extent as would justify us in pronouncing the treacle poisonous.'

Such was the report of the experimental chemists. Another class of gentlemen was now called in, not to experimentalize, but to adjudicate on the above report. These were Dr. Pereira, F.R.S., Dr. Taylor, F.R.S., and Dr. Carpenter, F.R.S. Mr. Wood, in writing to these gentlemen, transmits them the document furnished by the operative chemists, and requests their opinion, 'as medical jurists and practitioners, as to the safety of consuming sugar bastards and treacle so prepared.' He also furnishes them with a statement drawn up by Mr. George Phillips, Surveying General Examiner to the Board of Inland Revenue, showing the quantity of treacle consumed, at different places named, among the working classes, and the probable amount of lead that would be taken by each in a given period if the treacle were such as the experimentalists had described. The jurists thus appointed, in their general remarks at the conclusion of an elaborate report, say, 'For the reasons above assigned, it is our opinion that the treacle produced by Dr. Scoffern's process cannot be used as a daily article of food in the quantities specified

in the return, or even in smaller quantities, without exposing those who consume it to the risk of slow poisoning by lead.

We have now before us the efforts of Government to put its own mind on the subject of the safety, or otherwise, of Dr. Scoffern's process. After repeated applications for the report on the 24th of July last the solicitors of Dr. Scoffern, Messrs. Coode, Browne, and Co., were summoned before the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Browne of that firm, and Mr. Smith of the firm of Messrs. Smith and Charles, attended, and the Chancellor at once announced the unfavourable character of the report, and intimated the necessity of immediately laying the papers on the table of the House. To this the deputation demurred, represented the probable injurious effect of such a course, and requested a further interview after an opportunity had been given of investigating the reports of the chemical and medical jurists. The Chancellor at once consented, but afterwards, when Messrs. Coode and Co. expressed their readiness to see him, requested that any communication they had to submit might be in writing. A letter, entering fully into the objections raised in the course of the chemical investigation, together with sundry documents, one from Professor Brande, one from Messrs. Goodhart, Patrick, and Co., and two from Dr. Scoffern, were forwarded to the Chancellor, all of which, with the exception of Dr. Scoffern's—a very important letter—were presented by him to the House of Commons on the 14th of August. In those documents a full and satisfactory reply was given to the objections urged by the operative chemists and the medical jurists. Dr. Scoffern maintains: 1. That they have chosen their standard of comparison the sugars and treacle of one manufacturer by the old process *selected by themselves*. 2. That they have chosen, under the new process, a sample of sugar and treacle for comparison which was put before them *as the product of first and imperfect machinery, and which they knew had been corrected before the sample was furnished*. 3. That they have not distinguished between lead in a noxious and lead in an innocuous form. 4. That they have not stated their process of analysis with such precision as to enable any chemist to judge whether their results are entitled to confidence. 5. That they have made any physiological experiments as to the nature of sugar of lead, although the certificate of Dr. Gregory, as to the innocuity of that substance, had been furnished to them. None of these reasonable objections has the slightest answer been given. Other analyses have been made of the product of the new process by men of great scientific eminence, and the universal unqualified testimony of all of them is, that the slightest trace of lead, in any shape, is not to be found.

Government, therefore, and their chemical supporters, are clearly bound to prove two things—first, that lead is to be found in the sugar and treacle manufactured, as a result of the patent process; and secondly, that it is in a shape which will prove deleterious to human health. The allegation that poison is used in the preparation of human food proves nothing, since it is notorious that large quantities of white and red lead, and leaden tanks and pipes, are used in the old process, and that sugar manufactured thereby does actually acquire a portion of lead in a shape which is dangerous to human health. What, then, can be the meaning of this outcry against, and opposition to, a process which can detect, at every stage of the manufacture, the existence of lead, convert it by an irresistible agent into a form in which it is harmless as chalk, and finally extrude it so that the most delicate tests of the laboratory shall fail to discover a trace of its presence? What can be more satisfactory than the challenge of the ingenious patentee, that he will ingest a quantity of sulphite of lead in its pure form, as long as his opponents will eat an equal quantity of chalk? Or more unanswerable than the fact, that the lead abstracted from the sugar refined by Dr. Scoffern's process has been administered by Dr. Gregory, of Edinburgh, to a variety of animals, for a long period, without the slightest deleterious effect; or the additional fact, that for two years past the sugar which has been refined by the patent agency has been sold in great quantities by two large refineries, and used, to the exclusion of all other, in the families, and at the table, of many gentlemen who can bear unequivocal testimony to its superior and perfectly harmless qualities? The suggestion of the Government to the chemists bearing upon the ignorant class who labour in the boiling-houses abroad, will apply with equal force to many other discoveries, in which time, common sense, and general utility, have beaten the monster prejudice and monopoly out of the field. Would not the objection have applied to the adoption of steam-power? to its application to locomotives? Does every engine-driver know the theory of propulsion by steam? Must he be an accomplished engineer? Can the people of this country trust their lives by millions to the velocity of a steam-engine driven by a man who cannot propound the theory of locomotion on railways? The objection is answered everywhere by ten thousand facts. In every occupation there must be competence, but the knowledge of the artisan is one thing, the knowledge of the inventor quite another. The most delicate processes are carried on every day in the manufactory by men who know nothing beyond their particular department, nay, even by children, with a delicacy and certainty which often astonish the very man whose invention

has lifted him to the pinnacle of human ambition, and made his name as imperishable as memory. Did Watt ever use the steam-engine, or Arkwright the spinning-jenny, or Stephenson the locomotive, as dexterously as the operative to whose hands the power of human good, its wonder-working energies have been entrusted? The objection to Dr. Scoffern's process on this ground is worthless.

Assuming, then, that it is proved that the patent is capable of extracting 18 to 20 per cent. of sugar, in place of 7 by the present process, and that it is as harmless, inexpensive, and facile, as is represented to be, let us ask, what are its bearings upon some of the great questions of the day—the revivification of the West Indies, and the overthrow of slavery? Much has been written and spoken on the unquestionably ruinous condition of many of the estates in the West India islands, and numerous remedies have been suggested which science and philanthropy have devised for their renovation; but they involve, in many cases, vast outlay—in other words, a combination of circumstances which cannot be obtained, and results which are either problematical or very scanty. Undoubtedly, no one has ever been in a position to offer the planters there a return for their capital and energies, approximating in the remotest degree to the amazing profits which the adoption of this simple but beautiful process involves. Why, then, is it not adopted? The answer is, that it does not suit the interests of the great mercantile and refinery houses in this country. Hence the interference of Government—an interference as unprecedented as uncalled for. Where are the West India planters? They are bound hand and foot to the wheel of the merchant princes in this country. There can be no doubt on the mind of any thinking man, that with a prospect like that which Dr. Scoffern holds out to them, if they were free to follow that private interest in a degree far beyond Government control, they would supply them with capital in the anticipation of such returns. That they are not thus free is certain, from the enormous amounts which were received by the mercantile firms in this country, out of the twenty millions voted as compensation for the redemption of 800,000 slaves. Which way, then, should the Government direct its energies? In persecuting a man of genius, whose discovery is calculated to multiply tenfold a great article of human food, or in taking a leaf from the book of a great, but departed statesman, and dealing with the cumbered estates in the Antilles, as they have dealt with the estates across the Irish Channel? Is monopoly to maintain its sway forever? Or is the stream of freedom to flow onward deeper and wider till it swell into the ocean? We trust, though late, that the Government may reconsider their steps with regard to

patent, and the whole of their policy with respect to the sugar producers of the West Indies, upon whom, at present, their regulation with respect to the sliding scale of duties—we refer not to the differential duties—acts as a direct premium on bad sugar.

In its anti-slavery bearing this discovery is of great importance. We have already referred to the number of human beings still in bondage in the Western World. Their occupation consists mainly in the production of cotton, coffee, rice, and sugar. The most destructive to human life, however, of these labours is, the manufacture of sugar. We have it on unquestioned authority, that a generation of slaves in the state of Louisiana, U.S., which is chiefly covered by sugar plantations, is used up every seven or eight years; that in Cuba, a large sugar-producing colony of the Spaniards, in the height of the season the slaves are taken from the field to the boiling-house, and actually worked under the lash twenty out of the twenty-four hours; and wherever the sugar manufacture is prosecuted by slave labour, the same terrific results are the consequence. Will nothing affect it? Is the monster to rear its hideous head for ever? Or, what the labours of well-directed philanthropy have failed to achieve, may it not have been reserved to the chemist in his laboratory to accomplish? Is it cheap labour which makes the slave-cursed soils of Louisiana, Cuba, Porto Rico, and Brazil, flourish, when Jamaica and the British possessions in the West, are pining with atrophy? Here, then, is a discovery which mocks the blood-stained economy of those regions. The slaver enters the field in vain against such a competitor. An agent which trebles the production, may laugh at the trifling advantage acquired by driving a kidnapping trade in the interior of Africa, to supply cheap labourers for the sugar plantations of America. But may not the patent be worked in Cuba, as well as in Jamaica? Doubtless, but not under the system now prevailing there. One-fourth of the labour will suffice to carry out the operation; a little knowledge of the process demonstrates this assertion. Beside, the tendency of improvements in the manufacture of sugar is in itself anti-slavery; the steam-engine becomes the slave, and the slave the intelligent superintendent of its movements. At present, the demand for manual labour is so great and insatiable, that the most vigorous exertions of the slavers cannot keep pace with it. Relax this demand, do away with the immense drain upon manual exertion, and multiply, notwithstanding, the produce three-fold, and where is slavery? It is, as far as sugar is concerned, virtually abolished. Now is not this an object worth contending for? Apply the patent where you will, in the British colonies of the West Indies, or in the slave districts of the United States, Spain, and Portugal, the result is

in kind the same. It may differ in degree. As applied to British sugar-growing countries it offers greater advantages, in the increase of quantity and reduction of the price of article, it strikes a death-blow at slavery, and resuscitates, at same time, the energies of a soil which formerly poured forth wealth in abundance at our feet. The gain in this point of is ours and the world's. But as applied to the produce of other country, in the pecuniary advantage we could have participation.

We commend the consideration of this important discovery, then, to our readers—to all who are interested in the advancement of science and the amelioration of the human race. But upon attention of the great anti-slavery public of this country, and sugar-producing interests of the British dominions, we maintain that it has peculiar claims. The opposition which has been set up against it demands at their hands a strict investigation. In our minds, there is *prima facie* evidence of its groundlessness in the haste, partiality, and peculiar complexion of the interference of the Government. Would they as readily move to set down a practice, however baneful, which did not touch the monopoly of those who, from their wealth and influence, were powerful with its members, and too often prevail? They were not. Their supineness is proverbial. Their callousness to the most urgent and sustained appeals from many quarters is notorious. What is not to be hoped for from the Government therefore, may be easily done by a discriminating public. Happily, the triumph of this great and valuable discovery will ultimately with them. They can give it life and universality and they alone. If once convinced of its immense power for good, they will not suffer it to sleep. Justice, self-interest, benevolence, will summon them to its aid, and the ingenious and laborious inventor will reap his reward.

ART. VI.—*A Fable for Critics*. New York: G. P. Putnam

THIS book is a somewhat remarkable specimen of versatility, power, energy of thought, and anonymous courage. It was there a volume more full of poetry; title, preface, and as well as text, being proofs of the author's facility at rhyme. This facility is extraordinary. He is never at a loss for words and never at a loss with words. With the skill of the

accomplished word-anatomist, he makes available their utmost capabilities of division; with an ear faithfully familiar with their varied sounds, he has no difficulty in arranging them for the purposes of verse; and possessed of a large and ready vocabulary, he pours forth the strangest ideas and oddest comparisons in expressions singularly fitting and forcible. Occasionally, his rhymes are not rhymes, but this arises most frequently from his terminations being too much alike, identity taking the place of correspondence. The same may be said of Butler. Our author has more than Butler's versatility and volubility.

But there are higher qualities than these in the 'Fable.' Its excellence is not that of expression only—its pages reveal a genius luxuriant and wild as an American forest, a faculty of keen discrimination, deep sympathy with truth and beauty, a wit that revels in all sorts of curious and fantastic things, and, though last *yet* least, a power of punning equal to poor Hood's. We should not lightly make such a man as is now before us 'an offender for a word,' yet must object to an occasional irreverence of language and of thought. Nor shall we be understood to waive the usual qualification of reviewers' praise, of not being prepared to sanction all the author's sentiments. With these exceptions, our commendation must be high; and we think our readers will admit that it is worthily so, after perusing the extracts with which we intend to present them, for our paper will be filled with quotations rather than criticism.

The 'Fable' is occupied with rapid and vigorous sketches of some of the most noted American authors. These are strung together by a plot

'like an icicle, 's slender and slippery,

Every moment more slender, and likely to slip awry,'

the introduction to which is not a bad illustration of our author's versifying abilities.

We must not omit a lively description of a member of the honourable tribe to which we ourselves belong, begging our readers, however, to except ourselves from the application of the somewhat severe criticism.

'And here I must say, he wrote excellent articles
On the Hebraic points, or the force of Greek particles;
They filled up the space nothing else was prepared for,
And nobody read that which nobody cared for;
If any old book reached a fiftieth edition,
He could fill forty pages with safe erudition;
He could gauge the old books by the old set of rules,
And his very old nothings pleased very old fools;
But give him a new book, fresh out of the heart,
And you put him at sea without compass and chart,—

His blunders aspired to the rank of an art;
 For his lore was engraft, something foreign that grew in him
 Exhausting the sap of the native and true in him;
 So that when a man came with a soul that was new in him
 Carving new forms of truth out of Nature's old granite,
 New and old at their birth, like Le Verrier's planet,
 Which, to get a true judgment, themselves must create
 In the soul of their critic the measure and weight,
 Being rather themselves a fresh standard of grace,
 To compute their own judge, and assign him a place,
 Our reviewer would crawl all about it and round it,
 And reporting each circumstance just as he found it,
 Without the least malice, his record would be
 Profoundly æsthetic as that of a flea,
 Which, supping on Wordsworth, should print, for our sake
 Recollections of nights with the Bard of the Lakes;
 Or, borne by an Arab guide, ventured to render a
 General view of the ruins at Denderah.

'As I said, he was never precisely unkind,
 The defect in his brain was mere absence of mind;
 If he boasted, 'twas simply that he was self-made
 (A position which I, for one, never gainsaid,
 My respect for my Maker supposing a skill
 In his works which our hero would answer but ill;)
 And I trust that the mould which he used may be cracked, c
 Made bold by success, may make broad his phylactery,
 And set up a kind of man-manufactory;
 An event which I shudder to think about, seeing
 That man is a moral, accountable being.

'He meant well enough, but was still in the way,
 As a dunce always is, let him be where he may:
 Indeed, they appear to come into existence
 To impede other folks with their awkward assistance;
 If you set up a dunce on the very North Pole,
 All alone with himself, I believe, on my soul,
 He'd manage to get betwixt somebody's shins,
 And pitch him down bodily all in his sins,
 To the grave polar bears sitting round on the ice,

* * * *

Or, if he found nobody else there to pother,
 Why, one of his legs would just trip up the other,
 For there's nothing we read of in torture's inventions,
 Like a well-meaning dunce, with the best of intentions.'

P. 13-

The sketches are conceived and composed with great just
 and power. Like all such things, they sometimes border
 caricature, it being easier to exaggerate prominent features
 to give an accurate representation of features not remarkable
 way. What would 'Punch' do with Lord Brougham and

uke of Wellington without their noses? But if caricature occasionally enters into our author's pictures, he proves himself true artist. His faults, indeed, are rather owing to his limits than to himself. The necessary absence of minor qualities in such brief notices does more to produce the appearance of caricature than the exaggeration of qualities more marked. There are, however, here and there touches of exquisite delicacy, proving the author's ability to see further and more accurately than many; a power of detecting and appreciating the finer shades of thought and character; indeed, some of the highest faculties of the genuine critic. His 'studies' show him competent to the filling up and finishing of admirable portraits—Landseer's rude outline bears traces of a master's hand. If he drives his chariot dashing along the wide and open road, he can guide it skilfully in the most thronged thoroughfare. But we promised extracts, and not disquisition. These we select, not for their superiority to others, so much as because the men described are best known to English readers. The first is Emerson, whose chief characteristics are thus admirably, though verily, hit off:—

'But, to come back to Emerson (whom, by the way,
I believe we left waiting)—his is, we may say,
A Greek head on right Yankee shoulders, whose range
Has Olympus for one pole, for t'other the Exchange:
He seems, to my thinking (although I'm afraid
The comparison must, long ere this, have been made),
A Plotinus-Montaigne, where the Egyptian's gold mist
And the Gascon's shrewd wit cheek-by-jowl co-exist.
All admire, and yet scarcely six converts he's got,
To I don't (nor they either) exactly know what;
For though he builds glorious temples, 'tis odd
He leaves never a doorway to get in a god.
'Tis refreshing to old-fashioned people like me
To meet such a primitive Pagan as he,
In whose mind all creation is duly respected
As parts of himself, just a little projected;
And who's willing to worship the stars and the sun,
A convert to—nothing but Emerson.
So perfect a balance there is in his head,
That he talks of things sometimes as if they were dead;
Life, nature, love, God, and affairs of that sort,
He looks at as merely ideas; in short,
As if they were fossils stuck round in a cabinet,
Of such vast extent that our earth's a mere dab in it;
Composed just as he is inclined to conjecture her—
Namely, one part pure earth, ninety-nine parts pure lecturer.
You are filled with delight at his clear demonstration,
Each figure, word, gesture, just fits the occasion;

With the quiet precision of science he'll sort 'em ;
But you can't help suspecting the whole a *post mortem*.

' There are persons, mole-blind to the soul's make and
Who insist on a likeness 'twixt him and Carlyle ;
To compare him with Plato would be vastly fairer ;
Carlyle's the more burley, but E. is the rairer ;
He sees fewer objects, but clearer, trulier ;
If C.'s as original, E.'s more peculiar ;
That he's more of a man you might say of the one,
Of the other he's more of an Emerson ;
C.'s the Titan, as shaggy of mind as of limb,—
E. the clear-eyed Olympian, rapid and slim ;
The one 's two-thirds Norseman, the other half Greek ;
Where the one's most abounding the other's to seek ;
C.'s generals require to be seen in the mass,—
E.'s specialties gain if enlarged by the glass ;
C. gives nature and God his own fits of the blues,
And rims common-sense things with mystical hues,—
E. sits in the mystery calm and intense,
And looks coolly around him with sharp common-sense ;
C. shows you how every-day matters unite
With the dim transdiurnal recesses of night,—
While E., in a plain, preternatural way,
Makes mysteries matters of mere every-day ;
C. draws all his characters quite *à la* Fuseli—
He don't sketch their bundles of muscles and thews illy,
But he paints with a brush so untamed and profuse,
They seem bundles of nothing but muscles and thews ;
E. is rather like Flaxman, lines straight and severe,
And a colourless outline, but full, round, and clear ;
To the men he thinks worthy he frankly accords
The design of a white marble statue in words ;
C. labours to get at the centre, and then
Take a reckoning from thence of his actions and men ;
E. calmly assumes the said centre as granted,
And, given himself, has whatever is wanted.

' He has imitators in scores, who omit
No part of the man but his wisdom and wit,—
Who go gracefully o'er the sky-blue of his brain,
And when he has skimmed it once, skim it again ;
If at all they resemble him, you may be sure it is
Because their shoals mirror his mists and obscurities,
As a mud-puddle seems deep as heaven for a minute,
While a cloud that floats o'er is reflected within it.'

Pp. 27

The merits and demerits of Willis receive, we think, justice in this lively account of him :—

' There is Willis, so natty, and jaunty, and gay,
Who says his best things in so foppish a way,

With conceits and pet phrases so thickly o'erlaying 'em,
 That one hardly knows whether to thank him for saying 'em;
 Over-ornament ruins both poem and prose,—
 Just conceive of a muse with a ring in her nose!
 His prose had a natural grace of its own,
 And enough of it, too, if he'd let it alone;
 But he twitches and jerks so, one fairly gets tired,
 And is forced to forgive where he might have admired;
 Yet whenever it slips away free and unlaced,
 It runs like a stream with a musical waste,
 And gurgles along with the liquidest sweep;—
 'Tis not deep as a river, but who'd have it deep?
 In a country where scarcely a village is found
 That has not its author sublime and profound,
 For some one to be slightly shoal is a duty,
 And Willis's shallowness makes half his beauty.
 His prose winds along with a blithe, gurgling error,
 And reflects all of heaven it can see in its mirror.
 'Tis a narrow'd strip, but it is not an artifice,—
 'Tis the true out-of-doors with its genuine hearty phiz;
 It is Nature herself, and there's something in that,
 Since most brains reflect but the crown of a hat.
 No volume I know to read under a tree,
 More truly delicious than his "A l' Abri,"
 With the shadows of leaves flowing over your book,
 Like ripple-shades netting the bed of a brook;
 With June coming softly your shoulder to look over,
 Breezes waiting to turn every leaf of your book over,
 And Nature to criticise still as you read,—
 The page that bears that is a rare one indeed.

' He's so innate a cockney, that had he been born
 Where plain bear-skin's the only full-dress that is worn,
 He'd have given his own such an air that you'd say
 'T had been made by a tailor to lounge in Broadway.
 His nature's a glass of champagne with the foam on't,
 As tender as Fletcher, as witty as Beaumont;
 So his best things are done in the flush of the moment,
 If he wait, all is spoiled; he may stir it and shake it,
 But, the fixed air once gone, he can never re-make it.
 He might be a marvel of easy delightfulness,
 If he would not sometimes leave the *r* out of spritfulness;
 And he ought to let Scripture alone—'tis self-slaughter,
 For nobody likes inspiration-and-water.
 He'd have been just the fellow to sup at the "Mermaid,"
 Cracking jokes with "rare Ben," with an eye to the barmaid;
 His wit running up as canary ran down,—
 The topmost bright bubble on the wave of the town.'

Pp. 32—34.

We cannot withhold the following sketch, which contains

many hints that poets of all countries would do well to remember poets only.

* There swaggers John Neal, who has wasted in Maine
The sinews and cords of his pugilist brain,
Who might have been poet, but that, in its stead, he
Preferred to believe that he was so already;
Too hasty to wait till Art's ripe fruit should drop,
He must pelt down an unripe and cholicky crop;
Who took to the law, and had this sterling plea for it,
It required him to quarrel, and paid him a fee for it;
A man who's made less than he might have, because
He always has thought himself more than he was,—
Who, with very good natural gifts as a bard,
Broke the strings of his lyre by striking too hard,
And cracked half the notes of a truly fine voice,
Because song drew less instant attention than noise.
Ah, men do not know how much strength is in poise,
That he goes the farthest who goes far enough,
And that all beyond that is just bother and stuff.
No vain man matures, he makes too much new wood;
His blooms are too thick for the fruit to be good;
'Tis the modest man ripens, 'tis he that achieves;
Just what's needed of sunshine and shade he receives;
Grapes, to mellow, require the cool dark of their leaves.
Neal wants balance; he throws his mind always too far,
And whisks out flocks of comets, but never a star;
He has too much muscle, and loves so to show it,
That he strips himself naked to prove he's a poet,
And, to show he could leap Art's wide ditch, if he tried,
Jumps clear o'er it, and into the hedge t'other side.
He has strength, but there's nothing about him in keeping;
One gets surelier onward by walking than leaping;
He has used his own sinews himself to distress,
And had done vastly more had he done vastly less;
In letters, too soon is as bad as too late.
Could he only have waited he might have been great;
But he plunged into Helicon up to the waist,
And muddled the stream ere he took the first taste.'—Pp. 43

We have quoted enough to show that the fun and frolic of the author does not prevent his uttering truths, and great to his light and feathery style guides many an arrow to the heart of his subjects. We should like to extract several more lengthier passages, but must be satisfied with a few brief sentences, which will serve a higher purpose than specimen bricks. The feeling of 'conceit' is far from 'miserable.'

* When Nature was shaping him, clay was not granted
For making so full-sized a man as she wanted,

So, to fill out her model, a little she spared
 From some finer-grained stuff for a woman prepared ;
 And she could not have hit a more excellent plan
 For making him fully and perfectly man.
 The success of her scheme gave her so much delight,
 That she tried it again shortly after in Dwight ;
 Only, while she was kneading and shaping the clay,
 She sang to her work in her sweet childish way,
 And found, when she'd put the last touch to his soul,
 That the music had somehow got mixed with the whole.'

Of poetry, it is justly said :—

' Now it is not one thing nor another alone
 Makes a poem, but rather the general tone,
 The something pervading, uniting the whole,
 The before unperceived, unconceivable soul,
 So that just in removing this trifle or that, you
 Take away, as it were, a chief limb of the statue ;
 Roots, wood, bark, and leaves, singly perfect may be,
 But, clapt hodge-podge together, they don't make a tree.'

The sonnet has been often worse described than in these lines:—

' It should reach with one impulse the end of its course,
 And for one final blow collect all of its force ;
 Not a verse should be salient, but each one should tend,
 With a wave-like up gathering to burst at the end.'

There is wisdom and beauty in this conception :—

' If her heart at high floods swamps her brain now and then,
 'Tis but richer for that when the tide ebbs again,
 As, after old Nile has subsided, his plain
 Overflows with a second broad deluge of grain ;
 What a wealth would it bring to the narrow and sour
 Could they be as a child but for one little hour !'

We leave the ' Fable,' with thanks to the anonymous author
 for the treat which his truth and freshness, his richness and
 drollery, his just judgments of men and things and his amusing
 combinations of words, his serious sentiments and his fantastic
 ancies, have afforded us. We hope to show our gratitude by a
 due reverence for the admonitions and reproofs with which he
 has favoured ' critics.'

ART. VII.—*An Historico-Critical Introduction to the Pentateuch.* By H. A. Ch. Hävernicks, Dr. and Professor of Theology in the University of Königsberg. Translated by Alexander Thomson, A.M., Professor of Biblical Literature, Glasgow Theological Academy. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1850.

THE late Dr. Hävernicks's 'Introduction to the Old Testament' is well known to those who have studied the more recent German theology in its sources, as a work of eminent value and promise. We say promise, because the author had published but two parts of it, a third probably of what he had contemplated as its extent, before he was removed by death. We are ignorant if his preparation for the next part was so advanced as to justify the expectation that any more of the work may be looked for. We fear there is no hope of this. But we must be so much the more grateful for what we have, as being, in every respect, worthy to be ranked with its lamented author's earlier work on 'Daniel,' and his more recent one on 'Ezekiel.' With these impressions of its value, derived from a careful study of it in the original, we were glad to see that it was included in Messrs. Clark's series of translations; and not less so that the translation had been undertaken by Dr. Alexander and Mr. Thomson. The part confided to Dr. Alexander is that which treats of 'Old Testament Introduction' generally; Mr. Thomson's, the special introduction to the Pentateuch is the volume now before us.

The work is, to a very large extent, apologetical, and has for its object to vindicate the genuineness and authenticity of the Pentateuch, in opposition to the host of objections, for their name is legion, which have been raised against it. While the attacks of older writers have not been neglected, particular attention has been directed to those of more recent adversaries, such as De Wette, Von Bohlen, and Vatke.

The method adopted by Dr. Hävernicks is first (§ 5), to show that in the Pentateuch itself Moses is named as its author. This he defends, in the next section, from objections raised by Hartmann and Von Bohlen. He then takes up the question of the unity of the Pentateuch, detailing in § 6 the positive evidence in its favour, and examining, in §§ 7—14, the contrary hypothesis of its construction from earlier documents or fragments. Of this part, §§ 10—14 are occupied with an examination of the five books in their proper order. Then follows, what may be regarded as the staple of the work, a very minute

inquiry into the credibility, or authenticity, of the historical narrative, as deducible from its own internal evidence. This also follows the order of the Pentateuch itself, and occupies §§ 15—30. In § 31 Dr. Hävernicks takes up the bibliographical history of the Pentateuch, the traces of which, as a national, literary, and religious document, he points out in the subsequent Old Testament books, §§ 32—38. The volume closes with a section (§ 39) on the Samaritan Pentateuch; the testimony of the New Testament to the genuineness of the [Hebrew] Pentateuch, § 40; a history of the attacks made upon its genuineness, § 41; and (§ 42) some general concluding remarks.

It will be apparent, from the preceding description, that the principal controversies are not merely included, but extensively examined. The treatment of the internal evidence to the historical credibility of the Pentateuch is indeed more continuous and careful than is elsewhere to be met with, even in the larger, but more desultory, work of Hengstenberg. While claiming for Hävernicks, however, a more satisfactory, as well as more concise and lucid treatment of the multifarious questions they have both discussed, it is but fair to notice that he has derived no small advantage from Hengstenberg's labours, as his predecessor in this field of study.

To some who may take this translation in their hands, the question will probably suggest itself, was all this worth translating? We cannot agree with those who would say No to this. We admit that Dr. Hävernicks book is in some respects more calculated for the meridian of Germany than of Britain. We admit that many of the objections to the genuineness of the Pentateuch, which he has answered, are frivolous and flippant in the highest degree. But this is not the case with all. Many of them are such as all earnest thinkers have been arrested by in the course of their studies of this part of Scripture. And while it was impossible for Hävernicks, when writing for a German public, to overlook objections which, though they would not tell on us, had evidently told to a great extent on the non-practical, speculative mind of Germany, we may well be thankful to possess the work as it is, though much of it should appear to us, as we imagine it will, 'beating the air, or fighting with a man of straw.'

We are, indeed, not seldom astounded at the unnatural arbitrariness, amounting sometimes to dogged perverseness, at other times revealing the veriest obtuseness, which the objections of Hartmann, De Wette, Von Bohlen, and Vatke display. But if in these instances it is wearisome to follow the discussion, no thoughtful man would regret either possessing or perusing such evidences as they afford of the temerity of these *à priori* critics.

We call them, *a priori* critics, for it is manifest that every one of them sets out to examine the Mosaic records with the foregone conclusion that they must be false, and the determination to prove them so. Not one of them, we undertake to say, ever perused the Pentateuch with the desire to take up, even hypothetically, its leading principle, and to view its details in their organic connexion with that principle. Not one of them has fairly attempted to deduce the principle from the details. But ascribing to it first a principle of their own invention, or rather adoption,—and which they have adopted because they have before assumed that there is no such thing as inspiration, revelation, or prophecy in the proper sense, though the sacred writers explicitly claim all these,—ascribing to it, we say, first on such grounds the false principle, that it was written long after its professed date, to give the venerable sanction of antiquity and divine authority to the more modern impositions of Jewish kings and priests, they then apply themselves, with a diligence and ardour worthy of a better cause, to pick out of the *disjecta membra* of these records (for such they are, cut off from their true principle) the proofs of their uncritical assumption. From the slapdash way in which they proceed in this, and the impracticable ground they traverse, they might be called the steeple-chasers of theological controversy, but that steeple-chasers do not commence their fool-hardy runs by tying a handkerchief over their eyes. In other respects, however, they resemble steeple-chasers but too well. There is, for instance, no historical fact or physical truth, at which Von Bohlen, in his daring ignorance, will not ride; and though De Wette, more experienced, and also by nature more wary, was too knowing to break his head in the same way against stubborn, ascertained facts, yet was there no fence which he would not on emergency *take* with the help of a conjecture. In other respects, too, the parallel is very close: the whole tribe of them ride for an object which is not worth the risk (to their scholarship) which they incur, and tread down, without compunction, everything, however valuable, which lies in their way.

It is commendation enough to say that Dr. Hävernick has fairly grappled with all the more considerable objections which these and other older writers had advanced, and that his replies are usually relevant and successful. That he has also noticed objections which most of us would consider too trivial or too farfetched and improbable to deserve attention, is also, we think, true. But this licence must always be conceded to a German. In another respect, too, his work is truly German. Though far more direct and relevant in the course and substance of his argument than German writers, and Hengstenberg in particular,

usually are, his style has all the roundaboutness so characteristic of his countrymen.

From this fault of the author flows the only fault, if it be one, of the translator, who has but too faithfully reproduced the style of his original. Great as is the merit of this, when the style of an author is individually characteristic, and especially when it is distinguished for excellence of any kind, we could have spared a few epithets, redundances, and German turns of expression, in this work without any sense of loss. The translation has, however, the not too common merit of being studiously faithful, and shows, even without the aid of the useful notes which Mr. Thomson has occasionally added (*e.g.* pp. 230, 237, 380), that he has thoroughly understood his author. The reader has, therefore, in this volume, notwithstanding its too frequent diffuseness, especially in diction, and the frivolousness of many of the statements it exposes, unquestionably the most scientific book, not excepting Hengstenberg's, which our language contains. In the compass of its argument it is more comprehensive than any work of British origin upon the subject, although upon particular branches of argument many native writers might be named who are more thorough and more instructive.

Having attempted briefly to characterise the respective critical habits of Hävernicks, and of those from whose attacks he vindicates the genuineness and authenticity of the Pentateuch, it is our wish to give our readers, as far as one extract may suffice, an opportunity of judging for themselves of the fairness of our representation. A single extract is of course not much to judge from, but we have taken no pains to select one more favourable than others to our view. We here give the first passage which, on reopening the volume, has presented to our notice the three names of which we have most spoken, in connexion with a topic sufficiently brief to be extracted as a whole. It is a vindication of the authenticity of the narrative in Gen. xv. With this, therefore, and our own hearty commendation of the work, the translation, and, we are happy in this instance to add, its typographical appearance and correctness, we leave the volume to our reader's judgment.

* Passing on to ch. xv. [of Genesis] we there first meet with a remark that is quite cursory and unintentional in ver. 3, but which discloses a very ancient custom that afterwards had nothing corresponding to it. According to that, in case of childlessness, a slave was heir; but this slave [Eliczer of Damascus] here appears under the very peculiar appellation, referring to special nomadic relation, עֲבָדָה נִדְּבָה.

* Not less peculiar is the covenant sacrifice that is here described, which is especially remarkable in its relation to the theocratic covenant sacrifice, which differs very much from it in its rites: see Exod. xxiv.

This very circumstance stands directly opposed to every supposition of fiction in the present passage, which, were it fiction, would certainly prove a mere *copy* here. Add to this, that the present rite is evidenced as being the more ancient and original, representing completely the symbolical action; but on the contrary, Exod. xxiv., where the blood is only sprinkled on both sides without the covenanting parties passing actually between the slaughtered victims, appears as a modified usage, abbreviating that ancient and complete form, as is wont generally to be the case with rites of that kind. Besides, it ought not to be overlooked, that the rite mentioned in Genesis wears more of a universal character connected with heathen usages, while, on the contrary, that which is described in Exodus has a more particular and theocratic character. (See Winer, p. 236.) Indeed, according to a statement which is certainly of late date, being that of Ephræm Syrus, the same custom was found among the Chaldeans, which leads that Father to explain this passage as being connected with the ancestral custom of Abraham. See C. de Lengecke de Eph. Syri arte herm., p. 13.

This section shows how, in connexion with divine promises of the most remarkable nature, exceeding all human expectation, the faith of Abraham, however frequently and greatly it might be in danger of wavering, was confirmed and strengthened on the part of Jehovah in a truly pædagogic method [!]; so that he persevered in the same faith as a true servant of his God. Hence a sign is now given him in a solemn manner, by which he may learn that Jehovah enters into quite a peculiar relation to him as he does with no other inhabitant of the earth. Associated with this sign, however, there is a constant reference to the one great promise which reaches far into the future, which here appears, where a new animation of his much-assailed faith is concerned [!], not as the repetition of what was previously announced, but as a still more exact definition of it, so that the friend of God may know that the counsel of God is as precisely defined and unchangeably certain as it is wonderful and glorious. Hence the promise has here a twofold reference—to time and place; but always in peculiarly prophetic style describing the outlines of the object: a foreign land in general—400 years as the time of servitude, from which the fourth generation shall escape—limits from the river of Egypt to the Euphrates—are announced by the prediction; all so genuinely prophetic, and at the same time so accordant with Abraham's point of view, that we are here obliged to recognise certain historical truth.

It is the more strange that this historical character has been refused to this section, and that it has been determined to explain it as poetry. According to De Wette, Beitr. pp. 77 foll., a comparison of chap. xvi. should make this especially clear, since the poet proves himself to be an imitator of this latter piece, who here embellishes at greater length the subject that is there repeated in a simpler manner. Certainly, in both places, it is a covenant relation that is spoken of as the basis of the narrative; but the narratives themselves are quite distinct from one another. In chap. xvii., it is not the founding of such a relation that is spoken of at all; but such a connexion is there rather presupposed as established, and it is only a new token of it that is given, so that

what there was in it to imitate cannot be discovered. De Wette should rather have satisfied himself with affirming, that the simple idea of God's making a covenant with Abraham is in this way embellished by the poet; but he says not a syllable to touch or to prove the point, that the detailed form of that idea here is an inadmissible, or, in the way in which it is represented, an impossible one.

Von Bohlen, indeed, is of opinion (p. 178) that the defenders of the Mosaic origin are here involved in a dilemma by the prophecy in xv. 13, foll., since it must then be looked upon as a *vaticinium post eventum*—a conclusion which is not obvious, since, just on the contrary, if that prediction was really a previous one, it is indisputable that, at the time of its fulfilment, it must have possessed a special importance for the Mosaic period, but afterwards by no means so. Hence it is strange that much later writers should have hit on the thought of inventing such a prophecy, which for him and his era had not at all that interest and importance.

The mention of the Kenites in verse 19, is also regarded as speaking against the Mosaic composition, who, according to Judges i. 16, iv. 11, sprang first from the brother-in-law of Moses: Von Bohlen, p. 182; Stähelin, p. 110. But the contrary is plain from Numbers xxiv. 21, where mention is made of this people. In the passages of the Book of Judges, besides, Moses's father-in-law is called "the Kenite;" how can he, then, have first given this people their name?—Pp. 152—154.

ART. VIII.—*Memorials of Theophilus Trinal, Student.* By Thomas T. Lynch. Longman & Co.

WE do not recollect having met with the name of this author before; and if the present be, as it seems, a first performance, rarely has a work of higher promise fallen in our way. Professedly it is made up of certain prose and poetic memorials of one Theophilus Trinal, student; but whether he be living or dead, is left to the conjecture of the reader. From the evasion of this point, and the extreme penury of praise to which the editor seems restricted whenever he happens to add a remark on any of the extracts he gives, we cannot help concluding that the student and editor is one and the same person. We know not how, in any other way, to account for the little enthusiasm he expresses about these remains of his friend. As there is no preface to inform us of the circumstances which led him to publish them, we can only suppose he has done so in the conviction that they are eminently worthy of being laid before the public eye—a judgment in which we fully concur; but if there were

no such identity as we presume between editor and author, it is impossible to think he would pass over so many splendid passages without some loving utterance of the admiration he felt for the genius they unquestionably display. The title-page we therefore regard as an innocent artifice to turn aside attention from the real writer. In the diffidence of maiden authorship, he has been induced to make his first venture from the press as if simply the editor of the writings of another. The form of the book seems borrowed from Jean Paul Richter's 'Firmian Stanislaus Siebenkäs.' In no other respect does it resemble that singular biography. It is full of the moral and religious musings of a spirit touched to fine issues; and happy would it be if the views of life and duty it enforces were adopted and acted upon by all. A carping critic might easily find a phrase, or an image, a paragraph, or even a page, on which to attempt his work of ridicule and detraction; but no competent reader can lay down the work without feeling that a deep debt of gratitude is due to the writer, for the service he has done his intellect, and for the beautiful lessons he has addressed to his heart. It is of the prose portion we more particularly speak. The poems are much less to our taste: there are, indeed, grand single lines, and some noble stanzas in most of them; and those we liked least on a first perusal became favourites on a second for the thoughts they enshrined. A citation or two, taken almost at random, will show the author's manner of thinking and writing, and we have no doubt they will impress other minds as they did our own.

Who does not stand in need of the admonition contained in our first extract, and where has it ever been better expressed?

'In practicalness, we require honesty to do something; wisdom to do the thing possible, and next us; courage to do poorly, and as at our worst, when we must do this or nothing. We can only, then, satisfactorily affirm to ourselves the dominance of a spiritual affection, when conscious of an answering practical tendency. There must be a confidential friendliness between our moral meditation and our common conduct, else we despise self, and others will despise us; we become moralizing liars to ourselves, and our resolution neither to self nor others vouches for a deed. Often we will not plant our acorn, because it springs not up at once before our eyes an oak. We feel that in a manner we have the grown oak within us; can see it, but cannot show it. Our vision deceives us not, if as a vision we regard it; it is a true dream of prophecy. A stout oak for timber and for shelter there may rise; but, as yet, it is not except in vision. We must plant our germ in the soil Fact, and be patient, for the first shoots will be feeble, and the growth slow. The thinking man has wings; the acting man has only feet and hands. It is what the hand findeth to do that must be done with might; and what the hand findeth, must be at hand—reachable. The eye pierces into infinite space; so is it with

man's thought and hope. The hand reaches forward but a yard; so is it with man's work: it is where he is that man must labour. In our deed, we must not so much be afraid of bungling and inadequacy, as beware of insincerity. He who persists in genuineness will increase in adequacy. Pride frustrates its own desire; it will not mount the steps of the throne, because it has not yet the crown on. But till first throned we may not be crowned. Pride would be acknowledged victor before it has won the battle. It will not act, unless it be allowed that it can succeed; and it will do nothing, rather than not do brilliantly. It is well sometimes to fall below self—sometimes to fail. Not only thus are we goaded and stirred, and our resolve braced; but the effort being one that conscience demanded, saying, Do what you can, we get assurance that we love excellence, and not alone have complacency in our own manifestations of ability. A divine blessing is on industry according to forethought—on a step-by-step advance according to tentative, approximative method. It is thus we gain success, inward and in the world; it is thus that we come to the heights and hidden places where truth has inscribed words, erected memorials of things done, or prepared stations for outlook upon extensive prospects; it is thus that we obtain place and influence amongst men, clear some little space in the wilderness of the world, and leave behind us timber-trees and fruit-trees in its forests and orchards.'—Pp. 55—57.

This, in another way, is equally beautiful, and as evidently the offspring of a fine and pure imagination:—

'Oh, lift your eyes unto the evermore silent heaven, that great deep, upon the breadth of whose glory may be written, "not in word but in mighty power!" When the curtain of the day is removed, then is unveiled this hieroglyph of eternity. There is not an evil eye among all these firmamental thousands. Sublime is the great world's azure dwelling-tent, and who is he that may tie a thread round that blue heaven, and contract it into a covering for him, and for his only? It is for all the peoples of the earth. But sublimer than the day is the night, for it is the encampment of the great travelling company of worlds. The blue of day shall image for us the amplitude of the divine charity; the night with its depth of depths shall image the vastness of the divine wisdom. Every star mocks us if we be not immortal—but immortal we are: stars do but shame us, as with the kind look of the wise, if we regard not our immortality. But we have greater witness of immortality than that of stars—we have "that eternal life which was with the Father, and was manifested unto us." He spake not of stars, though heralded by one, and himself called the Morning Star. The deeps of the heart and not of the heavens he unveiled; was of the earth, though not earthy; brought to us for our home human life, the divine gift and command; came to emmanuelize all our life; and was and remains a golden sunlight for the present, and not alone a starry glimpse of the wonderful future. Yet it is he who speaks of the Father's house of many mansions. In him is the double promise of the life that is, and that will be. And how has the

"word of the truth of the Gospel" taken as living seed such deep root, and become a tree of such a mighty shadowing shroud; but because it brings forth leaves and fruit both for health and for immortality. Slowly through vicissitude the improving course of the world advances. Each generation may take up the word, "We see not yet all things put under him;" but each also the word, "He abideth for ever. What voice but that of Christianity proclaims immortality with great and calm assurance? Many voices affirm it, or hint it, but Christianity illustriously exhibits it. In the name of the risen Christ it proclaims the rising of men, showing the golden key in its hand with which it has itself opened the gates of the grave. We have no then "infinite faculty," and a finite life; are not to look forth with keen eye into the illimitable firmament, and long to traverse it self-poised with strong wing, and our desire be vain. The God of stars is the God of souls."—Pp. 138—140.

There are many sentences of blended quaintness and strength that remind us of Luther's 'Table Talk;' and who would not wish for more of a diary containing such a passage as the following? To our feeling, there is nothing to alter in it, or that we could wish altered. A man of genius would be content to go the whole day under its impression, taking the thought originated and coloured by its grandeur for his soul's exercise. It would give him a sublime preparation for reading at night some of the divine teachings of that Saviour it so tenderly and awfully represents:—

'To-night I sat an hour at the western window—my prospect over cornfields and woods to a broken range of hills beyond. I watched the grand and comforting sunset, and enjoyed, as I could not but phrase it to myself, "the music of the stillness." Then I fell into thoughts of death as the great consecrator. When our friend is gone, his last days spread a mellow brightness over his life—it becomes a country covered with the evening sunshine. The death on the cross was an awful sunset—the great light of the world went down amidst dark clouds, which it touched with fiery grandeur. And now the whole earthly life of the Redeemer is a rich land of fields and hills, overspread with a light, full, still, and soft. In such a light waves for the generations the gospel bread-corn, ever newly sown for new harvests; and on the great mountains of thought there abides a deep and solemn flush.'—Pp. 222, 223.

One more specimen, and we must have done:—

'An individual of illustrious virtue manifests some general quality of life in a specific form of beauty. He breathes into us his life, that we may exhibit new, though related forms of fair behaviour. Thus the fathers speaking to us no more, yet breathe on us: away from us, they are yet among us as beneficent and aidful spirits. In the highest manner is the Christ thus with us. It is not so much we, that with

careful skill and patient industry model ourselves after him, as he that, as we gaze, more and yet more transforms us. Christian carefulness and industry we exercise, but these may best be represented as a gaze into the beaming intelligent face of human religion, which is Christ; and as a communion with its warm, pure heart, which is Christ also. There have been in our world many kinds of great men. Philosophers and heroes, wise men who have kindled lamps in darkness, men of power who have quelled the tumult of the people; some who have braved with forehead of flint public attack; others who have with patience suffered—greatly but in retirement. Many as have been these forms of excellence, they have yet all been partial or blemished; but the excellence of Christ was not such—it was not for classes but for man—not for an era but for all time. It was goodness in its grandest, purest, most elementary forms, not alone perfect of its kind, but perfect as the great life and supporting basis of all kinds.

* The men of the past live for us in their examples, but live for us, so far as we know, unconsciously. We love them, and may feel that they could have loved us. But the Christ, living, knows how we need and are affected by the record of his life on earth. Not only did he bear griefs in such way that we, considering his history, are helped to bear ours; but we may feel that the heart and mind which thus did and endured, have knowledge of us, and sympathizing communion with us. We must identify God and Christ—if we say, "Thou God seest us"—it is as if we said, "Thou Christ seest us." God becomes Christ when he looks upon us in our human weakness and endeavour. We are not left to imagine how our Saviour would have felt, but to represent to ourselves how he does feel. Christ's truths are the eyes of God looking on us; his love, the heart that fills those eyes with kind and brightest light. God becomes a man for men, lives ever as a man for them; he is Christ to them. Our fathers may have suffered for conscience' sake, have endured with a meek but unfearing firmness, have suffered in body, yet rejoiced in spirit—they are gone. We are strengthened both to bear and to act by intercourse with their memories; we are wrought on and encouraged, as if they were witnesses of our action and deportment—yet they are gone. We cannot tell what they know of us and our struggles—we have no hope of help from them. But our Saviour lives: He is with God, and is God. God who knows all, through him sees all, and according to him orders all. He sends forth the Spirit of his Son to encourage and guide. By that Spirit were the men strengthened whose finished course encourages us, and we may receive effectual strength, so that we too shall encourage others. We who live now, live that we may work for God and for his Christ. All times are wonderful—we may, however, so speak of times as if we imagined we were but spectators. But if there be evil, let us remember that we are not looking at a tragedy, that we may bewail over it—but living in a time of difficulty, that we may work. The character of the age and our own character have relation. All necessary influence of the age upon us is known and considered; but our influence upon the age, though it may be inappreciable, is real, and, so far as our efforts will avail to change its character, we are re-

sponsible for its being what it is. Neither this, nor any other responsibility, can we exactly measure. It is never said to us—So much thou owest—this is the exact sum; but it is said—In this way it behoves thee to work, do what thou canst, and that heartily. Often, hidden thoughts, when they come into the free atmosphere of action, swell into great giants, terrible to the wicked, but mightily helpful to the good. But though there may be in us no such thoughts, yet is not our work worthless. The greater part of the goodness at any time in the world, is the goodness of common character. The chief part of the good work done, must be done by the multitude. In all times there have been leaders; but these great men gathered round them companies, growing gradually to great armies. We look back to former times and the struggles that then were, and wish we had been helpers in the fight; but there is honourable warfare now, and if we see not what must be done now, or have not the courage to do it if we can see, neither should we have had vision or courage then.’—Pp. 168—172.

Such as like what we have now given will find the volume abound in passages every way equal to these selections. Those who do not see power of thought and exquisite beauty of imagery and phraseology in them need inquire no farther about the book. To every such reader the author, we imagine, would respectfully say, ‘Apage! non tibi spiro!’

At the close of the volume, Trinal is represented as ‘hoping one day to speak on Christian theology.’ If he still lives and does speak on these themes, we can only say, we should like to be amongst his auditors. If deceased, and Mr. Lynch be in possession of his theological writings, he could not do better than give a volume of his discourses to the world. For the present admirable little work he has our warmest thanks.

ART. IX.—1. *Ungarns Gegenwart* (The Present State of Hungary). By E. Zsedényi, late Councillor of State. Vienna. 1850.

2. *Das legitime Recht Ungarns und seines Koenigs* (The legitimate Right of Hungary and her Kings). By Paul von Somsich. Vienna. 1850.

WHEN the fortune of war has once decided a question, on whichever side justice and public sympathy may have inclined, the decision is commonly regarded as a *fait accompli*; a fresh injustice is added to those which have preceded, a new source of

discontent feeds the combustible materials accumulated in that volcano which is called by common consent the *status quo* of Europe. At most a sentiment of general commiseration is extended to those who had before commanded respect and admiration.

The English Press has not been actuated by this spirit with reference to the late events in Austria and Hungary, or at least but partially; the interest which attached to the cause was transferred to the persons engaged in it, and both in parliament and in the press a generous spirit of sympathy for the conquered has been widely manifested. But whilst so much importance has been attached to the fate of individuals, little attention has been given to that of the vanquished country. This may, perhaps, explain the small share of interest which the discussion of the subject has excited; for the question of chief interest to England is not the treatment of individuals, but the political organization which is proposed to be effected in Austria—the new position which that State will occupy, if established on the basis which her Government has adopted and already begun to carry into execution.

However great and general a regret may be felt at the atrocities committed by a Power called to exercise an important influence on the destinies of Europe, questions which concern individuals are of a local and restricted character: but such is not the case with those which involve a change in the position of Austria, and which may entail consequences fatal to the peace and the balance of power of Europe,—questions such as the incorporation of Hungary, and the system of centralization in which that act originates. This ceases to be a matter of local interest; for upon the future organization of Austria, and the principles on which this is established, must depend the place she will occupy, and the foreign policy she must adopt; in a word, the nature and measure of the influence she will exert on the affairs of Europe. These considerations raise the question from the ground of local interest, and render it one in which all the Powers concerned in the maintenance of the peace and welfare of Europe have a right and a corresponding duty to take an active interest.

The importance of the projected changes in Austria, and consequently the interest of watching the new organization of that monarchy, cannot be doubted; but here arises the question, has any Power a right to exercise this control, especially after having permitted the Russian intervention in Hungary, which decided the war in favour of Austria? Without entering into the question whether the great European Powers were right or wrong in allowing the intervention of Russia, it is undeniable that they had the right of protesting, and the possibility of preventing such intervention, which, even the warmest partisans of

Austria admit, was calculated to unsettle the balance of power in Europe, and determine it in favour of Russia. If, notwithstanding these considerations, no protest was made against the infraction of the generally admitted principle of non-intervention, we venture to assert—and such also was the sense of Lord Palmerston's declaration in the House of Commons—that the tacit acquiescence was not caused by any approval of the policy of Austria, nor by any hostility to the cause of Hungary, but simply by a desire to facilitate the establishment of Austria as a state, which by its free institutions, by its re-organization on a basis to ensure strength and permanence, might have the power no less than the will to become a guarantee of the peace of Europe. We repeat, without discussing the prudence of the policy, that it presents evidently the only motive which can satisfactorily explain the conduct of England with regard to the intervention of Russia. England has a right, and she owes it as a duty to herself, to demand that the Austrian Government should fulfil the conditions which constitute the guarantees of the balance of power in Europe. The tacit acquiescence therefore given to the intervention of Russia, must be considered accorded under certain conditions.

To prove that other nations have lost the right of interfering with the changes which the Austrian Government purposes to make, Austria must first establish the fact that she has acquired by war the right to effect such changes as she proposes. The Austrian Government declared by all its official acts,—the Emperor affirmed in all his proclamations issued during the war in Hungary,—that it was merely a weak revolutionary party, not the Hungarian nation, whom it was their object to suppress and punish. It would exceed our present purpose to give all the proclamations, which, although so contradictory, that they one day denounced as rebels those whom the day before they had called loyal subjects, and *vice versa*, yet all agreed in attributing the revolution to a small faction of anarchists and foreigners, and disclaiming any intention of attacking the nationality or liberties of Hungary; we shall merely cite the latest proclamation of the Emperor, notifying the acceptance and the object of the Russian intervention. The following is a transcript of the proclamation:—

‘A rebellious faction, headed by desperate revolutionists—after heaping crime upon crime, and exhausting every art of delusion to seduce you into a treasonable violation of your allegiance, and to dissever the bonds which for a long series of years has united our peoples in peace and harmony—is now waging open war against your King, with a view to despoil him of his hereditary rights, and to usurp the sovereign power over you and the property of others. Under the *delusive pretence* of

your nationality and your liberty are endangered, this faction is sacrificing the lives of your sons and brethren, the property of peaceable citizens, the welfare of your flourishing country, and calls upon you to take up arms against us—against your King, who has granted to all his nationalities—those even which did not possess one—a free constitution,—who has guaranteed the integrity of all the nationalities of our great empire, and secured to each of them a claim to equal rights. Nor does this faction restrict itself to its own wicked machinations alone; heedless of our earnest admonitions, it now seeks its main support amidst the outcasts of foreign countries. Thousands of peace-breakers and adventurers, men without either property or civilization, and banded together only by a community of criminal purposes, are in its pay; these men have already become the leaders of the rebellion—their infamous projects are to be carried out at your cost and with your blood; you yourselves are used as the blind tools of foreign intrigue, for the overthrow of all true liberty, of all legal order, in other countries likewise. To put a stop to such criminal doings, to free you from your oppressors, and *to secure peace* to our monarchy, so ardently longed for by the vast majority of the people, is therefore not only our duty and our firm resolve, but becomes the duty likewise of every Government which has to watch over the peace and welfare of nations entrusted to its care by Providence, against these common enemies of peace and order. Animated by these sentiments, our august ally, His Majesty the Emperor of Russia, has united with us, to oppose the common enemy. At our desire, and with our full assent, his armies appear in Hungary, to terminate, in combination with all the forces at our command, the war which is now devastating your fields. Do not regard them as enemies of your country; they are the friends of your King, who support him with all their power in his firm purpose, *to liberate Hungary* from the yoke of native and foreign villains. Under the same discipline as our troops, they will afford to every faithful subject merited protection, and employ the same severity in putting down the rebellion: until the blessing of God gives the victory to the just cause. Given in our Imperial Palace of Schönbrunn, the 12th of May, 1849.

(Signed) 'FRANCIS JOSEPH.
(Countersigned) 'SCHWARZENBERG.'

It is unnecessary to comment on this document, and we shall leave to the reader the task of reconciling the statements here put forth with the terms of the March Constitution, and with what has been enacted since. In this declaration, *dated a month after the publication of the March Constitution*, the idea of any imminent danger to the liberties and nationality of Hungary is treated as a false calumny; that is to say, the article of the Constitution of March, declaring that Hungary had forfeited her historical rights by the act of revolution, is completely contradicted by the same person who granted this very Constitution; and yet at the present time the act, stigmatized as false and calumnious, is again declared the principle, the basis of

new Austria, the fundamental and inviolable law of the Empire. Which, we may ask, amongst all these purposes is the most true or which rather is the least false?

According to this same proclamation, the motive of the Russian intervention was merely to expel a body of foreign revolutionary propagandists from the country; and the Hungarians are called upon to co-operate with the armies of the King, whose entrance is stated to have no other object than to restore tranquillity to Hungary. Such was the pretext alleged. *Before* the victory, the Austrians seemed to fear lest, on avowing the true object of the war, the assistance even of the Russians might not suffice to suppress the desperate resistance of a people attacked in their dearest possessions:—*after* the victory, the article of the March Constitution is again put in force, and the historical rights of Hungary are again declared forfeited. We shall leave our readers to judge of the good faith of such a system of policy, and content ourselves with demanding by what right, in the face of such assurances, the Austrian Government could regard the independence and the anterior position of Hungary as abolished, and how the other Powers could be considered to have given their consent to measures differing so widely from the object notified to them.

If the Emperor of Austria made war on Hungary, as he has so often and solemnly declared, only to put down a revolutionary party—if it is true that his sole object was to restore peace and tranquillity to that country,—he may have the right (and surely he has sufficiently exercised it) to punish the revolutionists, but not to abrogate the historical independence and constitutional rights of the Nation. If his purpose was to repeal the laws of March, 1848—which he now pretends to have sanctioned only under the compulsory danger of the moment—he has at all events not the right to retract what he has not granted: the laws which the Hungarian Nation has enjoyed for nine centuries, its legislative and administrative independence, and its territorial integrity, which all his predecessors have sworn to maintain, as the fundamental condition of their reign in Hungary.

If, on the contrary, the war against Hungary was one of conquest, what right could be claimed to punish those who merely acted in self-defence? In this case the judicial executions merit no other name than assassination; and the act of taking up arms by the Hungarians was no revolution, but a natural and legal resistance to aggression and conquest. In this case it is incontestable that the article of the *octroyée* Constitution upon which Austria asserts her right to abolish the independence of Hungary, declaring that the king-

dom of Hungary forfeited its rights by the act of revolution, is deprived of all foundation or validity.

Conquest stands opposed to right. If the Emperor of Austria desires to be considered in the light of a conqueror, he has not right on his side. If, on the contrary, he aimed merely at recovering his right, he cannot plead the claims of conquest. Such is a simple statement of the question as relates to Austria. Two consequences, equally incontestable, result from this state of things: first, that Austria has no right to make any other use of her victory than that which she announced at the commencement of the war, and in notifying her acceptance of the Russian intervention; and, secondly, that the other Powers have not, by their tacit acquiescence in the intervention of Russia, lost their right of protesting against any policy which departs from, or exceeds, the purpose avowed by the Emperor of Austria and his ally the Czar, if the use intended to be made of victory threatens to compromise their common interests.

These, however, are not the sole considerations which prove that Austria has no right to carry out her proposed measures. We are certainly not among those who believe that the existing treaties offer any sufficient guarantee of international rights and the peace of Europe; yet it cannot be denied that, notwithstanding the reiterated violations to which they have been subjected, they still form the only shadow of a barrier between popular rights and the arbitrary power of absolutism, and that they are still considered the basis of the present political state of Europe. We would ask those politicians who aim at governing the world by virtue of these treaties, what would become of them if the principle upon which Austria seeks to found her re-organization be generally accepted, namely, that a nation may lose its independence and its territory by an act of revolution.

Let us take a case in point, and suppose that Servia, forming at the present time a portion of the Ottoman Empire, with an administrative and territorial independence, be driven to revolt, and subdued by the forces of the Sultan,—would Servia lose her former independence? Would the Sultan be allowed to regard the independence of this province as forfeited, and to incorporate it in the rest of his empire? Without entertaining too great a confidence in the energy of modern diplomacy for the maintenance of the balance of power in Europe, we are convinced that it would not permit such an interpretation of the rights of victory. Turkey would be free to punish the rebels, and to adopt such temporary measures as might be necessary to secure her tranquillity, but not to annul the administrative and territorial independence of Servia.

And yet Turkey, having in this case suppressed the revolt with her own forces, unaided by any foreign intervention, would have greater right to treat this act as a question of strictly internal moment than Austria, who, even if the war against the independence of Hungary had at first been a purely internal question, not affecting the other Powers—which it would be difficult to prove—has made it a European question by admitting the intervention of Russia.

Is, then, the incorporation of Hungary, with its probable consequences to Austria and to Europe at large, to be regarded as a matter of less moment? It were indeed difficult to believe that greater importance could be attached to the incorporation of a principality of two million inhabitants—an act which would not effect the slightest change in the position as to foreign relations of Turkey—than is attributed to the independence of a kingdom of fourteen million inhabitants, the incorporation of which, as we shall presently endeavour to prove, would totally change the position of this Power, not only internally, but in its relation to foreign countries.

We have shown what right Austria could claim to abolish the independence of Hungary, and it now remains to be seen what will be the consequences of such an act—a subject which it is of the highest importance rightly to understand; for if the mere flagrant violation of international rights does not suffice to arouse the energy of diplomatists, the imminent danger to common interests rarely fails to produce this effect. We may imagine the Governments of Europe abandoning the cause of right to serve their own interests, but it is inconceivable that they should abandon it *against* their interests.

The most important point, then, is to ascertain how the balance of power in Europe is likely to be affected by the present state and position of Austria, by the consequences of the incorporation of Hungary, and the centralization connected with that act.

To anticipate the ulterior consequences of the policy pursued by Austria, we must first see whether the course she has followed since the termination of the war in Hungary is such as to favour the hope that she purposes to regain her independence, and the place which her position in Europe, her solemn promises, and the just expectation of the other Powers, no less than her own interests rightly understood, equally require. Two facts may serve as a reply to this question, and ought to convince the most lenient judge, that Austria, if left to her ignoble thirst for revenge, to those councillors who have placed her at the mercy of Russia, to the state of exhaustion caused by her own faults will not, cannot ever escape from her present position, which

far from erecting her into a barrier against Russia, has made her the most docile, the most dangerous instrument of that Power.

The first condition of Austrian independence is undoubtedly to maintain the independence of the Ottoman Empire against the attacks of Russia; and the first act of the newly reconstructed Austria is to support, nay, more, to provoke a demand on the part of Russia, which, if it does not meet with an energetic resistance from England and France, would alone suffice to realize the object, so long meditated and so obstinately pursued by the Cabinet of St. Petersburg—Russian domination in the East.

The first condition necessary to render Austria internally strong, after having conceded to Russia the dangerous right of interfering in her domestic affairs, should have been to conciliate her peoples, and efface from their minds the injustice of the war by the clemency of the victors. Instead of this, the Austrian Government, leaving to Russia all the generous side of the war, reserved to herself the frightful and disgraceful part of hangman; after having exhibited her own weakness, she has made a parade of her cruelty. Civilized Europe has had to witness the painful and revolting spectacle of the Czar Nicholas demanding mercy for a people conquered by himself, and demanding it in vain! Does not such conduct amount to a deliberate co-operation on the part of Austria in the plans of Russia? Is it not evident that, by this single act, Austria has weakened her own power more, and given more influence to the Czar over her own peoples, than even his armed intervention succeeded in acquiring?

The course which the Austrian Government has commenced by these acts of political madness, it threatens to follow up by the ulterior use it purposes to make of victory. Cruelty and vengeance, when they strike only individuals, may be forgotten; but when vengeance is erected into a system of government, when, no longer limited to the destruction of individuals, it aims at annihilating an entire nation, oblivion and conciliation become impossible; it is one of those deadly combats, in which the victor does not long survive the vanquished. Such is, however, the sense and tendency of the article of the *octroyée* Constitution, forming the basis of the present government of Austria, which establishes the principle, that Hungary, by the act of revolution, has forfeited all her rights and ceased to exist as an independent state. Although few persons, indeed, are found to defend such a policy of vengeance, there are, nevertheless, some who would excuse it as being necessary to the interests of Austria. Let us examine this point.

The Austrian Government, in seeking to incorporate the kingdom of Hungary in the empire, has raised an additional and the greatest difficulty to those which the regeneration of the monarchy had to surmount. The kingdom of Hungary was not a clog fastened upon the Austrian monarchy by historical rights, as the Austrian Government sought to represent, and as some of its ignorant admirers actually believe; on the contrary, it was one of the secret sources of the strength of Austria. History is full of examples corroborative of this truth: it was the kingdom of Hungary which saved the empire of Austria under Maria Theresa, whose only title was Queen of Hungary, in contrast to her great grandson, who now repudiates that title. It was this kingdom which has always made the greatest sacrifices, in all the wars that threatened the existence of Austria. But beside the patriotic efforts which independent Hungary has made, in the hour of danger, for the salvation of the empire, with which she was connected under the same sovereign, the existence of the kingdom of Hungary had another effect no less salutary for the empire as well as for Europe at large; her truly constitutional character exercised more influence and control on the policy of the Austrian Government, although the responsibility of the ministry was not sufficiently defined, than can ever be derived from the theoretical guarantees of this *octroyée* Constitution; and it was this influence which, by imparting to Austria a semi-liberal character, kept her separated from Russia, and erected her into a barrier against that Power, especially in the question of the East.

This is too evident to be denied; but it may be said, if the national existence of Hungary was a source of strength to Austria previous to 1848, it has since become one of danger, and it is necessary therefore to destroy it. Quite the reverse! If in the former period the independence of Hungary afforded a useful support, it ought now to be regarded as a necessity—a fact which every one except the present councillors of the Emperor of Austria would have recognised.

The separate existence of the various nationalities, the great source of danger to the Austrian monarchy, did not then exist; it is since the period alluded to that the movement of the Slavish nations, seduced by the delusive promises of the Austrian Government, has degenerated in purpose into Pan-Slavism, and carries on an active propaganda in favour of Russia; it is since that period, and, above all, by the fault of the Austrian Government, that Russia has acquired a degree of influence which enables her not only to realize her projects upon the East, without fear at least of being opposed by Austria, but further (whatever those may say who delight in accusing of Russophobia all who

unveil the undermining progress of that Power) which enables her silently to dissolve the Austrian monarchy whenever she desires. What, for example, is easier than to promise to the serfs of the Banat, in place of the system of centralization which they so much detest, a union with the serfs of the Principality, and to the Wallachs of Transylvania a union with those of Wallachia? the double purpose would thus be effected of the dismemberment of reconstructed Austria and of undermined Turkey.

But let us suppose that, without the aid of such manœuvres, Russia occupies the Danube Provinces, or that she finds an opportunity to march upon Constantinople,—where would Austria look for support? Hungary alone has the national interest to prevent the domination of Russia in the East—but will she fight for her oppressors? will Hungary fight, when robbed of her national existence? why should she, when she will have absolutely nothing to lose? There is no defence possible without patriotism; but can the Austrian Government *octroyer* a new patriotism, as it has *octroyé* a new country to the Hungarians?

It is therefore clear that, at the present time, there is more than ever need of a Hungary *interested by the very preservation of her own national existence in the maintenance of the Austrian Monarchy*. But the Cabinet of Vienna is not engaged in consulting the interests of the monarchy, or the peace and balance of power in Europe; it is actuated solely by the vengeance of ministers and generals humiliated by the reverses they have suffered in Hungary. The consequences of such a policy are already at hand: it cannot be denied that the Italians, a great portion of the Germans, and above all the Slaves, are at the present moment equally discontented with the Austrian Government as the Hungarians; but with this difference, that whereas Hungary had only her own resources to rely upon, the Slaves, allied by religion and language, labour in the cause of the Russian propaganda, and will eventually throw themselves into the arms of Russia, in order to separate from Austria.

But the friends of the Austrian Government may say, that the Czar will not support them; that if he had desired the dismemberment of Austria, he had only to leave the accomplishment of this to the Hungarians. We answer, that the cases are widely different: if the dismemberment of Austria by the Hungarians was not for the interest of the Czar, the same object effected by the Slaves might very well be so: the establishment of a Slavish federation, under the direct or indirect protectorate of Russia,—an obedient auxiliary in all her projects on the East, on Germany, and perhaps on France, and, above all, less exposed

than Greece to the disagreeable surprises of the English fleet,—might well suit the views of that Power.

But if the evils which lie in the future may be questioned, those which already exist cannot be disputed. Has not Austria already ceased to be a bulwark, a guarantee, of the balance of power in Europe? Is she not rather proved to have become a mere instrument of the Czar, by the very fact that he is able to deal such a dangerous blow? With this sword of Damocles suspended over her head, can she in any one instance act contrary to, or even independently of, Russia?

Such is the present condition of victorious Austria, and this state of things is mainly attributable to the acts of the Austrian Government; for if, previously to March 1848, the position of that monarchy had already difficulties to encounter, it is certain that the present state of Austria, the dependence which this incorporation of Hungary will eventually render absolute, must be attributed principally to the mischievous attempt at centralization of which the war in Hungary was the first, but not the last, and perhaps not the most sanguinary, result.

The *contre-coup* of the February Revolution was manifested at Vienna in a movement of nationalities: the different countries of the Empire demanded a national and constitutional existence. The German Provinces and Vienna raised the standard of the German Union, the Slaves hoisted the tricolor, the Hungarians their national banner. To judge how universal and irresistible was this movement, it suffices to observe that the Court itself was actually obliged to replace its ancient colours with the German tricolor; and that the Emperor, surrounded by his family, was seen one day on the balcony of his palace, waving with his own hand a German standard, amidst the huzzas of an immense multitude.

But if it was easy to see the danger, it was not less so to perceive the remedy; never were nations so different better disposed, or more capable of being formed into a firm and durable federation.

Whatever those may say who only judge by the result, there was at the period of which we are speaking no one nationality, except the Italian, who had entertained the slightest intention or desire to separate from the rest. But among all the constituent portions of the Empire of Austria, the nation the furthest removed from any such a thought was certainly Hungary. This assertion may appear astonishing to those who have only a superficial knowledge of the events of 1848, nevertheless nothing is more true and more natural. Hungary having obtained, by the laws of 1848, the guarantees which she deemed

necessary to secure her national existence, threatened by the proximity of Russia, and beset with dangers from the hostile position of the Slaves, had no imaginable reason to incur the risks of an isolated existence. At the period in question, the idea of separation had not arisen—at least, it had acquired the support of no party; it was the Austrian Government which subsequently first gave to it a party, and afterwards an entire country. It was the Ban Jellachich, with his armed Don-Quixotte-iade, who, first drawing the sword in the cause of separation, gave to it a party; it was the reply of Prince Windischgrätz, that he did not treat with rebels, and above all the March Constitution, which raised in this cause an entire nation, demanding simply guarantees for its constitutional existence.

But the principal accusation brought against Hungary is that of having taken advantage of the weakness of the Austrian Government, to extort the laws demanded and obtained in the days following the Vienna Revolution, and of having thereby, and especially by the demand of an independent ministry, sought to accomplish its separation from Austria.

It is true that the Austrian Government was beset with difficulties at the period alluded to; but have not all those nations which enjoy constitutional rights obtained them at similar moments? When sovereigns have powerful armies at their command, and are free from embarrassment, they have no predilection for granting rights; in saying which we are far from wishing to attack the principle of royalty, for it is in the nature of the executive power to seek to extend rather than to diminish its rights. Hungary cannot then be reproached for having taken advantage of the only moment when she could obtain without revolution or bloodshed such guarantees as had become necessary to her constitutional existence.

When in 1809 Napoleon, entering Vienna as a conqueror, proposed to the Hungarians to form an independent kingdom, under a king of their own choice, the Hungarians, notwithstanding the continual violation of their rights, of which they had more than ever reason to complain since the time of Maria Theresa, declined this offer, but at the same time made no use of these advances, which they might easily have turned to their advantage. And what were the results? The parliament, which during the danger was convoked, in conformity with the law, every three years, from 1802 to 1812, was not again summoned for twenty-five years; and, still further, in 1823 an attempt was made to destroy the Constitution by force. After such lessons, then, Hungary cannot be reproached for having chosen a propitious moment to demand the guarantees

which she believed necessary; nor can she be charged with having taken unjust advantage of the position of the Court, unless it be first proved that her demands were neither founded upon right, nor offered a necessary guarantee to her national existence, but were instigated solely by the desire of accomplishing a separation of Hungary.

With respect to the historical right of demanding an independent government, we shall not seek to prove this by the ancient laws of the country, which place it beyond a doubt; it is sufficient to show that Hungary had never ceased to enjoy that right both *de jure* and *de facto*—simply with more or less restriction.

Previous to 1848, Hungary had her legislative chambers, which, independent of every other power, interpreted, abrogated, and enacted new laws, obligatory on the kingdom and the king of Hungary, from the moment when, as in every constitutional country, they had received the royal assent. The kingdom of Hungary had therefore a complete legislative independence.

The civil administration was organized in the following manner:—All the magistrates, up to the rank of sub-lieutenant (*Főispán Obergespan*), were elected by the fifty-two counties into which the kingdom was divided: the control and chief direction of the departmental and municipal administration were exercised by the supreme Council of the civil administration (*Statthalterei-Rath, Helytartótanács*), which, constituted in fact the ministry of the interior. The executive power, represented in the counties by the lord-lieutenant, appointed by the king, was centred, together with the supreme direction of the whole civil and judicial administration, in the hands of the Royal Chancery of Hungary; and its head, the grand chancellor of the kingdom of Hungary, residing at Vienna, near the person of the king, was the supreme councillor and head of the Government. That he was second in authority, legally at least, to no one except the king, is proved by the fact, that no decree, ordinance, or royal nomination issued with relation to Hungary, was ever signed by any other person than the chancellor. If, then, previous to 1848, the civil administration of Hungary was not altogether independent, being subjected to the unseen influence of the Austrian ministers, it has never ceased to be separate *de facto* and independent *de jure*.

Whilst the charges of administration throughout the rest of the monarchy were defrayed from the common treasury, Hungary herself furnished the expenses of her administration and the costs of the army by taxes, which were voted by the parliament: and whilst all the rest of the monarchy was considered re-

sponsible for the debt contracted by the Austrian Government, no one previous to 1848 ever suggested that Hungary participated in this debt. The crown lands and the financial department were administered by a separate office (the *Hungarische Hofkammer*), established at Buda. Even the coinage of Hungary differed from that of the rest of the monarchy. If, therefore, Hungary, previous to 1848, had not an administration of finance entirely regulated and independent, it had an administration of finance separate *de facto* and independent *de jure*.

The administration of justice, the civil and criminal code, the tribunals of every kind, were completely independent and separate. We see, therefore, that in almost all its functions the Government of the kingdom of Hungary was nearly independent previous to 1848, and that the demands which the Hungarians made and obtained by the laws of that year were merely changes rendered necessary by the change of circumstances.

Before the year 1848, the constitutional life of Hungary had reached that point at which, opposed to and counteracting the ambitious projects of a Government exercising an absolute sway over the other provinces, it must necessarily have either been abolished or guaranteed by the responsibility of the ministers. The collegial government of the council of state, irresponsible in its nature, and the royal chancery, chosen without regard to the majority of the legislative chambers, could no longer continue, and were obliged to give place to a government more conformable to the increasingly developed spirit of the constitution. But if a modification of the Collegial Government was urgently required even before the revolution of Vienna, the consequences of that event rendered this absolutely imperative. After the promise of a responsible ministry had been obtained, Hungary had only one of three courses to follow:—to renounce her national freedom and independence, which she had enjoyed for ten centuries, and quietly to submit to her incorporation into a state which was yet to be created, in order to share in the promised control over the government; secondly, to separate from Austria, by declaring her complete independence; or, if disinclined to follow either of these courses, to acquire guarantees, protected by which she would have no interest in separating from Austria, nor any danger of losing her national existence.

As soon, therefore, as the responsibility of the ministry was promised to the provinces of Austria, Hungary must either have remained the only country devoid of influence upon the government, or have renounced her national and independent existence, in order to participate in the control promised to the

legislative assembly of the other provinces. No one surely will reproach Hungary—the only settled constitutional state in Austria, forming nearly one-half of that monarchy—for not desiring to be the only state destitute of influence upon the government; there remained, therefore, we repeat (beside the alternative of an entire separation), either to submit to a voluntary incorporation of Hungary, or to obtain guarantees which might render the union equally desirable and easy. To abandon her independence, her time-honoured institutions, for ephemeral promises, obtained behind street barricades, in a mob demonstration called a revolution—was this the course for Hungary to adopt? Was she called upon to destroy, by her own act and deed, a constitutional existence, maintained for eight centuries, ingrafted into the manners and habits of life of her people, endeared by historical reminiscences and the struggles it had cost her, endeared recently still more to the aristocracy by those very sacrifices which they made for its preservation in abolishing the feudal privileges, and to the people at large by the material benefit and political rights obtained by the last Legislature, which made them at the same time its common possessors and guardians?

It was at the very moment when the constitution of the country was re-purchased, so to say, a second time by the aristocracy, at the cost of immense sacrifices, and rendered the property of the whole nation, that they were required to sacrifice this ancient constitution—and to what? to a constitution demanded heedlessly in the streets, and conceded by fear! Ask Englishmen, whether they would exchange their historical constitution for any other, even theoretically more perfect. Many will be found ready to consent to changes in the ancient constitution, but none would desire to see it superseded by a perfectly new one; because an historical constitution alone, gradually adapted to the requirements of a nation, is established on a solid foundation. The constitution of a people is like a tree; the past even is not lost, but forms the root, which, although underground, gives vitality to the whole tree. No people who have enjoyed an historical constitution would be willing to exchange it for a totally new one, even if it offered the same advantages and the same liberty. But this was not the only point in question for Hungary; it was not merely a question of exchanging a constitution based on history, and adapted to the present condition and wants of the country, for one of those constitutions granted in one street and retracted in another; but whether Hungary was prepared to renounce a national existence, a political independence, frequently menaced, but never lost, during a period of nine centuries—to bear the

burden of an enormous debt, of which she had never shared either the liability or the benefit—to sacrifice her material interests for those of a country already in possession of a great industrial advantage—to yield up her national legislature, her precious rights of self-government—to ruin the capital of the country, by converting it into a provincial town—and to incur all this sacrifice, merely for the phantom of a constitution, adverse to all the interests of the country, secured by no guarantees, and which would, in all probability, terminate with the danger and the fear that gave it birth!

Nevertheless, the desire to incorporate Hungary on the one side, and the anxiety to secure her historical independence on the other, explain the whole history of the Hungarian war, which was, in reality, never anything more than a resistance to the centralizing tendencies of the Austrian Government, increasing in energy only in proportion as the violence of the attack augmented.

When, after having given the laws of March, the Emperor appointed Jellachich, the champion of the reactionary Court party, Ban of Croatia, the Hungarians merely demanded of the Court that he should be obliged to observe the laws which had been sworn to by the king. When, at a later period, on the one side, Jellachich declared openly that he was not disposed to respect the laws, and, on the other, the Minister of War, Latour, sent, contrary to his solemn declarations, officers and cannon to the Serbs, then in revolt in the Banat, the Hungarians contented themselves with organizing a force of ten thousand men to reinforce the Austrian troops which kept the Serbs in check, and demanding of the Court the dismissal of the Ban Jellachich. It was not until the moment when the latter had crossed the frontier, at the head of an army of sixty thousand men, announcing his intention to march upon Pesth, that the Hungarians commenced organizing some battalions of volunteers to oppose him; and it was only at three leagues' distance from the capital that a force of thirty thousand men could be assembled, still under the command of an Austrian Archduke. It was not until after Jellachich, a fugitive, was appointed by the Court governor of the country which he sought to invade, and commander of the army before which he actually fled, that it was decided to pursue him up to the walls of Vienna, where Prince Windischgrätz had meantime organized an army. It was not until after the accession of the new Emperor, without taking the customary oaths—without addressing a word to the Hungarians, except to call upon them to submit, not to the laws, not to any conditions which he might then have dictated, but to the will of Prince Windischgrätz—that the Hun-

garians refused to recognise Francis Joseph as their legitimate King. It was not until after the most distinguished and moderate members of the two chambers, despatched to Prince Windischgrätz with proposals to accept any conditions not absolutely contrary to the honour of the country, were sent back and soon after imprisoned by Windischgrätz, that the resolution to defend their liberties on the plains of Hungary was adopted by the mass of the people, who, tired of the contest, were ready to accept any sacrifices except dishonour. It was not until after the March Constitution solemnly pronounced that sentence which the previous conduct of the Austrian Government had led to anticipate—the abolition of the independence of Hungary—that the deposition of the House of Hapsburg was decreed.

But, alas! such is at times the unnatural position of society, that moderation in the exercise of power, the most rare and admirable virtue in a victorious people, becomes the cause of their ruin, and consequently a political crime. This was the case in Hungary; it was this which caused the fatal hesitation to pursue Jellachich at the time of his flight to Vienna; it is to this character of passiveness, attached to a movement defensive in its origin, that must be attributed the fatal resolution of General Görgey to direct his attacks on Buda, after having completely defeated the Austrian army, instead of marching upon Vienna, which might have been taken without resistance. Nevertheless, this very reluctance to pass the limits of self-defence, which deprived the victory of its advantages, is at the same time the most incontestable proof that the object of the war was not to propagate revolutionary ideas, but a simple defence against the aggressive projects of the Austrian Government; and that the Hungarians, at the sacrifice of all these advantages, on every occasion arrested their march on the frontier of the country whose liberties and independence they sought to guard.

It is beyond our purpose to give a detailed narrative of the events which have debased Austria; this is a task which history will one day fulfil; we have merely referred to the events of the past to prove that the Hungarian movement was not a revolution to obtain new liberties, but a struggle to guard those already possessed—not a contest in favour of democratic theories, which would have found no champions in a country which boasted especially of having obtained her liberties without bloodshed, but a resistance to projects and a system of centralization, by which it is now attempted to establish Austria on a basis of strength. But, it will be said, whatever was the cause of these events, the resistance of Hungary having been subdued, the danger has ceased, and there is no longer any

obstacle to centralization. The very reverse is the truth: the hatred and obstacles which oppose this system have actually increased since the termination of the war; for it is the use which has been made of victory in Hungary that has taught the other peoples of Austria to comprehend the true signification of this system. Never has the organization of an Austria, one and centralized, had more obstacles to encounter than now.

Every sensible man, possessing any knowledge of the movement which has changed the ancient condition of Austria, must have felt beforehand that the unity of that State—even supposing the Court to have acted with good faith—could only be obtained by the suppression of all existing nationalities, and that liberty was impossible in a state which had to be erected on the ruins of a great portion of the empire.

But although some of the political chiefs among the Austrians and Croats saw the impossibility of establishing Austria on a joint basis of centralization and freedom, the mass of the people, always ready to be seduced by specious promises, were especially so in Austria, which possessed no political institutions calculated to elicit or develop public opinion. The people, who a few weeks before had not dared to hold any *political opinion* whatever, astonished and proud at the notion of enjoying *political rights*, were admirably disposed to imagine themselves the authors of all that was done in their name. Thus it was, that for some time the idea of an Austria, united and free, and of a united empire founded upon a *democratic basis*, as the minister Bach cautiously termed it, had a certain popularity, although nothing was more contrary to the expressed wishes and opinion of the people than what was enacted in its name.

It is this popular political ignorance which enabled the Austrian Government to employ the jealousy of the Croats, the Bohemians, and the hope of material advantages at Vienna, to overthrow the independent existence of Hungary, promising to one a great *national* future, to the other unity and a free government, and the material advantages which would result from the incorporation of Hungary. But successively, and in proportion as the hatred excited by Austria was effaced, and the true tendencies of the government were by degrees developed, the co-operation of the Slaves became weaker; for no one fought to obtain the results which have followed the victory in Hungary, and had it not been for the arrival of the Russians the auxiliaries of Austria would have actually turned against her.

The Slaves, who aided Austria to overthrow the independence of Hungary, hoped, in their culpable ignorance, to obtain the privilege of which that country was despoiled—a national

independence; as if a Government which had violated the rights of one country would, or even could, respect those of another! But the Slaves little imagined they were fighting the battle of German unity and centralization, to which they should be required to sacrifice, not only the independence they hoped to obtain in taking up arms against Hungary, but even the national existence which they already enjoyed.

The best and most incontestable evidence of the general hostility to the present system of centralization, is the fact that Vienna, the only spot in the monarchy which might be naturally expected to profit, and especially in a material point of view, by centralization, is still kept permanently in a state of siege, on account of the discontent manifested there. Far therefore from Austria, in her present position, being strong and united, it must be admitted that she has never been weaker or less united than now.

Previous to the victory in Hungary, and the centralization proclaimed in consequence, each of the nationalities composing the empire of Austria, entertained the hope of receiving a national existence, of the establishment of a new constitutional Austria: every one of these peoples *sought to preserve the integrity of Austria with a view to the interest of their own nationality—at the present time each one desires the fall of Austria, from the same motive.* We may be asked for the proofs of this assertion: those who will read attentively the events of 1848, will there find the proofs, and will at the same time learn to understand how Austria has survived her defeats, and how it is to be feared that she will have more difficulty in surviving her victory.

Such is the position of Austria after her victory, and by her own fault: for after having, on purpose to embarrass Hungary, inflamed all the nationalities, down to their smallest fractions, by insensate promises, she is now under the necessity of deceiving them all, having held out promises to one at the expense of another. To what a pitch of absurdity the national pretensions of the smallest fractions were excited, is sufficiently proved by the fact recently announced in several Viennese journals, that the Gypsies inhabiting the different parts of Hungary, and in number estimated at about one hundred thousand, dispersed by four and five in a village, have sent a deputation to the Emperor, to obtain the acknowledgment and equality of their nationality, conformably to the promises of the Austrian Government! But if these Macchiavellian expedients in some cases produced effects equally absurd and ridiculous, who could account for the unheard-of atrocities of the war of extirpation in the Banat and in Transylvania, fomented

conducted by Austrian officers, in virtue of the same principle?

It may be easy to create artificial animosities, but it is impossible to perpetuate them. Thus, to revert to the position of Austria at the present moment, all the sources of hostility are exhausted, all the various nationalities have been in turn deceived; and the question naturally arises, where can the Austrian Government look for support in the first emergency of danger to which the present events in Europe may give rise? There remain to be further deceived only those who had the remarkable *naïveté* to put faith in the convocation of a central parliament, which, like another Tower of Babel, should be called to exercise a constitutional influence upon the government of the monarchy.

Hungary, alone constituting nearly one-half of the Empire, governed by a blind spirit of vengeance, exasperated by the abolition of all that is dear to a people, reduced to a state in which she has nothing left to lose,—Italy, kept in subjection by force of arms,—the Serbs, the Croats, the Bohemians, &c., forced by centralization into a unity contrary to the desires and interests of these peoples,—all the capitals of the Empire in a state of siege,—the finances in hopeless disorder, which it is vainly endeavoured to remedy by the most odious measures, such as forced loans, sequestrations, &c.—on every side the reign of force, nowhere any reconciliation of interests,—what hope can be entertained of the stability of such a state? How shall it encounter all the newly arisen dangers, or what power can restrain such elements of discontent? It may perhaps be replied, by the army. Let those who would base their hope upon this support, bear in mind that this same army, at a time when the discontent was not so general, and the Government had auxiliaries in some of its peoples, was insufficient to resist the power of a single country:—would it *now* be able, when, after having deceived every people, it cannot reckon upon the assistance of any one amongst them? If it is attempted to repose the *status quo*, or, as it is ironically called, ‘order,’ in Europe upon such a basis, how can it be expected to resist the slightest shock?

We pretend not to foretell the result of a new conflagration—the necessary consequence of the blind conduct of a Government which chooses, as the basis of its reconstruction, a system of policy that led the former government to the brink of destruction, and into the arms of Russia; we content ourselves with suggesting the possibility that the consequences of a fresh outbreak might extend beyond the frontiers of Austria; for no optimist even can deny that the present state of Europe

is anything but stable. Who will venture to affirm, that the measures at present enacting in Austria have a mere local interest, with which other nations have no right to interfere? From the moment when the principle of non-intervention was violated, this principle gave way to the only one which could replace it—that of universal intervention and mediation. Since the principle has been abandoned which prevented one Power from interfering in the internal affairs of another, Russia and Austria have taken upon themselves the duty of regulating the affairs of all countries which they believe inferior in power. Since the armed intervention in Hungary, all the countries of Europe, with the exception of England and France, have had to submit to the counsels, more or less imperiously dictated, of Russia. The affairs of the Duchy of Schleswig, the German question, that of the Hungarian refugees, the affairs of Germany and Greece, have been alike subjected to this influence; whilst in all these questions, Russia, or, by her order, Austria, has arrogated the right of announcing openly her will—her *fiat* rather—supported by menaces.

In the face of this permanent intervention, exercised by the absolute Powers, what is the duty of those Governments which have the happiness to watch over and protect the interests of powerful and free countries? Is it to abandon the influence they possess, and passively to await the progress of the evil, or to exercise it in favour of the principle they represent, that spirit of order which alone promises permanence—order based upon liberty? France, wavering between two extreme principles, is incapable for the moment of exercising an influence upon the affairs of Europe; it therefore devolves upon England, who, by her power, and by the happy use which she makes of liberty, is its most worthy representative, to watch over the interests of that principle which has rendered her great and prosperous.

To direct the course of events, or to submit to their consequences—to dictate laws or to obey them—this is the question. If there is a people peculiarly capable of exercising an influence on foreign politics, it is the people of England; and if, hitherto, they have almost wholly left these affairs to the Government, it was because these questions being almost exclusively dynastic and enveloped in the mystery of diplomacy, they had neither the desire nor means of judging of them. But in proportion as the question becomes simplified between absolutism, seeking to destroy liberty under every form and designation, and free government—between free trade, which enriches industrious peoples, and monopoly, which tends to amass wealth in the treasuries of the sovereigns—the people of England, the most industrious and free, cannot longer

remain indifferent; they must and will look on with increasing interest.

In England the sentiment of national honour is so keen, the estimate of interests so just, the means of action and internal security so great, that a Government which is resolved to avail itself of these advantages, runs no risk of failing in its designs, or of compromising the national honour: it is only when the Government does not seek to protect the interests and the honour of England that any such risk exists. It is only if the Government should separate itself from public opinion, and, by a culpable connivance, leave the management of affairs to men who have interests contrary to those of the English people, that occurrences could happen tending to tarnish the honour, and adverse to the interests, of Great Britain. If called upon to advise, we should say—Trust not to those who maintain that England should abstain from taking any active part in foreign politics; for it is these very men who desire to act the most, by encouraging others to act.

With such advantages at her disposal, it is easy to judge what is the policy most suited to the dignity and the interests of England—whether to wrap herself in an ill-calculated egotism, abandoning all influence to those who, well aware that Europe will never tranquilly submit to despotism so long as there is one country great in the enjoyment of liberty, consider their task unaccomplished until they shall have ruined England—or whether the policy of this country engages her to occupy the position which is her due, of protecting her own interests by protecting the cause of rational liberty. To occupy such a position, England requires no propaganda—still less any armed propaganda; nothing more is necessary than, either to impose the principle of non-intervention upon *all*, or not to remain the only Power devoid of influence on the destinies of Europe.

Suppose, for an instant, that England were to side with absolutism, as it is represented by some of the continental sovereigns, without speaking of the material consequences, what would be the moral effect of such a policy? The ranks of the Socialists and Republicans would be immensely increased; for seeing all the monarchies conspiring against public liberty, men would feel that every hope was gone so long as monarchy existed; they would attribute all the evil, not to the abuse of the monarchical principle, but to the principle itself. Those who would reconstruct the political fabric of Europe, after the changes which it must undergo, on the basis of monarchical principles,—and these still form the great majority of the nations of the continent,—would no longer have any monarchy to hold up as a model.

which not sharing the faults of the rest, might be exempt from the hostility which the greater part have merited.

There could not be a more inconceivable policy, than that which should seek to identify what possesses the internal elements of strength with that which is weak by its own fault,—a policy that would confound the fate of a monarchy which by its good faith has taken deep root in the affection of its people, with that of dynasties which, by their bad faith and bad policy, have lost the respect and support of their subjects. Who would maintain that now, when the perilous results are becoming daily more imminent, the English monarchy should seek to expiate the consequences of the crimes and errors which commenced with the dismemberment of Poland, and of which England has never shared either the advantages or the responsibility? No, it is impossible—it would be to betray the interests of the people, the monarchy, and the dynasty of England. The further the English monarchy stands apart, the less it will suffer from the fall or the dangers of the rest. It is a strange delusion, therefore, to believe that it is for the interest of England to make common cause with those sovereigns who have done more to endanger the monarchical principle than all the republican propagandists could have effected. Let those who counsel the English Government to isolate itself in an impossible neutrality, or who desire that it should follow the mad policy of some of the continental sovereigns, reflect that such a course would be nothing else *than to abandon the present to the Russians and the future to revolution.*

If, then, according to these views, it appears incontestable that England, in common with all the liberal portion of Europe, cannot remain an indifferent spectator of acts which impede or endanger the peace, prosperity, and the balance of power in Europe, we think it equally evident, that amongst all the dangers which darken the political horizon, the position of Austria is one of the gravest, and merits, nay demands, before all others the attention of every liberal Government. Austria, based upon centralization—that is to say, the abolition of historic rights, the forced incorporation of three-fourths of the monarchy into a union contrary to the interests of all—will not only fail to recover her political independence, but be compelled to abandon herself more and more to the influence which has made her a tool in the hands of Russia. On the other hand, by desisting from this system, by consulting the true wishes and real interests of her peoples, Austria might gradually emancipate herself from the influence, or rather the dictation, of Russia. It is centralization, the cradle of absolutism, which, rendering impossible any conciliation with her own

subjects, and especially with the Hungarians, the most oppressed of all, imposes upon Austria the necessity of relying upon Russian support, and makes her a forced ally of all the projects of the Czar. It is this centralization which rendered it impossible for Austria to continue even the feeble and ineffectual opposition of Prince Metternich to the projects of Russia in the East. In a word, we venture to assert, and Europe at large will speedily be convinced of the fact (may it not be too late!) that *centralization in Austria is tantamount to the suzerainty of Russia.*

But this is not the limit of the danger to which the policy of the present Government of Austria is exposing the tranquillity of Europe; for the same system which has given rise to the internal dangers of Austria, which renders impossible on her part any opposition to the projects of Russia, prevents any pacific or permanent solution of the German question. It is the pretension of Austria to enter with all her non-German provinces into the union to be formed—that is to say, the centralization established by the Constitution of March—which has hitherto prevented any such settlement, and which accepted, from the only character, absolutism, which a union of such heterogeneous elements could have, and the enormous extent of her territory, would cause a new and serious danger to the balance of power in Europe.

Austria being scarcely able to suppress the discontent of her own subjects, and having to restrain the natural development of Prussia, and the desire of the German peoples to have an established government independent of foreign influence, her supremacy in Germany would be solely founded on the condition of her obedience at St. Petersburg.

The future is in the hands of Providence: it is impossible to foresee the distant fate of a monarchy based upon so many political errors, but it is at least certain that there is only one means of averting the dangers of the present, and perhaps of the future; this means is, to desist from the absurd idea of centralization, at once the cause and effect of so many evils, and to replace it by a federative system, capable of interesting the various parts of Austria in the maintenance of the Empire; above all, to restore to Hungary her independence and national rights, which is demanded, not alone by the interests of that kingdom, still less at the cost of the other parts of the Empire, but by the interests of Austria herself, and of all her provinces. For it is evident that so long as the Austrian Government withholds from the greatest kingdom of the monarchy its rights, it will never grant any real liberty to the secondary provinces; so long as it refuses to respect the historical rights of Hungary, it will still less respect the *octroyé* rights of the other

countries. Be it also especially remembered, that the voluntary co-operation of Hungary can alone extricate Austria from her state of absolute dependence on Russia; whereas it is clear to all who are acquainted with the character of that country, that no reliance can be placed on such co-operation until its ancient independence shall be restored.

Let those, therefore, who are entitled to proffer their counsel to the government of a State, to the preservation of which they have made the sacrifice of the principle of non-intervention, exert all their influence in favour of international rights, and of the ancient independence of Hungary. Not only does generosity demand, but prudence also prescribes, such a course.

We trust that Austria, and those who, after her example, suffering themselves to be dazzled by the array of bayonets just now at her disposal, are for ever talking of the power of that country, may become convinced, before too late, that Austria can never be powerful until she is able to reckon upon the voluntary support of Hungary, and that the sole means of obtaining this support is to restore to that nation its ancient independence without reserve and in good faith. The attachment of a people resembles the books of the Roman Sybil—it is purchased at a price increasing in proportion as its value diminishes. To grant, therefore, at the right time, and with a good grace, those rights which she might one day be forced to yield, would be the best policy for Austria, and the only means of effectually and really conciliating Hungary.

We should consider it a breach of sincerity, were we, in imitation of the venal journals of Austria, to say that the Austrian Dynasty could now, as formerly, reckon upon the attachment of the Hungarian nation. Austria has lost the affection of that people, and with good reason; but there still remains a motive of interest to secure the sincere co-operation of a nation, sufficiently reflective to make her revenge and griefs give way to her interests. Let Hungarians regain their historical independence, of which a heedless ministry have resolved to despoil them—give them back their country, and they will recover their patriotism. And this is as much the interest of Europe, as that of Austria or Hungary; for the existence of Austria can be an advantage to the other Powers, only as a balance to the power of Russia; but so long as her system is based on the suppression of the independence of Hungary, she will never occupy that position.

The incorporation of Hungary is as yet only upon paper; since the termination of the war, every day has increased the difficulties of the Government, and the conviction of all the

nationalities and all parties in the empire, that they must necessarily choose between centralization and liberty, which cannot coexist. The Austrian Government still hesitates; perhaps, the counsels of those who, during the events of 1848-49, gave incontestable proofs of their desire to preserve the empire of Austria, might decide that Power to desist from a system which will infallibly lead to her ruin. If not, if the Austrian Government is decided on continuing its present policy, and running all hazards, there remains only one means of securing the rest of Europe against the consequences of such a fatal system,—namely, to announce and to follow out the policy which, if pursued in the past would have prevented so many dangers to Europe, and which was expressed by Guizot in 1833, in the debates on the affairs of the East, in the following words:—‘Maintenir l’Empire Ottoman, pour le maintien de l’équilibre Européen, et quand par la force des choses, *par la marche naturelle des faits, quelque demembrement s’opère, quelque province se détache*, favoriser la conversion de cette province en état indépendant, qui prenne place dans la coalition des états, et serve un jour, sous sa nouvelle situation au nouvel équilibre Européen.’

Apply these words to Austria, and we see at once the policy which has to be followed toward that Power, unless the future destinies of Europe be abandoned to the chances of revolution. Let those who have the power to avert the evil, and who neglect to do so, reflect upon the responsibility which rests on them.

Brief Notices.

Sermons. By Joseph Sortain, A.B., of Trinity College, Dublin.

THESE sermons, though possessed of some merit, are, on the whole, not very much to our taste: particularly the brief preface—not because it is brief, for that is to our taste, but because it is so personal in its character, and so truly of the nature of a private diary of experience, that the feelings expressed do not belong to, and ought not, in our opinion, to become, the property of the public. Mr. Sortain is grieved that he could not produce better sermons, and begs forgiveness of his Master. We were tempted on reading this to ask, Was he compelled to publish, or required to publish, just these discourses? But we forbear.

Of the volume itself, it is our desire to speak with becoming respect, considering the station of the preacher, and the usefulness which we trust has attended his ministry; and yet we cannot estimate them so highly as could be wished—for, though they might possibly have been fit to preach to a very particular kind of audience, or to be read by a similar class of readers, we cannot think them adapted to accomplish any great end, or to acquire a lasting popularity. They have been written with much care and attention to the rhythm of sentences and the collocation of words. They display considerable ingenuity, are not deficient in manifest feeling, and, with few exceptions, are, perhaps, not wanting in correctness of theological sentiment, though something more of evangelical matter might have been advantageously infused into them. Still, we have no special fault to find in this respect; and are willing to make large allowances for the peculiarities of different minds in unfolding their conceptions of scriptural truth.

The topics chosen are not in general common-place, nor are they discussed in a common-place manner. On the contrary, in the construction of the sermons there is considerable ingenuity. We like best the first of the series, on the parable of the Pharisee and Publican; and worst of what we have read (for we will not profess to have read all), the metaphysics of the discourses on the influence of the Spirit in prayer. There are some things, of which this subject is one, that seem to lie beyond the sphere of a full and satisfactory explanation, till we ascend to the regions of perfect light—if, indeed, it will even then be given us to penetrate these mysteries of the Divine government. In the pulpit, at least, these themes should be treated with extreme judgment, and presented chiefly in the way of a plain statement of what the Scriptures actually declare, and what are the duties arising, or the consolations to be derived, from the facts or principles revealed.

Mr. Sortain does not allow himself sufficient space for the exercise of his powers; but, by a needless contraction of his subject within certain limits, compels himself to be superficial. Ministers are often found fault with for being too long; we reverse the charge, and say, both in preaching and printing, Mr. Sortain is too short. But our gravest objection lies against the frequent want of clear, intelligible statement, arising in part from an aim to be philosophical; and in part from a degree of affectation in the use of uncommon, and often unauthorized words and phrases. What should be a primary aim of the preacher, but to be understood—that he may be instructive and useful? At what should he supremely aim, but that 'the common people should hear him gladly?' Now, we should like to know what they could make, for instance, of the following statement, which is but a specimen taken from the mass:—It seems to us so sadly strange, and, if we may use the word, so miserably unphilosophical, to admit the idea of power at all—an idea which we cannot ignore, do what we will—in the physical world, and at the same time to exclude it from the region of moral life. It is true that, in our most scrutinizing analysis of material sequences, we never have detected anything

distinct from their proximate antecedents. Nevertheless, we cannot dispossess ourselves of the idea of power, which, as a divine force, passing through the entire series, is but faintly illustrated by a magnetic current. Our psychological inquiries bring us face to face with the fact, that man's purely spiritual will can become an antecedent to a purely material sequent.' To avoid being superficial, it might be well to study Barrow; and to be sure of being intelligible, it would be beneficial to peruse the pages of Addison.

Tracts of the British Anti-state-church Association. New Series. Nos. 1 to 5. *Tracts for the Million.* New Series. Nos. 1 to 13.

THE increasing energy with which the Anti-state-church Association has conducted its platform operations, has afforded most conspicuous evidence of the practical value of the organization. Through the press it has perhaps spoken less effectively; but the appearance of the above batch of new tracts, better suited, we think, for popular reading than some which have preceded them, may be regarded as an earnest of future efforts by which past deficiencies will be met.

No. 1—'Church Property in England and Wales'—affords a great deal of much-wanted information on a subject of practical importance, its object being 'to determine, as nearly as circumstances will allow, the actual amount of the ecclesiastical revenues of the country, and to indicate the various sources from which they are derived.' Great care has evidently been bestowed upon it. No. 2—"It's the Law;" or, the Churchman's Defence of Church-Rates Examined—meets 'the advocates of church-rates on that ground which, almost to a man, they are found to occupy, and which they seem to think is quite firm beneath their feet.' It is a curious collection of the many obligations which churchwardens and clergymen solemnly take upon themselves by oath, and which they systematically disregard. No. 3—'The Church in Chains'—is the contribution of a State-church minister, being an enumeration of a number of cases in which the clergy have been obliged to violate their consciences in the use of the burial service, extracted from a pamphlet bearing the title given to the tract. Of course the moral is supplied by the Association.

No. 4—'Address to Members of the Church of England'; No. 5—'Address to the Wesleyan Methodists of Great Britain and Ireland.' These two addresses were adopted by the recent Conference, and each is excellent of its kind. The first is a calm review of recent occurrences in the Establishment, suited to conscientious men within its pale, who are not altogether blinded by bigotry and ignorance. The second appeals to Wesleyans, in pointed and animated terms, to join a movement for the removal of a system especially hostile to their religious activities. It should be well circulated among the reforming members of the body.

Of the 'Tracts for the Million,' No. 1 is 'The Anti-state-church Movement—its Design and Tendency,' which, in the form of a dialogue, and in simple and perspicuous terms, explains both what voluntaries

wish and disavow. No. 2—'Plain Words to Perplexed Churchmen'—is a sign of the times, it consisting mainly of extracts from a Puseyite tract for 'Plain Englishmen,' in which Anti-state-church principles are, however partially, inculcated with great force; what is wanting in the text being suitably supplied in the comment. No. 3—'A Side-View of the State Church'—gives the sum expended on the Tithe Commission, by which 'the clergy have obtained larger incomes, and an improved tenure, chiefly at the cost of the poor.'

No. 4—'Political Dissenters:' the Cry Examined'—is a spirited protest against a principle, the advocates of which are now far less numerous than formerly. No. 5—'Who constitute the National Church?' is a brief but conclusive argument, proving the right of the people to revenues now enjoyed by the Church. No. 6—'A Clergyman's Reasons for leaving the Establishment'—is a compilation from Mr. Dodson's honestly-written pamphlet. No. 7—'The State Church not the Cause of England's Greatness'—is a short appeal to history and to common-sense in relation to one of the many pretexts put forward in behalf of the Establishment.

No. 8—'Questions to Churchmen about Church Rates'—presses the *argumentum ad hominem* with considerable force, and could scarcely fail to convince, if other elements than those of sound logic did not enter into the case. No. 9—'Plain Questions Plainly Answered'—supplies, in brief compass, a clear exposition of the views of Anti-state-Churchmen, and a vindication of their reasonableness. Its attentive perusal will remove many misconceptions.

No. 10—'A Model Law'—is the act for establishing religious freedom, passed by the Assembly of Virginia in 1776. It is a brief but compendious epitome of principles, expressed in nervous and dignified style, and is an historical document of some value as a practical adoption of what our liberal statesmen are wont to regard as 'an abstraction.'

No. 11—'A Question that Concerns Everybody'—presses on the judgment and conscience an inquiry of the greatest moment, in the practical solution of which Churchmen and Dissenters are alike interested. No. 12—'Ought there to be a State-Church?'—gives twelve reasons in support of a negative reply, and should be read by all classes.

No. 13—'The Union of Church and State'—is a useful summary (from Mr. Noel's 'Essay') of the evils connected with the union, and the advantages likely to flow from its dissolution.

We observe that the last five of these tracts are also published as handbills, or placards, and that the 'Model Law' is handsomely printed and mounted, to be suspended from the walls of such as may desire to make all comers acquainted with such a manifesto of their principles. We have specified the contents of each of the tracts, in the hope that Anti-state-Churchmen will be induced to push them into circulation by all available means. Instructive, pointed, lucid, and earnest, they can hardly fail to produce impression on the minds of a thoughtful reader.

The Doctor's Little Daughter. By Eliza Meteyard (Silverpen). Illustrated by Harvey. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co. 1850.

THIS is one of the most charming volumes for the young that we have for a long time perused. It is from the pen of a lady whose name is well known to the readers of periodicals, especially of 'Douglas Jerrold's Magazine' and 'Eliza Cook's Journal,' for many able articles in all that relates to the social and progressive condition of the people. This volume assumes the form of an autobiography, and from the life-like character of the scenes and personages introduced, we should say that it must be very much the author's own experience. We can see plainly in it the germs of that generous and glowing interest of the writer in everything that concerns human welfare and advance. The father of little Alice Tyne, the heroine of the story, a country surgeon, is one of those noble and kindly people who are a blessing to the population amongst which Providence sends them. His intense love of nature, and intense love of man, is infused into the heart of his little daughter in their rambles through a beautiful country and amongst his rural patients, and are precisely such as were calculated to produce a writer like the authoress, devoted to the work of instructing, elevating, and advocating the cause of the masses of the people.

The scene of the story is laid in a fine part of the country—from various circumstances we should say Shropshire or Worcestershire—and the woods, and hills, and ruins, are limned with a deep love and a strikingly graphic pen. The families and individuals to whom we are introduced have an old-world character and originality about them that proclaim them to be realities, and very fresh and attractive ones.

The story of Alice Tyne is, in the main, a sorrowful one. Her noble-hearted father attends more to other people's interests than to his own; falls into difficulties and distress, and dies early; but this shadow of the picture is so nobly relieved by a variety of pleasant lights, as to fall on the reader only as a pleasing melancholy. We have not for a long time read a book of any kind so rich in the freshness of its characters, or in the scenes which they inhabit. The old cathedral—the old sea-officer—Will Shakspeare, the sailor—the nobleman, and his beautiful house and grounds—the gypsies—the salmon-fishing at night—the old Catholic priests, and their organ and garden—Alice's fishing excursions with her brother Will, with his Homer, his Pindar, or his Tacitus in his creel—her visits to the book-binding shop of Tanner, the Wesleyan Methodist—the blind music-master, and the old quartermaster of the regiment to which her father had been surgeon, are all genuine sketches from life. The quartermaster is an original which, had we room, we would transfer to these pages.

The volume is beautifully illustrated from designs by Harvey, and altogether does equal honour to the author and the publishers. We would fearlessly place it beside Howitt's 'Boys' Country Book,' as a Girls' Country Book, rich in all that pertains to the country life of a girl.

God and Man : being Outlines of Religious and Moral Truth, according to Scripture and the Church. By the Rev. Robert Montgomery, M.A.
London : Longman and Co. 1850.

MR. MONTGOMERY has certainly shown some sense of fitness in his selection of a title for his book, inasmuch as that title conveys to the mind no definite idea whatever ; and it is to be regretted, that he did not follow out the same principle in the body of the work ; in which case, we should have had an ordinary volume of miscellaneous sermons. Instead of this, the author has adopted the semblance of arrangement, and classified into the form of chapters the most unconnected portions of his ministerial compositions. Thus, under one general division, we find the three following topics in immediate succession :—‘ The immediate presence and personal agency of God—The Christ—Social omnipotence of *the press*.’ Another suggestive feature in the title is the expression, ‘ according to Scripture and the Church.’ It might have been supposed that the authority of Scripture was sufficient of itself, and could derive no corroboration from the Church, even if the Church bore any uniform testimony to divine truth, which it does not. Perhaps, before adopting this unmeaning form of words, it would have been well for Mr. Montgomery to have answered the following queries proposed to such persons by Archbishop Whately, in his second essay on the ‘ Kingdom of Christ,’ section 22. ‘ While,’ says his Grace, ‘ questions are eagerly discussed as to the degree of deference due to the decisions of the universal church, some preliminary questions are often overlooked, such as, When and where did any one visible community, comprising all Christians as its members, exist? Does it exist still? Is its authority the same as formerly? Where (on earth) is its central supreme government, such as every single community must have? Who is the accredited organ empowered to pronounce its decrees in the name of the whole community? And where are these decrees registered?’

There is very much in these discourses, the moral and religious tendency of which is excellent ; and the style, though incurably vicious, does not so continually present to the reader the image of the poetaster and the fop as we were prepared to expect. But of the logical faculty Mr. Montgomery is as nearly as possible destitute. Hence the volume before us is a collection of inconsistencies, in which, with perfect unconsciousness, the author occasionally insists upon such principles as utterly neutralize all the tame truth spread over the rest of his performance. In controversy, he is feeble to the last degree, and were he well advised he would never enter upon it. On the subject of sacramental efficacy, he wisely adopts this method, citing the opinions of others, but only exposing so much of his own, as to indicate that his mind is in fetters, which it has not the strength to break, and that his tastes incline him more to superstition and priestcraft than to the philosophic simplicity of the religion of the New Testament.

The author’s treatment of the State-church question is so indicative of bigotry and vagueness of perception as to be quite humiliating. We find him at p. 248, declaring that we are now suffering the ‘ mysterious curse of sacrilege,’ entailed by the alienation of ‘ the enormous mass of

consecrated wealth,' held by the Romish Church until the era of the Reformation. Anxious to show that the connexion between the Church and the State never had a beginning, he speaks (p. 251) of 'the closer approximation between the civil and the ecclesiastical power which occurred during the reigns of Henry II., Edward III., Henry VIII., and Charles II.,' and says that 'these were only the historical manifestations of *moral convictions which pre-existed in the minds of these monarchs!*' As an illustration of the absence of all settled views on this subject from the mind of the author, we may adduce two brief passages, which occur within two pages of each other, and are as felicitously contradictory as could be desired. They are in the following words:—

'Protestant dissent, Roman schism, Sectarian fanaticism, and every form of heretical teaching, have had their representatives in parliament; and hence, through the *vast pressure* on the civil power from dissent-ism, the legislature is becoming *more and more paralyzed* when it attempts to deal with the one church of the country.' (P. 249.)

'The State in this country has up to the present moment been so *vitalily influenced* by the spiritual life of the Church, that *it exceeds all the magical power of dissenting absorption* to drain out this influence from the State: and, if it could do so, what a skeleton of political helplessness would our boasted constitution then appear!' (P. 251.)

We repeat our advice to Mr. Montgomery to eschew logical controversy as he would a mortal sin. Better of the two that he should fall by the wiles of the malicious muse. In that failure the tenuity of his intellectual powers would not be so conspicuously shown in contrast with the noisy pomposity of his pretensions.

Sermons on Subjects of the Day. By Gilbert Elliot, D.D., Dean of Bristol. London: Darling.

THIS is a volume of protest against Tractarianism, which we have read with great pleasure for the sake of the exhibition it gives us of an energetic, vigorous, clergyman of the Arnold school bracing himself up like a man to grapple with the present position of his Church, and preach to his hearers about dangers that stare them in the face instead of the evils of Philistines and Pharisees, that have been in their graves for a millennium. The author is not, we suppose, technically an Evangelical; he is too manly and outspoken, as well as too liberal (and we were going to say sensible) for that; but if his sermons are to decide, he is a Christian man, and one who has worked himself clear of a great deal that blinds and deadens Christianity in the Church of England. Had we room for a quotation or two, we should be glad to make them, for it is long since we have met with such thorough boldness, in presenting what we deem right sentiment about ritualism, sacraments, and Christian priesthood, from a churchman as we find here. Some of our Establishment friends would think it a doubtful honour to have pleased 'democratic political Dissenters.' We are mistaken in our estimate of the author of these sermons, if, Dean as he is, he will refuse our hearty word of cheer.

Five Views in the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon. By Bayle St. John. Drawn on stone, by Aumont and Housselin. London: Chapman and Hall. 1850.

THESE drawings are intended to illustrate Mr. Bayle St. John's popular volume, 'Adventures in the Libyan Desert,' published last year by Mr. Murray. They are interesting as offering a representation of scenes never before depicted by the artist's pencil, and comprise the view of Garah; distant view of the Oasis of Sinah; general view of the Oasis: view of the fountain of the sun; and view of the ruins of Ombedydab, or temple of Jupiter Ammon. The scenes are remarkably curious, and some of them extremely picturesque. French lithographers, the first in the art, were employed, and the result has been five exquisitely tinted drawings, admirably executed, and remarkable for their delicate finish. The map has been most elaborately prepared and finely engraved. It presents the traveller's route from Alexandria to the little known, but interesting Oasis of Siwah, and every spot is marked with the most faithful accuracy.

To the readers of Mr. Bayle St. John's 'Adventures in the Libyan Desert,' this series of views will be extremely interesting. We feel assured, that those who feel truly curious in the revelations of travel, will avail themselves of this opportunity of becoming familiar with a region, at once so extraordinary and so little known.

Aletheia; or, the Doom of Mythology. With other Poems. By William Kent. London: Longman and Co.

ANY one acquainted with Elizabeth Browning's 'Pan is dead,' will have comparisons suggested on reading *Aletheia*, of a kind not favourable to the latter. But though not likely to be one of the great gods of poetry, Mr. Kent has sometimes a sweet song, and is always in full sympathy with the beautiful and the pure. The other poems are better than the more elaborate former part of the volume; they display considerable power. But why does Mr. Kent inflict a mythological glossary of a hundred pages on us, containing such recondite information as, 'Ambrosia, the food of the gods, tasting sweeter than honey and smelling odorously.' 'Delphi, the most famous oracle in the world, dedicated to Apollo.' 'Juggernaut, a sanguinary idol of the Hindoos?'

A Sunday in London. By J. C. Capes, M.A. London: Longman & Co.

MR. CAPES has strung together a number of fictitious incidents of a very common-place character, for the purpose of illustrating the state of the poor of London, and of proving that all religious communities are insufficient. His own panacea is the relaxation of 'the Puritan Sunday,' and the adoption of other amusements, since, he says, 'when England again laughs like a child, there will be some chance of her praying like a saint.' We do not think his volume likely to hasten the advent of either member of the antithesis.

Nineveh and Persepolis; an Historical Sketch of Ancient Assyria and Persia. With an Account of the recent Researches in these Countries.
By W. S. W. Vaux, M.A. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.

THE object of this work is to 'bring together within a moderate compass what has been done by travellers, and whatever knowledge can be acquired from other sources, so as to present a convenient digest,' brought up to the present state of our knowledge of Assyrian and Persian remains, of much valuable information at present scattered through many scarce and expensive volumes. That accuracy of statement and judiciousness of selection, which are the main qualifications of such a work, appear to belong, to a large extent, to the author who has furnished a complete hand-book to the study of the history and antiquities of these countries. A full and clear, though rapid sketch of these ancient monarchies, extending to their modern condition, is followed by some interesting details of early eastern travel; and the remainder of the volume is devoted to the labours of Botta and Layard in Assyria, Porter in Persepolis, and the marvellous representation by Lassen and Major Rawlinson, of the cuneiform inscriptions. The volume is an admirable summary of these valuable contributions to a long subsequent history. Correct, clear, although condensed, the work of a gentleman thoroughly acquainted with the subject, and withal interesting to the laziest readers, it cannot be too highly spoken of.

Lectures on Medical Missions. Delivered at the Instance of the Edinburgh Medical Missionary Society. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox.

THE value of Medical Missions is only beginning to be appreciated. We rejoice to see that there exists one association for the purpose of sending out such missionaries, and that it has vigour sufficient for the production of such a volume as this. The lectures are all good; some of them of eminent power and beauty. The lecturers are Professor Miller, Rev. Wm. Swan, Wm. Brown, Esq., Rev. Jonathan Watson, Dr. G. Wilson, Dr. J. Coldstream; Dr. Alison supplies a prefatory Essay. We heartily wish success to the object that these gentlemen ably advocate.

Memoir of the late James Halley, B.A. By the Rev. W. Arnot. Glasgow: Bryce. Third Edition.

THIS memoir well deserves the distinction of a third edition. If it has not yet found its way among all our readers, we would earnestly urge its perusal, especially by young men of education. It is one of the most beautiful pictures, in our religious biography, of a man enriched with all knowledge counting it all loss for that knowledge which excelleth: of a man full of strong desires for a course of labour for God lying peacefully down and dying contented, though he had been permitted to do nothing.

Lives of Illustrious Greeks ; for Schools and Families. London : Religious Tract Society.

'THESE lives of illustrious Greeks,' says the preface, 'are selected from Plutarch's parallel lives in Greek, omitting some digressions which would be neither profitable nor interesting to the reader, and substituting for them such reflections as Plutarch might have made if he had been a Christian.' This does not inspire much hope of the value of the said reflections, forcibly added to Plutarch ; and an examination of the book itself might supply a commentary on the words. 'No man putteth a piece of a new garment upon an old ; if otherwise, then he teareth the new, and the patch out of the new fitteth not in upon the old.'

The English Party's Excursion to Paris in 1849: Trip to America, &c. &c. By J. B., Esq. London : Longman and Co.

As no living man will ever read this book, it is a work of supererogation to say anything more about it, than that it is made up of extracts from a prosy journal kept in Paris, America, and some English watering-places ; and that it is as dull and egotistical, as trivial and commonplace, as such productions usually are.

Cholera and its Cures : a historical Sketch. By J. P. Bushnan, M.D. London : W. S. Orr & Co.

A VERY careful and full collection of the circumstances attending the last outbreak of cholera in England. The tables in the volume are of especial value, and will well repay attentive study. The author is a believer in the saline treatment ; but any reader who does not agree with him may make his choice of a remedy from a table of proposed ones, occupying fifteen octavo pages.

Lights and Shades of Ireland. By Asenath Nicholson. London : Gilpin.

THE authoress of this volume is an American lady, whose strong benevolent impulses, and somewhat peculiar ways of exercising them, have made her known to the religious circles of England. She visited Ireland during the famine, was untiring in her efforts to lighten some small portion of that terrible load, and has now recorded her proceedings and what she saw in this volume. Added to the sketch of the famine, there are a history of Ireland and some notices of the early celebrities, saints, kings, and poets of the land. Of these we have nothing to say ; but the third portion of the work is painfully, terribly interesting, while the insight it gives into the character of its authoress leaves on us the highest impression of her devotedness, her energy, her purity of motive, and her success in her self-imposed exertions in the black years.

The Revolt of the Bees. Fourth Edition. Phoenix Library.
London: Gilpin.

WE cannot say much for the strength of argument which this volume presents in defence of co-operative instead of competitive principles. It is a somewhat clumsy allegory touching a hive or two of bees, who adopted the principle of every one for himself, and became very discontented, miserable, contentious, criminal bees accordingly. They are converted to the good old plan by being carried in spirit under the guidance of Alan Ramsay's ghost to Loch Lomond, where they see some communities of the lords of creation living on the social-union principles, and listen to discussions on the respective advantages of competition and association between an inmate and a Persian prince. The whole winds up with a grand tableau, in which the poet's ghost ascends a chariot, drawn by his grateful disciples, and realizing the famous Yankeeism, 'rides home on the end of a rainbow.'

Every voice helps to swell the cry, but there will need tones of more authority and power than any in this volume before the life-and-death controversy which it deals with, is forced, as it ought to be, on a prejudiced public. But it will come.

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

The Wesleyan Methodist Missions in Jamaica and Honduras, delineated. Containing a Description of the principal Stations, &c. Illustrated by a Map of thirty-three lithographic Views, executed from Drawings taken on the spot. By Rev. Peter Samuel, twelve years Missionary in Jamaica.

Pleasant Pages for Young People. Part III.

The Mystery of God Finished; or, the Times of the Restitution of all Things. Three Vols.

Recollections and Anecdotes of Edward Williams, the Bard of Glamorgan; or, Iolo Morgannwg, B.B.D. By Elijah Waring.

Essays on Socinianism. By Joseph Cottle.

An Exposition of our Lord's Intercessory Prayer, with a Discourse on the Relation of our Lord's Intercession to the Conversion of the World. By John Brown, D.D.

Science Simplified, and Philosophy, Natural and Experimental, made Easy. By Rev. David Williams, M.A.

The Palladium. No. IV.

The Doctrine of the Cherubim. Being an Inquiry, critical, exegetical, and practical, into the symbolical character and design of the cherubic figures of Holy Scripture. By George Smith, F.A.S.

The Journal of Sacred Literature. No. XII.

The National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge. Vol. XI.

New Elements of Geometry. By Seba Smith.

Lights and Shades of Ireland. In three parts. By Asenath Nicholson, of New York.

Life of James Davies, a Village Schoolmaster. By Sir Thomas Phillips.

Anschar. A Story of the North.

Discourses on Colonization and Education. Viewed in their bearing on the increasing population of this kingdom. By James Cecil Wynter, M.A.

The Blank-paged Bible. The Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, with copious references to parallel and illustrative passages, and alternate pages ruled for MS. notes in a manner hitherto unattempted.

Memorials of Theophilus Trinal, Student. By Thomas T. Lynch.

Royalty and Republicanism in Italy; or, Notes and Documents relating to the Lombard Insurrection, and to the Royal War of 1848. By Joseph Mazzini.

A Christian Jew on the Old Testament Scriptures; or, a Critical Investigation of the Historical Events, Institutions, and Ordinances, recorded in the Pentateuch. By Benjamin Weiss.

A Glimpse of Hayti and her Negro Chief.

Salvation. A Sermon, preached in the parish church of Crathie, Balmoral, before Her Majesty the Queen, Sunday, Sept. 22, 1850. By Rev. John Cumming, D.D.

Part XLV. of the National Cyclopædia of Useful Knowledge. Talent—Thebes.

Thoughts for Home, in prose and verse. By Mrs. Thomas Geldart.

Friendship with God. A Sermon, preached before the Bristol Association of Baptist Churches, held at Frome, May 22, 1850. By Charles Stanford, of Devizes. With a Preface, by John Sheppard, Esq. Third Edition.

Notes and Observations on the First Chapter of the Gospel according to St. John. By A. Corbom.

Concluding Notes and Observations on ditto. By ditto.

A Suggestive Manual (first part) of the Theory and Practice of Education. Containing a preliminary Lecture on that subject, delivered Saturday, June 22, 1850, at the College of Preceptors, 28, Bloomsbury Square, London. By S. C. Freeman, Examiner, &c.

THE
ECLECTIC REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1850.

- ART. I.—1. *Memoirs of a Hungarian Lady*. By Theresa Pulszky. With a Historical Introduction, by Francis Pulszky. Two Vols. Colburn. 1850.
2. *The War in Hungary, 1848, 1849*. By Max Schlesinger. Translated by John Edward Taylor. Edited, with Notes and an Introduction, by Francis Pulszky. Two Vols. Bentley. 1850.
3. *Scenes of the Civil War in Hungary, with the Personal Adventures of an Austrian Officer in the Army of the Ban of Croatia*. Third Edition. Shoberl. 1850.
4. *Sketches of the Hungarian Emigration into Turkey*. MS.

THE public in this country may be excused for not having very accurate notions of Hungarian affairs, political or otherwise. The means of information are scanty. It is only now, indeed, that the necessary documents are beginning to be produced. Among the most interesting are—the ‘Memoirs of General Klapka,’ Madame Pulszky’s ‘Memoirs of a Hungarian Lady,’ and the work entitled ‘The War in Hungary,’ written by Dr. Max Schlesinger, and translated, very ably, by Mr. J. E. Taylor. There has also been issued a trashy publication entitled ‘Scenes of the Civil War in Hungary,’ which we only notice because it appears to have come to a third edition. It professes to be the personal narrative of an Austrian officer in the army of the Ban of Croatia, but is evidently an impudent fabrication; and we are sorry to see that a clever translator like Mr. F. Shoberl has been imposed upon. The compiler is so little certain of his ground, that he is compelled to resort to the subterfuge of pre-

tending that 'the names of persons and places, owing to the letters being written in pencil, could not be deciphered with any certainty!' It is extremely rare to find him venturing even on a date, and then only when the information could be derived from divers sources, such as newspapers or official documents. Some of the scenes are cleverly invented, though too much in the Minerva Press style; but we trust that nobody has laid the smallest reliance on the opinions or facts given. The form adopted is the epistolary. One letter begins: 'I was at Agram, the capital of Croatia, for several weeks on military business,' and so on. Another ends: 'My name, it is to be hoped, will ere long appear in the list of the slain;' and we are then told that 'the author of these letters, a few days after the transmission of the last, was very dangerously wounded.' It is then deliberately insinuated that these *pencil-written* letters were forwarded one by one to the unknown correspondent. Now the next *letter* begins at page 138, and goes on with a continuous narrative (except when arbitrarily interrupted at p. 161 and p. 188) to the end (p. 210), when the writer is left in a nameless town, in such a condition as 'not to be able to take part in the war for some months,' and hoping that 'meanwhile it will have been brought to a successful termination.' The whole tone of the volume indicates that it was concocted with full knowledge of subsequent events, for the purpose of libelling the cause of the Magyars.

We gladly turn to the other works which stand at the head of this article, the reverse of the preceding one in every point of view; and, as first in the date of its publication we notice the 'Memoirs of a Hungarian Lady,' by the accomplished wife of Mr. Pulszky, late accredited Envoy of the Hungarian Government to England. This, we believe, was the first authentic account of the War of Independence published in this country, and it was welcomed with an interest naturally heightened by the circumstance that the authoress had resided in Hungary during the exciting events which she describes, and writes her own adventures and observation. In a literary point of view, these volumes are remarkable, especially from the pen of a foreigner, combining a vigour and refinement of style with great command of the English language. The work, moreover, has all the charm of an earnest simplicity, and originality of thought, combined with a perfect tone of conscientiousness. Madame Pulszky is naturally inspired with patriotic enthusiasm, but at the same time this does not render her unjust toward the enemies of her country; and her work is calculated not merely to yield a passing interest to the reader, with its heart-stirring narrative, but to answer a still nobler purpose, and serve the cause of truth. We cannot part company with this amiable authoress without expressing an

earnest hope that we may soon meet her again in the paths of literature, which her pen is so able to adorn. The valuable Introduction prefixed by Mr. Pulszky gives a sketch of the history of Hungary from the time of Arpad down to the outbreak of the last French revolution; and forms an appropriate, almost a necessary introduction to a work, the contents of which continually derive their elucidation from the history of past times.

The next work on this subject that appeared was General Klapka's, of which we have spoken at length in a former number;* we shall therefore pass on to the volumes of Dr. Max Schlesinger, which is the first connected narrative of the war. It professes to be little more than a compilation, or historical view, based on materials supplied by others; but it is at once a well-written and conscientious work. The author is an accomplished scholar, and has great liveliness and descriptive power, which are favourably exhibited in his sketches of the country, the various classes of its inhabitants, and their ways of life. What can be more graphic, for instance, than the picture he gives of the great Hungarian heath, and the different races of herdsmen who inhabit it—the *Osikos*, the *Kanasz*, and the *Gulyas*? Many of the scenes of the war have all the brilliancy of romance, but not from any effort of the author. The events in Hungary possessed in themselves a character wildly romantic, and it would be impossible to relate them in a befitting manner without adopting an almost epic style. Not the least interesting feature of the work is the sketches of those patriotic statesmen and heroes, who took a leading part in defence of the liberties of Hungary, in the cabinet and the field. We are tempted to extract the account given by Schlesinger of the events consequent on the fatal battle of *Temesvar*—the surrender of the Hungarian cause by *Görgey* at *Vilagos*.

* The immediate result of the loss of this battle was the relief of *Temesvar*. *Haynau* had the satisfaction of being the first, who in the evening of that same day (August 10th) entered the gates of the fortress at the head of some squadrons. The place was crowded with sick and wounded; its outward appearance, and that of its defenders, showed that both had reached the extreme point, when defence was no longer possible.

The morning sun of the 11th of August gilded the towers of two fortresses, distant only a few miles; it shone upon two scenes which wore a remarkable contrast. In *Temesvar*, the poor, half-starved Austrians crowded joyfully around their brethren and guests,—in *Arad*, the Hungarians stood gathered in mournful groups, their hearts heavy with despair and melancholy forebodings. On the one side columns of troops, their friends and allies, entered the relieved fortress, amidst joyous songs and warlike music; on the other, all who were able fled

* Vol. xxvii. p. 750.

out of the gloomy gates. In Temesvar, the Austrian Generals, elated with victory, embraced one another; in Arad, Kossuth and Görgey stood at a bow-window in a small chamber of the fortress—met once more after so long a separation—to part for ever.

‘What passed in those hours between them—their mutual reproaches and explanations—we know not; whether Görgey’s guilty conscience cowered before the glance of the Governor, we can only conjecture; this alone we know, that Görgey crossed the threshold of that apartment first in the open air, as Dictator—Kossuth following him, a hopeless exile.

‘Kossuth had all along governed in unison with the majority of the National Assembly; he resigned his power when they believed Görgey to be the only man capable of saving the country.* Kossuth turned his steps southwards, Görgey to the north. This was not the first time that the paths of these men led in opposite directions. The new Dictator on the evening of the 11th of August, after being defeated by the weaker corps of Schlik at New Arad, had marched his troops across the Maros back to Old Arad. From this place he announced to the Russian General his determination to surrender, together with the miserable conditions† he demanded, and the place where he proposed to carry the act into execution. On the 12th, he marched towards Szöllös, where Rüdiger arrived on the 13th, according to appointment. The act of laying down their arms by the Hungarians took place on the fields between Kiss-Jenő and Szöllös, and this act will be designated in history as the surrender of Vilagos.

‘At Arad, on the banks of the Maros, the plain undulates in little hills, which are planted with the finest vines of Hungary; these are the vineyards of Menes. The country here gradually loses its level character and vegetation, and forms the commencement or spurs of the Transylvanian range of the Carpathians. About eight miles north of Arad, this chain of hills is terminated by a conical mountain, which is visible to a great distance; upon its summit stands the old ruined castle of Vilagos, and at its foot lies the hamlet of the same name. In the latter stands a charming country-house, the property of the lord of the soil, Mr. Bohus. This is the house where the final terms of surrender were arranged. From this mansion a beautiful road leads through wood and valley to Szöllös and Jenő, along which Rüdiger and Görgey rode to view the mournful ceremony. On the 13th of August, the sun shone bright and hot; Görgey’s army stood in regimental array, 24,000 men strong, with 144 cannon. In the foremost ranks the infantry, in the rear the artillery, on either side the regiments of cavalry. A death-like stillness pervaded the army—their looks were bent upon the ground. The soil was sacred—it was the grave of their honour.

‘From time to time the report of a shot broke the stillness of the scene. Some hussar had fired the last charge of his carbine into the head of his faithful horse, determined that the brave animal at least should not survive the disgrace of its master and the fall of Hungary.

* On the morning of the 11th of August this opinion prevailed in the assembly of generals and representatives; Batthyányi, Duschek and Szemere refused to sign Kossuth’s act of abdication.

† Namely, that the Austrians should be entirely left out of the negotiations.

Others of his comrades had unstrapped their saddles in the forest, and laid them aside with csako and dolmany, as things which they could no longer call their own; they had then dashed off on their wild steeds over the plains, to resume their former course of life—the wild, free Csikos of the heath. The hussars too, in rank and file, took the saddles from their horses in silence, piled them in large heaps, together with their arms and standards, and stepped back to their horses. Here stood the Ferdinand regiment, with its brave colonel at its head, a picture of grief and despair; his sword was gone,—he had flung it with a curse at Görgey's feet, when the latter succeeded in carrying his proposals of surrender in the last council of war. Beside them stood the Hanover Hussars—Count Batthyanyi, their commanding officer, at their head,* on foot; with his own hand he had killed his charger, the finest in the whole army, that it might never bear a Cossack on its back. Further on, the Nicolaus and Alexander regiments—Görgey's guardian angels in the Carpathians, Hungary's avenging angels in the victories of April,—shadows of former greatness, remains of the old regiments, in which but a few still survived to serve as the framework of newly-organized battalions. Close at hand stood the Coburg and Würtemberg Imperial Hussars. The younger regiments of cavalry were distributed on the flanks: Lehel Hussars, which had not yet had an opportunity of emulating the older regiments—the Hunyady corps, which had already won the respect of the veteran troops.

The generals stood gathered in a group, or rode slowly up and down between the battalions. Földvary approached the ninth battalion with tears in his eyes; under his command, in conjunction with the third, it had been the first to storm the ramparts of Buda. The men loved him as a father, and had rescued him from many a danger; for Földvary, one of the bravest of the brave, was short-sighted, and frequently rode into the very midst of the enemy, whence he had again and again been extricated by his brave soldiers. At this moment, when they saw their former colonel coming up to bid them a last farewell, as if electrified with one thought, they formed themselves unbidden into a large square; the standard-bearer hands the flag to his neighbour, and thus it passes from one to another up to the colonel. Every man kisses it; then they lay it upon a pile of faggots in the midst of the square, and look on in silence whilst the flag burns to ashes.

Nagy Sandor—a Murat likewise in taste for costume—stands in conversation with Poltenberg, drest in his splendid uniform. The latter, undistinguished in outward appearance, with indolent features concealing a spirit of true bravery, had always followed Görgey with blind devotion. The tranquillity of his countenance contrasted strongly with the visible excitement of Nagy Sandor. Count Leiningen, Görgey's warmest friend, was pacing up and down near them; he was idolized by his comrades, but never made any pretensions to merit, content to assist in adding one stone to the temple of his friend's fame. Generals Lahner, Kuezych, Kiss, Colonel Görgey, and others, were on horseback, conversing on indifferent subjects. Damianich, the colossus in stature and courage, had remained as commander in Arad.

The new dictator appeared in the simple dress which he was

* Now a private in the ranks.

accustomed to wear when on march. He endeavoured to put on a cheerful face; but his features were more solemn, dark, and iron-bound than usual. He rode up and down before the hussars, murmuring here and there a word of encouragement, and slowly inspected the Honved battalions, the scarred warriors of the former regiments—Schwarzenberg, Franz Karl, Prinz von Preussen, Don Miguel, Alexander, and Wasa. He then rode in front of the ranks, and declared himself ready to transfer the command to any one who believed himself capable of saving the army; this he was no longer able to do. A grey-headed hussar officer rode out of the ranks up to the staff, and declared that it was his and his comrades' determination to cut their way through the enemy. But Görgey warned him drily against any "insubordination, which must be put down by musket-balls;" and so saying he turned his back carelessly upon the officer.

'From four o'clock in the afternoon until late that evening continued the surrender of arms, the divisioning of the escorts, and departure of the troops. They were conducted to Sarkad, and from thence to Gyula, where they were transferred to the power of Austria.

'At ten o'clock the fields before Vilagos were deserted.'—Vol. ii. pp. 214—221.

We recommend those who would acquire, in the shortest possible space of time, a fair idea of the Hungarian revolution, to consult these two volumes, which, with the introduction by Mr. Pulszky, goes over the whole ground, from the insurrection of Vienna to the massacres of Haynau.

We have had opportunities of becoming acquainted with Hungary and its extraordinary inhabitants, as well as with the most intimate details of the last war; and we are convinced that a new mine has been opened for the poet, the lover of the picturesque, the student of character, and the romance writer. They are a strange people these Hungarians, whether you fall in with them wild and sturdy upon their vast steppes, or mingle with what is called society in the sister towns of Buda and Pesth. It must be acknowledged, despite our admiration for the character of the Magyar magnate—that they did not as a rule exhibit any very heroic qualities; whilst the gentlemen-peasantry, as the bulk of the population may be called, seemed ever ready to do deeds worthy to be sung in Iliads. The upper classes were more under the eye, and subject to the influence of the court of Vienna, which has always exhibited peculiar ingenuity in materializing its subjects, rendering them commonplace and vulgar, divesting them of all noble aspirations, and reducing them, as much as possible, to the level of unintellectual dandies.

Whoever has associated with young Hungarians must have witnessed the curious spectacle of high and generous natures struggling might and main with the stifling influence of a corrupt atmosphere. Generally speaking they were, before

1848, deplorably ignorant of what it is fitting for gentlemen to know; and although they have learned, or rather unlearned, much evil on the battle-field, they are now anything but polished and refined in manner or elevated in sentiment. One of their favourite amusements has always been the breeding of horses, in which they have sought to emulate us English; and when any of them travelled—a rare occurrence—it was rather to become acquainted with the mysteries of Newmarket than with the laws and manners of foreign nations. The better to effect their degradation, desperate attempts had been made to cast the Hungarian language into oblivion; and Austria had been so far successful in this, that when the insurrection broke out, the greater part of the officers could only address their soldiers and countrymen in a few broken ungrammatical sentences. There is no surer way to destroy a national character than to substitute a new and foreign language for the national idiom.

These facts will serve to explain, in a great measure, the uncertain conduct of the Hungarians at the outset of the struggle which has made them glorious. The chief part of their public men, however patriotic in feeling, seem too much imbued with Austrian ideas to adopt at once a decided course. It is perhaps useless to speculate now on what might have been the result had a more enlightened public opinion prevailed when the great opportunity of the Vienna revolution presented itself. Providence seems to have decreed that Hungary should learn, by sad experience, the evils of indecision. Not that all were undecided. It is evident to us that there was a small party from the very beginning which perfectly understood what was taking place and what was necessary to be done; but the mass of the people remained inert long after the decisive moment had passed away, and their natural leaders were still discussing the necessity of action when the action ought to have been completed. The whole details of the 'Umbrella Revolution' at Pesth, as it is called, given by M. Pulszky in his masterly Introduction, would show, that so far from being conscious of the epoch at which the world had arrived, the young Magyar revolutionists seemed to think themselves only called upon to perform a moderate imitation of the French three days of 1830. Kossuth, it is true, and the few choice spirits who walked with him, thought differently; but had they then publicly revealed their real sentiments, they would probably have been stoned by the very men who afterwards idolized them. They wisely reserved the full expansion of their minds to a better opportunity, knowing it to be better for a revolution to ripen of itself than be forced into premature maturity. Hope buoyed them up, and enabled them to regard the blunders committed without

too much bitterness. Others early despaired, and it was perhaps not so much from fear of Austria's power, as M. Pulszky seems to suppose, that the amiable Count Szecheny became deprived of his reason, as from doubt of his own countrymen's perseverance and consistency.

The Hungarian character has much of the mobility commonly attributed to the French. Profound depression alternates frequently with the more exalted enthusiasm. A true Magyar rises in the morning with the belief that he is the greatest man under the sun, and goes to bed convinced that he is the weakest of creatures. He is capable of acts of the most frantic gallantry, and at the same time liable to the most extraordinary panics. No soldiers charge with such impetuosity, or are so easily discouraged, unless they have been long subjected to discipline. There is more of fire than caution in the Hungarians, and it would be easier to find among them fifty Murats than one Fabius.

The character of Kossuth lies open in some degree to the same objections as that of his countrymen generally; and Dr. Schlesinger very properly blames him for having remained so long undecided with reference to the treatment of Arthur Görgey. Perhaps, however, it is easier to blame than to point out what course could have been pursued under the circumstances. That something might have been done which was not done seems evident. But would it have been possible to bring Görgey to a court-martial, or in any other way remove him from his dangerous pre-eminence? That is the question. M. Pulszky, in his able paper on 'The Life and Character of the Magyar General' (affixed to Schlesinger's work), does not venture to express what Kossuth ought to have done; but he succeeds in showing that Görgey acted as a traitor, and that his treachery was premeditated.

We do not intend giving any outline of the events of the Hungarian war; but as we have the materials at hand, we will present our readers with some account of the fortunes of the generals who escaped after the disgraceful affair of Vilagos, when Görgey, consummating a long-meditated act of villany, surrendered a splendid army to a not very superior force. Dr. Schlesinger, who has detected many proofs of the evil disposition of that brilliant general, observes: 'The story that Görgey, at his first interview with Dembinski after the battle of Kapolna, said to him, "General, were I Dembinski, I would order Görgey to be shot," appears to be a fiction.' A manuscript which we have in our hands gives the real version of the affair. 'Surely we knew,' it says, 'that before the battle of Kapolna, Görgey manœuvred purposely so as to arrive twelve hours too late with his brigade, out of mere jealousy; and that

the same thing happened again previous to the attack of Meze-trovich, when he retired on Tassafuret. On the latter occasion he said to me himself, "If I had been Dembinski, and Arthur Görgey had so treated me, I would, as generalissimo, have ordered Arthur Görgey to be shot!"

It is impossible to describe the effect which the news of the surrender of Vilagos produced on the scattered detachments of the Hungarian army. There was no fighting after that. Everything fell at once into confusion. Kossuth fled first to Orsowa, and then to Widdin; most of the divisions of the army surrendered either to the Russians or the Austrians; and those who did not follow the example dispersed in all speed, or began a dangerous and difficult march across the mountains. We shall accompany an artillery officer of our acquaintance to the bivouac of General Bem,* near the confines of Transylvania, merely premising that the manuscript has already given a most interesting account of all that took place subsequently to the battle of Temesvar, and that the writer, with his companion, were made prisoners by a party belonging to their own army.

Our way lay along a path which a Kalauz (guide) pointed out. In about an hour we passed a post of Polish Hulans, and heard from time to time in the obscurity challenges in the Hungarian language, "Who goes there?" Bivouac fires were scattered at intervals beneath spreading trees, so as not to be observed at a distance. The trampling of patrols making their round occasionally filled the air. It was a picturesque scene to behold at that hour, when the grey light of dawn began to filter through the skies, though darkness still lingered upon the earth. Near our path we sometimes saw groups of soldiers pressing round a fire, their faces lighted up, and their costumes gilded by the flames. A light morning breeze fluttered across the country, rustling gently through the clumps of trees, and breathing balmily on our cheeks. A cursory glance over these fields would have suggested the idea that they were waking to the ordinary labours of agriculture; but these scattered, half-concealed fires, these groups of reclining men, with burnished arms, their horses grazing near at hand; those suppressed sounds of life behind every hedge, beneath every grove, in every field, soon revealed what kind of harvest was ready for the sickle there.

The sound of cocks crowing announced, as morning broke cold and grey, the neighbourhood of a village. We soon entered, and found that though some movement had already commenced, the greater part of its denizens were still asleep. Lights, paling

* Dr. Selesinger is mistaken in saying that this general broke his collar-bone at the battle of Temesvar. Such an accident would have disabled him for months, whereas he never for a day ceased his active life.

before the coming day, dimly illuminated the windows of the wooden houses; here and there a soldier came yawning forth, or leaned drowsily from a gallery. Straw and heaps of baggage and carts and horses filled the streets; a hum, that gradually increased in intensity, rose on all sides; the cocks crowed authoritatively as the cold glories of morning brightened in the sky.

'We were still in charge of the hussars, who had arrested us by order of the little lieutenant. On the road, a soldier in a light summer dress had requested a lift in the cart as far as the village, and told us that it had been determined to emigrate into Turkey. This was the first hint we had received of such a plan, and observed to Sasz in German, "What does this fellow know about the matter?" "You are mistaken," observed the man mildly, in the same language. "I know well what has been resolved; and you will find that my information is correct."

'We were stopped by a strange figure with a wild expression of countenance and a queer scattered beard, vast in bulk, and yet not imposing. To the question, "What news?" I did not answer, because I did not know who this person might be. On his repeating the same words, I replied, "Sir, it is absolutely necessary that I should speak at once to Field Marshal Lieutenant Bem; and I do not know you at all." A squabble would most probably have resulted had not an officer thrown in the following information: "You are speaking to General Baron Stein." I expressed my regret, told him what brought me, and he immediately requested us to follow him.

'We entered a large court-yard, which at first seemed filled knee-deep nearly with straw, but an arm appearing here, a leg there, or a head or a shoulder, announced that we were in a novel kind of dormitory. It was with difficulty that we crossed at all; and we could not help occasionally treading upon one of the sleepers—a fact we were made acquainted with by an "ah! ah!" or an oath. General Stein led us to a place where an enormous nightcap showed above the straw. This was all that could be seen of the Field-Marshal, who slept as soundly at that anxious moment as he ever did in prison, in exile, or in the cradle. General Stein stirred him up, and he at once raised that extraordinary face of his and looked sharply at us.'

On the very same day, the small remnants of the Hungarian army began their journey across the Carpathian Mountains. They had a rough time of it for several days, but at length got into the plains of Wallachia, and marched in tolerable comfort to their temporary resting-place at Widdin. Here they met with a welcome which, if it were hospitable in its intentions, was uncouth enough in its forms. 'Complaints, however,' says

our manuscript, 'were not very frequent at first—it takes a long time to starve out Hungarian enthusiasm. I remember the first visit of Kossuth to the bivouac. It became known in the morning that he was coming, and great preparations were made for his reception. The emigrants drew themselves up in military order, and with instinctive delicacy endeavoured to efface, as well as possible, the traces of their miserable position, lest these being obtruded might seem silent reproaches to the great patriot. Still, it was impossible entirely to conceal the poverty in which most were plunged. Many were without shoes, all with soiled and ragged uniforms; most, pale and haggard, from sickness and bad nourishment. They made an effort, however, to appear gay and content, and with tolerable success, for the very sight of the late president of the Hungarian Republic, as he rode—his white plume fluttering in the breeze—towards the lines, seemed to warm their hearts and make the blood course quicker through their veins. As he approached, a murmur, a buzz, a cheer, a roar of voices greeted him, and the vast shout of "Eljen Kossuth" (long live Kossuth) must have been heard far away over the plains of Widdin, and awakened the echoes on the Wallachian shores of the Danube. It must have been a cheering sight both to him and to the indifferent spectator: *he* must have felt that his services were not without their reward—that the hearts of the people he had loved were not turned from him in misfortune; and the scene must have suggested the reflection to others, that it is not true that the people, the democracy, cry out only for bread. These men were hungry and ill-clothed, and enfeebled by disease—a sad looking rabble in the morning—but the presence of their tribune fell like a ray of gold upon their brows—converted them for an instant, once more, into the forlorn hope of liberty; and it was with almost feverish enthusiasm that again and again they took up the expiring cry, and thundered out "Eljen Kossuth! Eljen Kossuth!"

We could have wished for more ample information than the document before us gives of the negotiations which led to the apostasy of the principal Polish generals, as well as of some Hungarians. Probably the writer feels a little ashamed of the whole transaction. At any rate, he passes over the circumstance at full gallop. We glean, however, from this and other sources, that General Bem is now in the service of Turkey under the title of Murad Pasha, and that he has been employed, much against his will, in putting down the insurrection in Bosnia. When he became a renegade, it was in the expectation of an imminent war with Russia; and he sacrificed not much faith, it is true, but a good deal of dignity, in order to have an opportunity to strike a blow on a grand scale against the colossal

enemy of the liberties of Europe. General Bem has always been an adventurer. His triangular face is known in every odd corner of Europe—nowhere more so, perhaps, than in the debtors' prison at Clichy (Paris). Here he spent a good part of his time in studying a new art of memory, and in perfecting his theoretical knowledge of strategy. To his honour be it spoken, however, when he was released, and better times dawned upon him, he voluntarily began to despatch instalments of his debts to Paris, and that he has not forgotten his liabilities since he has become a pasha, almost a prince.

We are not quite certain that the author of the manuscript is correct in representing Kmetty as one of the renegades. General Stein, however, is now a pasha, residing in splendid case at Aleppo, and devoting every moment he can spare from the table and the harem to the composition of a history of his life and experiences. We may expect, therefore, at some future day, to see announced by Colburn or Bentley—the *Memoirs of Ferhad Pasha*.

It is well known that Kossuth is now an exile in Syria. From what we hear he has nearly lost all hope of reappearing on the world's stage as a public man. He consoles himself by the reflection that during the whole of his brilliant career, he not only had the death of no innocent man upon his hands, but that he rather erred on the side of leniency and humanity than otherwise. Despite the attempts made to lower his character, and represent him as a mere demagogue, he will remain in history as one of the purest patriots produced by the European revolutions of 1848. The only ground of complaint at all tenable against him, is, that some of his commissioners in Transylvania acted with too great severity. For this he can scarcely be made personally responsible. The only wonder is, that in the midst of a war 'for altar and for hearth,' like that which took place in Hungary, the influence of the mild character of one man should have been so effectual in preventing any outburst of cruelty. It may be to be regretted that any death took place during the struggle elsewhere than on the battle-field; but really when the agents of Austria took the liberty of hunting ladies through forests with dogs, it is not surprising that when caught they should have been executed in a very summary way.

Much has been said of late of the cruelties practised by General Haynau after the last campaign. It is worth while, however, to point out that the first acts of that monster were in accordance with the last. 'Hardly,' says Dr. Schlesinger, 'had he received the command, hardly had he time to muster his forces, to reconnoitre the ground upon which he was to begin the war in earnest, hardly had he issued a single order of the

day, when already two sentences of death had received his signature; Baron Mednianski died on the gallows, and with him Gruber on the 5th of June at Pressburg. The former as commandant, and the latter as artilleryman, had taken an active part in the defence of Leopoldstadt. . . . Hardly had the pale look of horror disappeared from men's countenances, when the sentence of death was passed and executed (June 18th) on the priest Razga. . . . Ever since that time the hangman has had full employment wherever Haynau's courts-martial have been held.' The murders of Batthyany, Kiss, Damianich, and others, were perpetrated in accordance with a system introduced into the country by Marshal Haynau. No doubt the Austrian court recommended and exulted in these atrocities; but this is no reason why the general himself should be let off free. The bravo who is hired to assassinate is enveloped in the same odium as he who hires, and justly so. In all countries, indeed, the tools of princely vengeance have been even more hated than princes themselves; for mankind seem instinctively to have understood that the amount of evil inflicted upon them by tyrants will never be limited except by failure of willing instruments.

ART. II.—*Sir Francis Chantrey, R.A. Recollections of his Life, Practice, and Opinions.* By George Jones, R.A. London: Edward Moxon. 1849. Post 8vo. Pp. 304.

THIS is a *very* 'slender record to exalted merit;' a book whose scope and mission it is hard to discover. The '*heart* of the mystery' is not to be got at; for there is none. Results there are; but infinitely few and small. Perhaps the most definite notion of the book is conveyed, when we say, it is the very antithesis of what a book or biography *should* be: a chaotic nothing, without system, sequence, or central idea. Or, it may pretty accurately be described as one vague blotch of ink, innocent of form or character, save that strongly defined one, of nonentity; with here and there the accidental occurrence of a fact, or partial glimpse of a reality; in despite, rather than in consequence of our biographer. Mr. Jones's attempts at art had led us to expect no incommensurable individuality in their author. But the fact exceeds our anticipations. One of the only things whereof we do here get a rumour, is this very slender

individuality ; something kin to those infinitesimally minute particles of dust which torment us on a windy day, obscuring vision, a thing *through* which we cannot see, yet amounting to nearly visible itself. The infliction is tedious as dulness can make it ; exasperating, as summer flies. The unfortunate reviewer has in his progress all the sensations of intense drowsiness, without the relief of actual slumber. There is just nimbleness and buzz enough going on to deny him this luxury. After all deductions, the pioneer has indubitable claim, we think, on the gratitude of his readers, for accomplishing the journey in their behalf. He is enabled both to give report of what little he has seen by the way ; and to warn others against a like rash enterprise.

One merit must not be withheld from the book—in such case, a rare and inestimable one. Speaking abstractedly, rather than relatively, it is short. One loosely-printed volume comprises the whole. And Mr. Jones seems to have been rather puzzled to find material for even that ; though after all, the tale is ‘left untold.’ Nothing would have been lost had it been further reduced, to half its present size.

The subject of the biography did not claim extended treatment. As referring to an artist of the second or third rank, interesting from extrinsic circumstances,—prosperity, fame, connexion with celebrated men,—as much as from intrinsic ; letters, anecdotes, and similar memoranda, would have made an attractive volume, or couple of volumes, of the ordinary market-stamp. Or failing such material, a brief recapitulation of his uneventful life, with an intelligible summary of his works, and of his character as artist, published at a cheap rate, would have formed an acceptable companion to Allan Cunningham’s *Lives*.

A successful sculptor or painter does not necessarily possess individuality calculated to make any great figure in a biography ; either in substance or in strong delineation, in suggestiveness or fresh reality. An original, intense, and earnest mind like Constable’s secures this interest. The impetuous erring will of Haydon—unsuccessful as artist, yet an unmistakably powerful mind—would secure it. Such, again, will be supplied by the large mental grasp and self-relying strength of Turner, when recorded.

Chantrey had none of these things. But he was precisely one, of whom we should have predicted a memoir ; of that note and stamp to ensure it, in these days of general private desk delivery, and lock and seal breaking ; this age of biographic loquacity, when a Coleridge remains without a biography of any approximate mark, and the whole host of popular literateurs, second-rate artists, noisy politicians, sectarians, orators, impostors, and obscure persons, have instant and full honours in this kind.

Chantrey was just the man; neither great enough to defy scanning, nor too little to be seen. Yet far were we from foreseeing the way in which the debt to his reputation would be paid. He is not, however, the only celebrity who has fallen into the hands of literary incompetents. The miscellaneous quality of present biographical literature is even more noticeable than its quantity. The prevailing notion would seem that any one, however incapable of anything else, is qualified to draw up the *life* of his relative or friend.

Until another biographer rescue him, Chantrey must rank among a class more numerous aforetime than now; of whom too much, and *also* too little, have been said; Mr. Jones's achievement being quite beside the mark. He gives what we do not want, and withholds what we do. We have bald, disconnected statements of biographic facts, averaging one to every twenty pages or so,—a few picked out here and there, and given at random; and the deliberate elaboration of mediocre criticisms. No clear idea is given of anything, of the progress of the sculptor's art, or the dates of his more remarkable works; but a great deal of flourish and repetition about his tendency to the 'simple and the tender,' and 'the child, the mother, the mourner, and the afflicted.' While reading, it scarce appears as Chantrey *had* a life, or was an entity based upon realities and the firm earth at all. All *that* seems a vague sketch, a fanciful, portrait-painter-like background, to a stalking-horse for 'opinions.'

Now, this was the very worst plan mortal man could have hit on, for giving an idea of one like Chantrey; this careful collection,—with some cking out from the biographer's own store,—of the scattered life-long crumbs falling from the table of the portrait-sculptor. It was not *opinions*, whether his own, or any one's else, we wanted of Mr. Jones; but *facts*. Mr. Jones was not altogether the man to report the former; had they been of value. They might lose something by the way. The vehicle is much in these cases. Socrates demanded his Plato and Zenophon. It would not have done for Johnson to have gone *lower* than his Boswell. But the æsthetic views of a Chantrey we should have argued before hand, to be just the least significant portion of the whole man; a notion more than confirmed.

The subject is one of some interest; as connected with an error general among artists and the public. Because a man can execute an able discriminative portrait-bust, or paint an effective portrait on canvass, or even a tolerable, ineloquent sketch of some 'important subject,' or battle-piece, free enough from military errors to satisfy a soldier, it does not follow, his notions about the early Italian painters, or the Phidian sculptures, or art in the abstract, will be of general worth. Much more than

a competence to discuss technic merit goes to make up such qualification: knowledge, thought, ability for wide and central views. A man may carve the most perfect portraits, paint the most plausible sketches, all his life, without being a whit the nearer these things. As critics, in the extended sense, ordinary successful artists have generally little to offer; matter of fact in spirit, sticking to detail, restricted in their tastes and likings; by no means open to the highest inspirations of genius, genius departing from the beaten track, genius opposed to their own, of whatever kind. A good artist, however, when he can express himself articulately, almost necessarily can say some pertinent things on the practice of art. The niceties of artistic language, in composition, chiaroscuro, colour, a painter of feeling can alone discuss *con amore*, and to best effect; his speech flowing from real knowledge; just as an intelligent versifier will enter into the niceties of the poetic art in metre, music, diction, in a spirit foreign to the general reader. And those artist-critics like Haydon, who rise to real power, are characterised by the especial appositeness and point,—joined often to false general views—of all they say pertaining to the language of their art, and of all grounded on observation and practical insight; rather than by wideness of range. This will apply to Professor Leslie himself; who, for the acumen and fresh significance of his criticisms, occupies at present, a place altogether his own; just as he is a painter and poet altogether by himself. The true artist's point of view is peculiarly interesting, as wholly distinct from that of the general thinker. Both are necessary to the adequate illustration of art.

A few grains of pertinent observation,—of the gold-dust of common sense, peep out occasionally in Chantrey's case. These and the more characteristic anecdotes are mostly supplied Mr. Jones by friends—Mr. Leslie and others. Such are the canons, 'that every good statue should produce a chiaroscuro, that would be perfect in painting, and the one art might be considered a good rule for the other in this;' that 'superfluous ornament is concealment of inability,' and in architecture, truly fine buildings, 'if divested of their ornaments, would still from their bare quantities produce a good effect;' that 'the difference between a good (portrait) artist and a bad, consists in this, a good artist retains his likeness while he softens the peculiarities, and a bad artist, secures his by exaggerating them.' In these, and a few like, we see the character of the man. They or rather a much larger proportion would have well assisted a real biography. But a completer wild goose chase than the running after Chantrey's opinions to make a volume, could scarce be. Their paucity was a characteristic of the man; a man averse to

all display, all set theories or fine sentiment. The few he did form, were decided, and quite such as to be expected of one taking much on trust, yet possessing shrewd common sense.

The meagre criticisms Mr. Jones rakes up from the tour of 1819,—most of the *facts* of the life given having been despatched in twenty-two pages—are inconclusive enough. After all written on works of art in Italy, sufficient, as Dickens well puts it, to bury the whole,—and in more senses than the literal, were they read,—our interest is not delirious when we are told in general terms, Chantrey admired this, and didn't admire that: that such and such a portico 'gave him entire satisfaction,' and 'the villas in the neighbourhood he thought elegant;' or that Michael Angelo's 'Prophets' excited his 'highest respect.' The fact is, Chantrey went to Italy on business, to secure a supply of good marble from Carrara, but, as any other businessman might, contrived to pick up a little pleasure; went on 'with a party' to Rome; made a note or two in his guide-book; and in after years could, like other travelled men, hold a part in conversation when turning on Italy. Scraps of such scanty leavings, vague remembrances of vaguer chit-chat, Mr. Jones serves up in his own forcible and eloquent way: the result, to the reader, is a feeling as he had eaten of chopped hay.

Chantrey's own few observations were on matters of detail. Mr. Jones atones for deficiencies by taking matters into his own hands, giving *his* opinions, under cloak of Chantrey. A suspicion here presents itself. Did our Keeper of the Academy get up the book to the express end of making a handle of his friend, and communicating to the world—an obtuse, inexorable world, that might not listen to him otherwise—his matured views of Michael Angelo and the Italian masters, and of that great institution to which he, Mr. Jones, has the honour to belong?

However this may be, Chantrey and Jones for many a weary page walk seemingly hand in hand; the two harmonized by notices now and then, that Chantrey's opinions on such and such a topic, series of sculptures, or paintings, 'were *nearly* as follows,' or that he '*concurred* in the following.' Then, a voice is raised to inform us, that this figure 'is too near,' that in a 'too perpendicular line,' this piece 'replete with good forms,' that 'worthy of the best times of art.' In these days of Ruskins and Lord Lindsays, it much profits us to be told such things about Ghiberti, Raphael, &c.; that some figures in the latter's 'frescos cartoons, are admirable,' some 'beautiful,' and to some 'objections may be made.'

Confused pragmatic speech in the biographer's own acknowledged person, directed against erring compatriots, is

interweaved, about the early Italians: wholly beside the mark: comprising some truisms, some got up praise of the early masters, and marked by utter lack of responsive feeling, utter obtuseness to the real points at issue. Mr. Jones, like so many of his brethren, has not the remotest suspicion, the fault of the day rests, not in the objects of imitation, but in the fact of imitation itself. No! he would have us adhere to copyism of the 'great masters' and the antique; and be safe. Little wonder a school of younger men arises, to depart from such guidance. If these latter could but learn, their salvation lies in no modification of copyism, no change of masters, but in relinquishment of the slavery altogether! This our domestic and landscape painters *have* instinctively found.

Of the philosophy of the history of art, our biographer, of course, shares with Chantrey and the rest, entire ignorance; does not in the least understand, poor man! *why* painting all at once declined after its culmination in Raphael: to his mind an inexplicable phenomenon, 'derogatory to the powerful intellect of man, and usual progression.' Why not further 'improvements?' He does not one moment dream, it was in the nature of things inevitable, this decay of mediæval art,—of architecture, sculpture, painting, ornamental design,—ensuing to its maturity: the whole just as preordained, as the growth, maturity, decay of an oak; the progress to the final step visible throughout the course of art in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; the decay deepest within, when the surface fairest: hence, the apparently abrupt termination.

The remainder of the volume is occupied, over and above like adventitious matter, with fitful flights of biographic semi-consciousness, self-repetition, heterogeneous reminiscence of this and that actual or fancied characteristic of the sculptor;—of his 'philosophic' mind, his 'learning;' his sporting; of such remarkable facts as that he admired Stothard and Flaxman; his opinion of the Royal Academy, &c. An appendix follows, of letters, few, short and trifling, but characteristic, worth all the rest of the volume; also, an account of Chantrey by Sir Henry Russell, of no very dissimilar quality to Mr. Jones's portion, nor betraying individuality of higher mark, but containing a greater relative amount of facts, and traits of the sculptor.

There is an amusing passage in this account, where Sir Henry innocently relates of Chantrey, on Sir Henry's father reciting, apropos of a head of Satan, the address from Milton, the artist said he had made him understand *one* line he never had before:

'Till pride—and worse!—ambition threw me down!'

'Worse'—instead of being printed as an exclamation, 'as it *manifestly ought*'—being usually made 'a feeble adjective.' Commentators of the right orthodox stamp, our friends would have formed, for ignorance of their poet and length of ear.

Chantrey's notions of the Academy, which 'from indifference,' before his interests were identified with it, were rapidly matured into faith in its divine right, as unadulterated as Mr. Jones's own, are referred to, some five or six several times, and made the peg whereon to hang two assuming, elaborate apologies for that institution. One contains a sort of *ex officio* statement of its constitution. They are as rampant displays of the spasmodic Toryism of a clique, Toryism grasping at whatever is, and is for the benefit of its own privileged class, however recent the corruption it hugs, as it has ever been our lot to witness. Of Chantrey we are told, he 'thought *any* attempt to alter the constitution' of the Academy 'DISLOYAL!' and that 'no change could be made without being inconvenient or cumbrous to the institution!' Happy institution! superior to the laws of nature! *born* perfect; free from conditions affecting the rest of creation, the necessities of adaptation to the fluctuating time. The whole said is a unique blossom of self-satisfied folly; an extreme sample of self-interested blindness; going as low as human nature *can* go in narrowness of view; an illustration, on a petty scale, of Carlyle's 'Flunkeyism grown truculent and transcendent.' A like spirit is manifested in the anecdotes of royalty; of the affableness of the great and good George IV., of the sensibility of William IV.: told with the true gusto of flunkeyism;—organ of veneration evidently much excited in relator.

Similarly far-seeing are the Chantrey-Jones views of English failure in those 'higher branches of art,' whereof Mr. Jones believes himself a follower; and the 'want of proper *encouragement*,' the stale cry of the incapable and the blind. Does Mr. Jones think, as Prince Hoare the witless, once gravely proposed, that a 'great national encouragement of its highest powers' is as desirable for poetry as painting? To be consistent, he ought. Are Paradise Losts, Macbeths, Ancient Mariners, Princesses, to be got, by giving *commissions* for them? raising the funds? starting competitions? We advise the government to try. When our pretenders to what is falsely and foolishly called 'high art,'—as if all true art were not high,—have *anything to say* in their line, then will they be patronized, not before. Historic painters—witness Etty's great works,—when something more than pretenders *have* been. Nay, the make-believe has been, unhappily. Witness West, and his 'Christ Healing the Sick;' for which men, British noblemen and gentry, hereditary legislators and

others, once were found to give £3,000: now, not worth half-a-crown; worth, rather, much less, as a source of immeasurable harm, in confusing and misleading the notions of art of the people. The exception proves the rule. This, and cases similar, were the ripe result of the hot-bed of Dilettantism, and its attempts at the 'advancement of English art.' It is a sickly plant that needs so much rearing.

On the whole, the volume supplies the partial material for a future life of the sculptor; unavoidably bringing its instalment of light, however slender and dim. Incidental points of interest and value even Mr. Jones's efforts have been unavailing to dispart from the thread of his communications about the old masters and the Royal Academy. Such we can extract as the general purport of the confused, tautologous statements, about Chantrey personally. Such we find in an occasional anecdote: as that of Turner,—of whose greatness Mr. Jones has an inarticulate sense,—where represented as passing an obscuring water-colour-tint over a very noble picture, which somewhat cast in the shade one of Lawrence's near it, in the exhibition. An 'unparalleled self-sacrifice!' cries the wondering Mr. Jones. A very generous, though but temporary sacrifice, it was; that of the empty fame of a single season; no such great matter to a Turner, or any true man, though much to many a narrow mind, and mean envious soul. A generous act! worthy of Turner. We never knew the picture of Lawrence's worth *it*. This, and other anecdotes, which like those of Constable, had been current before, give us a glimpse of the greatest of landscape-painters, in a very interesting light.

In style—which is to an author's intellect what the pores of the skin are to the body, through which individuality, either in greatness or littleness, will ever ooze—our biographer's writing is very characteristic: careful, self-complacent, pragmatic; weak, and blunt to that degree, half a sentence from Ruskin injudiciously given in a note quite startles us; and the letters introduced have an effect of reality only less. In all detail of facts, it reminds us of a newspaper 'melancholy accident.' The account of Chantrey's death, especially, reads like a verbatim extract from the penny-a-line columns of the 'Times.' The writer's more level moods, with their dry official impersonality, their combination of indeterminateness and would-be precision, involuntarily suggest a report from 'your committee;' a suggestion strengthened by the reference throughout to the author, in the third person, as to some foreign agency. On one occasion, we are told of 'two pictures by Jones,' to hang which in the light recommended, Lord Egremont cut off the legs of three portraits fixed in the room-panel: on which remarkable proceeding, no

comment. On another, we hear of the 'judgment of Mr. Jones,' and Mr. Vernon's confidence in it, to that extent, he made him (Mr. Jones) buy pictures never seen by the former. Again, 'Mr. Jones, the keeper of the Royal Academy,' makes a call; 'Mr. Jones advised him to get into a cab,' and so on. A strange ubiquitous, unintelligible kind of person this Mr. Jones, whom we never see or confront, only hear of, vaguely, from afar; an humble emulator, in literature, of the acquaintance of his school-days, the imperturbable Julius Cæsar, in his Commentaries. Our modern commentator takes care to acquaint us he knows something of the classics, by quoting an occasional passage or so of Latin and even Greek.

Of Chantrey, the recorded life and character are eminently simple and compact. Easy of comprehension is the tenor of both. The one was marked by steady common-sense; the other by progressive success. Chantrey was born at Norton, in Derbyshire, in 1782. The son of one of the few remaining small proprietors cultivating their own land, he received a moderate education, and was apprenticed, at his own instance, to a working wood-carver. Every onward step was marked by native sagacity. His natural gifts led him to the more ambitious branches of art. He began with portrait-painting. But his craft of wood-carving, securing, as it did, a subsistence, he did not relinquish till his position as sculptor was assured: a wise plan, since for eight years he, according to his own account, scarce realized 5*l.* by modelling. He began with an imaginative effort or so, but soon found his legitimate field. With the 10,000*l.* brought him by his wife in 1811, he provided himself with house, studio, offices, marble, &c., like a prudent speculator. From the epoch of his bust of Horne Tooke,—an important patron to him, dates his success. This brought him into notice. Commissions thenceforward flowed in. The remainder of his life was a course of regular labour, relieved by constant hospitality and the periodic relaxation of country visits, and his favourite amusement, angling; interspersed with such occurrences as the visit to Italy; a few other continental trips; the erection, at a cost of 20,000*l.*, of a new house and offices, adapted to the growing largeness of his dealings; and his knighthood. With characteristic shrewdness, he early avoided committing himself to any political or party opinions. This, his prosperity, and his common-sense rendered him a great favourite with the English aristocracy. But too often, indeed, is the inane world of aristocratic Dilettantism felt hovering dimly near, as we read these pages. His large income and social disposition induced him to keep a hospitable house. And it was part of his tact to secure, without much reading, varied average knowledge, by frequent intercourse with men of science and

letters. During the last two years of his life, his health rapidly and wholly gave way: the ordinary fate of his class, the hard workers and social liver. He was in the maturity of middle age, on his sudden death in 1841.

This course is as much that of a man of business as of an artist. Yet Chantrey's was a truly estimable, though no exalted, or rare character. There was a native dignity, a reality, an English genuineness, about the man, legible in his whole life, and very engaging; even amid the chaotic adumbrations of the present biography. He was a favourable sample of a class not uncommon among us, the prosperous men who have risen through their own efforts, and deservedly. Generous, frank, hearty, he was; above all, eminently *direct* in his dealings and character. One of his distinguishing features as a man, and as one of the class just mentioned, was his honest pride in his origin, and progress in life. Without self-complacency, a manly consciousness of his true relations to the world pervaded him. The taint of flunkeyism in his position so facile to catch, touched him not. That respect for the intrinsic and essential, in character and position, his early circumstances naturally inspired, was never forsaken for worship of the privileged caste which favoured and surrounded him.

One of those receiving freely and spending freely, he showed his sense of the value of money by its liberal devotion to the enjoyment of himself and all around. Ever open to tales of distress, he was the frequent dupe of his kind impulses. To his brother artists, he was generous in more ways than that of hospitality. Few earning a large income have manifested a better title thereto, by their use of it. In a profession inevitably unequal in the attainment of the prizes of fortune, compensation for the direction of so large a share into one or two fashionable channels, is found in so genial a worldly head of it as Chantrey. His generosity bordered on lavishness; yet even here, his prudence did not wholly forsake him. He left a large property; bequeathed, after Lady Chantrey, to the Royal Academy in trust, for purposes of doubtful judiciousness, but unquestionable good intention; in the way of fostering the 'higher branches of art.'

Rough and free in his manners, he was as full of *bon homie* as good feeling. His letters are instinct with the heartiness and good fellowship of the man, and have a very agreeable freshness, and freedom from effort, if also, from any claims in the matter of thought. And our biographer manages in his semi-articulate way, to let us see how closely he attached those about him, by his cheerful openness and friendly heart.

In person, Chantrey did not belie his inner self. Mr. Jones, indeed, gives us to understand, in one place, he resembled ¹Shakspeare; in another, that it was Socrates he was like; and

thereon, would have us accept a deeper similarity, of mind, to the Greek philosopher! A notion nearer the mark, is graphically supplied by his friend Thomson, when he begins his letter with a red wafer stuck on the paper; eyes, nose, mouth, &c., given in black. The symbol so pleased the sculptor, he adopted it himself as an occasional jocose signature.

Chantrey's intellect was a limited but emphatically capable, if not very elevated, one; ready at command and certain. All he said or did was, as far as it went, to the purpose. Altogether practical was the whole man. The sagacity of a sublimated common sense, was his prevailing characteristic. His mind was a perceptive one, not thoughtful or intense; making use of all that came in his way; gleaning information; receiving results, and applying them shrewdly. He attained proficiency in all he undertook, whether it were wood-carving, painting, portrait-busts, fishing, shooting. Without his range, were it but one step, he was helpless. But then, as a rule, he took care never to advance that step. And this was easy to him; for he was averse to all beyond the literal, and the every-day. The singular, the eccentric, in thought, manner of art, way of wearing one's hair, or any other department, he detested. 'Let us stick to the broad, common high-way, and do our best there,' was the instinctive feeling of the man. He was haunted by no unattainable, ever-retreating, fair ideals. No dreaming aspirations, or indefinite yearnings, had part in his life. His somewhat extreme, and in Mr. Jones's hands quite over-done devotion, to '*simplicity*,' was very characteristic; in unison with that really satisfactory in him, but pointing to his wants, his restrictedness of feeling and unimaginativeness.

The same practical tendency and restriction of effort to things within reach, the sagacious, unerringly successful application of himself to the certain and definite, characterise his art: in the artist, ever the blossom and result of the whole man. Emphatic fulfilment does his success afford of the celebrated apophthegm of Mulready; 'know what you have to do, and do it.' He did not spend himself on false aims, nor once lose himself in a wrong track. Having early ascertained his true field, portraiture, he consistently adhered to it, notwithstanding all 'advice of friends;' though far from lacking ambition, or high ideas of the so-called higher branches. In this, his history is especially instructive, worthy of heed. He was faithful to the light that was in him. And in better times of art he might have been a still better artist.

For his was not the light to live independently of surrounding conditions, but in accordance with them. He, like Mr. Jones, accepted this present state of art as the normal and legitimate; taking all that *is* for gospel: the exaggerated importance of painting and sculpture; their divorcement from art-universal; the prevailing copyisms and anomalies. On a particular factor's

chimney in the disguise of an obelisk, executed from a design of his own—the literal copy of an Egyptian original, he especially valued himself. When he or Jones talks of ‘art,’ they, like many others, mean only sculpture or painting. When he carved a monumental work, he unhesitatingly adopted the customary æsthetically hideous and barbarous stone-mason’s ornaments and bounding lines of the tablet. He grafted his clever art, in the execution of the figures, on the base common-places, the undertaker’s morsels of Egyptian symbolism, in vogue; troubling his head about such matters no more than another man. A Gothic cathedral was to his mind, the pre-ordained receptacle for his and other modern sculptors’ work, the arena of good or bad lights for monumental tablets and colossal masses of statuary. One small chapel at Westminster is completely filled, that is to say extinguished, by his huge statue of Watt, so as to have called down the very just indignation of Mr. Pugin. We well can fancy how he would have ‘wondered and been silent,’ had one told him the pedestal he and his brethren unintelligently manufacture from generation to generation for their busts, is a disgrace to the art, and those practising it; in its unredeemed hideousness, its mechanical but costly multiplication, its utter defiance, forgetfulness, of art and its demands. His common-sense led him to object to Roman cuirasses and bare arms and legs. But the most he could offer in substitution was a mongrel compromise between antique forms and modern reality. This, indeed, was much, considering all things. Of the one great office of all art—the consecration of contemporary reality, the poetic representation of the actual, it was scarce to be expected he should be rightly conscious.

The poet Flaxman, bitten by mania, once made a deliberate proposal, which turns one’s very blood cold, in its puerile inartisticness; a colossal statue of *Britannia* to be erected on *Greenwich-hill* between the two wings of the hospital. A favourite dream of Chantrey’s, fortunately unrealized also, was the perpetuation of his fame inseparable from his native soil itself, by a colossal statue to the Duke of Sutherland, carved on the perpendicular side of a Derbyshire rock; a thing frightful to think of: so monstrous a scar on great Nature’s face. This idea was a violation, but still a matter of fact one, of Chantrey’s usual common sense leanings. These are characteristically evidenced by his just contempt of allegories.

Such feeling as a gifted common-sense, the talented development of common-sense observation, could attain, *that* Chantrey manifested. His favourite position for a horse, standing on all four legs, because ‘you cannot give a durable effect to that in its nature transitory,’ is an instance of this real power of his. And the sentiment emulated ‘of a horse standing still in a field and

looking about him,' illustrates the kind and amount of imagination whereof he was capable; real as far as it went, but that, not far. In the celebrated Lichfield sleeping children, and remaining works of that small class, it was just this tangible sentiment and prosaic poetry that were achieved. Mr. Jones unconsciously explains the heart of the matter, when saying, with characteristic inspiration, they 'went to the heart of *every* mother and delighted *every* parent.' The reason of their popularity is here suggested. There was just sentiment enough to catch the eye; and not *too much*. Any other or higher imagination, he had not. The case our biographer endeavours to make out, of the imaginativeness of Chantrey's use of flowers, is simply absurd; in keeping with the rest of the criticisms, wherein it is gravely affirmed, he equalled in his monumental works, the antique, nay, surpassed the majority of classic remains. The telling 'the death of the *head of a family*' by a wreath of lilies, the principal one broken away, Mr. Jones would have us believe did 'as much as any poetic metaphor has ever done.' The 'fading form for the consumptive,' the 'drooping for the sorrowful,' &c., are all feats of imagination worthy of a Valentine, or the compiler of a 'Language of Flowers.'

Chantrey's monuments were deformed by the prevailing vice of modern sculpture; excessive and misdirected imitativeness. His cushions and mattresses, cost him and his workmen as much pains to elaborate, as the human faces themselves: the result meretricious, alien to true art, degrading to the taste of all whose admiration is caught by such tricks. When will modern sculptors learn the elementary fact, that *typicalness* in representation of all unessential parts, or all wherein imitative delusion is easy, is the very soul of their artistic language, as to such things?

In his monumental sculptures generally, apart from the class just noticed, Chantrey realized as high an excellence as the modern range of such things admits; the technic attainment far exceeding in importance the 'phonetic;' the æsthetic a very mixed, and, as a whole, unsatisfactory one. In his public equestrian monuments, we have real and refined art, and character, of a restricted kind; art only too good—in general, immeasurably, for the heroes celebrated. But in his portrait-busts, we have him on his own peculiar ground; where he put forth indubitable mastery, exceeded by no known works in that province, in rare instances equalled. For the earnestness, dignity, pre-eminence of character and of expression, truth of portraiture, and sober but certain and unerring art, of these productions he demands all honour. From his hands, the outward aspects of a large section of the distinguished and really

great of his time have received justice. Would that, devoted to the recording of such, a portrait sculptor and painter, similar, existed in every generation ! Around him flocked a more numerous crowd of the celebrated and important, than it perhaps ever fell to the lot of another artist to attract. Nor was this prosperity without cause. There was reality in the man, and in his art.

ART. III.—*Christ's Second Coming; will it be Pre-millennial?* By the Rev. David Brown, A.M. Second Edition. Carefully revised and corrected, with large additions. Edinburgh and London : Johnstone and Hunter. 1849.

THERE has long been a complaint that continental doctors of theology, students of physical science, and the masters of our popular literature, have become, if not absolute unbelievers, yet only half-believers, in Christianity ; tolerating, rather, its distinctive truths as matters of popular faith, than giving them a *bonâ fide* reception as the revealed mind of God. There is considerable cause for this lamentation. But the tendency has been too general to represent this scepticism as affecting the very vitals of Christianity, threatening to blot out from our convictions the *facts* on which the Christian system is built. Such apprehensions betray a lack of trust in the wisdom of Providence, which has ordained that truth is to be elicited, in its purest and most influential form, by the conflict between unbelief and faith : just as the strength of individual character is but half known, till difficulty and opposition call it forth.

There is a species of infidelity to some extent prevalent amongst us, even more to be dreaded than a wholesale rejection of the Bible. We know not how to describe the common principle running through all the divisions of it better than by calling it—a *rooted distrust in Christianity as a means of renewing the world* ; a belief that its practical power has been exhausted, and that till some new revelation has been made, the world's salvation can never be accomplished. There are those who regard it as having been a grand inspiration, while it lasted—an overpowering influence, till it had spent itself : but that now we have subsided again into stagnation and hardness, and require new miracles, new facts, and new truths, to meet the unsatisfied cravings of the soul—as if the progress of humanity had outstripped the resources of Christianity.

One of the developments, and perhaps not the most harmless one, of this spirit has embodied itself in the system of modern Millenarianism. Taking the amount and quality of the proof relied on by the advocates of this system, it seems to us that unless there were a *predisposition towards it*—arising from a want of faith in Christianity—such confessedly slight evidence would never be sufficient to convince them of such extraordinary doctrines. They admit, indeed, the truth of the facts on which Christianity is founded; and hold, in common with the great body of believers, the doctrines usually deduced from them. But when we speak of the competency of the gospel to regenerate the world, and expatiate on the prospects of spiritual glory to be realized by its agency, we are accused of deluding ourselves and others with ‘rhetoric.’ According to them, the gospel has done nearly as much as it ever will do with its present powers: though there is a vast amount of merely nominal Christianity existing—though there are huge masses of idolaters peopling three-quarters of the globe—though the majority of the human race know nothing of a Redeemer—we are not to expect any great alteration till Christ shall come to set up in person a visible kingdom in the world; and even then, a great part of his enemies will yield only a feigned obedience. Such a doctrine is so directly opposed, and so immensely inferior, to that which is commonly held on the nature and prospects of the kingdom of Christ that unless it be sustained by strong scriptural assertions, so that in rejecting it we do violence to the text and spirit of the word of God, the holding of such a doctrine must spring, either from the conviction that Christianity in its present resources is unable, or ill-adapted, to do the great work of human redemption, or from a defective perception of those carnal elements belonging to the system which is brought into odious rivalry with it. If the former explanation be adopted, we may reply by appealing to the history of Christianity; or if our opponent have realized the power of the gospel in his own person, we may send him to his own experience—since what has subdued *one* heart, is able to subdue all hearts, and to captivate and sanctify all wills. If the ‘defective perception’ exist to which we have referred, it must originate in a sensuous, imaginative cast of mind, more awake to outward, material grandeur than to that spiritual and inward glory which constitutes the attraction of the gospel. We are unwilling to apply sweeping criticism to every holder of the sentiments in question, but there must be a tendency to this defect in the mental constitution of modern Pre-millennialists.

There are three ways of ascertaining the value of any theory professing to be derived from the Bible, each one of which, in

relation to the present question, is capable of ample illustration. First, it may be asked, by what principles of interpretation, reasonable or unreasonable, consistent or inconsistent—by what quality of criticism have these conclusions been evolved? or, secondly, the method of *reductio ad absurdum* may be tried upon the theory, by deducing those consequences from it which are inconsistent with the admitted principles of its advocates; or, thirdly, the system may be compared with the spirit and tendency of the gospel—with what is called the *genius* of Christianity. In our opinion, the application of any one of these tests to the Millennial theory will explode it, whether we compare it with the Bible, or with itself, or with the general principles of Christianity.

In arguing with a modern Millenarian, we are liable to constant perplexity from being at issue with him on the very first principles of interpretation, and on the *application* of his professed principles. To any one who does not come to the study of the Bible strongly predisposed towards a theory, it would appear a glaring absurdity to take what certainly *seems* the most highly figurative language as the literal expressions of the ultimate form and destiny of the kingdom of Christ; and to construct such a theory as that of the millennium from a single symbolical passage in the most symbolical book in the Bible. You feel this preliminary question forced upon you:—By what test can it be ascertained when the word of God speaks in poetry, and when in plain prose? When, and where, are you to say, this is a scenical representation of a spiritual truth, or the metaphorical expression of a spiritual fact; and this is an abstract statement, purely literal, to be received as an exact, unadorned account of Christian doctrine? Is it all literal? and if not, by what rule can you discriminate the literal from the figurative? Are there any rules? or is every individual at liberty to choose out of the visions, prophecies, and dramatic representations of Scripture, that portion which it may suit his system to render literally? A very old, and it would seem a trustworthy, answer to this question is, that we must not construct doctrine out of prophecy—*Theologia prophetica non est argumentativa*. The reason of such a rule is obvious. Prophecy, in order that it may not bring about its own fulfilment, that it may awaken only general expectations, and when fulfilled may become an evidence of its divine origin, whether general or particular, whether literal or figurative, must be on the whole an obscure, and but imperfect, description of what is predicted, till the fulfilment shall throw light upon its hitherto dim expressions. But this rule has been reversed by the disciples of the school we are opposing, who are all in common inspired by a

typophobia. The canon they have relied on most—one most necessary to them—is, that whatever interpretation of a prophecy is possible, is probable; a maxim by the help of which it would be easy to extract marvellous absurdities from the word of God.

It would certainly seem probable, that in giving a revelation of his will the Almighty would convey the most important parts of it in language that could be rightly interpreted by at least the greater part of those who read it; and with such *repetitions* as we find in the case of truths confessedly the most important. The doctrine of the atonement, for instance, is exhibited in the centre of a thousand lights, all converging towards it as into a focus; prophecy, literal and figurative; type, symbol, and parable; direct and simple statement, iterated and reiterated; and in the Epistles, the doctrine is reasoned out with much energy, both of ideas and of language. Now, it is not according to the analogy of inspiration that a dogma so important as the reign of Christ, with his risen saints, for a thousand years, should be abandoned to the support of a single passage, and that passage occurring in the midst of visions that at least *have the appearance* of being symbolical. Before we take such an account to be the literal winding up of the Christian dispensation, we must have the same truth glancing upon us from other pages and other books of the New Testament; we must have it in the preaching of the Apostles and in the Epistles. 'But here,' says an accredited author of the Millennial school, in the book of Revelation, 'is the seat of the doctrine.'

We have often tried, with the help of Millenarian writers, to form some intelligible and fixed conception of the manner in which the reign of the saints with Christ on earth *can* be a 'judgment' on their behalf, but without success. The ideas that arise on the attempt seem so incompatible. On the one hand, we have to think of a grand spiritual monarchy, at the head of which Christ himself sits as the supreme sovereign, arrayed in *spiritual* glory: his glorified saints, but principally the Jews (although the literal interpretation of the passage in the Apocalypse gives this glory to the martyrs only), are with him as co-assessors, holding a subordinate authority. So far we are presented with spiritual ideas only, of the same class as are awakened when we try to form a conception of heaven and its blessedness. But now the mind has to abandon this purely spiritual region, and try to connect with it, as part and parcel of the same, the idea of a material and local throne, and local seats of authority; a material temple for worship, with sacrifices as helps to the devotion of glorified creatures; a material city, which is to be adorned for the habitation of

spiritual natures by the presents and the glory of earthly kings ; that is to say, the senses are to be gratified, and the taste for outward pomp is to be pampered ; and yet this is part of the 'judgment' given to creatures who are supposed to have been purified from the last taint of flesh and sense, and to be ennobled with an incorruptible and immortal nature. We are obliged to give up this attempt to mingle carnal and spiritual, earthly and heavenly things, in despair.

Another part of the 'judgment' given to the glorified saints, and which presents equal difficulties, is the universal spread of the gospel during the millennial period. How is this diffusion to be accomplished ? By the instrumentality now employed being rendered more powerful and effectual ? By persuasion, by the activity and intercessions of the Church, by the ministry of the doctrine of the Cross ? No, not mainly ; but chiefly by the personal manifestation of Christ, by judgments on anti-christian nations, by the revival of miracles, by extraordinary effusions of the Spirit. The glorified saints are also to be employed on behalf of saints on earth, in the character of ministering angels. Let the reader try to work out these ideas, and he will complete a scheme as incompatible with Christianity and the Bible as any production of fiction can well be. The appearance of Christ in the clouds will be the means of converting those rebellious against all previous means. His appearance in spiritual glory to Saul may be urged as an argument in favour of this view, but the example really overthrows it. There were other and moral means used to effect the conversion of Saul. The sight of Christ produced blindness, terror, and stupefaction ; but the words of Christ, though few, were tender and subduing, and directed him to the further use of instruction at Damascus. But men could not be converted in this manner by the personal appearing of Christ. There are no saints in the flesh remaining, for they are all transformed ; none to whom the wonder-stricken Sauls could be sent for instruction and training ; —and how all their wonder and terror are to have a moral direction given to them ; how a new heart is to spring out of a terrible vision ; how faith can be invited into existence by what seems calculated to inspire only awe—all these difficulties are ignored and unsolved. Similar objections may be urged against judgments on anti-christian nations as agents for the conversion of the world. What influence have earthquakes, plagues, famines, and fires, in changing the currents of a man's affections ? In what manner do they overcome his cherished aversion to God, root out his enmity to the Cross, and implant aspirations after a sanctified and obedient nature ? And the revival of what miracles will be competent to bring the truth into effectual

contact with the heart? No miracle short of that which, abandoning the ordinary method of teaching, shall accomplish some wonderful psychological change in the nature of man. But would that be changing men into Christians? Millenarian writers must surely mean some miraculous agency of the Spirit of this kind when they speak of his extraordinary effusions in those times; for they refer but slightly to the usual instruments by which the Spirit now works, while they frequently refer to the supernatural and the miraculous as the instruments of conversion. After surveying all the extraordinary machinery for human conversion during the millennium, the question is forced upon one, Why should Heaven prepare such a battery to break down an opposition to the truth, which will be infinitely weaker than that now offered to its claims? Satan and his agencies will be bound during that time, and yet the renovation of human nature will stand more in need than ever of supernatural help!

But does not the whole of this part of the theory disclose the low views which these writers have been accustomed to take of the Christian system? We have been used to consider that the means ordained by the wisdom of God for the present conversion of man are admirably adapted to his nature. They are beautifully delicate as an appeal from infinite power to helpless creatures—in wide contrast with the rude compulsion implied in the extensive use of miracles and judgments. It is a condescension touching our deepest sensibilities when the Law-giver tenderly reasons with the law-breaker, and accompanies his expostulations with a secret influence on the will, the conscience, and the reason, which, though not for one moment interfering with his freedom or with his spontaneous movement towards God, exercises, nevertheless, an influence, without which he would have remained as before, indifferent and hardened to all the words of Judge and Redeemer. If love and free obedience are to be drawn forth by the gospel, such means as these seem exquisitely adapted to their end. Notwithstanding verbal denials, the Millenarian repudiates the efficacy of these means. They are not material and palpable enough to win his confidence. They do not rudely compel obedience, but plead for it; and they plead for it with an authority so subdued and softened by love and mercy, as to seem tardy and circuitous in the route they take to reach the salvation of the species. A millennium of obedience can only be brought about, therefore, by the prodigies attending the advent, by some resistless influence of the Spirit, and by judgments upon the wicked. But truth, and love, and obedience are spiritual things, and can be established in the world only by spiritual means. The Mille-

narian spirit is arrogant, and impatient, and coarse—arrogant, in intruding on the functions of the Supreme, abolishing the spirit of Christianity, and substituting a refined Mohammedanism; impatient, with the rate at which the Redeemer moves onward in the redemption of the world, and therefore would have him come and inaugurate his universal reign by terrible signs and wonders; and coarse, in undervaluing the existing moral and spiritual means of bringing men into the obedience of the faith.

If there is one point on which the Millenarians are more unanimous than another, it is that the proper kingdom of Christ has never yet been established, and never will be till he shall come a second time to set it up on the earth. We know not a more revolting doctrine amongst all the deformed Christianity of that system. Not the least astonishing part of the matter is, that men educated in the Christian faith, and claiming to be enlightened by the Christian revelation, should be found in this age attempting to revive the very notion, the same in all essential respects, as that entertained by the Jews of old, and by the unbelieving Jews now, respecting the nature of the kingdom of Christ. ‘My kingdom is not of this world’—‘the kingdom of God is within you’—‘the kingdom of God cometh not with observation’—were the reiterated announcements of Christ as to the spiritual nature of his kingdom. But these were the statements that convinced the Jews that he was an impostor; for him to declare that ‘his kingdom was not from hence,’ falsified, in their estimation, his claim to the Messiahship; for they believed that *his* kingdom was temporal, and therefore they crucified *him* as a malefactor, determined to wait for a Messiah whose kingdom should be of this world. They fell into this grand mistake through an interpretation of the prophecies congenial to their carnal ambition. The same mistake has been committed by the writers of the school we are opposing, though the same temptations and excuses do not exist in their case, except that it is common to human nature in every stage of its development to prefer the sensible to the spiritual and invisible. Millenarianism, then, is a revival of Judaism—the principal difference being, that the creed of the latter is that Christ is yet to come, and to set up a visible authority by which he will more than recover the lost splendours of the crown of Israel; while the creed of the former is, that Christ has come, but not to establish his proper kingdom—that he will come a second time to do that very thing which he repeatedly disavowed when he dwelt among us.

Besides the vicious treatment of the prophecies already referred to, an additional cause of this delusion is found in a

misconception of what constitutes the kingdom of Christ. Because the laws of Christ have not received universal obedience, nor his power subdued all his enemies, therefore, he is not yet a king—such is the reasoning of the Millenarians. But do we not often find that Christ is said to have done that *actually* which he has done only *virtually*, and, at present *partially*? Little or no account is taken of the time intervening between the accomplishment of those facts which contain the *germ* and the *guarantee* of the success of Christ's kingdom, and the remote and complete *results* of those facts. 'I saw Satan fall like lightning from heaven'—describes, in the past historical tense, an event which is to take place fully in the future. And the reason is obvious. The triumphs which the disciples accomplished through the power of Christ had really dealt a death-blow to the kingdom of Satan, and were prognostics and pledges of its ultimate and complete fall. The conflict between these great empires had commenced, and the first victory, though obtained in the person of Christ only, presented the miniature image of the final destruction of the rival kingdom. That must be but a dim insight into the facts of the Gospel history, which does not see that the title of Christ to be King was acquired when his earthly career had closed; for he who had redeemed men from the curse of the law by his sufferings had also the right to claim their obedience; and he who had broken the bonds of death, and obtained dominion over its territories, was surely able to assert his power against all the might of the devil. If, therefore, Christ has not seen fit yet to *exert* his power, we are not to deny that he has it; if he chooses that his authority shall prevail gradually, we in our impatience are not to conclude that his kingdom does not yet exist; if he has ordained that it shall silently grow, and not be established by a sudden and visible revolution, we are yet to honor him as a Prince, and to confide in the potency of those means which he has thought sufficient to effect an ultimate and universal conquest.

It may be taken as a sacred maxim, that any views of Scripture which tend to relax the energies and check the activity of the Church cannot be just. Any theory that casts contempt on all agencies for good, on all the glowing hopes of the Church, cannot have the authority of the Divine Spirit, in whatever plausibilities it may be dressed. Millenarians have awkwardly attempted to deny that their theory affords any discouragement to missionary effort. We will admit that personally they may be desirous to promote the salvation of man, and some of them may even be willing to penetrate the fastnesses of idolatry in order to proclaim the truth; just as many other men are blind to the

logical consequences of their systems, and are guided more by the impulses of the heart than the propositions of the brain. But there can be hardly more than one opinion as to the fact, that the legitimate consequence of Millenarian principles is to paralyze all strenuous efforts for the conversion of the world, and to reduce the Church to the attitude of mere passive, excited, expectation of the second advent. For if the promises relating to the universality of Christ's kingdom belong to a period after, and not before, his coming; if the Gospel in its present form has not sufficient power, is not furnished with the influences that can make the world tributary to its Lord; if we are not to expect any great enlargement of the Church till Christ shall come by miracles and judgments to overturn the kingdom of Satan—we may still preach the truth, because a command is on record binding us to the duty; but we shall preach it with blighted expectations; deprived of nearly every support that could make us labour with hope, faith, and love. If the great heart of the Church is to beat responsively to the calls of duty, she must feel that her's is a grand comprehensive mission, embracing for its object the recovery of the whole species to Christ; that she has no limits to the sphere of her conquests; that her present resources and agencies are all-sufficient; that the spiritual reign of Christ in the hearts of men is the highest form of the kingdom of God; and that no miracles and millenniums can ever match the power that is wielded by the preaching of the Cross.

The author of the work at the head of this article has written a valuable book against the Millenarian theory. We are not able to indicate its contents in detail, and content ourselves therefore with saying, that it is divided into three parts; the first treating of the second advent, the second of the millenium, and the third of objections. This second edition is a considerable enlargement and improvement of the first, embracing replies to various objections which have been advanced against the former. The author possesses an acute and logical mind, is skilled in dialectics, and evinces very respectable scholarship. We are not disposed to dwell on minor points, but speak of the book as a whole. In conclusion we heartily thank Mr. Brown for the good service he has rendered to this question, by so calm, interesting, and conclusive a treatment, of a somewhat uninviting subject.

ART. IV.—*The History of the Early Puritans, from the Reformation to the opening of the Civil War in 1642.* By J. B. Marsden, M.A., Vicar of Great Missenden. 8vo. Pp. 426. London: Hamilton & Co.

A HISTORY of the Puritans by a clergyman is a novelty. The announcement of such a work took us by surprise, and we opened its pages with no little curiosity. So far as our observation extends, clerical reading, on topics of this kind, embraces little more than the worst specimens of narrow-mindedness and bigotry which our language supplies; and we had not, therefore, much expectation of deriving either instruction or pleasure from Mr. Marsden's volume. In ignorance of his character and views, we identified him with a class of prejudiced, ill-informed, and intolerant men, and calculated on meeting in his book with a repetition of the slanders of Heylin, the exaggerated tales of Walker, and the ecclesiastical absurdities which from the time of Bancroft have distinguished the champions of High Church. Still, we were determined to read for ourselves. We were curious to know in what form exploded calumnies were to be revived, or how the modern advocate of Whitgift and Laud would attempt to reconcile the men of our day to the atrocities of those Primates. Living amongst a different class, we sought to supply our lack of information by listening—attentively at least—to the narrative and reasonings of the member of a different clique.

We have now done as we contemplated, and sit down to record, for the benefit of our readers, the conclusions at which we have arrived. We are glad to say that the task is far more pleasant than we anticipated. Cynical as our craft is regarded, and narrow-minded and prejudiced as Dissenters are deemed, we have no hesitation in saying, that the perusal of Mr. Marsden's 'History' has afforded us much pleasure, and that we shall be glad to find it has extensive circulation amongst our friends. It is far from being a party book. Neither Churchmen nor Dissenters will, in the mass, be pleased with it. The former will object to the censures passed on the ecclesiastical policy of Whitgift, Bancroft, and Laud, as well as the virtues conceded to the Puritans; while Dissenters will deem its judgment on their opponents too light, and the praise awarded to their fathers too measured and cold. We can readily imagine many clerical readers throwing down the volume in disgust, while we know some Dissenters who will dispute the charity and sound judgment it displays. This is to be expected; and we do not mention it

as matter of special reproach. The same thing is discernible in every department of human inquiry, and the evils springing from it are visible in literature and science, as well as in politics and religion. Still it is to be deplored, and our best efforts should be directed against it. The championship of a party is not necessarily that of truth, and indiscriminate praise or censure may well awaken distrust of the judgment or honesty of a writer.

It has been, therefore, with no ordinary gratification that we have read Mr. Marsden's 'History.' It is free, to a great extent, from this almost universal failing, and displays, what is rarely seen in clerical works on such topics, much catholicity of temper, with soundness of judgment and mental independence. There are still many points of difference between ourselves and the author. We deem some of his judgments hasty, and his sketches imperfect. There is too much in the one case to relieve the darkness of his picture, and in the other the shade has been deepened beyond what we deem the truth of the case. The Churchman is visible throughout, not for the most part in an unseemly and repulsive form, but occasionally warping the judgment of the historian, and checking somewhat the charity of the Christian. Mr. Marsden has, in our opinion—he will pardon the apparent assumption—much yet to learn. Free from the bitterness of his class, his views must be simplified and his range of observation become more extensive, before he can do full justice to the principles which lay at the basis of the actions he records. Those principles were yet undisclosed; at least they were known only to a few, and those for the most part unlearned and obscure. But they were present and in operation, concealed, it is true, from the eye of the many, yet not the less potent in the influence they exercised. These principles must be clearly and firmly apprehended before the narrative even of the early Puritans can be fairly told; and if so with them, we need scarcely say that the necessity exists in a yet higher degree in the case of their successors. Mr. Marsden's own volume supplies evidence of this in the terms applied to those by whom the ecclesiastical controversy was carried on. But notwithstanding all this, we receive his labours with respect, and proceed to acquaint our readers with them. There is so much in which we are agreed, that we have no disposition to dwell on the points of difference, more especially as those points are advanced without bitterness or assumption. Next to an intelligent and hearty approval of our views, we admire a masculine and candid opposition,—a free utterance of the objections held by honorable and inquiring men.

In estimating the character of a work, it is of importance to note the object of the writer and the temper in which he pro-

poses to seek it. It was, therefore, with much pleasure that we found our author early stating that his aim was 'to write a faithful record of the virtues of the Puritans and of their faults; to show how much we owe to the one, and how much we suffer from the other; to describe their wrongs with respect and sympathy, and yet to display in its turn their own intolerance.' While such is the temper in which the work has been executed, the following passage will show that Mr. Marsden's estimate of the Puritans is vastly different from that which generally prevails amongst the clergy. We commend it to the consideration of his brethren as evincing the gross folly of the sneers with which they are accustomed to refer to the class in question.

'Wherever the religion, the language, or the free spirit of our country has forced its way, the Puritans of old have some memorial. They have moulded the character and shaped the laws of other lands, and tinged with their devouter shades unnumbered congregations of Christian worshippers, even where no allegiance is professed or willing homage done to their peculiarities. It is a party that has numbered in its ranks many of the best, and not a few of the greatest, men that England has enrolled upon her history. Amongst the Puritans were found, together with a crowd of our greatest divines and a multitude of learned men, many of our most profound lawyers, some of our most able statesmen, of our most renowned soldiers, and (strangely out of place as they may seem) not a few of our greatest orators and poets. Smith and Owen, Baxter and Howe, were their ministers, and preached amongst them. Cecil revered and defended them while he lived; so did the illustrious Bacon; and the unfortunate Essex sought his consolations from them when he came to die. They were the men whom Cromwell dreaded and deceived, and amongst whom Hampden fought and perished. Milton owned allegiance to their principles, and lent them a pen still immortal though steeped in gall. Of wealth, and wit, and patriotism, they had at least their fair proportion. They boasted, not without reason, that the first college, in either university, founded by a Protestant, was the magnificent donation of their own Sir Walter Mildmay at Cambridge; dedicated, not to legendary saints or superstitious fears, but to the Divine IMMANUEL; and built, not for the promotion of a stupid superstition, but in the pious hope that the Gospel of the Son of God might never want an advocate while its foundation should endure.'—Pp. 4, 5.

Our author's review of the early controversy respecting the vestments of the clergy is written with temper and judgment, and presents a fair summary of the case. Both parties were equally wedded to an ecclesiastical establishment. Hooper, who refused to wear the clerical attire, had no more thought of impugning its authority than Ridley who enforced it. It was on other grounds than those of the modern Dissenter that the former demurred. The vestments were regarded as Popish relics; 'they

were supposed to represent principles of which, it was said, they formed an integral and inseparable part.' Hence the opposition they encountered, an opposition that was encouraged by the last words of Cranmer, Latimer, and Taylor, as much as by the hostility of Hooper. It is now fashionable, with certain parties, to refer sneeringly to the scruples of the early Puritans, as though they were mean and trifling, unworthy of grave attention from the statesmen of Edward and Elizabeth. It may suit a modern purpose so to represent them, but such was not the judgment of the most illustrious men of that day. The objections entertained, as they were urged with sincerity, so 'they were listened to with profound respect.' Around the fires of Smithfield, and in the strange lands whither they fled, the more earnest reformers denounced 'the Babylonish garments,' and pleaded—partially enlightened only as they were—for liberty of conscience in matters of indifference. Their hearers saw the force of their objections in the living scene before them, and were in consequence compelled to do justice to their sagacity, even where their prayer was refused. The iron will of Elizabeth, however, refused to yield what her pride and state policy alike sought to retain. Her inclinations were Popish, her position Protestant. She loved the show and splendour of the old hierarchy, and was confirmed in her preferences by the injudicious zeal of some of the malcontents. The bishops yielded to her pleasure, a part with great reluctance, and others apparently without much concern. Grindal and Horn, the bishops of London and Winchester, protested to their continental correspondents 'that it was not owing to them that vestments of this kind had not altogether been done away with;' while Jewel, writing to Peter Martyr, styles the garments 'relics of the Amorites,' and adds, 'I wish that some time or other they may be taken away, and extirpated even to the lowest roots; neither my voice nor my exertions shall be wanted to effect that object.' The sentiments thus expressed by Grindal, Horn, and Jewel, were shared by many of their brethren, so that even Parker is represented as having no overfondness for the cap and surplice, and wafer bread for the communion, and such like injunctions. 'It would have pleased him well enough,' says the too favourable Strype, 'if some toleration had been given in these matters.'* The bishops yielded in fact to the queen, who from the first was determined to retain as much of the exterior of Popery as consisted with the Protestantism of which she was the political head. They 'dealt with her,' Grindal tells us, 'to let the matter of the habits fall . . . but she continued still inflexible.'

* Life of Parker, vol. i. p. 452.

This fact must be borne in mind in justice to the prelates of Elizabeth. They submitted with reluctance to what they deemed the least of two evils, lest the queen should throw herself into the arms of the Catholics, or into those of the Lutherans which they dreaded scarcely less. Upon this ground, their policy has been vindicated by the calmest and most intelligent of their advocates. Mr. Marsden reduces the matter very much to this point, though he refrains from expressing a decided opinion. 'Calmly viewed,' he says, 'the whole question hinges upon this: when men cannot do what they would, shall they do what they can; or, rigidly adhering to an abstract notion of that which in itself is best, shall they abandon their posts, and risk the consequences? The fathers of the Church of England were at length unanimous "to do what they could;" they received the vestments themselves, and though with very different degrees of rigour, enforced them on their clergy.' If by these words he means to express an approval of the course adopted, we need scarcely say that we differ widely from him. The fears of the bishops were to a great extent visionary, while their obligation to uphold what they deemed most scriptural was direct and obvious. It was for them to maintain the right, come what would, and had they done so, firmly yet temperately, even the Tudor spirit of Elizabeth would, in the end, have yielded. But they were apprehensive of her power, and in their dread of relighting the fires of Smithfield, they made an unworthy and pernicious compromise. It is a strong presumption against their course, that the ceremonies to which they submitted with reluctance, have come to be regarded by their disciples as parts of a system too perfect to be improved, and too sacred to be touched without profanity. 'The rites,' says a modern historian of Nonconformity, 'which Grindal and his brethren admitted as objectionable, on the ground of necessity simply, and with the hope of their speedy removal, have since been magnified as of apostolic origin, and of almost magic virtue. The sanction which they gave them by their practice has been remembered, while their protests have been forgotten or neglected. What the early reformers mourned over, their followers have gloried in. What the former esteemed the blemish of their Church, the latter have defended as its beauty.'* The conduct of the queen, as Mr. Marsden remarks, admits of less excuse than that of the bishops. 'It committed her to a course of policy which embarrassed her through life, led her into many acts of injustice, and not a few of cruelty, and continues to this day to be the greatest blot on her otherwise glorious reign. . . . Her

* Price's History of Nonconformity, vol. i. p. 149.

accession afforded an opportunity, such as rarely presents itself, for an oblivion of the past, and a firm union for the future. Unhappily the golden opportunity was lost. Scarcely an attempt was made to conciliate prejudice, or disarm suspicion.' But other topics crowd upon us, to some of which attention must be given.

The Act of Uniformity, passed in the first year of Elizabeth, was an open declaration of the policy of the Church; and its enactment may be regarded as the period when the Prelatic and Puritan parties took up their respective positions, and pledged themselves publicly to the struggle which, after many fluctuations, and mutual reverses, is bequeathed for settlement to our own day. Before the passing and enforcement of this act a few concessions would have satisfied, but the case rapidly became otherwise. Cartwright succeeded to Jewel and Foxe, and the question of vestments and genuflections was merged in that of the constitutions of the Church. Persecuted from city to city, the Puritans at length turned to bay, and denounced, in words which men of strong nerve and desperate resolution alone could use, the dignities and wealth of the hierarchy that spurned them from its bosom. Every disposition was shown to enforce the Act of Uniformity. There was no relenting. The queen was rigorous from the first, and Parker and his brethren speedily became her active and willing tools. The Convocation of 1562 confirmed, by the smallest possible majority, the measures of the prelate. Of the clergy present forty-three voted in favor of relaxation and indulgence, and only thirty-five against them. But proxies were admitted, and these gave to Parker a miserable majority of one, on the strength of which he proceeded to enforce his intolerant measures. He knew that he was backed by the queen, and it little mattered to his narrow soul that Miles Coverdale, Bishop of Exeter in Edward's reign, was in neglect and poverty, or that John Foxe, the martyrologist, had to complain in his old age of the want of clothes. They 'scrupled the habits,' and this was an offence which no virtues or past services could expiate. Parker was not 'indisposed to wield despotic power,' and abundant opportunities for doing so were now afforded him.

Notwithstanding his severities, and in some measure as the consequence of them, Puritanism continued to increase. The surplice question was revived at Cambridge, while at Oxford, the students and fellows generally laid aside their hoods and surplices. Cecil, the Chancellor of Oxford, admonished them in no measured terms to resume the habits, to whom the university returned a letter of remonstrance. To those who are concerned to trace the history of men who acted a prominent part in the proceedings of their day, it will be interesting

to note that this reply was signed, amongst others, by John Whitgift, then Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity, but afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, and a bitter persecutor of those whose scruples he now defended. What may have been the secret history of his conversion we know not. But its circumstances are suspicious, and the subsequent consistency of which Mr. Marsden speaks, was nothing more than a continuance in the uncharitableness, wrath, and bitter persecution, to which he had pledged himself.

The name of Whitgift naturally recalls that of Cartwright, 'one of the few men,' as our author rightly says, 'whose life and personal character still interest posterity after a lapse of nearly three hundred years.' His position in Puritan history is both prominent and influential. He led on the most advanced section of Church reformers, and awakened the fears as well as the animosity of opponents, by assailing the constitution and whole frame-work of the English hierarchy. His appearance betokens an important and most significant era in the ecclesiastical history of the country. It proclaimed the termination of the first epoch of Puritanism, and the commencement of another and vastly different one. The time for concession had now passed. The severities of Parker had driven the Puritans further from the pale of the Church, and had grafted on their objections to the clerical habits and to a few rites, a strong sense of injustice, and personal dislike of the men by whom it had been perpetrated. At the beginning of the reign of Elizabeth some minor alterations would have sufficed to calm, if not to satisfy, the inquiring mind. But it was different now. The outworks were disregarded, and a threatening assault was directed against the citadel itself. The episcopate was denounced as a despotism, forms of prayer were deemed a restraining of the Spirit, all pomp and outward show were reprobated as mere will-worship, and simplicity, verging on rudeness, was regarded as alone compatible with the spirituality of religion. Cartwright was at the head of this movement, and his attainments, ability, and virtues, eminently fitted him for the post. From the time of his appearance as a controversialist, we may date the existence of a Presbyterian party in this country. John Cartwright was a diligent and successful scholar of St. John's, Cambridge, when the accession of Mary scattered that learned body. He retired into obscurity, and commenced the study of law. On the death of the queen he returned to St. John's, was speedily elected fellow, and subsequently removed to the magnificent foundation of Trinity College, where he was chosen senior fellow.

We are glad to find Mr. Marsden rejecting, with merited contempt, the solution of Cartwright's Puritanism early pro-

pounded by some of his adversaries. In 1564 Elizabeth visited the university, when, after the fashion of the times, she was entertained with scholastic exercises, and with comedies and plays. On this occasion, it was alleged, that Dr. Preston had been most distinguished by the royal approval, and the scruples of Cartwright were referred—in total ignorance of his character—to the envy and mortification supposed to be then induced. Such a calumny would be unworthy of notice, did it not show to what miserable lengths party spleen can go in impugning the motives of an opponent. ‘It would,’ says Mr. Marsden, ‘be an amusing, were it not a painful, instance of the asperity of Cartwright’s opponents, that to this trivial circumstance (and yet one so natural to a young and accomplished lady), they have ascribed, without pretending further evidence, his estrangement for the remainder of his life from the Church party. He became a Puritan to avenge himself on Dr. Preston!’ Five years afterwards Cartwright was chosen Lady Margaret’s Professor of Divinity, and his lectures were attended by vast crowds, and were listened to with deep attention.

‘The University of Cambridge,’ says our author, ‘must have been strangely unlike itself, if such a reputation could be made, much less sustained, by one who possessed none but superficial acquirements. The taste of the age was, it is true, theological. Divinity was a science in which all endeavoured to excel; among courtiers and gentlemen it was an accomplishment; with divines a profession; at the bar a collateral branch of law. This may explain the extent and enthusiasm of Cartwright’s triumph; but it suggests too the difficulty of achieving it.

‘His sentiments as a Puritan were not concealed in his divinity lectures and sermons. The opposition which he must have foreseen, even if he did not court it, soon arose; and Whitgift was his earliest antagonist. What Cartwright preached before the university on one Sunday, Whitgift from the same pulpit refuted on the next. Each of them is said to have been listened to with vast applause; if so, we can easily infer the tumult and insubordination which prevailed at Cambridge; and the uneasiness of those in power.’—P. 72.

The natural consequence soon followed. Cartwright was deprived of his professorship, and forbidden to preach in the university; nor do we see that any valid objection can be urged against such a proceeding. Whitgift was at the time Vice-chancellor, and whatever may be alleged respecting his ‘unseemly haste and superfluous bitterness,’ he was free, in our judgment, from blame-worthiness, in silencing a man who availed himself of his position in the university, to damage the system of which that establishment formed part. Mr. Marsden’s remarks on this point have our entire concurrence, though he does not

make sufficient allowance for the fact, that the existing system was of very recent growth, and was in obvious and well-known hostility to the views of many of its most devout members.

'Had the university,' he says, 'been nothing more than an open arena of political and theological controversialists, where all comers were at equal liberty to maintain their sentiments, their conduct would indeed have been unjust. But this was not the case. And in what country could such a community exist with safety; or what could such a university become even in quiet times, except a school of uproar and sedition? The nation had determined upon a certain ecclesiastical constitution, with respect to which the duties of the universities, and more especially those of their theological professors, were perfectly well defined. They were to educate the youth of England in accordance with its laws,—its fundamental constitution,—both in Church and State. However imperfect the Church established by law might be, and however wise and perfect Cartwright's project of reformation, it was still impossible that any corporate society which was not already quivering on the verge of revolution, or profoundly wanting in self-respect, could tolerate a professor who lectured upon the duty of overthrowing the Church whose sons and members he had undertaken to instruct. What church, what party, not utterly indifferent to all truth and all fixed opinions, has ever tolerated such a proceeding? Cartwright, if dissatisfied, should have at once retired, and challenged other hearers than his pupils, and upon some other tilting ground than the fenced enclosures of a university. If there was a want of forbearance in his opponents, we must admit in this instance the want of high integrity in Cartwright.'—Pp. 75, 76.

It is not our object to write the biography of Cartwright, and we therefore pass over the incidents of his persecution. Whitgift had power, and he used it unscrupulously against his opponent. The bitterness of the polemic was added to the intolerance of the priest, and Cartwright became the acknowledged leader of a large and desperate party. Of the controversy that ensued, when Whitgift, 'on the summons of authority, replied to the celebrated *Admonition*,' and Cartwright, 'braving the certain penalty' that would follow, answered in 'A Second Admonition to the Parliament,' we shall not speak. Mr. Marsden's sketch of the style of the two controversialists, and of the state of the discussion, is marked by sound sense and good feeling, and will be read with interest. Speaking of the Presbyterian views of Cartwright, he says:—

'The theory is plausible: its evident simplicity, and the reverence which it seems to pay to the word of God, will always commend it to many admirers. It has never ceased to be urged, from time to time, upon the attention of the Christian Church; though it has seldom found in after years an advocate to be compared with Cartwright:

whose mingled wit and wisdom, whose vehement declamation and logical precision, and whose nervous style and manly courage, the expression of a profound sincerity, will ever give his writings, apart from all other considerations, a distinguished place in the literature of his country. Cartwright was the Hooker of nonconformity: his equal in acuteness, though not in penetration; in eloquence, though not in learning his superior: his inferior perhaps only in that profound dexterity and skill in argument which, mingled with an awful reverence for truth, scorns or dreads to take advantage of an adversary's weakness. For, in these high polemic virtues, Hooker is without an equal.

'Whitgift replied in a tone equally disdainful (for the meekness of Christian polemics was sorely wronged on both sides), but with a depth of learning and of patient thought which was a greater tribute to Cartwright's prowess, than the loudest acclamations of his own party. It was evident that the Reformation was put upon its trial, and that its friends were conscious of the greatness of the crisis. All the warmth of enthusiasm, all the energy of hope or of despair, was on the side of the assailants. To retain an empire kindles less excitement than to storm a battery. The prelates, if courtiers and men of this world, could only wish for peace; if saints and men of apostolic holiness and zeal, they could still have no other ambition. They had accomplished a reformation the greatest, and, as the results have shown, the most abiding the Church has ever seen: if slothful, it was reasonable they should wish to enjoy its fruits; if zealous for God, to dispense its blessings. But it was difficult to revive in their favour the popular zeal. They had now to control, and not to stimulate, the ardour of the multitude: to repress the desire of change and inculcate submission. And this task, always difficult, is doubly so in the hands of those who have been once known as the leaders in a popular movement. They seem inconsistent as soon as they become practical. When they no longer innovate, they are charged with a desertion of their principles.'—Pp. 88—90.

The subsequent administration of Whitgift need not be described. It is well known, and few will now attempt its defence. As Lord Burghley once remarked to him, his proceeding was 'scant charitable.' 'If I had known his fault,' said his lordship, referring to Brown, 'I might be blamed for writing for him; but when by examination only, it is meant to sift him with twenty-four articles, I have cause to pity the poor man.' We cannot quit the narrative of Cartwright without quoting the brief, but generous, tribute which Mr. Marsden pays to his worth.

'He attached,' he says, 'too much importance to his peculiar opinions of church discipline, and those opinions we conceive were often wrong; and in the early years of his public life he was not free from the universal vices of his times—intemperance and personality in controversy. But as age mellowed and persecution broke down his

spirit, a noble love of truth, a generous and forgiving temper, a contempt of suffering, and a fervent piety to God, break out with increasing lustre; and while learning, eloquence, and high talents, associated with exalted religious principles, and these displayed with consistency through a long life of persecution, shall continue to be revered, the name of Cartwright will be uttered, by good men of every party, with profound respect.'—Pp. 177, 178.

The severities practised by the Church party during the latter half of the reign of Elizabeth have been carefully concealed. They were, however, terrible both in number and character, and must be known if we would rightly appreciate what followed. The two succeeding reigns cannot be understood without their being taken into account. The alienation of the public mind from the hierarchy, its mistrust of bishops, and determined hostility to spiritual domination, are unintelligible without assuming, what facts clearly prove, that it had been disgusted and horrified by the pride, cruelty, and intolerance it had witnessed. As the martyrdoms of Mary's reign sealed the fate of Popery, so the concealed, but far more numerous persecutions under her sister, prepared the nation, first to eject the Church from its confidence, and then to overthrow its very foundations. In the one case the martyrdom was paraded before the public eye as a means of intimidation—in the other it was withdrawn from notice, lest the improved sentiments of the age should be outraged. Smithfield was the scene of the one, and Newgate that of the other. In the former case the faggot, and in the latter penury, filth, and fever were the agencies employed. There was most honesty in Gardiner and Bonner, and most cunning in Parker and Whitgift. The one sought to terrify the nation; the other dreaded its humanity being outraged. It is humiliating to remark—such are the anomalies of party history—that the one sister has been for centuries termed 'bloody Queen Mary,' while the other is known as the 'good Queen Bess.' We do all justice to the *civil* administration of Elizabeth, but as an *ecclesiastical* ruler she is chargeable with a larger amount of suffering—was instrumental in the deaths of a far greater number of persons, than her sister. The truth is only just beginning to be told, and many are astonished at the narrative. 'These enormities,' says Mr. Marsden, 'have never been permitted to stand out in English history in all their dark and hideous deformity, and in consequence some lessons of high importance have been lost. Churchmen tread gently, as if they feared the ground would give way beneath them.'

The Court of High Commission takes date from 1583, when the Queen, at the urgent solicitation of Whitgift, named forty-

four commissioners, of whom twelve were bishops, with authority to inquire into all heretical opinions, and to exercise in various other ways an inquisitorial power over the faith and worship of the nation. The people literally groaned under the atrocities of this court, which rivalled the Inquisition in its suspicious vigilance and terrible misdeeds. It continued throughout the two succeeding reigns to spread terror amongst the godly, and would have accomplished the nefarious policy of its framers, had not the Long Parliament, amongst its many noble achievements, abolished it for ever. 'Under the grinding pressure of this frightful and ponderous machine, which was designed to crush the Puritans, all the liberties of England must have perished ere long had it not been swept away with indignation by a parliament of Charles the First.'

In the meantime the breach was widening. On the one hand, many Puritans were passing beyond the advanced position of Cartwright. Presbyterianism no longer satisfied their cravings. They desired further reform, and, though mingled with many errors, and as yet wanting in consistency, they began to propound the views and to talk the language of Independency. The Sectaries, as they were invidiously termed, denied the Church character of the hierarchy, and advocated the independence and completeness of each religious congregation. On the other hand, the theory of Episcopalians was greatly advanced by Bancroft, in his celebrated sermon at St. Paul's Cross in 1589. Bancroft was then chaplain to Whitgift, whom he succeeded in the primacy, and his views were too favorable to priestism not to be rapidly adopted by the rulers of the Church. He maintained that bishops were a distinct and superior order of the clergy, and that they governed *jure divino*, so that authority was inherent in their office, which could not be opposed without guilt. Such were his views of the episcopate that he fearlessly maintained no church could exist without it; no orders were valid which bishops had not conferred; and, of course, no obedience, no respect was due to those, however devout or however gifted, who exercised the functions of the Christian ministry, unless by their authority. We need scarcely say that these views were subversive of the very existence of all other than Episcopal Churches. 'The inference,' says Mr. Marsden, 'was contained within the premises, and the time came when it was avowed.' Such was the state of things at the close of the long reign of Elizabeth: and before passing to her successor, we commend to the best attention of our readers, the following admirable sketch of the condition of her Puritan subjects:—

'It was not till near the close of this century that the literature, the manners, and the habits of the Puritans first begin to appear singular,

and to wear a sectarian character. Hitherto their language and their literary compositions are untainted with affectation. They wrote and spoke like other men. With regard to purity of language and style, Cartwright and Travers are, at least, equal to Hooker, whose power lies rather in majesty of thought than in felicity of expression. In the pulpit Travers, preaching before the same audience, one of the most accomplished in England, carried away the palm of eloquence from his great opponent by the consent of all parties. Cartwright's eloquence had won the admiration of Cambridge. Henry Smith had preached at St. Clement Danes in rich redundant periods, remarkable alike for force and grace; the Chrysostom of the age; whom we are disposed to think no English preacher has since excelled in the proper attributes of pulpit eloquence. The age of pedantry had not yet commenced. The quaintness of the Puritans was not assumed, their sentences were not curiously involved, their wit was not elaborate, their sermons were not studiously minced up in tiny fragments, each numbered and duly parcelled beneath its proper head or subdivision, with a view not so much to elucidate the subject as to display the author's dexterity in his only science,—the scholastic logic. All this belonged to a later age.

The manners of the Puritans were distinguished by their gravity, and among the thoughtless and profane a grave demeanour has ever been a crime. The presence of virtue is always embarrassing to the wicked, and its indications they naturally dislike. No doubt the garb of sanctity is easily assumed. The weak and hypocritical—the one from nature the other from sheer villany—readily adopt it; and since keenness in discrimination and a charitable disposition in judging others, are unhappily but rare endowments, a sanctimonious hypocrite is in popular estimation the type and standard by which all seriousness is to be measured. We find accordingly that, as the national mind gradually became less devout in England, the gravity of the Puritans became the frequent subject of a jest. Towards the conclusion of her reign the example of the court of Elizabeth was decidedly irreligious, and the contagion spread rapidly among the common people. A preposterous extravagance in dress and equipage; a heathenish delight in jousts and tournaments, and public spectacles and plays; the prevalence of oaths (freely indulged in by the Queen herself); and to crown the whole, the studied desecration of the Sabbath, mark too plainly the hollowness of that religious profession which even men of fashion were still constrained to make. All men of real piety lamented the decay of vital godliness. Hooker, in his preface, deploras it as feelingly as Travers could have done. But the cry once raised, a grave exterior and a virtuous life were regarded as the sure signs of a Puritan, that is, of one disaffected to the State. Men who had never entered a conventicle, nor had one misgiving about the cross in baptism, were wickedly driven from the church they loved, by cold treatment or slanderous imputations; until, to be seen twice at church on Sunday, and to spend the rest of the day in reading the Scriptures, was enough to bring upon a whole family the disgrace of Puritanism.—Pp. 237—240.

James hastened from Scotland to ascend the English throne;

and the two religious parties which divided the nation watched his movements with intense solicitude, to see which might hope for his favor. With characteristic insincerity he had paraded his attachment to the Church of John Knox, protesting it to be 'the purest in the world,' and affirming of the English Church that 'its service was but an evil said mass.' But times were now changed; James was on English ground, and his Presbyterian subjects were soon taught the hollowness of his professions. There is no personage in history whom we regard with more contempt than James. An unnatural son, devoid of truth, vast in pretensions, yet feeble of purpose; vain, irresolute, and weak; a pedant, a profane swearer, and a sot; he was just the sovereign to irritate his new subjects, and to accelerate the crisis that was impending. A man of less waywardness and vanity might have averted it by concession, and one of stronger intellect and more masculine texture might have crushed it by force; but James was at once passionate and feeble, extravagant in his claims, yet unstable and weak in his acts. His reign constituted just such an era as was needed, to train up the rising spirit of English liberty, to a hardness and endurance equal to the struggle which awaited it. On his way to London, he received from the Puritans the famous Millenary petition, which set forth, in respectful language, the views and wishes of a large portion of his subjects. Had he been the Solomon his flatterers pretended, he would gladly have availed himself of so favorable an opportunity to heal the divisions of the kingdom. He might have done this at little cost, and with infinite honor, but James was unequal to the occasion, as the Hampton-Court-Conference speedily showed. The king resolved to hold a conference, in which the chiefs of the two parties might discuss in his presence their points of difference. 'Nothing,' says our author, 'could exceed the wisdom of this project; nothing but the folly displayed in its management, and the insipidity of its whole conclusion.' The whole thing was, in fact, 'a mere pretence,' to cover over the foregone conclusion of the king and the bishops. Both had resolved on maintaining things as they were, but some colorable pretext was needed for refusing the petition of so large and virtuous a body of the clergy. James, however, did refuse with contumely and reproach; and Whitgift declared that he 'spoke by the special assistance of God's Spirit;' and Bancroft, on his knees, protested 'that his heart melted within him with joy, and made haste to acknowledge to Almighty God his singular mercy in giving us such a king as, since Christ's time, the like he thought had not been seen.' So contemptibly abject was the spirit of the court clergy of that day. Nothing was too mean or servile by which they could

hope more closely to link the king to their purpose. Religion was a farce; honor was unknown; even decency was despised. They had but one object, and that was to crush the Puritans. Everything was sacrificed to this, to the obvious scandal of the Christian name. 'The bishops,' says a contemporaneous enemy of the Puritans, who was present at the Conference, 'seemed much pleased, and said his majesty spoke by the power of inspiration? I wist not what they mean, but the spirit was rather foul-mouthed.' When such scenes were enacted by the rulers of the Church, need we wonder that profanity and vice prevailed at Court? In spectacles like this we detect the cause which spread so foul a taint throughout the palace of James.

'The decay of piety,' says Mr. Marsden, 'towards the close of the reign of James I., that is, when his pernicious example and worthless character had wrought their full effect upon the nation, is an afflicting topic. The lewdness of his court was such, that those who drew the sword against his son, and brought him to the scaffold, do not hesitate to contrast the many virtues of King Charles, and the decorum of his courtiers, with the low and infamous debaucheries of the court of James. Under the name of Puritanism, zeal and earnestness in religion were everywhere treated with contempt. Pious churchmen, who had never concerned themselves with the surplice controversy, and were perfectly indifferent as to the cross in baptism and the ring in marriage, found themselves compelled, in self-defence, to associate with the only party by whom they were not insulted. Lucy, the wife of Colonel Hutchinson, and the eloquent historian of her husband's virtues, was then a child. She relates, with a becoming indignation, how fiercely the storm of insult and reproach fell upon her father's household, and upon others who, like him, were men of rank and loyalty, yet dared to be nobly singular, and to fear God. However loyal these men were, if they disputed such impositions as the "Book of Sports," they were held to be seditious, and soon found that they were marked out for evil. Did a country gentleman discountenance vice, he was a Puritan, however exactly he conformed. Did he show favour to men of piety, relieve their wants, or protect them against oppression, he was a Puritan. If, in the county in which he lived, he promoted public virtue or public interests, and discouraged popery, he was a Puritan. Above all, if he had some zeal for God's glory, and could endure a sermon, and permitted serious conversation at his table; neither swearing, nor scoffing, nor sabbath-breaking, nor indulging in ribald conversation, he was a Puritan; and if a Puritan, then an enemy to the king and to his government, seditious, factious, and, in short, a hypocrite. It was well if some neighbouring pulpit did not hold him up to popular scorn, or if, as he passed along the village, the drunkards did not make their songs at him. For every stage, every table, every puppet-play scoffed at the Puritans; and fiddlers and mimics learned to abuse them, "as finding it the most gainful way of fooling."—Pp. 337—339.

Our author exhibits, of course, the misdeeds of the 'pilgrim fathers.' We are far from blaming this; it was perfectly natural, and, indeed, incumbent on him, to do so. We find no fault on this account. Let intolerance and persecution, wherever, and by whomsoever exhibited, be held up to merited rebuke. Especially let this exposure be made, where force is employed by those, whose own experience has taught the unrighteousness and inutility of employing it in the propagation of religion. The sufferings of the Puritans in England, ought to have taught them forbearance and lenity in America. The complaints they had preferred against Parker and Whitgift, should have stayed their hand from employing the sword in the defence or advancement of their opinions. Unhappily, however, the case was otherwise, and Dissenters will do well to imitate the example of Mr. Marsden, in admitting, frankly and without extenuation, the tyrannous cruelty practised by their fathers. It is in vain to attempt a vindication. The very effort is pernicious, and the reasoning employed is as applicable in England as in Massachusetts. We are glad to find that Mr. Marsden does justice to the character of Roger Williams, who has been assailed from quarters whence commendation and honor only ought to have proceeded. The flippancy with which grave charges have been preferred against Williams is far from creditable to the parties concerned, and is obviously better suited to shield his persecutors from reproach, than to acquaint us with the genuine history of the man. There is more in the following than meets the eye. We are not concerned to clear the noble-minded sufferer from the charge advanced in the latter part of it. The 'plausible theory,' as our author somewhat derisively terms it, may possibly be reduced to practice earlier than he anticipates.

'The character of Williams has been handed down to us by Puritan writers loaded with reproach. He is described by Neal as a rigid Brownist, precise, uncharitable, of most turbulent and boisterous passions. But his writings refute the first charge, and his conduct, under circumstances likely to arouse the gentlest spirit, contradicts the second. His offence was this. He enunciated, and lived to carry out, the great principle of perfect toleration amongst contending parties, by whom it was equally abhorred. His name must be had in everlasting honour, as the first man in these later ages who taught that the civil magistrate may not coerce the conscience: that fines and stripes are not the proper means of restoring even the worst heretics to the communion of the Church, or of punishing their contumacy. As usual with those who announce some great truth, unknown or bitterly opposed, he was an enthusiast in defending his principles, and carried the application of them to an absurd and mischievous excess. He not only denied the right of the magistrate to punish, but he denied his

right to interfere. He maintained, that as to civil government, all religions were alike : that is, he denied the right of a body of Christian men to found a state upon Christian principles. Jews and Turks, infidels and heretics, were to possess equal rights ; or in other words, to exercise an equal share of judicial power and civic influence with their Christian brethren. Of course, under such conditions, an established religion was impossible. He trusted simply to the force of truth to vindicate her own pretensions.'—*Ib.* pp. 307, 308.

It was to be expected from Mr. Marsden's ecclesiastical position that he would scarcely do the same justice to those whom he terms 'the democratic Puritans,' as he had honorably meted out to their predecessors. We have already alluded to this, but as his next volume will enter at large on their history, we shall defer our remarks till its appearance. The general complexion of his views may be gathered from his describing them as 'men of ungoverned passions ; intense fanaticism ; and in general, with a few exceptions, profoundly ignorant.' This is to daub and not to portray ; such terms furnish a caricature, not a likeness, and awaken our fears rather than hopes. Had Mr. Marsden executed the earlier portion of his work in the same spirit, it would be far from meriting the praise we have awarded it. But we will not anticipate evil. When the second volume is before us, we hope to find it distinguished by the same candor, intelligence, good faith, and catholicity, as are conspicuous throughout this. In the meantime, we commend the 'History of the Early Puritans,' to our readers, and shall be glad to find that it obtains extensive circulation amongst them. They may learn much from its perusal, and where they differ from the author, they will do well to imitate his generous forbearance and enlightened catholicity.

ART. V.—*Salvation. A Sermon preached in the Parish Church of Crathie, Balmoral, before Her Majesty the Queen, Sunday, September 22, 1850. By the Rev. John Cumming, D.D., &c. Twelfth Thousand. London: Hall, Virtue, and Co.*

To us who, in our capacity as editors and critics, have to look deeply into books and men, the natural history and public life of 'a popular preacher' have often presented a subject of painful interest. Without adverting, at present, to the perilous influence which a brilliant reputation may possibly exert on the moral and spiritual habitudes of the man, we may mention, that the mere position in which he is placed has always appeared to our minds a thing at which we could not look, even from a distance, without terror. He has to appear twice, at least, every seven days, before the same audience, and to address them on the same subject; and he is always expected to come forth with the same power, freshness, and novelty, and this, too, for years together. Among his audience are always many who have travelled with him the same road before, who are familiar with his modes of thought and expression, and who can recognise the recurrence of any favourite illustrations. What struck the mind when it was new, both to speaker and hearer, and stirred it to its profoundest depths, loses its magic when it is said again: 'The gold has become dim, the fine gold is changed'—changed into silver, perhaps lead; and the preacher *knows* this, and feels it, as well as others. In his audience, too, especially in such a place as London, there are always strangers who have been attracted by the preacher's reputation; who have come from curiosity, and with high and vague ideas of something wonderful; who thus make unconscious exorbitant demands on his talents, however common or ordinary the occasion. Everything is expected to be great—matter, manner, expression; the processes of argument, the flow of thought, the irradiations of genius; there must be evangelical truth in all its fulness, experience in all its depths, practice in all its perfection; discrimination of character, apt quotations, strength, beauty, power of appeal, all that has ever been heard of as displayed by the man on occasions that demanded unusual effort, or that was the result of some felicitous moment of inspiration! For a person to expect this, at any time he happens to drop into the church of a popular preacher, is for him to expect it every Sunday, or *twice* every Sunday, and that, too, from one who, during the week (*every* week), is called upon for the business of boards and

committees ; who has to attend public meetings, to give popular lectures, to visit the sick who may live miles apart, and to pay pleasant pastoral visits to the *whole* ; all the time reading up to the age, publishing occasional sermons himself, writing reviews, perhaps *books* ; getting through an extensive correspondence, receiving calls from town and country at all hours, doing the amiable in spite of sacrifices of time and temper, and being always open, primed and ready, to answer the solicitations of all societies !

How any man can live such a life is to us a perfect mystery ; how any can wish for it, an amazement and a marvel. The great efforts of barristers are occasional, and they have their long vacations : when they do great things, it is usually under such surrounding excitement that the audience is so in sympathy with the object they have in view, as to lose sight of their awkwardnesses and of *them*, and they are very seldom expected to *be* great. The popular preacher is *himself* constantly regarded as an object for study and attention, and he is always expected to rise to the level of his most distinguished or reputed achievements. On some Thursday, for instance, looked up to by a vast, and yet comparatively select, assembly, surrounded too by his brethren, and by numbers of clergymen of various denominations, he makes, perhaps, as he ought, an extraordinary effort for some great object, or on some exciting occasion ; the very next Sunday, when the barrister who had spoken wonderfully in the week would be in retirement and rest, or, what is far better, would be a quiet worshipper, and have his mind refreshed by *other* trains of thought and emotion than what are usual and professional—the popular preacher must appear before the public twice again, and again speak on the same subject ; faculty and feeling must again run in their accustomed ruts, and crowds will flock to his ordinary services, influenced by what they have just heard, and *expecting* to hear something exactly like it ! and they will go away wondering and angry because they do not ! Tutors and professors repeat their lessons to a new class, and have every summer months of silence ; the miserable man who has unfortunately acquired a popular reputation, has to go on year after year with the same audience, hemmed in, too, by custom, to a narrow range of topics, and is to be thankful if he gets in a twelvemonth four or five Sundays at the sea, many pious and excellent people ‘greatly wondering’ how he can reconcile it to his conscience to be silent for *one* !

It is very painful to have to think of the pulpit as attracting to itself feelings so little in accordance with its sacred character as those that frequently encompass the victim of popularity. Popular preaching is supposed by some to be the Protestant

'histrionic,' as, according to the Bishop of London, *acted worship* is that alike of Popery and Puseyism—the space and steps in front of the altar being the stage for both. We do not think the accusation against preaching just, although, if it were, we should certainly prefer the first to the latter 'exhibitions.' The *Protestant* 'histrionic' is better than the Popish—the Popular, than the Puseyite—as the eloquence of tragedy is more manly and more intellectual than the dumb show of the most splendid pantomime. The fact is, however, that the popular preacher of modern times is nothing to what he was in the ancient Church; nor the feelings of his audience, their mode of applause, their *kind* of admiration, or even their character, anything like what distinguished the crowds that used to press round the pulpit of the fourth century. *Then*, the admirer of the preacher at one hour, was often literally the admirer of the actor the next. The crowd would flow from the church to the race-course; and, while listening to the eloquence of the sacred orator, as he descanted on the themes and mysteries of the faith, it was in the habit of expressing its gratification and delight at any peculiarly 'golden' sentence or paragraph by stamping with the feet, by audible cheering, and the other signs of popular sympathy which at once rouse and regale the multitudinous echoes of Exeter Hall! We have nothing like this now; nothing that approaches it, except the coughing and breathing, and general expression of emancipation and relief which used to follow the termination of some of Chalmers's enchaining illustrations, and which may yet be witnessed, though in an inferior degree, under the 'golden' lecturer on Tuesday mornings, or the silver cadences of 'him of York.' It is very sad that preaching cannot always be like what it was at Pentecost; or what it was at Berea, Antioch, or Corinth, in the days of St. Paul. The truth is, that after the first conversion of a people—after the gospel has ceased to be *literally* 'tidings,'—and especially after things have got so settled that the population professes Christianity, and theoretically knows it, or knows something of it—when literature is coloured and toned by the faith—when learning supposes acquaintance with it, and custom prescribes attendance at church—and *before* the whole thing has sunk into a cold, decent, political, respectable sham, preaching necessarily becomes an art and a luxury. It is a thing for which some have to be set apart, for which they study and prepare, and which they have to exercise, again and again, on the same themes and for the same people. These people cease to be struck with the thing spoken; it is no longer the 'news' that it was to their fathers, or even to themselves;—subjects and topics constantly recurring lose their intrinsic power to interest:

the manner, therefore, of presenting familiar truth comes to be important, and the man that can impart to it force and freshness comes to be popular. The preacher has to learn *how* he can best secure attention; and the hearers discover, like those of Chrysostom, that the homily of the orator may be 'as good as a play!'

Very sad, we repeat, is it that things should be so. They will not be mended, however, by having a priest instead of a preacher, and a number of actors, dressed for the occasion, moving about, bowing and muttering like so many mimes. And it is a consolation to think that, bad as we are as to the state of feeling with which multitudes meet to listen to their favourites, we are nothing in comparison to the 'hearers' of other and (supposed) purer times. It is not to be doubted, that those who have attained *first class* popularity as preachers among us, have done so simply because *they could not help it*. They did not seek for or follow popularity—it found out and followed *them*. The men obeyed the impulses of their genius; they looked instinctively, in their own way, at the truth they had to illustrate; they embodied and put it forth, in beautiful framework or burning words, which in them were natural and spontaneous, coming to their aid without effort; and the result was, nature in the heart recognising and responding to nature from the tongue. Does anybody suppose that Dr. Chalmers set before himself popularity as a preacher, and then sat down to write for and achieve it? The idea is ridiculous—as insulting to his intellect as derogatory to his piety. He was natural, earnest, zealous; he looked at things through his own eyes, took hold of them with his own hand, hurled them forth in his own way; he never thought of the result, and could not have helped it if he had. His writing and preaching were a sort of temporary insanity (in the sense in which the inspiration of genius is that); it would not have been *natural* in him for them to have been otherwise, and it was perfectly so that he should be the most admired and popular preacher of his day. But even *he* had to pay for this a terrible price, and to suffer at times a severe penalty. What was easy at first from the activity and exuberance of his young imagination, was not easy when years had somewhat dulled and exhausted it; the very originality of his illustrations prevented their undetected repetition, for, once heard, though they might be forgotten, they could never be unrecognised if heard again. Yet was he obliged to repeat himself frequently, not only in different and distant parts, but in the place of his ordinary ministrations; till, at length, it was felt as a personal refuge and relief from oppressive engagements, as well as an opening for another form of usefulness, for the hebdomadal discourse to be abandoned for the sessional lectures of a college.

But we are pursuing a discussion we had no intention of introducing when we took up Dr. Cumming's 'Sermon' for the purpose of giving a brief account of it. What we have said, however, was very naturally suggested by the name of one who has long ranked with the popular preachers of the British metropolis; and the turn our remarks have taken will serve to show (what for ourselves it may be important to have remembered) that we are fully able to estimate the difficulties of public, popular men; to make allowance for inequalities and failures in their unenviable duties, and to denounce the exorbitancy of vulgar expectations—the ignorant and unreflecting, and often absolutely *cruel*, demands that are made on their everlastingly tasked ability. Dismissing then, and perhaps apologizing for, the foregoing remarks, with this explanatory parenthesis, we shall now proceed to our solicited and allotted labour, of deciding whether we are to rejoice in, to endorse, or to stand in doubt of, Dr. Cumming's 'Salvation'—the *sermon*, that is, so called.

In common with many others, we very sincerely rejoiced when we heard it said, or saw it stated in the papers, that 'the Rev. Dr. Cumming had been summoned to Balmoral, to preach before the Queen.' We thought it well that that part of the Scottish Church resident in England should be thus honoured in the person of one of the most distinguished of its clergy. We were pleased, too, that her Majesty, whose position debar her from all public meetings, and all extraordinary religious services, should use the power which her residence in Scotland gave her, to hear a remarkable public man; and we were glad that simple, evangelical truth, unallied with episcopal pomp, and unadulterated by Anglican influences, was, in the person of Dr. Cumming, to speak and to be heard. Nor was it unobserved by us, that as Dr. Cumming is, *in England*, a dissenter from the Established Church, all the separate, unepiscopal evangelical bodies, were at once recognised in him by her Majesty's command, and were represented by him in his services before her. This, while it showed the religious liberality of the royal mind, and evinced its freedom from the narrow prejudices of some bigoted priests, increased, at the same time, the responsibility of the preacher by devolving upon him such a representation of the thought, feeling, and general character of unestablished English evangelicism, as all interested in it might substantially approve, and which they might welcome and refer to with feelings of satisfaction. Dr. Cumming will probably say, that the thought of standing as the representative, thus generally, of English evangelicism, never entered his thoughts; that he did not even deem himself so much a Scotch minister *from England* as a minister of the Scottish National and Established Church;

and that, in fact, he rather smiles at the absurdity suggested, hardly concealing something like offence at what he would have deemed rather a degradation. Very well. Let it be so. The English public, however—the reading portion at least of all classes who incline to the episcopal communion, *knowing* the difference between those who belong to the Church and those who do not, but *not* knowing the differences between the latter among themselves—will be very apt to think of Dr. Cumming, and of Dr. Cumming's sermon, as representing the sort of people that preachers *out of the Church* are, and the sort of things that they believe and say. Now, as it happens, we are obliged to give utterance to the painful fact, that we are heartily glad that Dr. Cumming will consent to represent none but his own communion; and we will further add, that we—that is, the individual writer of this article—as an ex-member of that communion, are glad also on behalf of *it*, that the Doctor really represented nobody but himself.

The 'Sermon' purports to have been preached 'before her Majesty the Queen.' Was it preached by the Queen's command? Is it published with the Queen's permission? It is very well known, we believe, at least in our parts, that the first was not the case. We could give the circumstances through which, and the names of those by whom, it was brought about; and we might show that it is questionable whether a high-souled man would not have waited for something else. But we forbear all that. With respect to the second point, however, we really do doubt whether, whatever other people choose to do, Dr. Cumming himself ought to have appeared in any manner connected with the publication of the 'Sermon,' unless, in court language, its publication had been 'commanded.' That was not likely, since, strictly speaking, it was only 'constructively' preached before her Majesty; and, however it might have been stolen by short-hand writers, it would have been possible to have prevented the indecorum of their parading her Majesty's name for their own private ends. That the public might have been curious to know something of Dr. Cumming's sermon is likely and natural, but many sermons are preached before the Queen by Scotch and English clergymen that are not printed; and, unless the Queen herself should have consented to have had her name used in the title-page of the publication, we really think there was something of indelicacy in Dr. Cumming not only having anything to do with it, but in his not taking prompt and energetic measures that there might be no publication at all. We are not pretending to speak from any knowledge we have of etiquette, or from any familiarity with court forms, but simply from the suggestions of our own internal feelings and sentiments in relation to the 'proper' and becoming.

When we turn over the title-page and read the preface, the first sentence perfectly appals us ; while others that occur in its three or four short paragraphs, are sufficient to tempt to great but deserved severity of remark. We are told, ' The following sermon was taken down by a reporter, and is now printed as corrected by the preacher.'

That is to say, the first time that Dr. Cumming preached before the Queen, he preached without notes ; not only did he not *read* his sermon, but he did not deliver it *memoriter* ; for, it is printed, not from his MS., but as ' taken down ' from his lips ; and it is corrected by him, but it is not said to be corrected by his copy. The *impression* the statement makes is obvious ; whether intended or not, we shall not surmise. The whole thing, as we have put it, and as it seems to us the sentence must be interpreted, is either true or it is not ; on either alternative, the cool, easy assurance of the man, and the tone in which the matter is told, strike us with inexpressible amazement.

If Dr. Cumming had done, what he certainly ought to have done, *written his sermon*, what need was there for a reporter ? Why, in Scotland, the land of Sabbath sacredness, and of Sabbath observance, should that day be desecrated and profaned by the toleration of a person pursuing his trade, and earning his money by a secular act, in the very house of prayer and at the time of worship ? The reporter does not seem to have been employed by any ' Pulpit ' proprietor. We have often heard ministers complain of being exposed to this annoyance ; and we have known some, in spite of their intense repugnance to the system, both as an injustice to themselves and a violation of the sanctity of the day, reluctantly consent to correct the report of a sermon, which, whether they did so or not, *would* be published, partly that neither themselves nor the truth might be misrepresented, and partly to have a hold on those whom they thus obliged, and so to be able to forbid future or frequent peculations. If any man were so absurd as to take down a sermon, which everybody would think *was sure to have been written*, and to offer his notes for the correction of the preacher for *him* to publish it, the answer is obvious—' You have taken the trouble of a very unnecessary service, for the manuscript is already in long hand, and can become " copy " at any moment if I so choose.' We can understand a reporter *stealing* such a sermon, and hastening to send it forth on his own responsibility, and for his own profit ; but Dr. Cumming's sermon—this corrected report of it—is published by his own bookseller, appears to be his own property, and takes rank with all his regular and authorized works. Did *he*, then, employ the reporter ? Was it necessary for him to do so, in order that he might have a manuscript for the press ?

Are we to understand that the man's nerve was such, that in the prospect of an exciting and untried position, he ventured to trust to his extemporary powers, and that it became necessary, therefore, to hire a penman to ply his trade in a Scotch church on a Sabbath morning, and to make *such a person* and *such an act*, there and then, part of 'the magnificent scenery of Dee-side?'

This quotation will need to be explained. It is the next thing that we notice in the 'preface.' The preacher tells us, in a sort of *patronizing* tone towards her Majesty, that 'he cannot easily forget the impressive spectacle which he witnessed in the parish church of Crathie, when the greatest sovereign of the greatest nation upon earth, surrounded by the highest and the very humblest of her subjects, *joined together* in the worship of Him by whom kings reign and princes decree justice, and with whom there is no respect of persons. *Amid the magnificent scenery of Dee-side, not the least magnificent was that assembly of worshippers.*' As this sentence stands, it seems *grammatically* to mean—if it means anything—that the 'assembly of worshippers' was a part of the magnificent scenery of Dee-side, or rather a piece of magnificent 'scenery' in the midst of it. What it *intends* to say most likely is, that amid certain magnificent scenery, 'the assembly' was not the least magnificent *thing*, or *object*. Even thus expounded, the epithet, we think, is not appropriate, while, with what we have already discovered, the 'magnificence' is sadly defaced. To think that one of the figures in the picture—the picture of an 'assembly of *worshippers*'—was a man preparing his paper and pencils to take down an extemporaneous discourse!

Passing over some silliness about 'a joyous prophecy,' we come next to the following sentence:—'The forms of the English and Scottish Churches differ—their doctrines are the same. The greatest divines of each admit that they are sisters. *Their forms vary and change like the clouds in the sky; their doctrines remain like the stars, far above, fixed and shining for ever.*' Now, can anybody tell what that means! For the sake of a supposed prettiness of figure, we have a statement directly contrary to fact. The 'forms' of the two Churches *do not* 'change like the clouds.' They may be *capable* of being changed; they may *differ* from one another as the shape of two clouds may differ; but as to saying that they actually *do* 'vary and change like the clouds in the sky,' it is all nonsense. They do no such thing. The forms of both have been pretty well fixed for centuries—a tolerably long time for a cloud!

We have dwelt thus long on the preface to the sermon, partly because this is professedly *written* by Dr. Cumming—words put down by his own pen, and not taken from his lips by that of

another ; and partly, we suspect, from an instinctive repugnance to approach a discourse of which, after having read it again and again, we are compelled to confess—and we do so with mingled grief, mortification, and surprise—that we have hardly a single good word that we can *conscientiously* say.

And we are very reluctant to say what we feel of an opposite sort. *We will not say it all.* Having written so much of a general character, we will omit the minute notice of the sermon which we sat down to write, and content ourselves with giving a few hints of the matters on which we intended to have touched. The text chosen is Isaiah xlv. 22. '*Look unto me, and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth, for I am God, and there is none else.*' The manner in which the preacher proposes to deal with his subject, is stated in the following extract:—

'The direct and pointed appeal in this verse, thus suggests the possibility of men looking below Christ, or above Christ, or on either side of Christ, and so missing the salvation, the transmission of which is here plainly restricted to one channel, and declared to flow exclusively from one source. There may be many wrong ways—there is but one right. Yet all the wrong ways may be summed up in two. In a word, there are but three sorts of religion in the world. From the beginning until now all religions may be classified in one of three great categories or chapters. First—the religion of Man, whose language is, "Look to *me*, and be saved;" secondly, the religion of the Priest, whose language is, "Look to *me*, and be saved;" and there is, thirdly, the religion of God our Saviour, whose words are, "Look to *Me*, and be saved." Let me show that in neither of the first two is there any possibility of life. Each is a candidate for your acceptance, but only in the last is everlasting peace.'—P. 7.

Now we do not know how certain expressions may affect others, nor will we pretend that our internal sense and perception of things are any *rule* for others, but it does so happen, that our taste is offended and hurt by the flippant, and somewhat vulgar familiarity, as it seems to us, of such a sentence as 'the possibility of men looking *below* Christ, or *above* Christ, or on *either side* of Christ.' We shrink from this language, as if we experienced the infliction of a wound. It lacerates our religious sensibility. It grates on the holy and the reverential within us, on all, in fact, with which we would desire to approach the statement of a divine truth, and the contemplation of a divine thing. *But the sermon is full of this.* We have never suffered so much—positively *suffered*—in reading any equal number of pages, from frequent and gross violations of taste. We have read the absurdities of ordinary men,—we have heard improprieties from others on ordinary occasions, but we could smile at such things, or pass them by ; but in a book like this—a dis-

course delivered in such a presence—which will be read by thousands who never read sermons—and which will, *to them*, be the mirror in which they will see reflected the *mind* of professedly evangelical men, the number of passages which are ridiculous, or worse, has filled us with many painful emotions, previous respect and estimation of the author, and solicitude for the interests of truth, contending together, while he was continually calling forth, as we read on, shame, indignation, contempt, or grief.

The proposed divisions of his subject do not appear to us quite accurate. Instead of *three* sorts of religion, that of *man*, of the *priest*, and of *God*, it seems to us both more simple and more correct to say that there are two:—the true, revealed by God; the false, originating with humanity;—that of man and that of the priest being *varieties* of the latter. Indeed, we do not clearly perceive, after all Dr. Cumming's statements and illustrations, what the religion of man, as distinguished from that of priest, is, according to his conception of it, but that of the philosopher, or the moralist, which is just the variety we have specified. But the whole thing is trashy and superficial.

We cannot go on. We are engaged in a most repulsive and disagreeable work, which nothing but a sense of critical justice, and a feeling of loyalty to sacred literature and to evangelical truth, could render tolerable. It is irksome in the extreme. We hasten to justify our indignant condemnation of what, perhaps, is not worth the displeasure it has provoked, by a few specimens of its preposterous paragraphs. We turn over the leaves and take them at random. We have not made a single mark in the margin to aid the eye—it was not necessary; no page can present itself without something offensive being seen. The very first words contain what pierces to the quick.

“All have sinned,” is the verdict of God on mankind. To our original sinfulness we have added many actual transgressions. There is no exception. From the loftiest to the lowliest of men we are sinners—miserable sinners. The wasting and destroying curse which evermore follows sin, has entered the royal palace, and the noble hall, and the humblest cot. *It is felt in cabinet, in congress, in senate, in divan.*—P. 5.

DIVAN!

‘Once he [man] was a glorious temple—inlaid with holiness—vocal with songs, and replete with happiness; but now all is changed—the altar fire is quenched; and in the place where the cherubim and the glory were, *there are reptiles and serpent passions holding their ceaseless carnival.*’—Pp. 7, 8.

‘Reptiles and serpent passions,’—an absurd mixture of the literal and the figurative. ‘Ceaseless carnival,’—stuff.

'If, then, the unfallen Adam could put forth no wings that could carry him to God's dwelling-place, and set him on a level with God.—surely the fallen Adam, with less strength, with less holiness, must try in vain to reach God's throne, or recover his lost place. It is to attempt to be himself a God,—to reach the throne he hopes to secure by his merits, and to retain the glory of the achievement, wholly and for ever to himself. This is futile. When man, by any combination of his muscles, can lift himself from the earth, or when he can wade upon the untrodden sea, or soar to distant stars, and bring home the secrets of heretofore unexplored worlds,—when man can raise himself from the dead, and from his own grave, by some inherent spring of life within him—then and only then will we listen to and weigh man's bidding; "Look unto me, and be saved, all the ends of the earth."'

'There is nothing in man, or by man, or belonging to man,—bearing the superscription and the image of man, *either in Paradise, or on Sinai, or on Olympus,—in the forum, in the academy, or the Stoa*—in the palace, the school, or the hut,—that has in it any redeeming power, any regenerating or life-giving energy whatever.'—Pp. 8, 9.

'SINAI and OLYMPUS'!—*'the forum, the academy, or the Stoa'!!* What could the simple parishioners of 'Crathie' make of all this? But it was preached 'before her Majesty,' and, of course, an educated court would understand it! They *would*—and *him* too.

But now for the climax:—

"It is not in man that walketh to direct his steps;" *a fortiori*.
"It is not in man that walketh to save his soul."

'The true type of man's effort to save himself, it seems to me, is found in the remarkable biography of Paracelsus. It is stated of him, that he spent or wasted his life in efforts to discover the elixir of immortality, of which, it was supposed, if man were to partake he would live for ever. He made the discovery of alcohol; he thought that in it he had found the long-sought elixir. He resolved to put it to the test; he drank of it copiously, but, instead of living for ever, he perished of the poison he had drank *on his own floor*.'—P. 10.

So much for the religion of man. The religion of the priest is called, most offensively, we confess, to us, *as a matter of taste, Churchianity*. There are, no doubt, many truths uttered in relation to it, but the composition is still vicious—everything seems at once flippant, stilted, and strained. We take a few specimens:—

'The whole Bible tells us that a church without Christ is a body without a head; a robe, without the Divine wearer; the richly-chased cup, but without the wine.

'I cannot see that there is any more chance of being saved by a Church, than there is of being saved by a College, or by a *Royal Exchange*.'—P. 11.

'Man cannot save himself; *neither in cassock, nor in surplice, nor in ermine, nor in lawn, nor in royal robe, can man save himself.*'—P. 13.

The following passage is really very terrible. Its irreverent flippancy borders on the profane, while some of its epithets are ridiculous or absurd.

'If I cannot, my dear friends, have a God to take care of my soul, *I will risk the experiment of taking care of it myself.* It is too great to be committed to an angel: too precious to be trusted to a creature. Arm of flesh may fail, an angel may fall, either may forget or change; if, therefore, I cannot have God to take charge of my soul, no creature instead shall. Whoever, short of God, offers to take charge of it, to him I would say, *be he angel, or saint, or priest, or prelate, or pope,* as Abraham said to his servants of old, "Stand you at the bottom of the mount," while I go up alone *to its sunlit pinnacle,* and there speak face to face with my God, and hear from his own *grand* lips those glorious accents, "Look unto me, and be ye saved, for I am God, and there is none else." I must hear the original, the echo will not do. I must drink from the fountain, *the canonized cup* is not sufficient.'—Pp. 15, 16.

It is only by very great violence that a 'cup' can be spoken of as 'canonized.' We much doubt, indeed, whether, supposing the expression 'canonized cup' to have escaped the lip in a hurried address, any speaker would suffer it to present itself in the reporter's notes without blotting it out—*except* Dr. Cumming.

But what are we to think of the following? Never was a great subject so degraded and disgraced by a low similitude:—

'If I desire to enjoy an oratorio *I must not only have a ticket, which is my title of admission,* but I must have a musical ear, which is my fitness for the enjoyment. It is so with respect to heaven. Accordingly, *I have in Christ's work the ticket or title,* and in the Spirit's work the new nature, which is my fitness.'—Pp. 20, 21.

We are thoroughly sick with just taking as they come, and picking up and putting together these offensive expressions; yet we cannot conclude without adding to these samples of bad taste, one or two specimens of what we suppose was meant for something very fine and eloquent. We will give them without remark:—

'Have you ever noticed that almost everything that man does is cumbrous; everything that God does is simple? Only recently has science in its greatest achievement made an approximation to something of the simplicity of God. The wire that connects two countries together, and enables London to converse with Paris, and Paris to reply to London, is simple, exquisitely simple. It is therefore grand. This is man's nearest and closest pursuit of the footsteps of his Maker,

in thus laying hold of the red lightnings, and making them to do his errands ; it is the noblest feat that man has ever done ; and yet it is not creation, but merely the combination of God's materials. Everything in God's world is simple ; out of a little sap, or water, and a few combining elements of oxygen and carbon, he forms all fruit, and flower, and leaf, and blossom ; by a single power called gravitation he binds worlds together, and makes each march in its orbit as if it were evermore listening and evermore responding to the bidding of the great Controller of all.'—Pp. 22, 23.

Passing by, on page 24, 'the sun, the moon, the stars, the beautiful flowers, the green earth, the panorama around the sanctuary, and the human countenance, *with all its chromatic phases*, aspects and transitions,' we come to the following, which we suppose is some recollection of an Exeter-hall speech, or which, at least, might do for that ; but which, we presume to think, was not quite in its place in 'the Church of Crathie, Balmoral'—

'Whatever be the relative value of ecclesiastical differences, ours is not a gospel for the Churchman, or a gospel for the Dissenter, but it is for all that "look : " *whether they look through the oriel windows of a cathedral, or the humble casement of a chapel*, it is still "Look, and be ye saved." It is that blessed gospel that discloses to every one *a Cross without a screen ; that gives a Bible without a clasp* ; that offers salvation without price, and assigns the limits of the globe as the circumference of its free and its joyous action. That Saviour still speaks from the throne, and says : "Look unto me, all the ends of the earth—dwellers on the Missouri and the Mississippi, in the prairies and backwoods of America ; upon the Andes and in the isles of the Pacific ; from the mountains of Thibet, and the plains of China ; from every jungle in India, from every pagoda in Hindostan ; from the snows of Lapland ; *Arab, in thy tent, and Cossack on thy steppes ; ye ancient Druse from Mount Lebanon ; weary-footed wanderer of Salem, speaking all tongues, drinking of all streams*—civilized and savage ;—all the ends of the earth, look unto me, and be saved." In all the phases of human sorrow and joy, toil and travail, "look." In the wildest beating of the despairing heart ; in the hour of sorrow—that sorrow that is too great for tears ; in the tidal sweep of ages ; in the surges of a nation's suffering, and in the ripples of individual grief—to quote from a grand litany, "in all time of our tribulation, in all time of our wealth, in the hour of death, and in the day of judgment,"—"look unto me, and be ye saved."—Pp. 27—29.

It is not to be denied that, delivered as Dr. Cumming could deliver it, this passage would be very effective, and the close of it, we acknowledge, strikes us as approaching to the beautiful ; still, it is too laboured, too artificial, and altogether out of keeping with our notious of calm, simple, Christian teaching.

One passage more and we have done.

• From all considerations of its nature and its acts [the soul's], we

gather a conception of its greatness. Multiply ages into ages—carry century to century, to their highest cube, and all is but an infinitesimal preface to its inexhaustible being. The pyramids of Egypt, just opening their stony lips to speak for God's word; the theatres of Ionia; the colossal remains of Nineveh, experiencing a resurrection from the grave in which God buried it; the iron rail, that strings the bright villages like pearls on its black thread; the paddle-wheel, that disturbs the stillness of the remotest seas; the electric telegraph, that unites minds a thousand miles apart; the tubular bridge, that spans broad firths and great chasms,—are all witnesses to the grandeur and powers of the soul of man.'—Pp. 30, 31.

In addition to this exhibition of the bad taste and tumid style, the combined puerility, vulgarity, and ambitiousness, which distinguish this production of Dr. Cumming, we had intended to make some remarks on its theology, for with *that*, too, we are dissatisfied. We are not sure that it is quite consistent with the standards of his own Church; we *are* sure, or next to it, that it is out of harmony with the mind of Christ, and repugnant to common sense. We think him hardly correct on either 'faith' or 'repentance;' we object to the following description of man *previous to actual sin*, for, if we understand him, it is to humanity simply as such, and before volition, affection, or deed, that he refers:—'The once holy heart has made itself deceitful above all things and desperately wicked; so much so, that the exposure in the light of God's countenance of a naked human soul—just as it is, a fallen apostate soul—would be a spectacle that man could not bear!' This may do for two 'sister'-churches, each of whom holds a species of baptismal regeneration; but it is not, we think, consistent either with the redemptive act of 'the Christ,' or with the import of the words of Jesus. We do not like, either, the bald statement on the 17th page: 'Jesus has endured all that I deserve as a sinner, and obeyed for me all that I owe as a creature.' We neither think this *possible* nor *scriptural*. It is destructive of all *grace*, and therefore subversive of everything like a *gospel*. Not only is there no 'grace' or favour in such a system, but there is 'law' twice over. Rigid, inflexible *justice* may stand upon its demands for *one* of two things; it may claim either all the obedience, or all the penalty, but it is surely *injustice* to require *both*. But if it *gets* both, and yet, if, *after* that, it is to be insisted upon that every thing is given for nothing, we are at a loss to comprehend the meaning of words. There is nothing free or gratuitous in the proceeding; there *must* be a mistake somewhere. We cannot, however, enter, at present, into these various subjects. We have said enough to lead our readers to reflect—whether we, ourselves, are right or wrong.

And now, in concluding what has been to us one of the most painful duties we have ever discharged in the whole course of our literary life, we beg to assure Dr. Cumming and his friends, if either he or they deign to look into this journal, that we are not conscious, in the smallest degree, of having been actuated in what we have done by any personal or unworthy feelings. Dr. Cumming is a man at once of high character and superior talents. He has few equals in equipment for the Romish controversy—not a superior in his readiness in debate. He is a taking, vivid, telling speaker on the religious and philanthropic platform; he is looked up to, and worthily so, we have no doubt, by a large flock, as ‘a good minister of Jesus Christ.’ But his weaknesses have misled him in one of the most important moments of his life; and, instead of rejoicing the hearts of the faithful, and eminently serving the truth, he has made the one sad, and *all but* disgraced the other. His sermon is now in the thirteenth thousand: it has been bought and read by persons of all creeds, and of no creed. It is within our own knowledge that men of no evangelical belief have procured it: and, alas! it is also within our knowledge, that it has served to strengthen and rivet their prejudices. In one direction it is a thing for a jest—in another for tears; *there* it provokes laughter, here it covers with shame! Popularity, reputation, are talents entrusted to a man by the Master; they give influence for good or evil; they involve many and great responsibilities. An inferior man, in an obscure corner, may say or write what, however absurd, can do no harm; for a distinguished man, in a great public service, to presume on his reputation, and to trifle with his talents, is to incur guilt as well as blame—to give an advantage to foes and to discourage friends. It is as ‘when a standard-bearer fainteth.’ We have spoken from the depths of our heart, and have accomplished a duty very severe and oppressive to ourselves. ‘Faithful are the wounds of a friend.’ No unfriendly hand has inflicted those which this paper may possibly occasion. Truth only can give point to the arrows of criticism—venom and bitterness can be easily despised. There is truth, we believe, in what we have said, or we should not have said it; may the motive and the feeling with which it has been said, cause our censure to become, in due time, ‘an excellent oil!’

ART. VI.—*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D.* By his Son-in-law, the Rev. William Hanna, LL.D. Vols. I. & II. Edinburgh: Sutherland and Knox.

BIOGRAPHY may justly be styled, history in brief; for as history is the narrative of some larger or smaller section of the human family, biography records the life of the individual man. History, therefore, is made up of many biographies. As philosophy teaches in history by many examples, and in biography by one only, so there will be in the latter a prominence of feature and a boldness of outline which are not possible in the former, where heroes and miscreants, philosophers and fools, are portrayed in groups. Thus, while in history the reader finds large ideas and colossal phenomena, in biography—the life-writing of one man—he contemplates the anatomy of an individual soul. In the one he finds what men *did*; in the other, what they *were*; and as the life of every man has two parts—the outward and the inward—the latter of these two will be learned from biography alone. Now the life of every man is determined by the nature of its ultimate end, and its narrative is good in proportion as the author faithfully delineates. It is portrait-painting for posterity. The present age only shall distinguish the true likeness from the caricature. Alas! what mere daubers have some of our biograph-linners proved themselves! they have painted for us either angels or demons. Their colours have been too bright, or their shadows too deep. The biographical art languishes for naturalness. We want not monsters in our memoir books, whom to see is to abhor; we ask only for the portraits of *men*. Let us, who knew the beautiful soul lately among us, whose ‘life’ is partly written in these volumes, see whether the author has herein faithfully pictured him for the benefit of ‘far posterity.’

Thomas Chalmers was born at Anstruther, a sea-coast town in Fife, on March 17, 1780. ‘The little fellow was named Tom.’ His father was a ‘general merchant’—a man possessed of that astuteness and vigour of mind which obtain more extensively among the lower classes in Scotland than among Englishmen of a similar rank. To have his son early and well trained, seems to have been the great endeavour of this good man; and the parish schoolmaster, to whose care he was entrusted, by the fact of his having schooled young Chalmers, is rescued from that utter oblivion to which the name of many a worthier Dominic is consigned.

• The parish schoolmaster, Mr. Bryce, had a fair enough reputation

as a Latin scholar, but his days as an effective teacher were over when Dr. Chalmers became his pupil. His sight, which afterwards he totally lost, was beginning to fail. Not so, however, his thirst for flogging, which grew with the decline, and survived the loss of vision. Eager in the pursuit, the sightless tyrant used to creep stealthily along behind a row of his little victims, listening for each indication given by word or motion of punishable offence, and ready, soon as ever the centre of emanation was settled, to inflict the avenging blow. But the quick-sighted urchins were too cunning for him, and soon fell upon a plan to defraud him of his prey. In the row opposite to that behind which the master took his furtive walk, one of the boys was set to watch, and whenever, by sudden stop or uplifted arm, any token of the intention to strike appeared, a pre-concerted sign given quickly to the intended victim enabled him to slip at once but noiselessly out of his place, so that, to Mr. Bryce's enraged discomfiture, and to the no small amusement of his scholars, his best-aimed blows fell not unfrequently upon the hard unflinching desk.'—Vol. i. pp. 5, 6.

Young Chalmers seems to have been the type of a Scottish tradesman's son—rough, bold, mischievous, but, withal, merry-hearted, and given to a full rich laugh. As a boy, he studied closely the immortal work of 'the prince of dreamers;' and in that 'Pilgrim's Progress'—which, strangely enough, the great Edmund Burke thought coarse in style—his young soul wandered from scene to scene, as in a fairy land. This remarkable book no doubt influenced his whole life; for, alluding to it, fifty years afterwards, when an old and wearied man, he says: 'The scenes which interested my boyhood still cleave to me, and impart a peculiar tinge and charm to the same representations when brought within my notice.' At the close of the year 1791, though still a boy, he was enrolled as a student in the United College of St. Andrews, with John Campbell, the judge, and future author of the 'Lives of the Chancellors,' for his fellow-student. During his first two sessions at college, he drudged on in the laborious routine of the University; and it was not till his third session, in 1794, that 'that intelligence' [intellect?] awoke, which never afterwards knew a season of slumbering inactivity.' In November, 1795, he became a student of divinity. 'Theology, however, occupied but little of his thoughts;' moderatism was in full force in the University, and it was long before the great soul of Chalmers could swathe and cramp 'its due proportion' in the stiff theological bandages to which the student in the divinity-hall must submit himself; but such a soul as his broke through rigid systems, and flourished in spite of them. He early attached himself to a debating society, where his talent for public speaking was developed, and which he continued to attend till the close of his college-studies. According to the law of the Presbyterian Church, young Chalmers had

remained eight sessions at St. Andrew's; and the time at length came when he must quit those halls where mighty influences had worked upon his mind, and he must go out into the wide world to breast its angry floods, and to buffet his way to fame. In May, 1798, he left home to enter a family as a 'private tutor.'

'The day of his departure was one of mixed emotion. Having previously despatched his luggage, he was to travel on horseback to the ferry at Dundee. The whole family turned out to bid him farewell. Having taken, as he thought, his last tender look of them all, he turned to mount the horse which stood waiting for him at the door; but he mounted so that, when fairly on its back, his head was turned, not to the horse's head, but to the horse's tail. This was too much for all parties, and especially for him; so wheeling round as quickly as he could, amid pursuing peals of laughter, which he most heartily re-echoed, he left Anstruther in the rear.'—Vol. i. p. 24.

Miserable life—Egyptian slavery without its scanty sweets!—where, as he wrote to his father, he had 'all the labour and all the drudgery of a schoolmaster, without the respectability of a tutor.' Stranger sight, amid all the strangenesses of that revolutionary time, was not seen than the man, whose great soul was full of a heavenly melody, scrubbing Scotch blockhead-urchins into something like brightness, drilling craniological impracticabilities to think. How must Genius, at the first, foot it on thorny paths—all the way to fame hedged in by difficulties—dunce boys, and an imperious father, 'whose very servants caught his spirit'—all as briars and thorns in the great man's march of life! At the age of nineteen, he applied to the Presbytery of St. Andrew's for a 'license as a preacher of the gospel.' The law of the Church, however, had ordained 'that none be admitted to the ministry before they be twenty-five years of age, except such as for rare and singular qualities shall be judged by the General and Provincial Assembly to be meet and worthy thereof:'—but, as 'a lad o' pregnant pairts,' Chalmers was licensed as a preacher of the gospel in July, 1799. In the following August, his first sermon was preached at Wigan, in reference to which his brother said: 'His mode of delivery is expressive, his language beautiful, and his argument very forcible and strong; it is the opinion of those who pretend to be judges, that he will shine in the pulpit, but as yet he is rather awkward in his appearance.' During the winter, young Chalmers was at Edinburgh, studying mathematics under Professor Playfair; and in the November of 1800, he returned thither for a second session. Dr. Brown had introduced him to Dugald Stewart, from whom he received a ticket of admission to his class of moral philosophy; but, though Stewart was then in full

fame, Chalmers expressed disappointment at the lectures, which appeared to him rather as an incomplete syllabus, than 'a comprehensive whole.' Yet he is compelled to admit, that Mr. Stewart is an admirable expounder of the distinctiveness of Reid's philosophy. At this time, it would seem that he became entangled in philosophical scepticism, generated perhaps by his close and ardent study of the works of Godwin and Mirabaud—an evil, during the years which immediately followed the great French Revolution, by no means uncommon in the experience of eager minds *on their way to truth*; for that great political volcano, in its terrific upheavings, had shaken the bases of all creeds and societies whatever. There was unhealthy excitement in the minds of all men; the glow as of fever-heat; the European Samson, with his fire-written phylactery of 'liberty, equality, and fraternity,' awakening from the torpidity of ages, was violently breaking the decaying withes of the sacerdotal Philistine; and the convulsion had cast down all that was revered in the moss of antiquity, or of weight from prescriptive right. The surges of the great social storm lashed religion—her very temple became impure—her altar was overturned—her lamps quenched and broken—her vestments placed upon a drunken harlot—the foulest orgies polluted her fane—her consecrated vessels degraded to the uses of obscene revelry—her name profaned—and her calm, unearthly dignity became a mockery in the face of day. The most refined nation of the earth had built for themselves a temple, in which Voltaire and Rousseau were the presiding genii, and Robespierre and Danton the officiating priests. Philosophy, abandoning her peaceful retreats, paraded among the haunts of men in the wanton attire of an inflamed courtesan—poetry wedded with impious lust—and theology either wore the mask of the scoffer, or fled affrighted from the obscenities and the madness of a people who had ostracized God from their churches and virtue from their hearths. They who lately swept the kennels of Paris, or fished for food in its gutters, or drearily lived in the constant twilight of its cellars, now swarmed in royal halls, bawled in the tribunes of its senates, filled the civic chairs, and ruled the destinies of their country. Never before had the world seen a convulsion so fearful, a revolution so complete, a catastrophe so to be deplored. Everything had become changed—royalty was gone as a dream—nobility was dispelled as a poetical phantasy, or an historical illusion—and the dreary superstition of many centuries had given birth to a dauntless Pyrrhonism, or to a bold and unblushing Atheism. It is hard to believe that any great mind reaches certainty at once. There will always be many pauses in the progress—many 'Doubting Castles,' where the pilgrims to the great shrine

of Truth will be captive for a while; and the serene heights of faith, from which the pilgrim can look down, unmoved, on the shifting vapour and howling storms beneath him, are reached after many a painful wandering and wearying ascent through 'bye-paths and trackless ways.' Beattie's 'Essay on Truth' had been useful to the doubter; but, we gather from a letter written by him, at the close of life, to a friend going through those difficulties and perplexities which beset original minds, and which had so peculiarly impeded his own, that prayer had been the great solvent of his doubts and the dispeller of his fears. Thus, long afterward, he writes, in the tranquil evening of his age, when the world was doing homage to his intellect and his eminent goodness, and when he was awaiting the unloosing of those barriers which 'grossly hold us in' from full-orbed truth and the perfect life—and his advice is like the beacon which some 'ancient mariner,' who has learned from the voyagings of fifty years the hidden shoals of the deep, lights in a dangerous sea to guide the wandering bark—

'I sympathize with you all the more in the state of philosophical scepticism that you complain of, that I at one time experienced it myself. The book to which I was most indebted for my deliverance was Beattie's "Essay on Truth." I owe a great deal, too, to the introductory Lectures of Professor Robison, whom I attended at the beginning of this century as a student of natural philosophy. The substance of these lectures is to be found in the latter half of the article "Philosophy," and also in the article "Physics," in the supplementary volumes of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Under all the difficulties and despondencies of such a state, I would still encourage you to prayer. Cry as you can. With zeal, moral earnestness, and a perseverance in this habit, light will at length arise out of darkness. Do not indulge these sceptical tendencies; but under the conviction of their being a great misfortune and evil, struggle against them to the uttermost.'—*Ib.* i. p. 44.

Would that many young men, who, in the search for truth, arrive at doubts and cannot get beyond them; or who reach a philosophical faith in God, but know nothing of the calm religiousness and hallowing influence of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, could find at all times an adviser equally able and kindly with Chalmers—such pilotage would save thousands whom a want of skill in the adviser drives to irretrievable ruin!

The limits assigned to this article will not allow us to bring before the reader many of those incidents in the early life of Chalmers which tend to establish the fact, that every great man has extraordinary difficulties to contend with. The day of glory has always a morning-tide of cloud and storm. The man of moderate talent seldom encounters serious obstacles—should

difficulties obtrude themselves on his path, he will make a lengthened circuit to escape them. If the Alps are before Hannibal, he crosses them. If electors and dukes raise a fearful opposition to Luther, he attacks them. The monks generally had remained in their cells, and cowered before an evil they dared not meet, muttering many *pater-nosters*—but heroic Luther must do or die. It was so with Chalmers. To yield to surrounding difficulties, were to acknowledge either his impotence or his cowardice; and these qualities can have no place in the *physique* of a great man. But, withal, it is amusing to watch those scuffles in the St. Andrew's-halls—unacknowledged right struggling for might—the uncouth aspirant to academic fame sorely beset by prejudice and faction, giving blows like a giant—deep in lectures chemical and mathematical—and having on the whole a rough time of it. Old custom always frets at innovation, and the young philosopher found the Faculty at St. Andrew's conservatively arrayed against all intrusion on their ancient rights. He had been ordained by the presbytery of Cupar as minister of Kilmany parish, in the May of 1803; and as envy, calumny, and faction hedge the path of genius on its early way, Chalmers soon found that presbyterial influence would be added to his other assailants. Menzel affirms that 'the most mischievous of all the political devils has hitherto always worn the dress of the pious hermit;' and perhaps, in many instances, the bitterest enemies with which virtuous greatness has had to struggle, have been men who wore the garb and spoke the language of religion. 'The path of the just is as the shining light, which shines more and more unto the perfect day;' and though many clouds may overlies a good man's path in life, he will in the end burst through them all, and make even the clouds beautiful by the reflexion of his brightness. So the greatness of Chalmers gives an interesting tint even to the prejudice and envy of the St. Andrew's professors, and their connexion with him at this period will save some of them from oblivion. . . . It is an attribute of genius, that it immortalizes even its accidents; and many worthless men are known to posterity only by their casual connexion with the truly great. Nowhere does the prominent feature of his character more show itself than in these troubles at St. Andrew's—that self-reliant manliness, distinctive only of the largest minds, in the possession of which, even had a world opposed him, it had lain conquered at his feet. 'It is well for a man that he bear the yoke in his youth.' He, who overcomes in his youth, will remain victor in his age; and the feet which have perseveringly trodden the flinty way of early endeavour, will find the decline of life smooth as a meadow-path. We must pass

hastily over his offering himself as a candidate for the Natural Philosophy Chair at St. Andrew's, and for the Mathematical Chair at Edinburgh; but how much had the world lost, and how large a niche in the temple of the orators had been for ever unfilled, if desire had been gratified, and the rest of his life had been passed in leading Caledonian youth through the mysteries of statics or dynamics, or spent in the dreary employ of elimination and integration! Also, we can only hastily notice his enrolment as chaplain and lieutenant, in the St. Andrew's corps of volunteers; but we will quote the conclusion of the narrative of his brother George's illness and death:—

‘Every evening, at George's own request, one of Newton's sermons was read at his bedside by some member of the family in rotation. It was one of the very books which, a short time previously, Thomas had named and denounced from the pulpit. Bending over the pulpit, and putting on the books named the strong emphasis of dislike, he had said—“Many books are favourites with you, which I am sorry to say are no favourites of mine. When you are reading Newton's ‘Sermons,’ and Baxter's ‘Saint's Rest,’ and Doddridge's ‘Rise and Progress,’ where do Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John go to?” As he now read one of these books to his dying brother, and witnessed the support and consolation which its truths conveyed, strange misgivings must have visited him. He was too close, too acute, too affectionate an observer not to notice that it was something more than the mere “manly indifference of his profession [he had been a sailor], something more than a mere blind submission to an inevitable fate, which imparted such calmness and serene elevation to George's dying hours. He was in his room when those pale and trembling lips were heard to say, “I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes.” Perhaps, as the words were uttered, the thought arose that in his own case, as compared with that of his brother, the words might be verified. In company with a weeping household, he bent over the parting scene, and heard the closing testimony given, “Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.” George died on the 16th December, 1806. It was the first death of a near relation which Thomas had witnessed; and the deep impression which it made was the first step towards his own true and thorough conversion to God.”—*Id.* pp. 101, 102.

Beautiful are the lines of his character, as we obtain glimpses of them here and there—though as yet he was serving his Great Master blindly, and with a mind not altogether in humble submission to the Divine will. His brother James had removed from Liverpool to London, and in the metropolis he had followed the example of many of his countrymen who have migrated southward, and quitted the Presbyterian for the Episcopal communion. Of this apostasy he sent information to his brother.

"You desired me," was Thomas's reply, "to show my father your first letter. I would not have done so for the world. Your apostasy from the Kirk would have horrified him, and he would have sighed over the degeneracy of that son who could renounce old mother Presbytery in the face of one of its ministers. But whatever I say, may the vengeance of Heaven pursue me, if I feel contempt for that man who has passed through the world unstained by its corruptions—who has walked the manly career of independence and honour—who has escaped the infection of a degenerate age, and can boast a mind that has preserved its integrity amidst all the seductions of policy and interest. Such is the character of our good father. May the great Spirit bear up the weight of his old age, and blunt the arrow that gives it rest."—*Ib.* pp. 97, 98.

The life of Chalmers, till the beginning of 1809, was spent partly at his little manse, and amid much hospitality there—in preaching—and, at the wish of Dr. Brewster, its editor, in preparing articles for the 'Edinburgh Encyclopædia.' He fulfilled all the duties of his office, but his service was not that of an enlightened soul, living by an evangelical faith. He adored God as the Supreme, Everlasting, and Allperfect; but he knew the Reconciler and Saviour rather as a dogmatist than as a practical believer in the gospel, and his soul was not bowed in humbleness before the doctrines of the Cross. If we may here introduce such phraseology, his religion was rather ethical than spiritual. He knew the gospel as some vast idea, and he admired the magnificence of its conception, the magnitude of its aim, and the condescension of its purpose; but he knew it as he knew a theory of the British or of the Kantian philosophy, not as a *living power*, which changes the nature of him who believes in it—which banishes rebellious thoughts, and which brings lapsed and sinning man into direct communication and closest alliance with his Creator and rightful Lord. That great lesson—'How shall man be just with God?' he had yet to learn—that resplendent knowledge he had yet to acquire, before which, so far as the recovery of the estranged heart of man is concerned, the lamps of purest science and of sublimest philosophy must alike 'pale their ineffectual fires.' Death had of late been a frequent visitant in his family—George was gone—his sister Barbara, tenderly loved, had fallen in consumption—his uncle Ballardie, 'a kind of second father to his nephews and nieces,' had passed away—his father was now nearing the goal so few reach, his 'threescore years and ten'—and Mr. Chalmers himself was prostrate; he languished under 'an affection of the liver;' he knew not but that the hand of the fell destroyer of his kindred had fallen upon him too. For four months he never left his room—it was nearly two years before he fully recovered. During this tedious suffering he surveyed his past life—it had

not been altogether profitless, but it showed like a barren moorland, when viewed in the light of eternity. He looked outward and onward to the future—he thought he saw death approaching—he was not prepared to die—a panic seized him—his former self-trustfulness was broken to pieces, and a new thought took possession of him. But it is not our part to describe the birth-hour of his soul; and it would be wronging the able author of this beautiful history, if we did not present to our readers his account of his kinsman's 'great change.'

* Contemplated from the confines of eternity, his past life looked to Mr. Chalmers like a feverish dream, the fruitless chasing of a shadow. Blinded by the fascination of the things seen and temporal, he had neglected the things unseen and eternal. He had left undischarged the highest duties of human life, and he had despised that faith which can alone lend enduring value to its labours, and shed the light of a satisfying hope around its close. How empty had all these bygone years been of God. True, he had not been wholly forgetful; many an adoring thought of the Almighty, as the great Creator, Upholder, Governor of the universe, had filled his mind, and many grateful feelings towards his heavenly Benefactor had visited his heart. But that, he now felt, was not enough. The clear, unchallengeable right belonged to God over the full affection of the heart, the unremitting obedience of the life, but no such affection had been entertained; and it had been but seldom that a distinct regard to the will of God had given its birth or its direction to any movement of his past history. In name acknowledged, but in their true nature and extent misunderstood, he felt that his Creator's claims over him had been practically disallowed and dishonoured during his whole career. The meagre and superficial faith of former years could no longer satisfy him. It could not stand the scrutiny of the sick-room; it could not bear to be confronted with death; it gave way under the application of its own chosen test; for surely even reason taught that if man have a God to love and serve, and an eternity beyond death to provide for, towards that God a supreme and abiding sense of obligation should be cherished; and to the providing for that eternity the whole efforts of a life-time should be consecrated. Convinced of the fatal error upon which the whole scheme of his former life had been constructed, Mr. Chalmers resolved upon a change. He would no longer live here as if here he were to live for ever. Henceforth and habitually, he would recognise his immortality; and remembering that this fleeting pilgrimage was a scene of trial, a place of spiritual probation, he would dedicate himself to the service of God, and live with the high aim and purpose of one who was training for eternity. It was a kind of life which had already been realized by countless thousands of his countrymen, and why not by him? It had been realized by Pascal in making the sublime transition from the highest walks of science to the still higher walk of faith. It had been realized by those early Christians whose lives and testimonies he was now engaged in studying. Surrounded with such a cloud of witnesses, a new ambition, stronger and more

absorbing than that which had thirsted so eagerly for literary fame, fired Mr. Chalmers's breast. Every thought of his heart, every word of his lip, every action of his life, he would henceforth strive to regulate under a high presiding sense of his responsibility to God; his whole life he would turn into a preparation for eternity. With all the ardour of a nature which never could do anything by halves, with all the ardour of an enthusiasm which had at length found an object worthy of its whole energies at their highest pitch of effort, he gave himself to the great work of setting himself right with God. The commencement of such an enterprise makes a great and signal epoch in his spiritual history. It sprung out of his profound sense of human mortality; his vivid realizing of the life that here is in its connexion with the life that is to come; his recognition of the supremacy which God and the high interests of eternity should wield over the heart and life of man. It did not originate in any change in his speculative belief induced by his studies either of the contents or credentials of the Bible. In the course of that memorable transition-period, which elapsed from the beginning of November, 1809, till the close of December, 1810, important modifications in his doctrinal views were undoubtedly effected. His partial discovery of the pervading and defiling element of ungodliness gave him other notions of human depravity than those he had previously entertained, and prepared him not only to acquiesce in, but to appropriate to himself, representations from which a year before he would have turned away with disgust. And with his altered view of human sinfulness, there came also an altered view of the atonement. He was prepared now to go farther than he had gone before in recognising the death of Christ as a true and proper sacrifice for sin. Still, however, while looking to that death for the removal of past guilt, he believed that it lay wholly with himself, after he had been forgiven, to approve himself to God, to win the Divine favour, to work out the title to the heavenly inheritance. The full and precise effect of Christ's obedience unto death was not as yet discerned. Over that central doctrine of Christianity, which tells of the sinner's free justification before God through the merits of his Son, there hung an obscuring mist; there was a flaw in the motive which prompted the struggle in which Mr. Chalmers so devotedly engaged; there was a misconception of the object which it was possible by such a struggle to realize. More than a year of fruitless toil had to be described ere the true ground of a sinner's acceptance with God was reached, and the true principle of all acceptable obedience was implanted in his heart.'—*Ib.* pp. 153—155.

From this period Mr. Chalmers kept a journal, which our author has largely drawn upon in order to portray him as he was; and as here we have frequent glimpses into the inner life of a soul struggling towards God, and panting for ever new and ever higher manifestations of Him—we pronounce the extracts from this journal to be among the chief attractions of the biography. This daily record of his 'often infirmities,' and of his spiritual growth, was intended for no eye but his Maker's and his own:

but now that the illustrious writer of them has joined the 'band of the immortals,' they may with propriety be presented to the public eye. Much shall he learn, who closely studies them, of the simplicity of the life of a good man—'integer vitæ scelerisque purus'—which, in spite of differing creeds and manifold sectarianisms, is alike in all who love and obey the truth; and of the safety and bliss of that soul which dwells ever 'in the secret place of the Most High.' Beautiful are the features of his character herein discernible—a panting for the Water of Life—aspiration after the Divine nature—gentleness as of a tender mother, simplicity as of a little child—the loud utterances of a mighty soul, and wailings and sympathies touching as the notes of an *Æolian* harp—an earnest and constant endeavour after purity of motive—a walk with God—incessant warfare with everything which is antagonistic to heavenly-mindedness—and, above all, a complete devotement of his powers to the service of Him who 'came to seek and to save that which was lost.' In many passages—making allowances for the difference in the time and circumstances of the two men—we are strongly reminded of the life of the elder Henry by his saintly son; than which—if that biography is to be the most commended which is the closest portrait-painting—we maintain that no better has ever been written. The intellectual endowments of these two great men differed essentially—where the one only whispered, the other thundered—where the illustrious Nonconformist gently pleaded, the athletic Presbyterian argued with a trumpet-tongue—and while Henry was well-versed in antique theology, the Greek version of the Septuagint, in the New Testament, and in that heavy scholastic Latinity, which was a substantial part of learning in the seventeenth century, Chalmers had perhaps the slightest acquaintance with these; but they strongly resembled each other in their humbleness, self-reliance, submission to the Divine will, eminent holiness, and complete devotedness to the object of their mission. They of our readers who have not been fortunate enough to peruse these volumes of the Life of Chalmers, may be desirous of learning how the 'great change' was happily completed. We will allow our author to narrate this for us:—

'The effort after a pure and heavenly morality which Mr. Chalmers had so long and so unflatteringly sustained, was now on the eve of a change, which was not only to alter, but to reverse in their relative positions its starting point and its goal. All the natural elements at work throughout this struggle were elements of signal power. A vigorous and enlightened intelligence—a conscience strong, but very tender—most delicately susceptible, yet devoid of all narrowness and weakness—a will of most inflexible determination, become now a yielding servant to the high sense of duty—these all exerting them-

selves under the profound impression that God's eye was ever on them as they toiled, and that everlasting interests hung suspended on the issue, present to us such a full and attractive exhibition of mere natural character as might have invited analysis, or fixed for a season the eye of our admiration. But all lesser interest connected with this period loses itself in the light and meaning thrown upon it by its close. As the year (1810) expired, and for his evening readings at Anstruther, while he remained there after his sister's death, Mr. Chalmers took up Wilberforce's "Practical View," a work especially intended to expose the inadequate conceptions regarding the leading and peculiar doctrines of Christianity which characterised the religious system prevailing among professed Christians. "We are loudly called on," said Mr. Wilberforce, "*to examine well our foundations*. If anything be there unsound and hollow, the superstructure could not be safe though its exterior were less suspicious. Let the question then be asked, and let the answer be returned with all the consideration and solemnity which a question so important may justly demand, Whether, in the grand concern of all—*the means of a sinner's acceptance with God*, there be no reason to apprehend that nominal Christians too generally entertain very superficial and confused, if not highly dangerous notions?" The summons came from one whose character was otherwise so enthusiastically admired, and it was so wisely and so winningly given, that it would have been listened to, even if Mr. Chalmers had not been subject at the time to that restless dissatisfaction with the fruits of all his own former efforts, which made him at this conjuncture peculiarly open to instruction. As in this favourable spirit he read this volume, he found his own case accurately delineated and wisely prescribed for. The critical condition of the reader lent power to Mr. Wilberforce's volume. A prolonged but abortive effort had prepared Mr. Chalmers to welcome the truth of a gratuitous justification before God through the merits of Christ. For upwards of a year, he had striven with all his might to meet the high requirements of the Divine law—but the conviction was now wrought in him that he had been attempting an impossibility; that he had been trying to combine elements which would not amalgamate; that it must be either on his own merits wholly, or on Christ's merits wholly, that he must lean; and that, by introducing to any extent his own righteousness into the ground of his own meritorious acceptance with God, "he had been inserting a flaw, he had been importing a falsehood into the very principle of his justification."—*Ib.* pp. 183—188.

With restored health and renewed heart, he applied himself vigorously to the duties of his office—amusing himself during severer studies with various experiments of the chemical kind. Among other experiments, he resolved on having his house fitted with gas-tubes, so early as 1811; a fact which proves that he possessed that faculty which is the accompaniment of highest genius—*foresight of the advances of humanity*—a happy generalization from the newest principles of the time as to the ultimate results of them. After his conversion, Chalmers seems to

have abandoned his mathematical studies—engaging occasionally in the ‘review department’—nourishing and fortifying his mind by a constant perusal of some of the ablest works in defence of Christianity—‘weaned from the ardour of scientific pursuits’—and giving his undivided attention to theology, and to the sublime duties of his office—reasoning with the thoughtless, awakening to a new idea and to a new directness of life the listless and the frivolous, and ministering, at the bed of death, to those whose very dissolution was radiant with the hope of immortality. The following quotation from his journal, a year after his conversion, will plainly show that his renewed life, during that period, had been neither idly nor unprofitably spent :—

‘March 16th.—I have brought one year of the journal to its close ; and though decidedly more religious in my taste, in my temper, in my views, and in my pursuits, I have still much to aspire after. The following is a rapid sketch of my last year’s labours :—Read a good deal of mathematics, but have finally abandoned that study, and pursue henceforth an exclusive attention to Divinity. Read four volumes of “Lardner;” Newton on the “Prophecies;” Campbell on the “Gospels;” Charters’s “Sermons;” Young’s “Night Thoughts;” “Paradise Lost;” “Hints on Toleration,” by Philagatharcles; Wilberforce’s “View of Christianity;” Maltby’s “Illustration of the Christian Evidence;” Scott’s “Lady of the Lake;” Lardner on the “Canons of the Old and New Testament;” and the “Edinburgh Review,” and “Christian Instructor” as they came out. Wrote a review of “Charters’s Sermons;” great part of a large performance on the evidences of Christianity; a sermon on Psalm xi. 1; another on Psalm viii. 1; and a lecture on Psalm cxxxvii. 1—6; a great many in short-hand, for the ordinary supply of my parish, of which I delivered one on 1 Corinthians viii. 13 [will be found in Dr. Chalmers’s Works, vol. vi. p. 234], in the hearing of Dr. Charters, who seemed to be more taken with it than with one that was carefully written; a speech for Dr. Playfair, which I delivered at the Synod; and part of a review of “Hints on Toleration”—in all about thirty-four sheets of closely written paper.’—*Ib.* pp. 204, 205.

In the early part of 1812, Mr. Chalmers became engaged to ‘Miss Grace Pratt, daughter of Captain Pratt, of 1st Royal Veteran Battalion,’ for whom we find in his journal this apostolical prayer:—‘O my God, pour thy best blessings on —, give her ardent and decided Christianity. May she be the blessing and joy of all around her. May her light shine while she lives, and when she dies may it prove to be a mere step, a transition in her march to a joyful eternity.’ The marriage took place on August 4th, in the same year, ‘as privately as possible,’ ‘before dinner at Starbank.’ ‘The clergyman, a veteran in his ninetieth year, made a laughable mistake,’ which, as Chalmers wrote to his sister, ‘converted a business that is often accompanied with

tears into a perfect frolic. It made me burst out, and set all the ladies a tittering. In laying the vows on Grace, what he required of her was that she should be a loving and affectionate husband, to which she curtsied.' With this lady, he lived in 'peace, harmony, and affection,' happily directing her mind, and sharing those joys which are richly given to the faithful and the virtuous, having a 'growing delight in the fulness and sufficiency of Christ,' and diligently labouring in the service of his Lord, for the elevation of humanity. On May 5th, 1813, his wife gave birth to a daughter, of which we find the following notice in his journal:—'Born about five minutes before two in the afternoon, and I was employed at the time in correcting for the press the second paragraph about the contempt incurred by missionaries in my sermon on Psalm xli. 1.' In the October of 1812, Mr. Chalmers had preached, at Dundee, the first sermon on any public occasion after his conversion, in behalf of the Missionary Society—an organization to the philanthropy and grandeur of whose conceptions he was fully awake. In 1808, Sydney Smith had published in 'The Edinburgh Review' one of those articles which attacked the missionary-idea, and which, it may truly be said, was written in angry ridicule of whatever is vital and positive in evangelical religion. But 'the nest of consecrated cobblers,' as this unhappy divine termed the heroic band of the immortal Carey and others, were men of larger stature, and of wider range of Christian benevolence, than the punning reviewer could comprehend. They were above him and beyond him in all that makes men really dignified and great. This 'brilliant dinner out,' as we think Byron called him, could forge ill-conditioned jokes at marvellous speed—he could 'set the table in a roar,' pandering to the worn and wearied tastes of profligate voluptuaries—and he could easily detect any glaring fallacy in an election-manifesto, or a pseudo-philosophical argumentation, or he could hold up to ridicule the absurdities of a drowsy sermon—though we take leave to express our opinion, that his logical acumen and entire mental power have always been greatly exaggerated; but he had a perfect moral incapacity of pronouncing on those great men who made it their mission to reclaim the alien and the stranger, and to conquer heathendom itself to the dominion of Jesus. Seeking pleasure as its ultimate good, his soul could not kindle with that holy enthusiasm which glowed in the heart of a Paul, a Xavier, a Carey, and a Chalmers; nor were distant isles, desolate in their suicidal barbarity, and debased by foulest rites—whose gods were distortions of a demon, and whose religion was a bloody pantomime—any more to his courtly ear than the dwelling of savages, whom Nature had made degraded, and whom the civilized might leave to their

jungles and their huts. That only which is really good shall be found durable in this world, and the best and holiest of men only shall have true fame. The glory of a Milton and a Howard shall be found, after many ages, like the Cyclopæan erections of the early time—colossal, indestructible,—a glory ‘that cannot fade away;’ while the great host of jokers and witlings, like insects which sparkled in the summer-light, and who made ‘their summer-lives one ceaseless *laugh*,’ shall have passed away, ‘leaving no wreck behind.’ We shall not be thought harsh or ungenerous, by those who are wise, when we say that, had Sydney Smith known what is really the distinctive spirit of Christianity—had his own mind ever lain under its imbuing influences—his keen spirit had been the first to perceive, in the founding of a missionary society, one of those great impulses which should carry a flood of civilization and of truth among savage hordes and deluded devotees, wherever these might exist. It has been the fate of every great reformation to be ridiculed at its birth; and as in our own day the acute Lardner argued, from clearest mathematical demonstration, the utter impossibility of a British steam-ship ever reaching an American harbour; so Sydney Smith, when the fathers of missionary enterprise set out on their illustrious voyage, asks, in his godless scorn, ‘Why are we to send out little detachments of maniacs to spread over the fine regions of the world the most unjust and contemptible opinion of the gospel?’ We imagine the pursy joker believed more in the gospel according to Canterbury, than in the gospel according to Luke or John. He has had *his* life-march—his ‘works’ (at least those of them which are *his*) follow him, and he is now a mere froth-bubble on the rushing stream of time; but the ‘consecrated cobbler’ of Hackleton, with £20 pittance for ‘preaching,’ has begotten a thought which is gradually removing idol and shrine, priest and warrior; and he has become great in the world’s story. Completely had this ‘son of thunder,’ this keen-edged wit, forgotten that causes, seemingly trivial, produce immense effects—that the life-long darling dream of a humble mechanic, and the song of a poet, poor and despised, are changing the habitudes of men, and harmonizing into one brotherhood the nations of the earth—and that the little spring and the rippling stream, in the far-off gorge and upland valley, become at last Maranon and Danube. On this subject it is a pleasing task to quote what our author has written with much taste and feeling:—

‘When the *working of his mind* began, of which the witty reviewer makes such pleasant use, Carey was a journeyman-shoemaker in the small hamlet of Hackleton, a few miles from Northampton; and when, as a “consecrated cobbler,” he removed to the neighbouring village of

Moulton, it was to preach to a small congregation of Baptists for a salary under £20 a year, and to teach a school besides, that he might eke out a scanty livelihood. To Sydney Smith, as to nine-tenths of the British population at that time, it looked ridiculous enough that such a man should not only trouble his own mind, and try for years to trouble the minds of others, about the conversion of 420 millions of Pagans, but that he should actually propose that he himself should be sent out to execute the project. He succeeded at last, however, in obtaining liberty to bring the subject before the small religious community of which he was a member; and on the 2nd October, 1792, at a meeting of the Baptist Association at Kettering, it was resolved to form a Missionary Society; but when the sermon was preached, and the collection made, it was found to amount to no more than £12 13s. 6d. With such agents as Carey, and collections like this of Kettering to support them, Indian missions appeared a fit quarry for that shaft which none knew better than our Edinburgh reviewer how to use; and yet, looking somewhat more narrowly at the "consecrated cobbler," there was something about him, even at the beginning, sufficient to disarm ridicule; for, if we notice him in his little garden, he will be seen motionless, for an hour or more, in the attitude of intense thought; or, if we join him in his evening hours, we shall find him reading the Bible in one or other of four different languages with which he has already made himself familiar; or, if we follow him into his school, we shall discover him with a large leather-globe of his own construction, pointing out to the village urchins the different kingdoms of the earth, saying, "These are Christians—these are Mahomedans—and these are Pagans, and these are Pagans!" his voice stopped by strong emotion as he repeats and re-repeats the last mournful utterance. Driven, by the jealousy of the East India Company, out of an English ship in which he was about to sail, he took his passage in a Danish vessel, and chose a Danish settlement in India for his residence; yet he lived till, from that press which he established at Serampore, there had issued 212,000 copies of the sacred Scriptures in forty different languages—the vernacular tongues of 380 millions of immortal beings, of whom more than 100 millions were British subjects, and till he had seen expended upon that noble object, on behalf of which the first small offering at Kettering was presented, no less a sum than £91,500.—*Id.* pp. 313—315.

We have neither time nor space to follow the life of Mr. Chalmers closely, nor can we justly describe his special 'monthly devotions'—his waiting for God's Spirit—his constant reference to Christ and simple faith in him; nor can we, within our present limits, show how from his pulpit, in the copious flow of his eloquence, and among his congregation and friends, he shed the light of a simple and genuine piety; nor, how in his scientific foreshadowings he was ever in advance of his age. Particularly, however, must we remark, in reference to the then infant science of geology, that he broke away from the theological trammels of the time, and that he was the first religious teacher in Scotland

who expressed his belief that the writings of Moses do not fix the antiquity of the globe, but that geology, in its tracings of cause and effect, in the strata and general structure of the earth, may be in exact harmony with all that is recorded of creation, both as to the time and manner of it, in the book of the Genesis. Everywhere, to follow the track of this great man, is to learn from him; and such communion as we have with him through these pages is instructive to the intellectual and edifying to the spiritual within us. In the course of 1813, Mr. Chalmers met with Andrew Fuller at Dundee, and as his conversation with that remarkable man produced no little effect on his mind, we will quote from our author's account of the interview and its results:—

‘ This visit of Mr. Fuller was one of the incidents in his Kilmany life, to which Mr. Chalmers always looked back with pride and pleasure. He could not refrain from referring to it when introducing a remark of Mr. Fuller's into one of his theological lectures. “ It has been exceedingly well said,” he remarked, “ by the judicious Andrew Fuller, on whose last visit to Scotland, in 1813, I felt my humble country manse greatly honoured by harbouring him for a day and two nights within its walls—it has been exceedingly well said by this able champion and expounder of our common Christianity, that the points on which the disciples of the Saviour agree, greatly outnumber, and in respect of importance very greatly outweigh, the points on which they differ.” The candour, the ardour, the simplicity, the originality, the power, the gentleness—all of which he found so singularly associated in his new acquaintance, made a profound impression upon Mr. Fuller. Though he did not live to see it, having died before Mr. Chalmers's removal to Glasgow, he was already measuring the width of that sphere of influence which he was fitted and destined to fill. . . . Under the very strong conviction, that his use of the manuscript in the pulpit impaired the power of his Sabbath addresses, Mr. Fuller strenuously urged upon his friend the practice of extempore preaching, or preaching from notes. “ If that man,” said he to his companion, Mr. Anderson, after they had taken leave of Kilmany-manse—“ if that man would but throw away his papers in the pulpit, he might be King of Scotland.” Mr. Chalmers was perfectly willing to make the experiment, and he gave full time and all diligence to the attempt; but it failed. He read, reflected, jotted down the outlines of a discourse, and then went to the pulpit trusting to the suggestion of the moment for the phraseology he should employ; but he found that the ampler his materials were, the more difficult was the utterance. His experience in this respect he used to compare to the familiar phenomenon of a bottle with water in it turned suddenly upside down: the nearly empty bottle discharges itself fluently and at once; the nearly full one labours in the effort, and lets out its contents with jerks, and large explosions and sudden stops, as if choked by its own fulness. . . . After a succession of efforts, the attempt at extempore preaching was relinquished; but he carried into the study that insatiable desire to effect a

lodgment of the truth in the minds of others, which had so much to do with the origin of all that amplification and reiteration with which his writings abound. In preparing for the pulpit, he scarcely ever sat down to write without the idea of other minds, whom it was his object to impress, being either more distinctly or latently present to his thoughts; and he seldom rose from writing without the feeling that still other modes of influential representation remained untried.—*Ib.* pp. 336—339.

As our readers probably feel a higher interest in the life of Mr. Chalmers as the preacher, than as the critic or literary man, we subjoin one more quotation, which will cast additional light on his pulpit-preparation:—

‘The opening months of 1811, as they brought tranquillity and establishment to his own heart, so they gave a new character to his Sabbath ministrations. I have been able to trace to this period so many of the sermons afterwards selected by their author for publication, and have found so few alterations made in the original manuscripts in preparing them for the press, as to be satisfied that the three first years of his ministry at Kilmany supplied as many, as elaborate, and as eloquent discourses, as any other three years in the whole course of his ministry. It was not the stimulus of cultivated audiences, and an intellectual sphere—it was not the effort to win or sustain a widespread popularity—it was not the straining after originality of thought or splendour of illustration, which gave to these discourses their peculiar form and character. They were, to a great extent, the spontaneous products of that new love and zeal which divine grace had planted in his soul; the shape and texture of their eloquence springing from the combined operation of all his energies. . . . Much time and great care were bestowed upon these preparations for the pulpit. Instead of the two or three hours which had once been sufficient, they now engrossed the leisure of the whole preceding week. And besides that weekly amount of composition which was necessary to meet the demands of each succeeding Sabbath, he had always a discourse in preparation upon which the occasional efforts of a whole month were expended—the two sets of sermons, from the different characters in which they were written, being described in his own vocabulary as his short-handers and long-handers. He frequently advised his young ministers, in addition to their ordinary preparations, to have a monthly and more elaborate sermon always in progress.’—*Ib.* pp. 417, 418.

In the autumn of 1814, Mr. Chalmers preached at Bendochy, in Perthshire, a funeral sermon for an early college-friend; and among the auditors were ‘Mr. Robert Tennent, jun., and four other Glasgow citizens, who came as members of the Town Council of Glasgow, to hear Mr. Chalmers as one who had been mentioned as a candidate for the Tron Church in that city, vacant at this time, in consequence of its former minister, Dr. Macgill, having been appointed to the chair of Theology.’

was much canvassing of the *electors* on the occasion, but the triumph was the triumphant return of Mr. Chalmers, on November 814, as minister of the large and wealthy congregation sitting in the Tron Church. He balanced every argument suggested itself, for or against his acceptance of the invitation to Glasgow:—

Two chief obstacles to Mr. Chalmers's removal from Kilmany were his fears as to the amount of extra and unprofessional labour which would fall upon the clergymen of Glasgow, and his regret at leaving a home and neighbourhood to which he was very tenderly attached. A declaratory letter from Dr. Balfour helped to remove the one; it was a long and long-continued suffering to remove the other. Looking at the hills which bounded his peaceful valley, and waving his staff to them as if in mournful farewell, he said to a friend who was walking beside him, "Ah! my dear sir, my heart is wedded to these hills." Returning back to his old parish, more than twenty years after he had left it, he exclaimed, "Oh! there was more tearing of the heart-strings in leaving the valley of Kilmany than at leaving all my great parish at Glasgow."—*Ib.* p. 454.

Mr. Chalmers preached his first sermon in Glasgow on March 815, and at once he was surrounded by a 'blaze of unexampled popularity;' but still the memory of his dear Kilmany made him feel like an exile amid the splendours of a distant and great city. That place, where first the irresistible love of Jesus made his soul captive to the gospel, where he had been married, where his daughter was born, was still to him surrounded by the magic influence of home; and amid the anxieties and cares of his arduous Glasgow ministry, the recollection of his humble parish—the oasis of his life—soothed his agitated mind and calmed him in the midst of tempest. He found 'a deal of very strange work in the business of a Glasgow minister;' indeed, it would seem that he not only had to be often in the street, (and neglect of public worship is certainly not a sin unknown in that western metropolis of Scotland)—a frequent visitor at the tables of his wealthier hearers, the merchant-princes of a tumultuous city—a sort of town-missionary to the savoury streets of the Saltmarket and the Briggate; but he had also to possess the spirit of a pedlar-qualifications.

Shortly after his settlement in Glasgow, he formed a close intimate friendship with a Mr. Thomas Smith, the son of a Glasgow publisher—a young man of lofty intellect and remarkable piety. The heart of the illustrious preacher yearned over the young man, and as a kindly genius he watched and tended him closely, leading him on from stage to stage of Christian progress, drawing him nearer and nearer to that Cross where human impurity can be cleansed, and thus fitting him for

that heavenly life he was destined speedily to reach. Beautiful it is to find him writing prayers for his friend, when unable to leave his room; for it was the lot of this friendship to be of brief continuance—insidious disease was consuming this youth of fair promise—and Mr. Chalmers would frequently go over to his room, and sit with his manuscript in his hand by his bedside, in order that from that scene of early decay, he might learn with new solemnity to bid his people ‘prepare to meet God.’ In the spring of 1816, he was called to bury his beloved friend, so early lost, so much deplored: ‘successive floods of tenderness’ followed this bereavement, and he seemed drawn nearer to it, and almost ready to depart to that supreme felicity of which his friend was for ever to partake. This little history is a most valuable episode in the life of this illustrious man—a jewel set alone in the midst of refined gold. It is an attribute of exalted genius, that it is magnanimous even in trifles—nothing is beneath its notice—nothing too barren for its instruction—nothing too minute for its eagle eye. John Milton catches fresh inspiration from a familiar melody; Newton leaves his starry pathway, to gambol with a child; Heyne, who, in his classic lore was ‘more an antique Roman than’ a modern citizen, found an exquisite pleasure among his profusion of roses—and Chalmers, the venerated preacher, the impassioned orator, the full-souled son of science, is seen, manuscript in hand, tending by the sick-couch of one worn by long-suffering, and whose service for this world is done. Until 1816, he was employed in the routine of parish labours, occasionally writing for the ‘*Edinburgh*’ and ‘*Eclectic Reviews*,’ and debating in the General Assembly. In this year, the University of Glasgow conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon him, and his reputation, as one of the leading minds of Scotland, was firmly established. The following extract may give some idea of the extreme popularity he had reached, on the first delivery of the ‘*Astronomical Discourses*:’—

‘He had presented to his hearers a sketch of the recent discoveries of astronomy—distinct in outline, and drawn with all the ease of one who was himself a master in the science; yet gorgeously magnificent in many of its details, displaying amid “the brilliant glow of a blazing eloquence,” the sublime poetry of the heavens. In his subsequent discourses, Dr. Chalmers proposed to discuss the argument, or rather prejudice, which grounds itself on the vastness and variety of these unnumbered worlds which lie scattered over the immeasurable fields of space. This discussion occupied all the Thursday services allotted to him during the year 1816. The spectacle which presented itself in the Trinity upon the day of the delivery of each new astronomical discourse, was a singular one. Long ere the bell began to toll, a stream of people might be seen pouring through the passage which led into the Trinity Church. Across the street, and immediately opposite to this

passage, was the old reading-room, where all the old Glasgow merchants met. So soon, however, as the gathering quickening stream upon the opposite side of the street gave the accustomed warning, out flowed the occupants of the coffee-room; the pages of the "Herald" or the "Courier" were for a while forsaken, and during two of the best business hours of the day, the old reading-room wore a strange aspect of desolation. The busiest merchants of the city were wont indeed upon those memorable days to leave their desks, and kind masters allowed their clerks and apprentices to follow their example.—Vol. ii. pp. 87, 88.

In the following January, the 'Astronomical Discourses' were published. Within the year, nine editions, comprising nearly twenty thousand copies, were in circulation. Hazlitt said they were to be found throughout the country; so that in the orchard of a little inn at Burford Bridge, near Boxhill, he met with and read the singularly magnificent book. Canning, when he had read them, became 'entirely converted to admiration of Chalmers.' After the publication of these discourses, Dr. Chalmers visited England, where he made the acquaintance of Foster, Wilberforce, Rowland Hill, and Pye Smith—*clarum et venerabile nomen*. Returning to his parish, he founded local Sabbath-schools, and became, in the noblest meaning of the word, a reformer of the city. To this subject, if the forthcoming volume of the 'Life' enable us, we hope, in some future number, to return.

Thus this great man's labours were continued, with some pleasing interruptions, until the year 1822, when he accepted the chair of Moral Philosophy in the university of St. Andrew's. And here, as our article has extended beyond its due limits, we must take leave of this most interesting history. In reference to the manner in which this biography has been written, we have only to add, that the author has proved himself a worthy Tacitus of so illustrious an Agricola. The work may be characterised as a pleasing narrative, written in an easy style; and though, no doubt, from the papers and manuscripts of his great father-in-law, Dr. Hanna had the amplest materials with which to work, yet he has given abundant proof of his own erudition, judgment, and accurate analysis. Unless we have mistaken them, our author is very far in advance of many of his brethren both in the Free-church and in the Scottish Establishment. We have not anywhere observed, in this tribute to the worth of his kinsman, a single trait of that petty exclusiveness, that offensive attachment to their own sect and its faith and practice, which we have been often pained to observe in the works of some of his order. He seems to breathe a freer air, and to dwell in a kindlier atmosphere, than many we have known. Especially in matters of science, have we been pleased to observe the freshness and healthiness of his opinions. A noble mind is disruptive of the restraints of party; and there is a glorious catholicity among the truly great.

We ought, perhaps, to make objection to the great bulk of these volumes. The tendency of our age is to excess. Our author has fallen into this error. There is not a little in the volumes which might well have been omitted—not that it is worthless, but that it is cumulative. We submit, that it had been wise to have left out of the volumes the various journeyings recorded. They are cumbrous accidents of the work. It was not as a traveller the public wished to relearn of Dr. Chalmers, but as a philosopher and Christian orator. Too much drapery, however beautifully *folded*, takes off from the grace of a statue. However, *we* are quite willing to read, if the public are willing to buy.

We must make serious objection to the *pointing* of these volumes, which is, to the last degree, slovenly and misplaced. With this exception, however, and the error is both *clerical* and venial, we cannot conclude without earnestly commending this record of much of a truly great man's life for the serious perusal of all who make Theology a study, in contemplation of the Christian ministry, and of all who are engaged as pastors and teachers. This 'Life' will be found suggestive of much that is good. Above all, it teaches how irresistible is a hallowed energy, and how triumphant is genius devoted to God. We thank the accomplished author for these happy results of his industry; and when this work is completed, we shall hope to see him gathering fresh laurels from the field of literary fame.

ART. VII.—1. *The Historic Lands of England.* By J. Bernard Burke, Esq. London: Churton.

2. *Anecdotes of the Aristocracy, and Episodes of Ancestral Story.* Second Series. By J. Bernard Burke, Esq. London: Churton.

3. *Celebrated Trials connected with the Aristocracy, in the Relations of Private Life.* By Peter Burke, Esq., of the Inner Temple, Barrister-at-Law.

It is a significant fact, considering the character of the times, that they who are so versed in all matters touching the nobility and gentry of England, as are the authors of the above-mentioned works, should have felt nothing like a shrinking delicacy, or nervous apprehension, in presenting to special gaze and inspection, the class which, conventionally speaking, we call the

aristocracy. Necessarily indebted, as writers on such subjects must be, for much of their original information to individuals more or less directly connected with the class intended to be described, it would have been no matter of surprise or blame if we should, here and there, have discovered signs of discreet obliviousness and forbearance. But, on the whole, our authors have shown no undue timidity. They cannot have forgotten that, possessing and exercising, as we do, in this happy country, the inestimable right of the liberty of the press, not only their own works, but the somewhat envied class that forms the subject of them, would be open to the most free and independent scrutiny and comment. With all their faults, the aristocracy are treated as they are, and have been. While, in the beautiful 'library' work, so aptly styled 'The Historic Lands of England,' Mr. Bernard Burke has, in his graphic pictures of the residences of our 'mighty dead,' reminded us—but with naught of obtrusive boastfulness—of the famous deeds of gallantry, patriotism, and public virtue, which are the constituent elements of the glory of our common country, his learned brother, Mr. Peter Burke, has felt that, with candid judges, he could do no injustice to the aristocracy, as a class, by publishing a provokingly interesting and readable volume, detailing, minutely, the *facinora* of some particular individuals.

The 'Anecdotes of the Aristocracy'—we speak more especially of the Second Series—are judiciously selected and well told. Incidents in themselves extremely interesting, but which hitherto have, perhaps, been somewhat overlaid by their connexion with the facts of elaborated history, are, in these agreeable volumes, brought out into scenic relief. The work may be described as a small, well-selected gallery of pictures, correctly entitled according to the subjects, and arranged in their proper relative position. We thus have the 'lights and shadows' of aristocratic life.

We do not pretend to concur in all the sentiments, political or politico-religious, either with regard to facts or individuals, which incidentally occur in these works. But, on the whole, we think that the authors have written, not only without betraying party bigotry or prejudice, but with the moderation and impartiality which are demanded of all professed narrators of history. Leaving them, then, to the favourable estimation of the reading public—as we think we may confidently do—we avail ourselves of this occasion of alluding to their works, to submit some brief general remarks on the subject of the aristocracy.

If we refer to the two words of which the Greek word ἀριστοκρατία is compounded, it appears that the elementary ideas or qualities which it imports, are *goodness* or *excellence*, to a super-

lative extent, in the moral, social, and general sense of the term, and successful and dominant *power*. And, in the course of time necessary for any considerable or complete development of language, the two ideas would become, as a consequence of the facts of social history, so interfused the one in the other, that they would be liable, especially in days when nice moral distinctions were not characteristically strong in the public mind, to be unduly confounded. Superior moral virtue and intelligence are in themselves right and good. These qualities, called into action for the resistance of wrong, in the face of personal danger, or at the risk of life, would be bravery; the successful exertion of this would lead to power—power to rule or dominance. All these would thus gradually come to be considered as partaking of the original or primal quality of goodness. Homer uses the word *ἀριστος* in the sense of the *best*, bravest, noblest, though it has been doubted whether the plural word, *ἄριστοι*, was used to signify chiefs or nobles, as if mere birth or relative social station were necessarily indicative of the true ideal, *best*. Some Greek writers, in referring to an *ideal* constitution, have used the word *ἀριστοκρατία* in the sense of the rule of the *best*, strictly so called, as opposed to *ἀνταρχία*. A similar distinction, as to the use or acceptation of the word *aristocracy*, has naturally obtained in the languages of civilized nations. The word has thus a general and a specific application. In the former and more ideal sense of the term, aristocracy has been something that has been held in due admiration and honour. Individuals whose character and position have brought them within the limits of what has been implied in the idea, have, speaking generally, so far from being envied, unpopular, or disliked, been the social and political favourites of the people. It has been only when, from the corruption of the times, the dominancy of mere brute force, and the relative weakness or ignoble servility of the mass of the population, a selfish, designing *oligarchy* has been able to hold a country in undue subjection, that the word aristocracy, as well as the thing which it then implied, became justly odious to all the sincere friends of social and political freedom.

The commonly accepted sense, however, of the word aristocracy, is that which has been given by our own English lexicographers—‘that form of *government* which places the *supreme power* in the nobles.’ Here, a superior class or *caste* is supposed to exist, to whom has been given, or who have socially usurped, the name and position of the nobles; and the *dominant* rule of this body forms that political aristocracy or oligarchy of which the ardent lovers of liberty, in the brightest periods of history, have been so naturally and worthily jealous.

We need but refer, by way of exemplification, to the interesting tale of the long and patriotic struggles of the plebeian order against the unyielding pride and haughty tyranny of the patricians of Rome, terminating, as it did, in a period of comparative liberty and consequent political grandeur and prosperity.

We have said enough to show that we are no friends to a political aristocracy. On the contrary, we hold that the influential, if not the formal and organical, *dominance*, should be with the people, nationally so considered, inclusive, of course, of the aristocratic classes. In this sense, we approve of democracy, not only in preference to, but to the exclusion of, any other *dominant* form of government, monarchical or aristocratic. We maintain, in this respect, most heartily the doctrines of Somers, of Locke, and of Charles James Fox, that political power can rightfully only come from, or be delegated by, the people; and that in them, of right, is deposited original and ultimate sovereignty in every state that is, or deserves to call itself—free.

It may, therefore, well be maintained, that aristocracy never was, and is not now, *the legal and rightful* form of government in this country. Whenever, in effect, the aristocracy have been unduly powerful among us, much more when they have been dominant, it has been by usurpation, and not of right. While this has been the case, we have not had the practical enjoyment of the British constitution, as it has been described and eulogized by our most learned, as well as most patriotic statesmen, lawyers, and historians. The country, in such a case, is suffering under injustice and wrong. If it should be, that we are, even now, practically so situated, we shall be unworthy of our illustrious fathers, and forfeit all claim to the character of patriots, if we do not speedily and thoroughly redress the evil, and take good security for the future, that the balance of political power shall never again be against the people.

The immortal Locke, in speaking of the right of the people, in case of a dissolution of one form of government, ‘to provide for themselves by electing a new legislative different from the other,’ seems to have been jealous lest it might be supposed that he here intended only to assert a simple truism resulting from the mere necessity of the case. To prevent this misconception, he adds this noble passage—‘But the state of mankind is not so miserable that they are not capable of using this remedy till it be too late to look for any. To tell people they may provide for themselves by erecting a new legislative, when by oppression, *artifice*, or being delivered over to a foreign power, their old is gone, is only to tell them they may expect relief when it is too late, and the evil is past cure. This is in effect

no more than to bid them first be slaves, and then to take care of their liberty; and when their chains are on, tell them they may act like freemen. This, if barely so, is rather mockery than relief; and men can never be secure from tyranny, if there be no means to escape it till they are perfectly under it; and therefore it is that they have not only a *right* to get out of it, but to *prevent it*.”*

The general structure and fundamental principle of our constitution, as consisting of King, Lords, and Commons, is still thought to be sound and good; and we have so much faith in the ultimately prevailing intelligence and patriotism of our countrymen—not altogether excluding, in this respect, the aristocracy so-called, itself—that we cannot but cherish the hope and belief, that the true theory of the constitution is not only capable of being reduced into practice, but that it may, ere very long, become a happy reality. We were glad to see, according to the report of the speech of that veteran reformer, Mr. Hunt, at a late meeting of the National Reform Association, that he gave the sanction of his patriotic name in favour of a similar sentiment. Yet it must be frankly admitted, that we have been a long time in arriving within a visible distance of a realization so devoutly to be wished. It has been the fashion to describe the British constitution as a wisely-adjusted system of mutual checks, resulting in a conservative and salutary balance of forces, characteristically varied, if not essentially opposed. There is, no doubt, some truth in this notion, as descriptive of the actual operation and result of facts and events, occurring in connexion with certain memorable passages of our history. But we are inclined to think that this doctrine of checks, considered as a constitutional theory, has worked more harm than good. It became, as it were, a matter of course, that with regard to certain great questions of national policy, particularly any legislative measures designed to promote political improvement, the opinions and wishes of the people, as expressed, more generally on the hustings and in the press, or more formally, by the Lower House of Parliament, should, in the first instance, at least, be opposed. Many a trimming, hesitating politician, who more than half saw the propriety of certain popular demands, satisfied his official or parliamentary conscience, by reflecting, and perhaps saying, that, at any rate, the principle of the constitutional check must be allowed its full time to operate. The real meaning of this among interested statesmen naturally enough came to be that whatever does not, at first sight, seem acceptable to the holders of the aristocratic checking power, might be opposed.

* Locke on Government, chapter xix.

for a time, irrespectively of the merits of the case, on the principle of acting upon a well-known and recognised constitutional theory. The theory should have been, not that of checks produced by presumably opposite and contending forces, but that of due provision and security for full legislative deliberation. No doubt, any degree of continuous deliberation and discussion, as exercised by different assemblies or estates, would be perfectly futile and useless, unless it should carry along with it the practical power of a legislative *voló* or veto. Still, a wrong or illogical theory has an inevitable tendency to wrong practice. It would be the necessary result of this doctrine, that whichever of the separate checking powers should, for the time, possess the greatest influence, it would make use of the doctrine as the justification or excuse of its own party, and of its selfish tenacity of ascendancy. Nor is this applicable merely to the monarchical or aristocratic forms of check. We admit that in the democratic department of our legislature, the nation, not as the result of any very willing concessions on the part of the monarchs or the oligarchy, but as the reward of much earnest and patriotic struggling, has placed a power—which has been in some cases most effective—of checking and neutralizing the political wrong-doing both of the executive and the lords. The not-to-be-found purses and the closely buttoned-up pockets of an overburdened and overtaxed people have, not seldom, put designing statesmen into a fix, in which they have been brought to something like reason. But the practical power of exercising, effectually, and on all necessary occasions, this popular check, has not been, and is not a reality. The theory has only occasionally been found practicable. The plain reason of this is, that the House of Commons does not fully and fairly represent the people. The doctrine of checks, viewed as a philosophical political theory, must assume that the different checking powers, so-called, have *really* the *power of check* which the theory attributes. If this were not the case, the theory would, as it has been among us, especially of late, nothing better than “a mockery, a delusion, and a snare.” If, for instance, the lords, aided by their special political friends, from their great wealth, social influence, and corrupt borough usurpation, should have been able to make the so-called House of Commons a secretly-moved puppet of its own, why, it is quite clear that, practically speaking, that House would, in so far, be but a check in name.

Now, after admitting the valuable cases of exception which have occurred in our history, in which the democratic check has been successfully applied, we think we shall not be substantially wrong in saying, that our system of legislation and government, practically considered, has been, and still wrongfully is, that of

a *political oligarchy*, and that the people of England are, at the moment, cheated of their right to advancing political power and influence, by a great and unpatriotic scheme of aristocratic 'artifice.'

This fact, as we consider it to be, is attempted to be veiled from the eyes of the nation by another and more modern constitutional theory or doctrine, which we will call that of the *interfusion of political classes*. Lord John Russell, in a debate of last session, in reply to some observations of that able and patriotic man, Mr. Bright, indicating his opinion of the existence of an undue power in the aristocracy, described the operation of this principle, and used it as a sort of argument intended to meet that of the honourable member. Though it struck us as being irrelevant for that purpose, yet there was, no doubt, much of historical truth in the remarks of the noble lord considered as descriptive of facts. The eldest sons of peers are commoners. The poorest boy may live to be Lord Chancellor, or Admiral of the Fleet. So far as these or similar circumstances have really counteracted or qualified the extent of aristocratic or oligarchic *dominance*, they must be admitted to have been valuable qualifying elements in the working of our constitution. The recollection of ancient deeds of gallantry and patriotism achieved by individuals of the nobility or of the aristocratic classes, has, from generation to generation, had a moral effect upon the mind of the people, which has been the true conservative element of the aristocracy, considered as a separate branch of the constitution. The precious rights and liberties asserted in Magna Charta were renewed and confirmed in consequence of the determined interference of the freedom-loving barons of 'the brave days of old.' The people never have forgotten this; and they will never suffer it to go out of their memory, or that of their children. Even John Hampden, and others not formally ennobled, may not unfairly be claimed as belonging to the social order of the aristocracy. Lord William Russell's name is a household word of pride and delight in all the homes of England. After having thus enthusiastically admitted the value and significance of these historical facts in favour of the aristocracy, we must be allowed to say, nevertheless, that we think that they have taken their full change out of all this sort of thing. Mere *prestige*, however justly acquired, will not do in these matter-of-fact times. We must have a system of reality.

Let us now briefly refer to some illustrations in confirmation of the fact of the undue aristocratic rule still existing in this country, and suggesting the general nature of the remedy.

It is not necessary for our argument, that we should contend that the governing oligarchy, of which we speak, is such.

directly; nor that it is *permanently absolute* in its power. We are, of course, quite aware that the operation of public opinion, as expressed at popular meetings and in the press, is, ultimately, all-conquering. Great political questions have advanced, and great measures in favour of civil and religious liberty have been passed, in spite of the real and sincere feelings of the aristocracy. Distinguished members of this class have even themselves been the able instruments or agents of carrying into effect the popular and national will. Giving them, on this account, full credit for as much of good and patriotic motive as was consistent with the retention of their ordinary relative ascendancy, as a class, we think that, after all, they may be said to be, in effect, and generally, dominant. The aristocracy becomes, by degrees, more popularized and liberal, even in its own ideas and feelings. It is not a stolid, unchangeable, unimprovable class, for it forms a most important and useful portion of the subjects of a great and enlightened country. Still, relatively, it sustains its general political ascendancy, not, we say, as of right, but—to use again Locke's expressive phrase—by 'artifice.'

Our first point in illustration and proof of the position is, that the Reform Act has been, to a great and unexpected extent, a failure. It has not accomplished the professed objects of its authors. We shall never forget that forcible part of Lord John Russell's speech, on the occasion of his memorable and patriotic introduction of that great and wise, though deficient, measure, in which he argues and demonstrates, that for the House of Commons to become what, according to the true theory of the constitution, it was intended to be, *nomination*, as distinct from free, uncorrupt, and *bonâ fide* election, ought no longer to be allowed. It was the whole of his case that such unconstitutional nomination did then exist, and that it must and should be destroyed. Without incumbering ourselves with needless statistical proofs—the thing is so patent—we say that nomination, that is, indirect and unconstitutional interference against the free, uncorrupt, and independent exercise of the electoral franchise, *has not been destroyed*. It exists, and all but triumphs. If we may be permitted to personify this vicious principle, we would say that, like a mocking demon, it holds up the Reform Act in the very eyes of the people, and grins, and laughs, and babbles of 'reform,' and then says, 'Don't you wish you may get it?'

Now, we have no desire to speak otherwise than respectfully of the personal motives and intentions of individuals, while we are commenting on their public acts; but we must honestly say that, looking at the manner in which the Whigs have treated *all* the recent propositions for an extended electoral franchise, and other projects for parliamentary reform, they have, we fear, politically

speaking, broken faith with the nation. It has been the fashion in certain Whig circles, to treat the Reform Act as a sort of *aroused* compromise between the aristocracy and the people. We deny it. The Reform *Bill* never passed. The Reform *Act* contains the insidious Chandos clause and the unwisely saving clause in favour of the corrupt freemen of the boroughs. The Reform ministry opposed both of these—perhaps somewhat coyly—for they made Squire Western, of Essex, the seconded of the landlord trick, a peer! We are aware, and we regret, that several liberals, for whose motives we entertain all due respect, voted in favour of both these effectively damaging and ruinous clauses. Still, so far as the Ministers who were the authors of the Reform Bill are concerned, the bill, in these respects, passed, in the Commons at least, *under protest*. Surely, then, if now, after twenty long years, it be found that the *operation* of the Act, principally by virtue of the insidious clauses not originally in the bill, has been to perpetuate, in other forms, the much-decried practice of nomination, it would seem to be a very obvious and straightforward corollary, that it is not only not objectionable that the Whigs, as a party, should introduce new and thoroughly efficient measures of reform, but that to do this, is their *fairly implied and immediately pressing public duty*.

Then, again, as an illustration of our point, only just look at the construction, the *personnel*, of the present Whig cabinet. We feel the less delicacy in adverting to this, because it fortunately so happens that, in alluding to them as a body, we can speak in terms consistent with the sincere respect which we entertain for them individually. But, politically viewed, we cannot but think that they are too much of a clique. Without needlessly specifying names, we must say that they are too much like a political family party, and one consisting mainly, not merely of *ἀπιστοί*, but of *ἀπιστῆτες*. Such a construction of a cabinet *must* lead to undue nepotism and selfishness of patronage. The nation is beginning to wonder that the mere sense of personal pride and delicacy, on the part of personages so thorough-bred as noblemen and gentlemen, should not have had something like a controlling effect. Admitting that individuals appointed to offices of emolument and honour may not, of themselves, be incapable of their service, or unworthy of promotion, still, there are others, alike capable and worthy, who have sprung from, and belong, in a characteristic and understandable sense, to the people. The recent appointment of the Lord Chancellor ought, however, to be mentioned to the great honour of the Government. He was, originally, and, in spirit and feeling, always has been, one of the people. He has been a hard-working, learned lawyer, and, as a senator, an ardent and

eloquent friend and advocate of the ever-sacred, and now much imperilled, cause of civil and religious liberty. If an additional motive, beyond that arising out of these facts, for making this appointment, existed in the alliance which his lordship has formed with the daughter of the truly royal, and patriotic Duke of Sussex, the high distinction now bestowed will be, more than from any other cause, acceptable to a generous and grateful nation.

It was our intention to refer to several other facts, as illustrating our position, but we must reserve ourselves perhaps for another opportunity.

We should have alluded, in terms of kindly warning, to the pampered existence and enormous abuses of our semi-papal Established Church—the unworthy, and now evidently *dangerous*, exclusiveness of the two so-called National Universities—the unequal, anti-popular character, and the oppressive amount, of our gigantic system of aristocratic taxation—the almost insulting tone and temper of several of our ruling statesmen in their treatment of great public questions, and of the zealous, faithful, and disinterested friends of the popular cause, both in and out of the House—the ominous increase and extension of judicial and magisterial patronage, tending, if not to destroy, at least very much to endanger, the lofty and independent spirit of the bar—and last, though not least, to the scarcely gradual, but sly, development of a most insidious scheme of governmental *centralization*, interfering, officiously, obtrusively, and wrongfully, with our social and corporate rights and liberties, usurping, by the help of pseudo-liberals, power even over the education of the people, and assuming the management and control of some of our most homely affairs. We know, very well, what will be pleaded in reply to much of what we have just said; as that the public have no right to breed poisonous infection and create and diffuse the pestilence of cholera; that dead men's bones must not be shovelled up into our back parlours; that the State having the right to hang has the right and duty to educate. To all this we answer, in general, that the question arising in this class of cases, is not, as to whether the government and the legislature have a right, and even an obligation, to take *appropriate* preventive measures to secure the public health, and provide for other matters really coming within the legitimate province of civil government, but whether, under *plausible utilitarian pretences*, the State, by means of its multitudinous agents, scattered all over this free and happy land, is to become, in effect, the overseer and manager of our social and private affairs, from the cradle to the grave.

In no unkindly spirit, then, we warn the aristocracy. We

implore them to observe and ponder the unmistakable signs of the times. There are deep-thinking, moderate-minded men, who are of opinion, that unless, *almost immediately*, bold and masterly measures of organic reform be introduced and carried—measures avowedly intended to give a full and fair share of electoral power to the great masses of the people—the venerable form and much-lauded structure of our constitution will be endangered, if not destroyed. The people are a queen-loving people; and they have no malign prejudice against lords, if they can but have, along with them, their rightful share of liberty, and political influence, and power. They have as regards ecclesiastical matters, been for some time past slumbering, but now that they have clearly found out, to their actual annoyance, what is the *real* character of *priestism*, whether in or out of the English Established Church, they are thoroughly awake, upon their feet, erect, and ready for most effective resistance. We hope this will be wisely made, and that it will leave uninjured, with regard to our Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, the ever-sacred principle of religious liberty. They who have most reason to complain of the Pope and the new Thomas à Becket, are, as we think, the numerous loyal subjects of her Majesty—the Roman Catholic laity. What is now taking place among this mighty people, in vindication—as they consider it—of our national liberty and independence, against a prideful power that is acting as a foreign political foe, may be but a fearful foreshadowing of what the nation will feel and do, when it has thoroughly discovered and felt the full effect of an oligarchical government by ‘artifice.’

- ART. VIII.—1. *Letters Apostolical of Pope Pius the Ninth, establishing the Episcopal Hierarchy in England.* London. 1850.
2. *The Pastoral of His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.* London. 1850.
3. *Charge delivered in St. Paul's Cathedral, on the 2nd of November, 1850, by the Lord Bishop of London, at his Sixth Visitation of the Clergy of the Diocese.* London. 1850.
4. *The Roar of the Lion. A Discourse in reference to the recent Measure of the Church of Rome.* By A. J. Morris. London: Ward and Co. 1850.
5. *No Popery! The Cry Examined.* By Edward Swaine. Fifth Edition. Jackson and Walford, 1850.
6. *The Dissenters and the Papacy.* By Thomas Binney.
7. *Sacramental Religion subversive of Vital Christianity.* Two Sermons, preached at Bloomsbury Chapel, on Sunday, Nov. 3, 1850. By the Rev. William Brock. London: H. K. Lewis.
8. *The Romish Hierarchy in England.* A Sermon, preached at Devonshire-square Chapel, on the 3rd of November, 1850. By the Rev. John Howard Hinton, M.A. London: Houlston and Stoneman.
9. *The Pope and the Prelates.* By Edward Miall. Seventieth Thousand.
10. *An Appeal to the Reason and Good Feeling of the English People, on the Subject of the Catholic Hierarchy.* By Cardinal Wiseman. London: Richardson and Son. 1850.
11. *Romish Sacraments and the Confessional, as taught and practised in the English Church, and the Duty of the Church at the present Crisis. Two Sermons.* By the Rev. H. Hughes, M.A., Perpetual Curate of All Saints, St. Pancras. London: F. and J. Rivington. 1850.

THERE occur in the history of nations certain critical epochs, the right understanding and use of which inaugurate a fresh and a higher career, while their misinterpretation and neglect has ever entailed the ruin foretold to those who 'have not known the day of their visitation.' Such an epoch was that of the Reformation in the sixteenth century. The crimes of Papal Christendom had become so flagrant and so universal, as to cry to heaven for vengeance and to all mankind for their extirpation. Amidst those darkest ages that preceded the dawn, the habitual practices of the Papacy and the clergy were such as the pen of history itself

seems to shrink from recording. They resembled less the ordinary depravity of man than the malignity of hell itself—the riot of a trinity of fiends, Moloch and Mammon, and a nameless and shapeless horror, the demon of maddened lust. To the use that was made of that epoch, when the intellect and the moral sense of men seemed to awake together from the torpor of ages, we owe all the civilization, all the liberty, and all the true religion existing in the world.

From that date commenced the operation of a series of new causes, which have at length precipitated another crisis scarcely less important than the first. Not only has the Papacy, the arch-enemy of religious freedom, mortally smitten, but not entirely subdued, aimed its shafts, as it retreated, against its invaders, but the self-same causes which had for so many ages enthroned the ‘man of sin’ were still in operation, though in the bosom of a purer church. The standing evidence of the fall of man, the ‘irreparable reproach’ of his intellect and his heart, has evermore been the sin of idolatry. For this, no shapeless logs and no grotesque images are necessary. Its essential virus consists in that debasing tendency to materialize spiritual things under the influence of which *anything* is interposed between the Creator and the worshipping mind of the creature;—an obstacle which, from the very constitution of the human mind, soon becomes the substitute for the greater but remoter object. In the lowest condition of human society, the grandest phenomena of nature or the most rudimental productions of art furnish that substitute. But as the progress of civilization multiplies the phases of character and the objects of taste and pursuit, the aspects of this idolatry become proportionately varied. Still whether the substituted creature be the reptile of Egypt or the monster of the East, the virgin, the angel, or the saint, the eucharistic element or the laver of baptism, or even the ideal chain of pontifical succession, and the equally ideal influence transmitted along it; in each and all cases, the substitution itself is destructive of all religion, both in its theory and its operation; and that antagonism is perhaps less malignant in the coarser forms of barbarism than in the more soul-pervading refinement of modern superstition.

Unhappily, the reformation of the Romish religion in this country was from the first so imperfect as to open a wide field for the cultivation of this noxious principle, the seeds of which had been intentionally and abundantly left in the soil. The first and most mischievous of these arrangements, as entailing and involving the rest, was the connecting the power of the State, in the person of the monarch, with any system of religious belief. In this fatal step the dark policy of the Romish Church

was but too faithfully imitated. Indeed, it must ever be a matter of astonishment that the founders of the Anglican Church should not have been warned by the history of Popes, if not by the instructions of Scripture, against the substitution of any potentate, whether temporal or spiritual, in the place of the great Head of the Church. And, perhaps, it is still more wonderful that the character of Henry the Eighth himself did not appear to them sufficiently inconsistent with the position of the first head of the Protestant Church and the first Defender of the Faith, to allow of such an arrangement being originated in his day. From that moment the nascent religion was hopelessly secularized and corrupted; and with the apostolic model of its constitution, the purity of its first ages, and the prestige of its earliest triumphs, vanished together. Happy if the records of history, confirming the instructions of inspiration, shall at length teach this people that the first step to spiritual prosperity and peace must be the correction of this cardinal and fatal error.

While the Church is, in one of its aspects, a community of persons, it may be regarded in another as the embodiment of a system of doctrines, and hence in placing at its head any human authority whatever, it becomes absolutely necessary to secure its nominal unity by attributing infallibility to that head. Vehemently, therefore, as the doctrine of the Pope's infallibility was opposed by the Reformers, it was manifestly necessary, in constituting a hierarchy at all, to adopt some similar dogma. Hence, by the 37th Article of the Anglican Church, 'the King's Majesty hath the chief power in this realm, unto whom the chief government of all estates in this realm, whether they be ecclesiastical or civil, in all causes does appertain.' So again, according to the 21st Article, 'general councils may not be gathered together without the commandment and will of princes;' while to the Church, as thus constituted and ruled, infallibility is broadly ascribed in the 20th Article—'the Church hath power to decree rites and ceremonies, and authority in controversies of faith.' It is, perhaps, superfluous to expose the fatuity of the notion that this attribution of infallibility is at all qualified by the subsequent clause of the article that 'Yet it is not lawful to ordain anything that is contrary to God's word written,' inasmuch as the authority to decide touching this contrariety lies with the same party which has this authority to decree and ordain. The appeal, therefore, lies from Philip to Philip without any change in his state of ebriety. '*Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*'

Upon this fundamental approximation to the Papal heresy, the Church of England proceeded to erect so many other correspondences that, as we shall presently show, there remains

between them little more of difference than that which exists in their names, and in the *odium theologicum* of two powerful and rival factions. After secularizing the Church by the enthronement of a temporal head, the next great consideration was to confer an apparent sacredness upon its ministry. It was obvious enough, that as mere nominees of worldly and profligate monarchs, the common sense of the people would cease to regard them as spiritual functionaries at all. To obviate this, the next fiction borrowed from Rome was that most monstrous one of all, the doctrine of apostolical succession. This pretension could only have been originated in an age of dense and prevalent ignorance, inasmuch as it is falsified alike by history, reason, and scripture. It was, that the gifts of the Holy Spirit conferred by the Saviour upon his immediate apostles, were transmitted through Peter to his pretended successor in the bishopric of Rome, and so descended through the whole line of Popes, unimpaired in the purity of its influence by the filthy channels through which it flowed. That in each of these, it was the source and seal of all spiritual functions; that from it all bishops derived their powers, all ministers the validity of their orders, and the world at large every spiritual blessing it enjoys.

That this trumpery figment should have been propagated by the knavish priesthood of Rome is not surprising. It stands in the same category with the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius and the curing of all manner of diseases by the rags, bones, and nailparings of the saints. But it is to the lasting disgrace of the Church of England, that for its own ambitious and unholy purposes it asserted a dogma, which, as is well known to every man of ordinary intelligence, is without the smallest iota of historical support. Still more must we lament that there are to be found dignitaries of that Church in the present day, who so far reckon upon and abuse the blind ignorance of their flocks, as to reassert the absurdity, and to debase the high pedigree of the ministerial office, by tracing it, not to the source which was common to those 'of whom the world was not worthy,' but to the direct and sovereign transmission of those tyrants and debauchees who were not worthy of the world.*

To give a seeming consistency to this utterly baseless system, the ministers of both churches have been invested with the character of a priesthood. The right administration of all the ordinances of the Christian Church has, under both hierarchies, been confined to them; and, if a circumstantial difference has been effected subsequently to the Reformation, it is one which, on the

* See the protest drawn up by the Bishop of Oxford, and adopted by the assembled clergy of that diocese, on the 21st ult., in which this doctrine is broadly maintained as the basis of the validity of their orders.

principle that the exception proves the rule, only makes the more evident the fundamental identity of the Churches. For while the elder community boldly maintains that the intention of the priest himself, of what creed or character soever he may be, is essential to the reception of benefit from the ordinances of Christ, the Anglican Church feels it necessary to lay down the principle, that, inasmuch 'as the wicked have sometimes the chief authority in administering the Sacraments, the effect of Christ's ordinance is not taken away by their wickedness, and that the Sacraments are still effectual, because of Christ's institution and promise, although ministered by evil men.' The comfort which this declaration must have afforded to multitudes of pious but ill-informed members of the Anglican Church is altogether incalculable. But what must we think of the discipline of a Church which deems such a consolation necessary? And what must we think of its doctrine if it is thought requisite to protest, as in a dubious and exceptional case, that the wickedness of faithless hirelings appointed by men more abandoned than themselves, does *not* obstruct the flow of Christ's mercy to his people?

It would have been altogether superfluous to introduce the above negation, had not the Anglican Church still further borrowed from that of Rome the doctrine of sacramental efficacy, and bound it indissolubly to that of apostolical succession. The design of this antichristian and absurd fiction, as utterly unknown to Scripture as the Sutte or the sale of advowsons, must be patent to the most superficial thinker, while its direful effects will never be fathomed by the profoundest student of history and religion.

The subdued, but yet arch-enemy of the Christian religion, certainly never achieved a greater masterpiece of policy, than when he instigated a conclave of nominal priests to decree that practice by which the unconscious world of infants were made the nominal members of the Christian Church, under auspices which they were hereafter taught to believe conferred, through sacerdotal influence, the indefeasible gifts of the Spirit, and privileges of the kingdom, of God. The loftiest ecclesiastical ambition could desire no higher prerogative than this. In the absence of all the graces of the Spirit, alike from the endowers and the endowed, His preternatural gifts were authoritatively taught to have been transmitted from the one to the other, and a holy Church was nominally formed of all that were born of women. Every baptized person thus owed to the priest a commenced salvation; and to the same mystic influence all were taught to confess themselves indebted for all the social advantages and the most sacred relationships of life. Their confirmation and their

marriage, the legitimacy and the salvability of their children, their comfort in sickness, the forgiveness of their sins, their final dismission to heaven, and the declarative blessing of the Church upon their mortal remains, all this they were taught to owe to an individual who might be religious or profane, virtuous or vicious, an atheist or a believer, provided he constituted a link in the magic chain, by which a whole priesthood was fabulously connected with the great Source of spiritual life. Let this idea pervade, and even rankle in the bosom of every reader. For this is not the error of a dark antiquity, nor the heresy of Pagan Christendom. It daily lives and operates in our midst. This foul conspiracy against the religion of the Cross, is not only framed in secret, and sanctified with orgies that shun the light. It affronts the reason and the religious feeling of the present generation, and protrudes its impertinent claims on the Government under which we live. *Senatus hæc intelligit. Consul ridet. Hic tamen virit. Virit? Immo vero etiam in Senatum venit.*

And here, lest it should be thought impossible that this mystery of iniquity should still work, though intimated by the inspired pen of the Apostle of the Gentiles, we beg to remind our readers that in order to save it as a part of the orthodox creed, the doubt is now thrown, not upon the efficacy of the ordinance of baptism, but upon the nature of regeneration itself. Hence, in the recent charge of the Bishop of London, we find the following language:—

‘A question may properly be raised as to the sense in which the term regeneration was used in the early Church and by our own Reformers; but that regeneration does actually take place in baptism is most undoubtedly the doctrine of the English Church; and I do not understand how any clergyman who uses the office for baptism, which he has bound himself to use, and which he cannot alter nor mutilate without a breach of God’s faith, can deny that, in some sense or other, baptism is indeed “the laver of regeneration.”’

‘It was argued by Mr. Gorham’s counsel that the “Book of Common Prayer” is to be considered simply as a guide to devotion, not as defining any doctrine; but it appears to me to be a perfectly inadmissible supposition, that, in a solemn act of devotion, and especially in the celebration of a sacrament, any point of doctrine should be embodied as a certain and acknowledged truth about which the Church entertains any doubt. This would surely be nothing short of addressing the Author of Truth in the language of falsehood. On the contrary, the assumption of a doctrine as true, in a prescribed form of prayer or thanksgiving to God, is, in fact, the most solemn and positive assertion of that doctrine which can possibly be made.

‘The precise nature and extent of the spiritual change which takes place in baptism the Church has no further defined than by the general assertion that it is a death unto sin and a new birth unto righteousness.

and that every person rightly baptized is made thereby a member of Christ, a child of God, and an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven. This change is otherwise expressed by the single word "regeneration."

'I suppose that few amongst us will be found to deny that all who receive baptism worthily are, in some sense of the term, therein regenerated. The Church declares in very general and positive language of all who, having been duly baptized, are afterwards brought to be confirmed, that Almighty God has vouchsafed to regenerate them by water and the Holy Ghost, and has given them forgiveness of all their sins. But this declaration, it is said, is to be restricted to such as have received baptism worthily; and this raises the question whether *all* infants may receive baptism worthily. What is the *obex* or bar which in any case disqualifies an infant for the reception of that sacrament? Actual sin it cannot be. Original sin, or inherited sinfulness of nature, is the only bar which can be imagined. But to remedy the consequences of this original sin is the very object of baptism. It is therefore so far from being a bar to the reception of that sacrament that it is the very reason for its administration.'

We confess that we cannot read such statements as these without astonishment. To save the ridiculous Popish figment of sacramental efficacy, the bishop is willing to throw into the billows of doubt and discussion the fundamental doctrine of regeneration itself! Indeed, we have no hesitation in declaring our conviction, that if the Bishop of London's charge be conceded as the premises, every essential doctrine of Popery may be established by the fairest deduction. Nor are we less surprised at the total ignorance of religious truth, and the want of sympathy with the very elements of the Christian religion, which is exhibited throughout this charge. We quote the following words in illustration of our meaning:—'It has been well observed that the supposition of prevenient grace in the case of infants only shifts the difficulty one step backward; for if infants be not qualified to receive *baptismal grace*, how can they be qualified to receive prevenient grace? If their being born in sin unfits them for the one, so must it for the other.' Can two grosser errors be imagined than are involved in this sentence—the one in the term '*baptismal grace*,' and the other in the notion that the direct intention of the Divine Being to bestow spiritual blessing may be absolutely frustrated by certain conditions of the individual which disqualify him for its reception.

After laying down in such unqualified terms the doctrine of baptismal regeneration, the Bishop of London, somewhat to our surprise, goes about to clear his views from all correspondence with what, in the Romish Church, is called the *opus operatum* :—

'I cannot do better,' he says, 'than quote the words of the present learned Bishop of Bangor, to show what the real difference is, in this respect, between the two churches :—"That baptism is the ordinary

means through which God bestows the grace of regeneration, is a doctrine common to our own Church, and to the Church of Rome. But the point on which our divines insisted, in opposition to the teaching and decrees of that Church, was, that this grace is not communicated to or contained in the element, and from thence transferred to the soul of the recipient: that the outward sign is only instrumental, and the Holy Spirit the efficient cause of regeneration; that it is not the water, but the blood of Christ with which our sins are washed away. That the object of faith in the sacrament of baptism is not any virtue contained in the water, but the promise of God in Christ."

We must confess our inability to perceive the distinction which the bishop desires to establish. The Romish Church is, we believe, as far as the Protestant Church, from believing that the regeneration is produced by the mere element of water, *per se*; it only considers that the blessing has been divinely connected with its sacramental use. Besides, in the various services of the Anglican Church the element itself is by no means regarded with the indifference which the above language would seem to intimate. Hence we find a prayer to this effect:— 'Sanctify *this water* to the mystical washing away of sin;' and in the office for the public reception of infants who have been privately baptized, the officiating minister is enjoined to use the following form:— 'Because some things essential to this sacrament may happen to be omitted through fear or haste in such times of extremity, therefore I demand further of you with what *matter* was this child baptized? With what words was this child baptized?' And on receiving satisfactory replies to these questions he further declares:— 'I certify you, that in this case all is well done, and according unto due order, concerning the baptizing of this child, who being born in original sin and in the wrath of God, is now, by the laver of regeneration in baptism, received into the number of the children of God and heirs of everlasting life.' We repeat, that between all this and the *opus operatum* of the Romish priest, we can perceive none but a nominal distinction.

The degree in which the two rival hierarchies approximate in the maintenance of this fundamental heresy of sacramental efficacy, will scarcely be credited by those who have not kept pace with modern theological controversy. It is high time that the public mind should be disabused upon this subject, and brought acquainted with the fact, that the very essence of Popery is constantly taught by a vast majority of the Anglican clergy. This has been most ably and seasonably effected by Mr. Brock, in the two discourses which are now before us. We subjoin a few passages illustrative of this, judiciously selected by Mr. Brock from the Oxford Tracts, Nos. 67 and 76.

'Our participation of the incarnation, and of the relation of sonship to God, is imparted through baptism, and is not imparted without it.'

'Baptism is sin-remitting, sanctifying, and life-giving. Thereby we are justified; and not only accounted righteous, but positively made righteous in the sight of God.'

'Not merely is the righteousness of Christ imparted to the baptized, but they are indeed in Christ, by an actual, real, spiritual origin from him, as real and actual as in their origin from Adam.'

'At the time of baptism a new nature is divinely communicated, and gracious privileges are especially vouchsafed, in such measure, that those who are clothed with this white garment may, through God's help, keep their baptism pure and undefiled for the remainder of their lives, *never committing any wilful sin.*'

'Complaining of the institution of the English bishopric of Jerusalem, Dr. Pusey writes:—"It is a sin, and it will lead to the commission of yet greater sin, if any clergyman of the Anglican Church shall attempt to convert, or shall pretend to convert, a person who has been duly baptized into the Greek church. They are already converted and in a state of grace. . . . The Church speaks first and chiefly to persons baptized in infancy, and she is out of her place in converting, or endeavouring to convert, in a Christian country."'

So in the preface to Tract 67, we read:—

'The pardon of baptism is free, full, universal, without any service on our part. The pardon for those who have forfeited their first pardon is slow, gradual, partial; to be humbly waited for, to be secured by humiliation, voluntary affliction, prayer, self-denying bountifulness, and the like. The penitent must regard himself as beginning an irksome and distasteful course, and he must be content to wear the galling chain of doubt, until God shall see it healthful for him to be gradually relieved.'

'Sins before baptism were freely forgiven, but sins after baptism are purged away by affliction, yea, through the iron furnace of repentance, and the ancient medicine of bitter suffering.'

Again, in Tract 74, we find the power of the priest, in connexion with the administration of the sacraments, described in the following terms:—

'The power of the ministry of God translateth out of darkness into glory; it giveth daily the Holy Ghost; it hath to dispose of that flesh which was given for the life of the world, and that blood which was poured out to redeem souls. *When it poureth malediction upon the heads of the wicked, they perish; when it revoketh the same, they revive.* . . . This requires both a diffused knowledge and great application, to know the qualifications of particular men, and the nature and degrees and sincerity of their repentance, in order to give them a satisfactory answer to their demands, and to grant or refuse them the several sorts of *absolution*, as we think proper, upon an impartial view of their state and condition. . . . A discretionary power is lodged in the priesthood of dispensing the sacraments and of granting to the penitent, and

refusing to the obdurate, the benefit and comfort of absolution. *This power is exercised now by every priest, when he administers, or withhold the sacraments, or pronounces or refuses to pronounce upon an individual the sentence of absolution.*

Let it not be supposed that the views enunciated in the passages above cited, in so far as the doctrine of baptismal regeneration is concerned, are peculiar to the writers of the 'Oxford Tracts.' On the contrary, they are equally sanctioned by men whose names are held in far higher estimation than theirs. The present Bishop of Hereford, for example, in his primary visitation charge, declares that 'Baptismal regeneration is, no doubt, the doctrine of the Church of England, without any reservation or hypothesis; and the present Archbishop of Canterbury has repeatedly recorded the same authoritative judgment. 'The Church,' says his Grace, 'acquaints the people that they were themselves regenerated and made the children of grace by baptism' ('Apostolic Preaching,' p. 163). Nay, he exhorts the clergy never to teach that any special grace is necessary to a man's conversion, declaring that such special grace is altogether unnecessary for those who have been baptized.

The close approximation of the clergy of the Anglican Church to the Romish heresy, is nowhere more manifest than in the views which they have of late been zealously spreading respecting the real presence in the Eucharist. Here, again, as in the case of the notion of baptismal grace, the error has its origin in the Prayer-book. No Papist need wish for a broader statement of the doctrine of the real presence than is found in the following words of the Church Catechism:—'The body and blood of Christ, which are *verily and indeed taken and received* by the faithful in the Lord's Supper.' Until late years, the teaching of these errors was, for the most part, confined to the regular use of the formularies in which they occur. Recently, however, they have been obtruded upon the people from the pulpit and the press, and insisted upon to the fullest extent of their meaning and implication. Hence we have the officiating clergy designated as sacrificing priests; the table as a sacrificial altar, and the elements as the actual flesh and blood of Christ, offered by the priest as a perpetual and valid expiation.

The style of public worship adopted of late by a large number of the nominally Protestant clergy has corresponded in its approximation to the ceremonies of Popery with the doctrines we have thus reviewed. This is a subject of bitter complaint in the recent charge of the Bishop of London.

'A taste has been excited in the people,' says his lordship, 'for forms and observances which has stimulated without satisfying their

appetite, and they have naturally sought for gratification in the Church of Rome. They have been led, step by step, to the very verge of the precipice, and then, to the surprise of their guides, have fallen over. I know that this happened in some instances; I have no doubt of its having happened in many. Then, with respect to doctrine, what can be better calculated to lead the less learned, or the less thoughtful, members of our Protestant Church, to look with complacency upon the errors which their Church has renounced, and at length to embrace them, than to have books of devotion put into their hands by their own clergyman, in which all but divine honour is paid to the Virgin Mary—a propitiatory virtue is attributed to the Eucharist—the mediation of the saints is spoken of as a probable doctrine—prayer for the dead urged as a positive duty—and a superstitious use of the sign of the cross is recommended as profitable? Add to this the secret practice of auricular confession, the use of crucifixes and rosaries, the administration of what is termed the sacrament of penance, and it is manifest that they who are taught to believe that such things are compatible with the principles of the English Church, must also believe it to be separated from that of Rome by a faint and almost imperceptible line, and be prepared to pass that line without much fear of incurring the guilt of schism.'

And, again, in speaking of the changes in the mode of worship, to which we are now more particularly referring, his lordship says,—

'These innovations have, in some instances, been carried to such a length as to render the church service almost histrionic. I really cannot characterise by a gentler term the continual changes of posture, the frequent genuflexions, the crossing, the peculiarities of dress, and some of the decorations of churches, to which I allude. They are, after all, a poor imitation of the Roman ceremonial, and furnish, I have no doubt, to the observant members of that Church, a subject, on the one hand, of ridicule, as being a faint and meagre copy of their own gaudy ritual, and, on the other hand, of exultation, as preparing those who take delight in them to seek a fuller gratification of their taste in the Roman communion.'

How the metropolitan clergy could have preserved a decent gravity when listening to these complaints from their diocesan, we find it difficult to conceive. The reply which must have risen to every lip was, 'Thou art the man!' How many years is it since, from the same episcopal throne, the same bishop enjoined upon the same assembly the habit of preaching in the surplice; the revival of certain prayers which had fallen into disuse; the placing of flowers on the altar, and of candles, with the sagacious proviso they were never to be lighted? Nay, how many months is it since the same bishop consecrated the church of St. Barnabas, at Pimlico, without rebuking those 'histrionic' mummeries which are exhibited there in so disgusting a form,

as to induce not only the indignant interruption of the service, but, as was the case on Sunday, the 19th ultimo, riotous proceedings, which necessitated the interference of the police and the civil magistrate. The bishop has been the foremost to lead his flock, step by step, to the very verge of the precipice, and is the first to vociferate his astonishment that they have fallen over. We are not surprised that he is unable to exorcise the spirit that he has raised, nor that his peccant clergy, led astray by his own misdirections, now refuse to obey any of his injunctions, save those which he can enforce in a court of law. This, we say, is not at all surprising to those who have been taught by ecclesiastical history that the corruption of doctrine and discipline is generally simultaneous.

Still, these regrets on the part of Bishop Blomfield do not seem to amount to a genuine repentance. So far from committing himself to a full confession, he still possesses the taste and feelings which have originated so much mischief.

‘I am by no means insensible,’ he says, ‘to the value of the æsthetic principle in the externals of religion; but great caution is requisite not to lay such stress upon that which is material and emblematic as to detract from the importance of that which is purely spiritual;—to substitute, in fact, the mere machinery of religion for the effects which it is intended to produce.’—*Charge*, p. 17.

Without being tempted into a digression from our main purpose, we must pause for a moment to show the connexion between the principle involved in the above sentence and the corruptions alike of doctrine and worship which the foregoing pages are designed to expose. This principle is, in one word, the substitution of *anything* in the place of the truth of Scripture and the free grace of God, in whatever concerns the spiritual interests of men. Thus the Romish Church substitutes its Blessed Lady, and angels, and saints, for the ‘one Mediator between God and man.’ The Romish priest substitutes his pedigree and his orders, his crucifixes, his vestments, and his host, for that real presence of Christ, and that teaching of the Spirit, which are secured by promise to the congregations of the faithful for ever. So, too, the Anglican Churchman substitutes, in theory, his sacramental efficacy, and his apostolic succession, for the grace of God; and practically interposes his music and his architecture, his costumes and genuflexions, before the great Object of spiritual contemplation. This interposition and virtual substitution, whether in abstract doctrine or in religious observance, is the redundant source of superstition and schism;—

‘Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque fluxit.’

With these views, we have perused with regret a variety of allusions in recent Dissenting publications; and certainly with some surprise the following passage from the otherwise admirable discourse of Mr. Morris, the title of which appears at the head of this article:—

'We (that is, Dissenters), have neglected, to a great extent, to make provision for the whole nature of man. Certain portions of it, and those the most important, have been carefully supplied; but others have been treated with comparative indifference. We have been so afraid of falling into extremes in one direction, that we have fallen into them in another. Because Popery is "the religion of the five senses," we have too often forgotten that man is a creature of sense at all. Because Popery makes an undue and injurious employment of imagination, we have eschewed its service almost wholly in connexion with godliness. The Church of God among us has had little harmony with his works, and grace has been made to look vastly unlike nature. A severe intellectualism, a lofty independence of will, has found sphere and scope; reason and reasoning have had a glorious sway, but the softer, more ethereal things, things artistic and æsthetic, have had but little encouragement. A large class of minds find a great lack in our ecclesiastical provisions. If their taste is not shocked, it is not gratified. This neglect of man's imaginative being gives an unnecessary charm to a system which makes elaborate and profuse provision of all that can please the senses and regale the taste.'

For our own part, we are puritanical enough to think that the religion of the New Testament ignores æsthetics; that all those external appliances which, in worship, appeal simply to the tastes, whether to shock or to regale them, are either obstacles interposed between the worshipper and the Divine Being, or, through the infirmity of the one, the substitutes for the grace of the other. In a word, unless 'the softer, more ethereal things, things artistic and æsthetic,' can be shown to be essential to 'decency and order,' they must be regarded as illegitimate stimulants, and expunged from the category of 'means of grace and things necessary to salvation.'

The gradual approach to the Romish creed and ritual which we have described as having characterised the recent history of the Anglican Church, has, at length, precipitated a crisis. The Pope, cheered by numerous secessions of influential clergymen and laymen from the Church of England* to that of Rome, and probably stimulated by the overheated zeal and ill-founded confidence of the neophytes, has issued a formal bull, dividing England into a number of Catholic episcopal sees, and appointing a Cardinal Archbishop in the person of Dr. Wiseman. The

* We learn from the first of two sermons by the Rev. H. Hughes, M.A., which we have named at the commencement of this paper, that no less than a hundred of the clergy, besides a large number of the laity, have recently seceded to the Church of Rome.

splash with which the wooden king made his advent among the frogs, occasioned no turmoil comparable to that which this unexpected measure has created among the great body of the clergy, and a portion of the laity, of the Anglican Church. Indeed, the present position of the clergy appears to us to be humiliating beyond all precedent, and the conduct to which they are driven in their panic to be proportionately undignified and ridiculous. On the first rumour of the rival hierarchy the more prominent dignitaries of the Church betook themselves to their stalls, and there, like ruminant animals, diligently employed themselves in eating the words of former charges, sermons, and pastoral letters. The spectacle is truly a painful one; and the laborious mastication and spasmodic deglutition, especially where, as in the case of the Bishop of London, there are cartilaginous passages to be disposed of, must be distressing to every humane mind, whose sympathies extend beyond his own grade in the creation. Meanwhile the inferior clergy flock together like sheep in a thunder-storm, each clamorously protesting against the Popish heresies, which none have lately propagated with very contagious zeal, save his own brethren, and perchance himself. In every diocese solemn addresses and elaborate replies are daily passing between the clerical Peachum and the episcopal Lockett; and, what is most extraordinary, without the remotest approach to the admission in the play, 'Brother, brother, we are both in the wrong.'

Let us examine dispassionately both sides of this hierarchical dispute: and we will first advert to the position of the Anglican clergy. We have already noticed the fundamental analogies which subsist between the theological dogmas, as well as the sacerdotal pretences, of the two Churches. We have further briefly observed the rapid approximation of their modes of worship and discipline; and, as many readers doubtless have not opportunity of verifying this conformity of practice for themselves, we will quote, before dismissing this part of the subject, the language of a metropolitan clergyman, to whose discourses we have already cursorily alluded:—

'Look, I ask you, at the state to which our Church, so dear to us all, has been reduced. Romish doctrines taught everywhere. The Bible superseded by tradition. Justification by works, prayers for the dead, purgatory, the Real Presence, the sacrifice of the altar, the Mediation of Mary, insisted on as Catholic truths. Roman Catholic books of devotion, rosaries, and crucifixes, introduced into our churches, and insidiously finding their way into our homes, under the sanction of ministers of religion. Clergymen in this great metropolis, like school-boys playing at Popery, openly performing their miserable imitations of the Romish ceremonial, amidst the derisive applause of the actual adherents of the Papal See. The sacrament of penance commonly

administered by those who have vowed its renunciation. Confessionals set up in every diocese, and confessors, aptly instructed in all the dark mysteries of their art, ready to occupy them. The genuine honesty of our English youth trained to underhand dealing and concealment, under the specious guise of privilege to be enjoyed or duty to be fulfilled. These principles are spread among a large body of the clergy, and are every day gaining ground. So rapidly, indeed, that I fear we are gradually becoming familiarized with error, and that unless the sound portion of our community rises up at once in defence of the truth, as a Church we shall soon cherish it no more; it will perish from among us.—*Hughes's Romish Sacraments, &c.*

Thus have the Anglican clergy been intentionally employed for years in undermining the Protestant faith, and symbolizing with the Papal Church; and now that the latter hierarchy, having listened to the coquetting, and observed the tendency and defalcations of their heretical rival, have availed themselves of the opportunity afforded them, the clergy are rending the heavens with their cries, as if all that they held dear and sacred was imperilled. There are one or two significant phases of this agitation which deserve our notice before we proceed to examine the Roman Catholic side of the question.

The first of these is, that the Roman Catholic body are still admitted to constitute a branch of the Christian Church. This the Bishop of London distinctly declares in his reply to the deputation from Sion College. 'It should be remembered,' says his lordship, 'that the Church of Rome is a branch of the Holy Apostolic Church—a corrupt one, I admit; but still a branch.' We would be glad to have explained to us what his lordship means by this; since in his recent charge he designates the doctrines of that Church as 'those superstitions which overlay and stifle the truth, and render the Church, not a blessing, but, in many respects, a *curse to mankind*.' When the doctrine of justification by faith is rejected—when by the mass the Cross of Christ is made of none effect—when pretended saints, and even their fetid relics, are made the object of religious adoration—and when a sinful mortal is worshipped as the mother of God and the Queen of Heaven—what, we beg to ask the Bishop of London, remains in such a system to vindicate its claim to the epithet Holy and Apostolic? and what extent of denial and depravation of the Scriptures would constitute the forfeiture of that claim? Must men blaspheme the Holy Ghost and worship the devil, before they can lose the name of Christians and the odour of sanctity? And are we to believe that up to that point the presence of Christ attends their ministrations and blesses their worship? The solution of this problem is found in the fact that the apostolic character of the Romish

Church must be admitted in order to sustain the validity of Anglican orders, and to sanction the abominations of Anglican practice; and we venture to predict that it will not be long before the public mind of this country is brought to regard as it ought this most absurd and despicable delusion.

Another curious phase of this agitation is the irritation displayed by the Protestant bishops and clergy at the fact that the Pope's bull altogether ignores their existence as a Christian Church. There is something particularly amusing about this. Why, what has been the uniform tone and practice of the Anglican Church towards all British subjects who do not belong to that communion? Simply to ignore their existence. Where is the episcopal charge in which we do not find the Anglican Church referred to as the sole purveyor for the spiritual wants of the people? The only two alternatives to the Anglican Church assumed by the Bishop of London in his recent charge are, 'Popish superstition on the one part, and a wild sectarianism on the other;' and in the same spirit another bishop within the present month has deplored the hireling absenteeism of the clergy, because it leaves their parishes to be ravaged by Romish priests on the one hand, and rabid fanatics on the other. What, we are tempted to ask, has become within the last few weeks of that vast and active and pious portion of our countrymen who originated Christian missions and Sunday-schools—who have translated the Scriptures into almost all the written dialects of the world; and who, through the pulpit and the press, have illustrated every age since the revival of letters by their genius, their learning, and their eloquence? They are ignored by the State-patronized sect as if they had never existed; never sweetened the stagnant pools of Anglicism; never shamed a tyrannical priesthood into respect; never borne a martyr's testimony to the 'Bible, and the Bible alone.' Our prayer is, that the Anglican Church may realize the sweet uses of adversity in drinking to the dregs the cup of their present humiliation.

Another aspect of this agitation must not be passed over. We do not find the clergy for the most part protesting against this movement as an invasion of religious truth, but only as an invasion of the spiritual prerogatives unscripturally attributed to the Sovereign, and to the ecclesiastical prerogatives unscripturally claimed by the Protestant hierarchy. Thus Archdeacon Stevens, addressing the Bishop of Exeter, professes his reliance on the Bishop's 'zeal and activity in defending them against this Popish aggression, in which the Pope did not contend for liberty of religion in this country, but laid claim to territorial jurisdiction by parcelling out the land into dioceses, thus encroaching on his *lordship's jurisdiction*,

and on the privileges of the clergy of the Church ;' and declares his confidence in his lordship's ' exertions to defend the clergy and the rights and privileges of the Church, against the Bishop of Rome.' This narrows the ground of the controversy in a most material and significant manner. We entreat the thoughtful attention of the reader to the Bishop's reply:—

"In common prudence," says his lordship, "they must all be anxious to avoid giving any reasonable ground of offence to the feelings, or even the prejudices of the people. As far as concerned outward observances, the peculiar danger of the times, as well as the prevailing tone of public opinion, called on them most powerfully to avoid being in the number of those in whom offences came, to forbear all unnecessary innovations, especially that worst kind of innovation, the revival of obsolete usages not required by law, which were associated in the minds of the people with the superstitions and corruptions of Rome [murmurs of approbation]. As respected doctrine they should be careful, while they set forth Catholic truth in its full integrity, so to set it forth as it would not seem even to the ill-informed in sacred things—a very numerous class he need not say—to savour at all of the leaven of Rome. Shrink not from asserting sound principles, but guard the assertion of them by pointing out plainly to the people what it was that distinguished them from errors which might border upon Rome. Whether they should in their pulpits deal with matters of controversy between the two Churches was a question which could not be answered in the same way to all. Generally speaking, where Roman error was not endeavouring to insinuate itself, he would advise them to abstain from entering on any such discussion. But where it was insinuating itself they should be cautious to inform themselves well of the points of dispute. Until they were informed, they should beware of crude and hasty disputation, as it would neither tend to the honour of the Church nor to the faith of the people. He directed them to seek the assistance and advice of many of those now present who needed not that exhortation."

After this British Dissenters will be at no loss to see what is the hostile influence against which they have to contend.

We now turn from the complaints of the Anglican to the defence of the Romish Church. This defence we take from the 'Appeal' of Cardinal Wiseman, addressed to the British people at large, and named at the head of this article.

It is unquestionable, that much of the indignation expressed both by the clergy and laity of the Church of England in connexion with what is called the Papal aggression, was excited by the tone of the Pope's bull and of Cardinal Wiseman's 'Pastoral Address.' The British public, unaccustomed to the style of such documents, and startled by the arrogant pretensions they displayed, and the indiscriminate supremacy which they appeared to claim, were blinded to the precise nature of the act which had been committed. Such language as, 'The power ruling the universal church, committed by our Lord Jesus Christ to the

Roman Pontiff in the person of St. Peter,' involved an assumption for which modern society was not prepared; while such terms as were employed by Dr. Wiseman appeared unnecessarily pompous in the inauguration of a slight change in the government of the Romish Church in England. 'The greatest of blessings,' says the Cardinal, 'has just been bestowed upon our country by the restoration of its true Catholic hierarchical government in communion with the see of Peter.' And again, 'England has been restored to its orbit in the ecclesiastical firmament, from which its light had long vanished, and begins now anew its course of regularly adjusted action round the centre of unity, the source of jurisdiction, of light, and of vigour.'

In the tumid bluster of such language as this, bishops and clergy, the Lord Chancellor and the lawyers, the Prime Minister and the London aldermen, alike lost sight of the fact, that the powers of the Roman Catholic Church in this country had not received one iota of increase;—that all without its pale were only regarded and treated as they had ever been; and that all this noise was occasioned, not by a cannonade against the British Constitution, but by a mere explosion of squibs and crackers, to celebrate the fact that a few obscure individuals had exchanged the title of vicars apostolic for that of bishops, and had appended to that title the names of certain English towns which do not denominate Protestant Sees. Subsequently, however, Cardinal Wiseman has found it expedient to lower this arrogant tone, and having allowed time to both the secular and the spiritual aristocracy to exhale all their bigotry, and to commit themselves to the grossest absurdities, he has published an appeal to the British people, in which he has submitted them to the most merciless and mortifying exposure. From this document we proceed to gather up the principal charges brought against this measure of the Pope, and the grounds on which Cardinal Wiseman justifies his church from each of them. The general facts appear to be the following:—

'The Catholics have been governed in England by vicars-apostolic, since 1623; that is, by bishops with foreign titles, named by the Pope, and having jurisdiction as his vicars or delegates. In 1688 their number was increased from one to four; in 1840 from four to eight.

'A strong wish has subsequently begun to prevail, on the part of the English Catholics, to change this temporary form of government for the ordinary form, by bishops with local titles, that is, by an ecclesiastical hierarchy. Petitions had been sent for this purpose to the Holy See.

'In 1847 the vicars-apostolic, assembled in London, came to the resolution to depute two of their number to Rome, to petition earnestly in their names for this long-desired boon.

'This petition was based upon the following considerations:—1st.

that the Catholics were still under the pressure of heavy penal laws, and enjoyed no liberty of conscience; 2nd, that all their colleges for ecclesiastical education were situated abroad; 3rd, that the religious orders had no houses in England; 4th, that there was nothing approaching to a parochial division, but that most Catholic places of worship were the private chapels, and their incumbents the chaplains, of noblemen and gentlemen.'

'The Catholic Church in England,' says Cardinal Wiseman, 'had so much expanded and consolidated itself since the Emancipation Act, and its parts had so matured their mutual relations, that it could not be carried on without a full and explicit code. The bishops, it was urged, found themselves perplexed, and their situation full of difficulty, as they earnestly desired to be guarded from arbitrary decisions by fixed rules, and yet had none provided for them.'

'Such was the case submitted to the judgment of the Holy See, fully illustrated with practical applications. A remedy was, therefore, prayed for, and it was suggested that it could only be in one of the two following forms:—

'Either the Holy See must issue another and full constitution, which would supply all wants, but which would be necessarily complicated and voluminous, and, as a special provision, would necessarily be temporary;

'Or, the real and complete code of the Church must be at once extended to the Catholic Church in England, so far as compatible with its social position; and this provision would be final.

'But in order to adopt this second and more natural expedient, one condition was necessary, and that was, the Catholics must have a hierarchy. The canon law is inapplicable under vicars-apostolic; and, besides, many points would have to be synodically adjusted, and, without a metropolitan and suffragans, a provincial synod was out of the question.'—*Appeal*, p. 4.

The first objection noticed by the Cardinal against the appointment of the Romish hierarchy in England is, that it is an invasion of the Queen's supremacy. The fallacy of this charge he demonstrates in very few words.

'In the year 1829,' he says, 'an act was passed, and became law, which is familiarly known as the Catholic Emancipation Act. By this Catholics were freed from all obligation of swearing to, and consequently of acknowledging, the royal ecclesiastical supremacy, and an oath of allegiance was framed peculiarly for them, which excluded all declaration of belief in that principle.

'A Catholic, therefore, before 1829, in the eye of the law, was a person who did not admit the royal supremacy, and therefore was excluded from full enjoyment of civil privileges. A Catholic after 1829, and therefore in 1850, is a person who still continues not to admit the royal supremacy, and nevertheless is admitted to full enjoyment of those privileges.

'The royal supremacy is no more admitted by the Scotch Kirk, by Baptists, Methodists, Quakers, Independents, Presbyterians, Unitarians, and other Dissenters, than by the Catholics. None of these recognise

in the Queen any authority to interfere in their religious concerns; to appoint their ministers for them, or to mark the limits of the separate districts in which authority has to be exercised."—*Id.* p. 10.

The second objection lies against the existence of a Roman Catholic hierarchy in England; but this the Cardinal is equally successful in exploding. The validity of what are called holy orders in the Romish Church is notoriously admitted in the Church of England, though, for obvious reasons, the Roman Catholic does not reward this compulsory liberality by returning the compliment. "If," observed Lord Lyndhurst, in the House of Lords (April 20, 1846), "the law allows the doctrines and discipline of the Roman Catholic Church, it should be allowed to be carried on perfectly and properly."

"Hence," argues the Cardinal, "to have told Catholics, 'You have perfect religious liberty, but you shall not teach that the Church can err; or, you have complete toleration, but you must not profess to believe holy orders to be a sacrament,' would have been negatory and tyrannical."

"Now, holy orders require bishops to administer them, consequently a succession of bishops to keep up a succession of persons in orders."

"Hence the Catholic Church is essentially episcopal; and to say, 'You Catholics shall have complete religious toleration, but you shall not have bishops among you to govern you,' would have been a complete contradiction in terms—it would have amounted to a total denial of religious toleration."

"When, therefore, emancipation was granted to Catholics, full power was given them to have an episcopate—that is, a body of bishops to rule them in communion with the Pope, the avowed head of their Church."—*Id.* p. 13.

"But," he adds, "the law did not put on a restriction. There is an axiom in law, '*negotio velus est admissio arbitris*;' that is, if you speak of a thing, and say the use of one particular thing, you thereby admit the use of that which is not denied. The Act of Emancipation admitted liberty, without assuming or using the style or title of any bishopric or archbishopric of the Established Church in England or Ireland. From this it follows that they are allowed to assume any other title. The Bishop of London has seen this, and, in his answer to the Committee of Westminster, acknowledges that the new Catholic hierarchy is not excluded by the law as it stands; but he wishes Parliament to be empowered for a new law, which will narrow the liberty here given us."

"I conclude, therefore, —

"First, that Catholics, by law, had a right to be governed by bishops.

"Secondly, that no law or authority bound them to be for ever governed by vicars-apostolic, and that they were at liberty to have a hierarchy, that is, an archbishop and bishops with local titles, or titles from places in the country.

"Thirdly, that accordingly such titles are not against any law so

long as they are not the actual titles held by the Anglican Hierarchy.'—*Ib.* p. 15.

The third charge is, that a foreign potentate, namely, the Pope, should have presumed to exercise a spiritual jurisdiction in this country. But in this there is nothing new. It is unquestionable that Catholics are permitted by law to maintain the Pope's supremacy in ecclesiastical and religious matters, and one point of that supremacy is, that he alone can constitute a hierarchy or appoint bishops. If, therefore, the Catholics of this country were ever to carry out their ecclesiastical system at all, it could only be through the spiritual authority of the Pope. That this admits of no alternative is clearly shown by Lord John Russell himself, in his speech in the House of Commons, on the 6th of August, 1846:—

'There is,' says his lordship, 'another offence of introducing a bull of the Pope into the country. The question is, whether it is desirable to keep up that, or any other penalty, for such an offence. It does not appear to me, that we can possibly attempt to prevent the introduction of the Pope's bulls into this country. *There are certain bulls of the Pope which are absolutely necessary for the appointment of bishops and pastors belonging to the Roman Catholic Church.* It would be quite impossible to prevent the introduction of such bulls.'—*Hansard*, vol. lxxxviii. p. 362.

The fourth charge universally urged by the Anglican clergy is, that the recent arrangements trench on the prerogative of the Crown. But this the Cardinal clearly shows to resolve itself into a question, of which he has previously and satisfactorily disposed.

'It has been shown that the Pope is permitted by the law of this land to exercise a spiritual jurisdiction over the Roman Catholics in this country. No one for a moment imagines that the Pope, or the Catholics of England, or their bishops, dream that the appointment of the hierarchy can be enforced by law. They believe it to be an act altogether ignored by the law; an act of spiritual jurisdiction only to be enforced upon the consciences of those who acknowledge the Papal supremacy by their conviction and their faith. Can an act,' the Cardinal adds, 'of a subject of her most gracious Majesty, which by law he is perfectly competent to do, be an infringement of her royal prerogative?'—*Appeal*, p. 21.

The fifth charge to which the Cardinal addresses himself is that contained in what we cannot but characterise as the ill-judged letter of Lord John Russell;—that the recent Papal arrangement has been 'insolent and insidious.' This he appears to us successfully to refute, by showing, first, that not only in Ireland had the Catholic hierarchy been recognised, and even royally honoured, but that the same form of ecclesiastical government

had been extended to the greater part of our colonies. Secondly, that the appointment by the British Government of Protestant bishops in foreign and Catholic countries precludes them from condemning a similar course on the part of the Pope with respect to Great Britain; and thirdly, that the declarations of the officer of State, and of the most eminent statesmen in this country heartily encouraged the recent measures of the Pope. The parliamentary language of Lord John Russell, recorded by the side of his recent letter to the Bishop of Durham, must, we think, occasion extreme mortification both to his lordship and his allies. In the pages of Hansard, that Nemesis of political inconsistency, we find the following unfortunate *debit* against the present Prime Minister:—

‘I believe,’ said his lordship, ‘that we may repeal those disallowing clauses which prevent a Roman Catholic bishop assuming a title held by a bishop of the Established Church. I cannot conceive any good ground for the continuance of this restriction.’—*Hansard*, vol. lxxxv, p. 299.

In whatever light the recent movement of the Papacy may be viewed by the British people and by Dissenters in particular, it surely does not belong to the present Government to assume with hard names a Church which, for their own political purposes, they have for years been fostering, and on whose office they have conferred distinctions alike gratuitous, illegitimate and offensive.

It is unnecessary to refer to the considerations on which Cardinal Wiseman defends himself against the sixth and last charge brought by his opponents, founded upon his assumption of the title of Archbishop of Westminster. Of this part of his Appeal we will only say, we do not envy the feelings of the Dean and Chapter under the vitriolic distillation of sarcasm to which the Cardinal most unsparingly, but, we fear, we must add, most justly subjects them.

The entire Appeal, which we have thus epitomized, we may fairly designate as a masterpiece of controversial expository and, as against the Protestant hierarchy, absolutely triumphal. At the same time we cannot but feel surprise both at the boastful comparison which the writer institutes between the social effects produced by the ecclesiastical corporations of the two Churches on the vicinities which surround them, and at the ostentatious humility with which he claims the most squalid and neglected inhabitants of the parlious of Westminster Abbey as his own peculiar charge, leaving the parks and mansions to the visitation of the Dean and Chapter. The first of these pretensions is surely rather a daring one, unless we are to discredit all testimony, contemporary and historical. The Cardinal sees

to forget that the precinct of St. Peter's is anything but an Arcadia of peaceful innocence and purity, or a Paradise of comfort and content; that ignorance and vice have ever tracked the footsteps of the Papal mission; that the Catholic countries, and even cantons, of Europe are notoriously distinguished for their destitution alike of civilization and religion, and Catholic capitals the lowest sinks of debauchery and impiety. In the 'pride that apes humility' his Eminence is equally unfortunate. It is well known to all that the Romish priesthood only seek the cottage when they are excluded from the mansion; and that when they address themselves to the poor it is not for the purpose of affording intelligent religious instruction, but of gratifying an all-absorbing spiritual ambition, by making themselves the tyrants of the soul, and riveting the chains of sacerdotal despotism.

We now proceed, in conclusion, to indicate the course which, after much reflection, we consider to be binding upon our Dissenting fellow-countrymen; and we will found the advice which we respectfully offer solely on the premises which we trust we have substantiated in the foregoing pages.

And first, we must strongly express our dissent from those of our own body who would represent these recent events as of trifling importance. If, as we are perfectly convinced, it is the large amount of religious error and corruption in doctrine and practice prevalent in the Church of England, which has invited and occasioned these bolder assumptions on the part of Rome, this, of itself, is matter for the most earnest solicitude, and the deepest sorrow. If, again, the minds of the ignorant and unstable are likely to be seduced by the harlotry and covert intrigues of the Romish Church, no considerations of spurious liberalism shall ever withhold us from lifting our voice to warn them of their peril. We deliberately record our conviction, that a more frightful and soul-destroying curse than the Papal heresy was never inflicted upon the human race, by the arch-enemy of God and man. We believe that it is designated in the term, 'The Mother of Harlots;' and that she and her daughters, whom it would not be difficult to name, constitute the Antichrist of Scripture. We believe that her doctrines invade the very foundations of that gospel which she conceals from her deluded victims; that her practice is idolatry, and a standing insult to the Son of God; that her spirit combines the tyrant and the slave; that her morals are impurity and falsehood; and that her unrestrained sway is the reign of ignorance and cruelty, involving the loss of all that makes manhood a privilege—the blighting of virtue, the extinction of intelligence, and the perdition of the soul. It is the special duty of those whose vocation it is to

attend to the public and private ministration of Christian truth in its entireness and simplicity, to use the present opportunity of impressing on all classes of society, and especially on the young and uninstructed, the fatal tendency alike of the doctrine and the practice of the Church of Rome.

But, secondly, while such considerations should deter all who love the truth from a complacent toleration of these deadly errors, so the views which have been presented in the foregoing pages should withhold them from hounding down their Catholic fellow-subjects to the rabid cry of 'No Popery.' Let them be impressed with a seasonable suspicion, by noticing the quarter from which this cry is raised. It comes from a Church which, we have shown, is fundamentally at one with Rome, and from a camp filled with traitors to Protestantism. Indeed, it is fully admitted, in the late admirable speeches of the Dean of Bristol, that this invasion, as it is called, has been brought about by the Romanizing clergy of the Church of England; that in tolerating these traitors, both the bishops on the one part, and the laity on the other, have been deeply culpable; and that if the written constitution of that Church is so faltering and unintelligible, the enunciation of its doctrines, as to leave these heresies a matter of dispute among its clergy, the great body of its members should at once rise up and demand its second reformation.

Thirdly, if it would be unworthy to join in the cry of the effigy-burning and rioting polemics, it would be no less inconsistent and disgraceful in Dissenters to call for the interference of the Legislature in an ecclesiastical dispute. This would, indeed, be to surrender the whole ground on which we as Nonconformists take our stand; namely, that the Legislature has no right power to interfere with the subject in spiritual and ecclesiastical concerns. Hence we view with great regret that hasty and ill-judged letter of Lord John Russell to the Bishop of Durham, which he has purchased a sudden, and we imagine a very transitory mob popularity. His lordship greatly mistakes the temper of the age if he thinks that the British people will permit any Government to take a retrograde step towards religious persecution; and if, in an unguarded and ill-omened hour the Dissenters of Great Britain should lend their influence, even by a silent neutrality to the enactment of a restrictive statute against their Catholic fellow-countrymen, they will be forging the fetters and twisting the scourges for their own future degradation and torture. Let them ponder in time the fate of Perillus, and take heed to the ancient maxim—

— 'Nec lex est justior ulla
Quam necis artifices arte perire sua.'

Lastly, we earnestly entreat Dissenters to discern the truth

cause of these evils in the protection of any forms of creed and worship by the powers of human law, the sword of the State, the pomp of spiritual nobles, and the possession of exorbitant revenues. The emissaries of Rome seek not us, but ours. It is the overgrown wealth of the Anglican Church which constitutes at once the temptation to invasion, the fee for fraudulent acquiescence, and the bribe to apostasy. If, in the words of Lord Bacon, 'riches are the baggage of virtue,' they are the millstone of religion; nor would the temporary prosperity of the Romish Church be an occasion for such deep concern, were there not a machinery of illegitimate power in the hands of a rival hierarchy, which, if transferred to Papists, would be effectually used to extinguish in Great Britain every ray of religion and virtue, learning, genius, and freedom, that goes to constitute the halo of our national glory. It is the very strength of fortresses which, when they are captured, secures the subjugation of realms. Fellow-countrymen, if you would escape the pestilence, destroy in time the *nidus* that harbours the contagion. THE WAY TO EXTERMINATE TIGERS, IS TO BURN THE JUNGLE.

Brief Notices.

The Works of John Owen, D.D. Edited by the Rev. William H. Goold. Vol. I. pp. cxxii. 494. London and Edinburgh: Johnstone and Hunter.

WE are glad to see this volume, and take it as the earnest of a better taste than has recently prevailed in theology. Without ranking amongst those who style Dr. Owen 'the prince of divines,' we entertain so high a regard for many of his treatises—especially those of a practical character—that it affords us very much pleasure to announce the appearance of a new and greatly improved edition of his works. Such an edition has long been called for, and we hasten to report, from the specimen before us, that Messrs. Johnstone and Hunter are most honourably fulfilling their engagement. The edition is unquestionably a good and a cheap one. It is printed in large type, on excellent paper, and the text has been carefully revised; while the sixteen octavo volumes of which it will consist may be procured by an annual subscription of one guinea for three years. When we remember what the edition of 1826, with its many inaccuracies, cost us, we are inclined to envy our juniors the opportunity now afforded them. At any rate, they must not plead, in extenuation of what is jejune and superficial, the difficulty of gaining access to the best human

fountains of theology. These are now brought within the reach of all, and infinite benefit will accrue to the ministry from an honest, diligent, and independent use of them. Owen was one of the great men of a great age, and the study of his writings, with all their wordiness, their involved structure, and perpetual divergence to the right and the left, is one of the best preparations we know for a profound exposition and earnest enforcement of religious truth. To turn from much of the popular theology of our day to such writings as those of Owen, is to substitute giants for dwarfs—the deep, earnest, impassioned feeling which befits the expounders of God's truth, for the lightness and tinsel which betoken what is merely superficial—an agitation of the surface without a movement to the deeper waters.

We are glad to find that the proposal of Messrs. Johnstone and Hunter has already been met by some thousands of subscribers, and cordially recommend our readers—ministerial especially—to avail themselves of such an opportunity.

Mr. Thomson's 'Life of Dr. Owen' is written with considerable ability and sound judgment. Honorable mention is made of previous biographers, to whom, and especially to Mr. Orme, obligation is acknowledged. On the whole, we have rarely read a brief sketch with the accuracy, good taste, scholarship, and impartiality of which we have been so much pleased. In a word, the biographer, the editor, and the publishers, have executed, with great credit to themselves, their respective parts, and the edition they have jointly produced cannot fail to displace all its predecessors.

We are glad to find that editions of other British divines are contemplated, and do not doubt but that ample encouragement will be afforded the publishers to prosecute their design. To imagine otherwise would be to charge on the ministers of our day a degree of folly and indifference from which they are wholly free.

Discourses on Holy Scripture, with Notes and Illustrations. By John Kelly. London: Snow.

THIS small volume is appropriately dedicated to 'the deacons and members of the Congregational Church, Everton Crescent, Liverpool' for whose benefit the discourses it contains were delivered. The subjects of these discourses—eight in number—are, 'The New Testament Canon,' 'The Old Testament Canon,' 'Inspiration,' 'The Right Reception of the Word of God,' 'The Spirit in which the Scriptures should be Studied,' 'The Influence of the Gospel on Individual Character,' and 'The Influence of the Bible on Society.' Such topics are most pertinent to the requirements of our day, and we congratulate Mr. Kelly's congregation on having a teacher at once disposed and qualified for their discussion. It would be well if his example were followed by many. As a means of inducing this, we recommend the tentative perusal of these discourses. They are distinguished by some of the best qualities of pulpit exercises. The style of thought is sound and vigorous, manly in its texture, and nervous in expression.

sion. Mr. Kelly is evidently well furnished for his work, and these discourses will scarcely fail to obtain—what they richly merit—a wide and lasting circulation.

The Blank-page Bible. The Holy Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, with copious References to Parallel and Illustrative Passages, and the alternate pages ruled for Manuscript Notes in a manner hitherto unattempted. 8vo. London: Samuel Bagster and Sons.

ILLUSTRATIONS of sacred Scripture are constantly occurring to thoughtful minds. The incidents of daily life, and the information of our current literature, point out confirmation or explanation of various passages of the divine word. These are also often suggested by the comparison of Scripture with Scripture, so that an ordinarily attentive reader may collect a goodly amount of the best sort of annotation. To facilitate the practice of making such annotations, the Messrs. Bagster have prepared their blank-paged Bible. It is, indeed, an interleaved Bible. Throughout the book there is on one side a page of the text of our English version, in a remarkably clear type, and on the other side a page of blank paper, ruled, and nicely arranged for manuscript notes. We have seen nothing like it for the convenience of those who desire thus to make their Bible-reading subservient to their improvement in intelligence and spirituality combined. The Messrs. Bagster have rendered good service to the world by their previous publications. By this one we feel they have served us by helping us to serve ourselves. The volume is supplied with several excellent maps and appendices, which greatly increase its practical value. We give it our unqualified recommendation.

Lectures on the Existence and Attributes of the Divine Being. By Thomas Swan. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

THESE lectures are simple, devout, earnest. They contain a large body of truth, spoken in love, and, we doubt not, will answer the end for which the author designs them—the religious benefit of Christians, in a wider circle than that of the congregation to whom they are addressed, and of whom Mr. Swan has long been the honoured and useful pastor.

A Devotional Exposition of the Book of Psalms; containing an Argument to each Psalm, a Paraphrase, suggestive Remarks, and parallel Scriptures in words at length. By Rev. J. Edwards, M.A., &c. London: James Darling.

WE can think of no good end to be answered by the publication of this book. The remark of Sir T. F. Buxton has occurred to us again and again, as we have been going through it, that he did not at all relish Bible and water. The author is evidently a good man, deserving the respect of his fellow-Christians for good intentions. His volume, however, is not deserving their respect. His ‘argument to each psalm’

is a very common-place statement of the contents of the psalm. His 'paraphrase' sadly dilutes the sacred text. His 'suggestive remarks' illustrate the difference between simplicity and simpleness; and 'parallel scriptures' are by no means equal to those which are provided in our ordinary reference Bibles. The volume is one of a large class of devotional works, which render no help to the renewal of a Christian's strength. They are 'Bible and water.'

A Dissertation on Church Polity. By Andrew Coventry Dick, B.A.
Second Edition. London: Ward & Co.

THIS work has been out of print for many years, and, in common with a large class, we have regretted the fact. Its republication has been frequently called for, but, somehow or other, it has happened that until now the request urgently made from many quarters has been unheeded. The character of the times called for the reappearance of one of the ablest treatises on the Church question which the existing generation has produced; and we are therefore much pleased to see it in edition on our table. The work is reprinted with such additions and verbal alterations as are required by the altered state of circumstances since its first publication. We strongly commend it to our readers as one of the best treatises on the question of the age. The logic and the gentleman are conspicuous throughout its pages, which are admirably suited to carry conviction to inquiring men who are without the pale of our ordinary tractates.

The Doctrine of the Cherubim. By George Smith, F.A.S. London: Longman and Co.

It would take a volume to tell the opinions that have been held on this question, 'What was symbolized by the Cherubim?' First of all there was Hutchinson, who would have replied, 'the Trinity.' Then there come some of our German friends, who tell us Moses copied them from the sphinx, and meant to typify the divine attributes. No, say others, Eichhorn at their head, cherubim is the same word, manifestly, as the Persian 'griffin,' a fabulous composite monster who guarded the treasure of the gods. This latter school, however, which glories in proving that everything in biblical theology was somewhere else first, has passed its zenith, and, in its own soil of Germany, is going fast to its nadir. The last dissertation on the subject known to us is Baehr's, who sees that the cherubim symbolize creatures rather than divine attributes, and building on the assumption, that the animal form of which they are composed were chosen as the highest specimens of creature life, finds a type of creation considered as a manifestation of God's fulness. Our common view keeps fast to the idea of creatures but loses the symbolical notion in the representation that cherubim are, rather than signify, angels. Others say they mean the power of nature, for is it not written, 'he rode upon a cherub and did fly; yea, he did fly on the wings of the wind.' There still remains another class

of interpretation altogether, which finds the antitype in *man*—in his connexion with the atonement of Christ; with these differences, that some (Cocceius, &c.) refer to the ministers of the Church (!); others to 'manhood perfected through Christ;' and others, to whom Mr. Smith belongs, to the perfected *individuals* rather than the perfected *nature*—the Church. In such a whirl of varying conjectures (for the best are little more) we are glad to be able to mention one volume which carefully examines the whole materials in Scripture before beginning to build a theory. The work before us is distinguished by a complete treatment of the subject. The other expositions we have referred to are all founded on parts, rather than on the whole, of the Biblical notices of the cherubim; some of them, indeed, formally proceed on the postulate that it is impossible to weave all into any one theory. Mr. Smith, on the other hand, seeks to draw his conclusion from a careful study of all that the Bible says on the matter; and by his diligence, modesty, and sound criticism, has made a very valuable addition to our aids for understanding a difficult subject. We can honestly commend the volume as a specimen of patient thoroughness, as well as sound reasoning, such as we seldom now find in English Biblical works.

The Influence of the Hebrew and Christian Revelations on Ancient Heathen Writers. Hulsean Prize Essay for 1849. By Samuel Tomkins. Cambridge: Deighton.

WE must congratulate the author of this volume, that the scholarship which was sown and nourished in the unhonoured seclusion of a Dissenting academy, is now in a fair way to fructify and be seen of men in the sunlight of Cambridge.

This essay is full of erudition, and marked by devout regard for the honour of the divine revelation in Scripture. We cannot speak in too high terms of the scholarlike industry which it exhibits; the fruits of long patient research are scattered liberally over its pages; and so far as the collection of passages from heathen writers, bearing a striking similarity to scriptural expressions, can settle the question, it is settled here. But we should have been glad to find further study of the subject proposed from a somewhat higher point of view. The author assumes throughout, that it is impossible for what *he* calls *unaided reason* (which *Paul* calls '*God's law written on the heart*') to arrive at truths so near those of divine revelation, as are scattered through heathen writers. But we have found nowhere in this volume a satisfactory discussion of the question, 'Is it so?' It is not enough to say, 'man's progress is downwards'—granted. But we have to do, in this instance, with the thoughts of men who, by the very fact that, when generation on generation have died, silent and forgotten, their names live, are proved to be higher than their fellows; and we want to know why of these picked men of the race, it is so confidently pronounced they could not come to any knowledge of divine truth—and whatever in their thoughts shows like a gleam of it, is a borrowed gleam. Borrowed, we know it is—but borrowed from the Bible?

This volume, however, gives us little more than instances of simi-

larity, on which, in general, we should like to say that it too readily assumes similarity to prove a *historical* community of origin—a historical transmission; secondly, that similarities to be satisfactory, should be something more than neutral; a line in an ode, a sentiment, or feeling, the common teaching of nature to an eye

'That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality.'

should be something organic, or peculiar otherwise to the supposed original; and thirdly, that we demur to the value of the witnesses from whom the author has chiefly drawn his representations of the philosophers of Greece, as shown by his frequent reference to them as authorities—the fathers, Eusebius, Lactantius, and others of their era, who manifestly were concerned to make 'a party for themselves in antiquity against their own age.'

It is unnecessary to go into a more minute detail of the individual instances of similarity adduced by Mr. Tomkins. Though not fully assenting to the extent to which he pushes his conclusion, we cannot but express our high sense of the indefatigable industry with which he has collected his illustrations—an industry which must make his volume a treasure-house of authorities for all future investigators, and of the deep spirit of religion which is breathed through the whole.

Barnes on the Gospels. Part I. Green's Edition. London: Green.

How many editions of Barnes we are to have no one can tell. This one is like its predecessors, is said to be rather cheaper, and has been subjected to a correction by the editor, chiefly as it seems for the purpose of detecting typographical errors in the American editions.

The Wesleyan Methodist Missions in Jamaica and Honduras delineated &c. By Rev. Peter Samuel. London: Partridge and Oakley.

THIS volume contains an immense mass of facts put into chronological order; and, we believe, is perfectly trustworthy; but the author seems singularly destitute of power to combine and dispose, and so gives us chronicles from which a reader must extract the history for himself. For any one who will do this, there are abundant materials here. The author has most rigidly kept to his title, 'Wesleyan Methodist Missions.' We would just venture to hint that when a man writes a book about Jamaica and slavery without the name of Knibb being found in its pages, he either commits a suppression of truth which is the mark of bigotry, or is convicted of gross ignorance on the subject.

Spiritual Heroes; or, Sketches of the Puritans, their Character and Times. By John Stoughton. Second Edition, revised and enlarged. London: J. Snow.

THIS edition is but slightly distinguished from its predecessor, save in the addition of a chapter entitled, 'Baxter at Kidderminster.' We have already expressed our opinion on the merits of the work, and see no reason to alter it. The judgment of the public we conclude to be favorable from the appearance of a second edition. We congratulate

Mr. Stoughton on the fact, and shall be glad to learn that his labours have stimulated inquiry, and led our younger people, especially, to make themselves more familiar with the character and views of our Puritan fathers.

The Life of James Davies, a Village Schoolmaster. By Sir Thomas Phillips. London: Parker.

THIS little volume is the sketch of a very beautiful life—that of a poor Welsh schoolmaster, whose unworldliness of character and constant Christian liberality are worthily commemorated. The incidents are few, the life simple, memorable as it would seem, for but one thing—practical self-consecration—and so distinguished for that, that no Christian man can read without being bettered. As to the way in which the narrative is presented, there is rather too much Church of Englandism and sounding of trumpets; but that does not affect the lesson that the life teaches.

The Task of the Age. An Inquiry into the Condition of the Working Classes. By D. G. Paine. London: Houlston and Stoneman.

WE welcome every sincere labourer in the field; and can recommend this volume as the production of an honest, right-thinking mind. It does not contain anything very original, but reiterates forcibly important truths, on the recognition of which the welfare of England depends.

Nineveh: its Rise and Ruin. By the Rev. John Blackburn. London: Partridge and Oakley.

MR. BLACKBURN has skilfully indicated the salient points in Layard's researches, so far as they may be brought to the illustration of the scriptural notices of Nineveh. 'The interest created by the delivery of portions of the volume from the pulpit, has led to its publication,'—and so on. To persons who have not money and time for Layard, Mr. Blackburn will prove an interesting guide.

The Mercy Seat. Thoughts Suggested by the Lord's Prayer. By Gardiner Spring, D.D. Edinburgh: Clark.

POPULAR sermons, in a pleasing style, not too profound, and imbued with pious feeling. So much for the book. As for the edition, it is handsomer, and rather more expensive, than that by another publisher; but which is the true original, we know not.

Science Simplified. By the Rev. D. Williams, M.A. London: Piper.

DIFFERS in few respects from the shoals of catechisms on natural philosophy. It has a great deal of information, and seems accurate. It treats of physiology, both animal and vegetable, mechanics, optics, astronomy, and geology.

EDITORIAL POSTSCRIPT.

My *exclusive* responsibility closes with the present number. A new Series will be commenced in January under the joint editorship of Dr. Stowell and myself, and the readers of the 'Eclectic' will, I feel assured, have much cause to regard the change with more than simple complacency. Of my own efforts to sustain the future reputation of the journal, it would be unbecoming in me to speak. What they have been is known to the readers of the 'Eclectic,' and from them a conclusion may be formed of what they *will* be. Of my future associate, however, I might speak freely, were it not that his position, attainments, and ability, render it superfluous to do so; and that any commendatory expression from me would savor of presumption and vanity rather than serve a useful purpose. The association with one whom I so highly esteem, and who has been for many years a literary contributor to the 'Eclectic,' will be as pleasing to myself as it will prove useful to the Journal.

For some years past, I have been urged, from various quarters, to reduce the price of the 'Eclectic,' in order to insure it a much wider and more influential circulation. I have again and again seriously contemplated doing so, and have been deterred only by the fear that the change might possibly endanger the Journal itself. That the alteration recommended would be ultimately successful, I have never doubted. But in order to its being fairly tried, larger resources than were at my command appeared to me to be needful. These having now been supplied, I hasten, with much pleasure, to make the contemplated change. More than this I must not say, lest I wound where I least intend it; but so much is due to my own feelings, and to the friends of the 'Eclectic,' for whose benefit this service has been rendered. The price of the journal will consequently *be reduced to eighteen-pence, while its size will remain undiminished.*

I will only add, that no pains will be spared by Dr. Stowell and myself to render the Review worthy of the great names associated with its past history, and the yet greater principles with which it is identified. The best literary aid will be secured. No deterioration of *quality* will result from the reduction of price. What the Review has been in principle it will continue to be; but as a literary organ, we hope to render its contents more varied, of a higher character, and of more

general and commanding interest. I need scarcely express the hope, that those who are attached to the Journal will promptly and vigorously employ themselves to insure the immediate success of the experiment we are about to make.

Literary Intelligence.

Just Published.

The Life and Correspondence of Robert Southey. Edited by his Son, the Rev. C. C. Southey, M.A. Vol. VI.

Lectures on the Existence and Attributes of the Divine Being. By Thomas Swan.

Poems: Legendary and Historical. By Edward A. Freeman, M.A., and the Rev. Geo. W. Cox, S.C.L.

An Analysis and Summary of Thucydides; with a Chronological Table of Principal Events, &c. By the Author of "An Analysis and Summary of Herodotus."

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The American Biblical Repository. Conducted by J. M. Sherwood. Third Series. Vol. VI. No. 4.

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THE BRITISH BANNER

versus

THE ECLECTIC REVIEW.

In the 'British Banner' of February 20th, I find two articles devoted to the denunciation of a paper on Mr. Gilfillan's 'Second Gallery of Literary Portraits,' which appeared in my last number,—and to a very wholesale and unsparing attack upon my own orthodoxy. Now, though I am anxious at all times to avoid, as much as possible, reviewing my reviewers, and have no disposition to evade the probe of manly and generous criticism, I do feel called upon to protest, firmly but respectfully, against the charges of my weekly contemporary, and to furnish such explanation as appears to be demanded by a due regard for my own character, and for the interests of a periodical which has ever been identified with a cause to me most dear and sacred, viz., the cause of religious truth and liberty.

My contemporary has not been satisfied with *reviewing* my last number, but has even devoted a leading article to the subject, and included in his placard of contents for February the 20th, the following most startling announcement:—**INFIDELITY! THE "ECLECTIC REVIEW" AND ITS EDITOR! ALARMING MANIFESTO ON THE SUBJECT OF RELIGION AND HUMAN HAPPINESS.**

I think I have good reason to complain of so hasty and summary a judgment being passed, without any opportunity having been afforded me for reply and explanation. To placard as a teacher of infidelity an old and long-respected periodical—renowned for the zeal and ability with which the holy verities of Christianity and the great principles of religious liberty and Nonconformity have been defended in its pages during years of change, difficulty, and excitement!—to publicly denounce, in review, leading article, and bill of contents, the Editor of such a publication, who had been inducted to his office by the **FRANK AND UNRESERVED RECOMMENDATION** of a man so well known and confided in as Dr. Price,—I say to do this, on mere rumour, or in consequence of the appearance of a seemingly objectionable passage in a single

article, was, to say the least of it, a harsh and precipitate mode of procedure. But I shall leave my good friend and editorial predecessor, Dr. Price, to deal with the animus of the articles and placard referred to, and confine myself to the sentiments complained of, and the attack made upon my own religious faith. I will commence by asserting that THE REVIEW OF MR. GILFILLAN'S VERY ABLE AND ORIGINAL WORK WAS NOT WRITTEN BY MYSELF, but by a gentleman whose religious views I believe to have been as little called in question as his learning and genius; and who I know to be no more disposed than the Editor of the 'British Banner' himself, to tolerate that modern latitudinarianism, which I hold to be one of the deadliest enemies of religious truth and personal holiness. It is true that, as quoted by the 'British Banner,' there is an ambiguity about the passage which might create, in some minds, a suspicion as to the religious correctness of the writer's views on one of the most vital questions; but I would seriously protest against separating the text from the context, as is done in the review under notice; for, according to this principle of criticism, I know of no human writings which might not be exposed to the condemnation of the friends of Christianity.

The following is the passage, quoted by the critic in the 'British Banner,' on which the charge of infidelity, brought against the 'Eclectic,' is based. It refers to the following passage in Mr. Gilfillan's paper on 'Emerson,' in his last-published 'Gallery;' and ought either to have been *quoted entire*, or *not quoted at all*.

Mr. Gilfillan remarks:—

'Indeed, over all Emerson's poems, and over those of many of his followers, there hangs a deep gloom. His fun, when he attempts to be humorous, is dull and feeble. It is the drone of the "humble bee," which is quite as melancholy as it is mirthful. He is never so eloquent as when expressing the feelings of one who, from the pursuits of ambition, and the company of men, has sought a sad solace in nature, which yet, without a God, can only glare and glitter about his eye and imagination, but not touch his heart. His personal purity, which is that of a guarded dewdrop, has saved him from many pains and penalties; but we do think that it is the subtlety which so strangely mingles with the simplicity of his nature, like the eye of the basilisk looking out from the silvery plumage of the dove, which has veiled from many the fact that *he is not a happy man*.'

On this passage the 'Eclectic' reviewer commented as follows, according to the version of his sentiments given by the writer in the 'British Banner':—

'We protest—in the name of religious liberty, in the name of Christian charity, in the name of even common decency—against all such fierce and insulting soothsayings as this. "Judge not, that ye be not judged." We dissent from Emerson's theory of things, whether latent or spoken, as decidedly as Mr. Gilfillan can do; but we believe the American transcendentalist to be one of the happiest of Nature's dear children—a belief which is grounded on much observation of him while in this country two years ago. Besides, *it is surely a new and heretical doctrine in Christianity, that a man's happiness has anything to do with his NEARNESS TO GOD!* Sup-

pose a case of total spiritual death, where there were health, good fortune, great talents, fine morals, noble reputation, everything one could desire—might not the possessor be happier than David with his everlasting struggle, Paul with his boundless sorrow over Jew and Gentile, Dante, or poor Couper ?

Now, in the name of common fairness and Christian justice, I ask, *why is the very context omitted which would have thrown an entirely new light over the meaning of the passage quarrelled with ?* If the doctrine laid down is false, by all means let it be condemned, and held up to the reprobation of the Christian public; but, for truth's sake, *let an author be fairly and fully quoted* before we presume to pass judgment on his sentiments, or to dogmatize as to his meaning. The following sentences form a portion of the passages just quoted, but *are entirely omitted by the reviewer in the 'British Banner'!!!*

'Does George Gilfillan actually know nothing about blessedness, as by no means including happiness, for all he talks so much about it in other portions of his work ? Why does he rescue such wandering spirits as Shelley and Hazlitt from the ill-considered hatred of the mob, only to impale another victim ?'

The doctrine which I understood, and still understand, this passage, if taken as a whole, to teach, is simply that a man's nearness to God does not ensure the increase of the 'corn, wine, and oil,' or material comforts of a worldly prosperity, but rather those spiritual riches, those 'treasures in Heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt.' The good are *blessed*, but it by no means follows that because good they will be in the *material* sense *happy*. Besides, the higher a man rises in the spiritual scale—the more he is influenced by the discipline of the Christian life—the more he realizes a sense of God's infinite holiness, and his own utter insignificance and abasement—and the more he longs to realize that 'perfect love' which 'casteth out fear,' the more anxious, the less serene and self-complacent will such a man become. 'The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.' 'Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling.' It appears to me that happiness belongs rather to this world and its allotments, whilst 'blessedness,' the privilege alone of 'God's dear children,' is independent of material good, and communicates, even to the most sorely pressed, but regenerate creatures of time, a foretaste of the transports of eternity.

The following communication from the author of the article in question I give entire, in justice both to him and myself :—

'The author of a critique upon Gilfillan's "Second Gallery of Literary Portraits," which appeared in the February number of this Review, has been shocked to learn that a passage in that critique has given offence to readers, whom he would not willingly offend. They have put a meaning upon it, which was never intended. On studiously considering the paragraph, he perceives that a word or two here and there would have rendered any misunderstanding of its purport, absolutely impossible. If he had to print it again, he would print it thus,

a ?

the words in italics being the only new ones introduced :—“ Besides, it is surely a new and heretical doctrine in Christianity, that a man's *common* happiness has anything to do with his nearness to God. Suppose a case of total spiritual death, where there were health, fortune, great talents, fine morals, noble reputation, everything of an *earthly sort* one could desire; might not the possessor be happier, in the *vulgar sense of that adjective*, than David with his everlasting struggle, Paul with his boundless sorrow over Jew and Gentile, Dante or poor Cowper? Does George Gilfillan actually know nothing of blessedness, as by no means *necessarily* including happiness in the *every-day sense of the term*, for all he talks so much about it in other parts of his work.”

“ The author begs to submit to the candour of his censors, that such is precisely the sense in which Mr. Gilfillan uses the word *happy*, when speaking of Emerson; that he (the author of the article in the “ Eclectic ” characterises the American poet as ‘ one of the very happiest of nature's dear children,’ just before the above animadversion on Mr. Gilfillan; and that the babble of certain infidel political economists has stamped a peculiarly secular signification on the word *happy*, and its derivatives—a word derived from the essentially unchristian *hap*, *hap* or chance. He further assures the readers of the “ Eclectic Review,” that he agrees with everything that has been said, or can be said, concerning the relation subsisting between the *peculiar* happiness (if the word *must* be used), of the Christian, and the equally peculiar blessedness of his state of grace. They should also be informed that on account of unexpected impediments, the Editor of the “ Eclectic ” had not sufficient time allowed him by the author for the supervision of the critique in question. The blame, whether real or imaginary, is on his own. But, surely, the intelligent reader will never suffer his judgment to be overerowed by such thoughtless criticism, as is here refuted, and held up to the scorn of the ingenuous mind. Let the bannermen of the Christian host beware lest their standard become a mockery in the camp of the common enemy ! ”

I do not think it necessary to enlarge on this part, and therefore pass on to notice the charge brought against myself. I shall quote the passages, which will be found at the conclusion of one of our contemporary's leading articles, at length.

“ Since the above was written, some facts have come to our notice which, in part, explain the source of the extraordinary and alarming article, on which we have been animadverting. When the “ Eclectic Review ” changed hands it was generally reported, that the new Editor was a young Minister of the Baptist body, whose health and voice had impeded his success as a preacher, and that, being a man of superior ability and eminent scholarship, he was henceforth to devote his energies to literature and the “ Eclectic Review ”—a representation which at once inspired confidence in many quarters, and everywhere prevented the slightest suspicion; but it now comes out that this gentleman was a plouge to Mr. W. J. Fox, M.P., the celebrated Unitarian Minister. If such be the case, it will explain what is otherwise inexplicable. It will moreover, account for the very cool and cautious introduction which was

given him by Dr. Price, and also for the non-publication of the new Proprietor and Editor. Our confidence in Dr. Price is such, that we can allow nothing materially to shake it, till he has spoken for himself. If the facts be as now reported, he must, doubtless, have had strong guarantees for the spirit and the principles which were to regulate the "Review," else it may be questioned how far that most honourable man has dealt fairly by the public, and that large circle whose confidence he enjoys. But we cannot enlarge without further light.

To the strictures on my friend Dr. Price, I shall leave that gentleman to reply for himself, knowing full well that he needs not my aid in such a matter. For my own part, I have simply to state, that the assertion, that I ever was the COLLEAGUE of Mr. W. J. Fox, M.P., is *untrue*; and that though, in bygone years, I may have entertained and advocated theological views at variance with what are *now* my convictions of Christian truth, I cannot admit that my past errors of opinion can be said to justify any attempt which may be made to damage my interests as Editor of the 'Eclectic Review.' I allow, candidly and unequivocally, that I have, in former years, entertained and advocated Unitarian sentiments. I allow, *as* candidly and unequivocally, that experience, matured thought and, I humbly hope, the Divine Spirit, have led me to discover the error of, and to renounce, such sentiments, and to apprehend, in all its force and sanctifying grandeur, the significance of the declaration made by Jesus to a world, which had wandered from duty and from God, that 'God so loved the world, that he gave his Son, that whosoever believeth on him might not perish, but have everlasting life.'

When I first contemplated becoming Proprietor and Editor of the 'Eclectic Review,' I was influenced by a desire to do my little part in resisting the advances of that many-coloured Infidelity in reference to the gospel, the seductiveness of which I knew full well, from the mental struggles and experiences of years, and the sources, the causes of which it had been my fate to trace out, during weeks and months of doubt, fear, and anxiety. I desired to pursue the walks of literature, which education and taste had endeared to me, maintaining the verities, and vindicating the claims of the Christian faith, whilst doing justice to the creations of human genius, and insisting on the eternal, though too little apprehended truth, that genius, in spite of all its grandeur, is but a talent imposing on its possessor a heavier burden of responsibility—that intellect, without a regenerating knowledge of God, presents the dark aspect of power without goodness, and, that whilst it may be most undesirable that our modern Literature should become more sectarian, it is no less desirable that such literature should be charged with a more religious spirit, and tend more directly to promote a genuine religious life in the soul of its varied readers.

If, however, justice is to be done to my endeavours, I must be judged, not by the stray sentence which may occur in the article of some contributor, but by the general tone and tendency of the Review which I am privileged to conduct. The question is not, whether here and there some reader or critic may see reason to join issue with me, but

whether the work, AS A WHOLE, is true to the great cause and principles of which, for so many years, it has been the honoured and consistent advocate. That is the real question, and by the answer returned to it by the *thoughtful, candid, and generous* among Nonconformists, I am prepared to stand or fall. Favour I ask not, but justice I demand. I feel that I cannot do better than conclude this statement, marked with trust, by no unrighteous or angry feeling, than by quoting the conclusion of my first Address to 'the Readers of the Eclectic Review.'

'I can only say that my dearest object, my holiest ambition, in connexion with my labours as a writer, is to vindicate the divine claims of Christianity, and hasten on its emancipation from the bondage of the State—to assert the claims of humanity, whether those claims assume a political or a social form—to defend our old landmarks of faith against the encroachments of a "philosophy falsely so called"—in fine, to do my humble part in assailing error in theology—in maintaining right and truth in politics—and imparting vigour, manliness, and heroism to Nonconformity; and may He "without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy," qualify me for my work!'

THE EDITOR OF THE ECLECTIC REVIEW.

DR. PRICE v. THE BRITISH BANNER.

[The following frank and manly remonstrance has been forwarded for insertion in 'The British Banner,' of February 27. The writer has kindly furnished me with a copy for the present number of the 'Eclectic,' of which I gladly avail myself, in order that the whole case may be placed, without delay, before my readers.—ED. 'ECLECTIC.']

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BRITISH BANNER.

DEAR SIR,—My attention has been called to three articles in the 'British Banner' of last Wednesday, and I have read them with mingled feelings of astonishment and sorrow. Since doing so I have carefully perused the 'Eclectic' paper to which they refer, and I can now honestly say that I never sat down to write with so painful a sense of the cruel wrong done by a religious journalist as on the present occasion. The feeling perfectly oppresses me, and is only rendered the more intense by a consideration of the party who has perpetrated the wrong.

So far as I am personally concerned, I have nothing to add to what I have already said to the public. In my closing Address, printed with the December number, I said that it was some consolation to me to reflect that the future conduct of the 'Eclectic' would '*maintain all its distinguishing principles, theological, ecclesiastical, and political.*' I am not accustomed to use words in a recondite or hidden sense. I intended to be understood, and spoke, therefore, as every honest man would do, in language adapted to convey my meaning. If any one denies the integrity of my statement, or alleges that it was used without due evidence, let him say so, and I shall know how to deal with him. To reiterate my affirmation does not consist with my notions of self-respect, nor should I have deemed it honest—to say nothing of higher motives—to employ the language I did, if I had rested merely, as you suggest, on 'strong guarantees' from a party whom I knew or suspected to be opposed to the theological views advocated by the 'Eclectic.' I wish not to boast, but the insinuation you have penned compels me to say that the copyright of the 'Eclectic' should have been put into the fire, rather than have been passed, for a pecuniary

consideration, to a man who did not, as I believed, and do still believe, cordially embrace the great radical doctrines of the Mediatorial economy. Such was my conviction in November, and nothing has since occurred, notwithstanding the fierceness of your onslaught, to shake it.

Here, Mr. Editor, I should close, did I not feel that something was due to my successor, whom you have grievously wronged. I do not wish to employ strong terms. I value too highly your many noble qualities, and have been too frequently your defender or apologist to have any other feeling, at this moment, than that of bitter sorrow. I cannot henceforth say what I have said in days that are passed. I must speak more guardedly, must make admissions which I have hitherto refused, and allow the possibility of haste, intemperance, and injustice, in the judgments you pronounce. As one who loves your virtues, and who thanks you for your kind and generous references to himself, I deeply regret this necessity. There is no help for it, however, according to my reading of the facts of this case. Those facts are few and patent, and are briefly these :—

In a long critique in the February number of the '*Eclectic Review*,' which contains, as you admit, 'several articles of superior merit, and strongly marked'—the italics are mine—'*by sound principles, as it regards religion and man,*' you have fixed on a paragraph, and more particularly on a single sentence, as the ground of preferring against the journal a wholesale charge of infidelity. On first reading your critique, I could not refrain from smiling. The noise and bluster so far exceeded the occasion, there was such an obvious effort to get up the wind, such a magniloquence of style, and such a paucity of everything which gives value to composition, that I was for a moment perplexed and doubtful, half suspecting there was some latent meaning which my stupidity prevented my seeing. But my second thought was grave and painful. 'Is it possible,' I said to myself, 'that so generous, and, in many respects, so large-hearted a man as Dr. Campbell, can have committed so grievous an offence against the claims of justice and truth, to say nothing of charity and brotherhood? How is this? What is it that has so beclouded his intellect, so misled his judgment, so deadened his heart to all the nobler impulses of which it is commonly susceptible?' I will not say what reply I received, but the third of your articles, I confess, helped me to it.

But the matter, to use your own words, 'is serious in the extreme, and must not be lightly passed over.' In the first place, then, Mr. Editor, you have been guilty—I regret to say so—of withholding from your readers two lines immediately following the extract you have adduced, and which are absolutely needful to a correct apprehension of the writer's meaning; and in the second place, you have understood the term 'happiness' in the passage you have quoted, in a totally different sense from that in which the reviewer uses it. Bear in mind that I do not suspect you of wilfully omitting the lines in question in order to give weight to your censure. Others, no doubt, will do so, and so far as the mere facts of the case are concerned, they have much to plead. But I believe you to be incapable of such baseness. Both you and I may have our faults, but they are not such as would lead to a

time like this. I speak, then, simply of the fact of omission, and of his there can be no doubt. The lines immediately following the extract you have given, illustrate the distinction existing in the writer's mind between *blessedness* and *happiness*, and was obviously intended to point out the special meaning in which the latter term was used. 'Does George Gilfillan actually know nothing,' it is asked, immediately after the words you have printed in italics, '*about blessedness, as by no means including happiness?*' In this distinction lies your stumbling-block. You have strangely overlooked it, and have, in consequence, attached to the writer's language a meaning as abhorrent to him as to yourself. Where he speaks of one thing, you charge him with another, and then, assuming the correctness of your interpretation, you denounce an evil which exists only in your own imagination; throw fire-brands about you; and pen sentences as reprehensible in spirit, as they are defective in good taste. It required no extraordinary candour to perceive—connecting the words you have quoted with those you have *omitted*—that the reviewer was not speaking of that blessedness which constitutes the highest happiness of an intelligent creature, but of another and an inferior order of enjoyment, which, as it does not spring from religious truth, may be, and frequently is, found where that truth is not embraced. I will not insult your readers by an attempt to prove such facts. It is enough for my purpose to say that this is the sense which the words in question properly bear, the sense in which they were obviously used, and in which that charity which thinketh no evil, could not fail to understand them. The form of expression may have been unhappy; that it was so, is proved by the use you have made of it; but the sentiment *intended* by the writer was true, and I adopt it as my own. I say so coolly, and on deliberation, and that, too, after carefully perusing all you have penned. Am I then, Mr. Editor, an infidel? and if not, what must we think of your fierce denunciations of my successor? I might say much on the recklessness with which you have preferred grave charges, and have thrown about you the basest insinuations, but I forbear. It is foreign from my wish to employ one provoking word. You have certainly darkened council 'by words without knowledge,' and in doing so have committed wrong against men who are as sincere as yourself in their attachment to evangelical truth. Your offence is aggravated by what may possibly be pleaded as an excuse. You wrote in ignorance, and have therefore written in error. But you might have been informed, and the fact of your not making inquiries raises a doubt which your best friends most deplore.

But you tell your readers, in your second article, that some facts have come to your notice which in part explain the matter, and then proceed to refer to a report about 'a young Minister of the Baptist body,' of which I never heard, nor can I up to this moment understand your reference. You add, however, and here you become intelligible, 'It now comes out that this gentleman (my successor) was colleague of Mr. W. J. Fox, M.P., the celebrated Unitarian Minister;' and then follow four sentences, which have no meaning unless they are intended to convey the impression that the gentleman in question is now, and was at the time of my arrangements with him, a Unitarian, and that, too, of

the order which approximates most closely to simple Deism. The insinuation respecting myself, which these sentences contain, I pass over. Let those who know me say whether I am likely to have been guilty of it. What I do, I do openly; be it wise or foolish, commendable or blameworthy. Concerning my successor, however, I must speak though I can scarcely trust myself to do so in reply to the sentence just quoted. That he was ever a *colleague* of Mr. Fox is untrue; and I charge you, Mr. Editor, with great disingenuousness in having so designated him. The *animus* of the epithet cannot be mistaken; but, leaving this, the sentence in question is one of the most marked and glaring instances of the *suppressio veri* which has ever come under my notice. Truth, with the exception just stated, is so put, as to produce all the effect of falsehood. The sentence was penned, I doubt not, in haste; but you ought to have inquired, and, had you done so, you would have been guiltless of the wrong you have perpetrated. It will be for my successor to make what disclosures he pleases respecting his religious history. I will merely say that, though formerly a Unitarian Minister, he has learned a holier truth than Unitarianism teaches; and now glories, like the apostle, in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.' The fact of his former Unitarianism, so far from unfitting him for his present post, is one of his many qualifications for it; and as such, was present to my mind in November last, when, in my closing Address, I spoke of him as possessing, in some departments, 'more thorough and practical knowledge' than myself. I then anticipated from him, and I do still, such an unfolding of the more latent forms of unbelief, such a development of the struggles of an earnest mind in pursuit of truth, as can be furnished only by those who have been entangled in error, and as would be highly conducive to the welfare of the readers of the 'Eclectic.' Was I wrong in these anticipations, and, if not, what must be thought of the pious horror you have avowed, and of the unworthy insinuation you have ventured to pen? Instead of saying that the present Editor had been a colleague of Mr. Fox, which he never was, you should have said that, though formerly a Unitarian Minister, he had been alarmed by the spread of rationalism in the Unitarian body, and, as the only safe resting-place to an inquiring and anxious spirit, had returned to a cordial faith in the doctrine of atonement. Had you said so—and it would have been the simple truth—the sting of your whole article would have been extracted. But you did not say so. On the contrary, you said respecting the past much more than was true, and you left unsaid respecting the present what would have changed entirely the tendency and effect of your statement. If my friend's attachment to evangelical truth be not stronger than your charity, he may well recoil from a fellowship in which he meets with so unworthy a reception.

But are we, my dear Sir, really come to this? If so, it is time we look about us. My attachment to evangelical truth strengthens with my years, but in proportion to such attachment is my conviction of the uncharitableness, dogmatism, spleen, and even personal enmities, which have been permitted to mingle with, and to profane, our defences of the truth of God. Instead of making a man a sinner for a word, I verily

believe that our theological terminology has been a curse to the Church, and that the best service which can now be rendered is her emancipation from its trammels. If our religious journalism, however, is to be marked by the spirit which characterises your notice of the 'Eclectic Review;' if the injustice you have perpetrated, the false charges you have preferred, the dictatorship you have assumed, are to distinguish its columns; then the sooner we have done with it the better. I care not what be its profession, its denominational credit, or its occasional excellences. It is in such case a curse, and not a blessing, a fountain of pride, discord, and bitterness, rather than a source of peaceful and sanctifying truths. Let us rather have the 'Times,' with its shameless disregard of principle, or the 'Standard,' with its proverbial untruthfulness, than a so-called religious-journalism, which conceals the vices of its secular contemporaries beneath the forms and phraseology of the Christian faith.

One word more, and I have done. You have not only yourself assailed the 'Eclectic' and its Editor, but you have permitted an *anonymous* correspondent, E. A. B., to do the same. I have myself known much of this sort of thing, and I heartily despise it: many reports were industriously propagated respecting my own editorship, but I knew their object, and time has consigned them to the dust. Many are concerned to damage the 'Eclectic' for other offences than that to which your charitable correspondent refers, and it is therefore specially incumbent on every editor, as *a matter of common honesty*, to close his columns against *anonymous* assailants. On you, Mr. Editor, this obligation is especially binding, inasmuch as you avow, in the second of the three articles I complain of, your '*habitual contempt and neglect of all anonymous assailants.*' How you reconcile the rule you have observed in your own case, with your conduct towards the 'Eclectic,' in admitting the *anonymous* contribution of E. A. B., I cannot see. Is this doing 'to others as you would have others do to you?' I trow not.

I am sorry for the length to which this communication has extended. It has not been my habit to notice newspaper attacks, nor should I have done so in the present case, had not the interests of others been involved. I have said only what truth and justice seemed to me to render imperative, and now leave the matter in your hands. Act worthy of yourself, my dear Sir. Show the 'manly love of fair play,' for which the 'British Quarterly' gave you credit in August last, and thus confirm the attachment of many who have rejoiced in your labours, and wished you success.

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THE AMENDED INTERMENTS BILL.

MEETING of the EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE of the BRITISH ANTI-STATE-CHURCH ASSOCIATION, held June 12, 1850, the following Resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

From an examination of those clauses of the Amended Metropolitan Interments Bill having an ecclesiastical bearing, it appears—

That a portion of every burial-ground to be provided under the Bill, and the chapel to be erected thereon, are to be "consecrated" according to the rites of the Church of England, and that as in such consecrated ground only the rites of that Church can be performed, and only its ministers officiate, there is perpetuated invidious distinctions in the burial of the dead, and injustice done to Dissenters, who will contribute to the fund out of which such burial-grounds will be provided.

That there is to be appointed a body of salaried chaplains, who will be exclusively ministers of the Church of England.

That the chapels to be erected on the consecrated ground are to be built according to a plan approved of by the Bishop of London, who will also have jurisdiction over the same, and over the chaplains, even though the burial-grounds are locally situate within his diocese.

That for every burial in consecrated ground (save in the case of paupers), of 6s. 2d. is to be paid to a fund, from which, after payment of the salaries of chaplains, an annuity, proportioned to the amount of fees received by the chaplains during the previous five years, will be paid, *in perpetuity*, to the incumbents of the parishes, who will no longer be required to perform the Burial Service over the dead.

That this Committee regards these enactments as offensive, partial, and inequitable. That, in particular, it views with strong disapprobation the proposal to support the Established clergy at all dependent on the levying of taxes on the dead bodies of any of their parishioners, whether Churchmen or Dissenters.

That, although the fees to constitute the compensation fund will be payable on burials in consecrated ground, yet that many Dissenters will be induced, in special circumstances, to bury their deceased relatives in such ground, and thereby be obliged to contribute to the support of the Church, from which they dissent; and further, that there is no *proviso* in the Bill to prevent the payment of the compensatory fee, in whole or in part, out of the general fund, to which all will contribute, and which may at any time be supplemented by a special rate.

That the objections entertained by this Committee to such a provision, are strengthened by the avowed desire of the framers of the Bill to apply any surplus that may arise in the appropriation of the compensation fund as an additional resource to the Church Establishment.

That, though from the determination of the Government to press the Bill through the Legislature all efforts to secure any further modification of its provisions may ultimately be defeated, this Committee suggests to Anti-state-churchmen the duty of narrowly watching the conduct of their representatives in Parliament to it, and especially recommends the inhabitants of the large towns throughout the country to stand prepared to resist the adoption of any general measure based on the same objectionable principles.

Finally, this Committee points to the Bill now under consideration as one of many examples of the cupidity engendered by the State-church system, and of the impediments which it offers to sound and just legislation in matters most affecting the welfare of the people.

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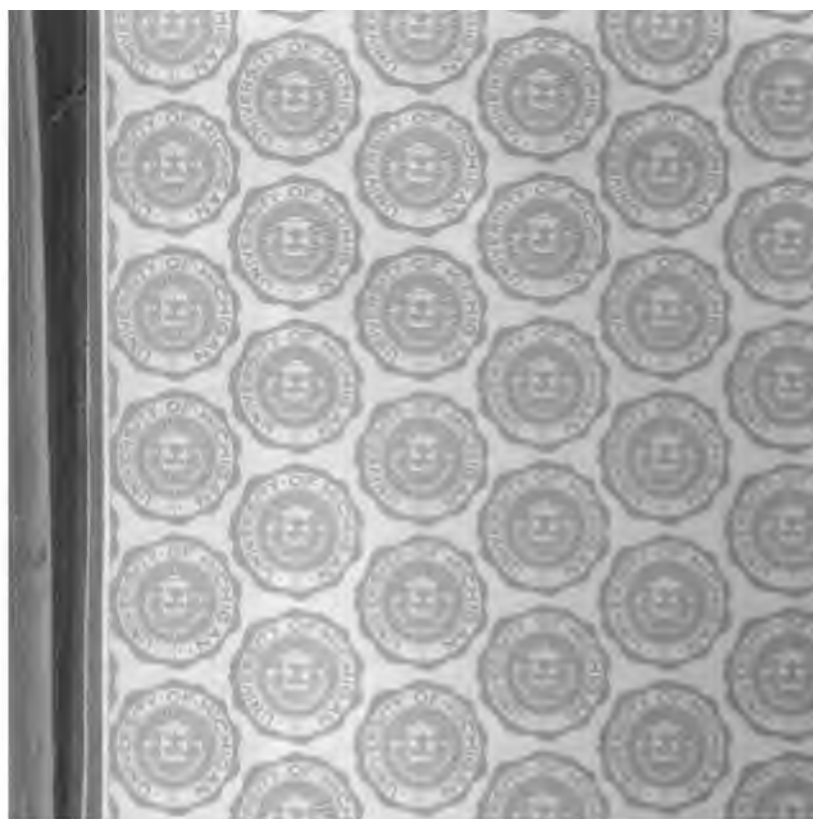
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